



THE OUTPOST

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THE REGIMENTAL MAGAZINE OF THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA POLICE

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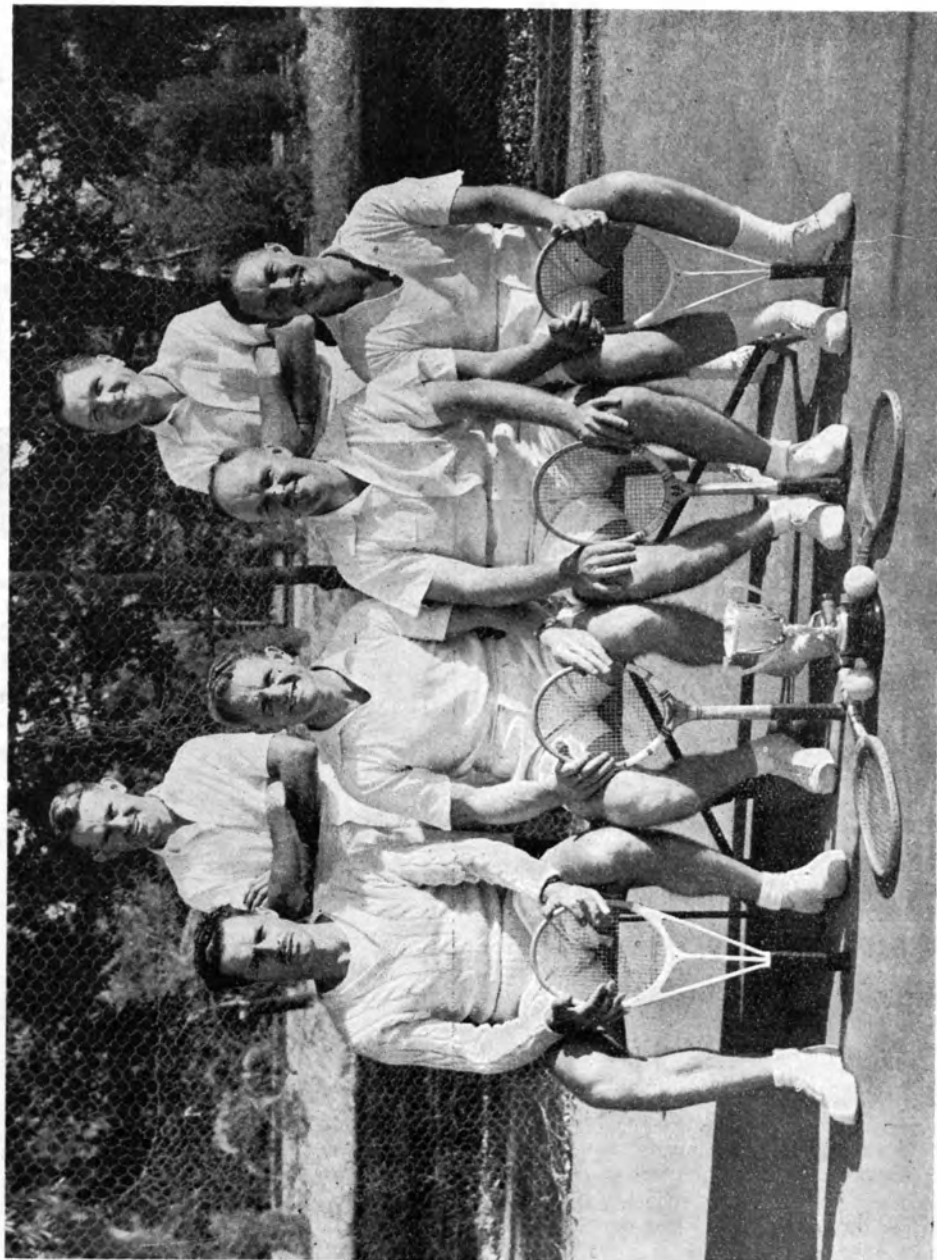
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WINNERS OF THE GARRISON SPORTS TENNIS CUP, 1949



SALISBURY DEPOT
Front Row: Gauntlett, Gredg, Bennet, Sherren.
Back Row: Robertson, Collins.

[Photo: T. Egleton.]

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Editor's Notes

POLICE CONFERENCE

The Commissioner's replies to the resolutions submitted by the 1949 Conference have been published since the last Notes were written. In practically every case favourable decisions have been made, although two matters have been referred to other Departments concerned, on which replies are awaited.

The thorny question of control of cattle cordons is the only matter in which no action has been taken, but the recent circular giving the reasons for this clearly shows the position and it is difficult to see what else can be done in the present circumstances.

Few will regret the passing of hose-tops and puttees and it is of interest to note that more resolutions on this subject were submitted than on any other. They are doubtless a satisfactory form of dress under certain conditions, as their adoption by the Military Forces proves, but leather leggings have proved themselves superior for general Police duties in this Colony.

Eight resolutions were withdrawn by Conference after discussion and explanation and in every case very cogent reasons were put forward to warrant their withdrawal from the agenda. The Annual Conference is a healthy and vigorous institution which deals with all matters submitted in a strictly impartial and thorough manner. Each year sees the introduction of improvements in our conditions and efficiency that are in no small way due to its recommendations.

MUSKETRY

The recent amendments to our Small Arms Training is yet another indication of the manner in which our organisation is being brought into line with present-day requirements.

We are called upon to use our arms in the course of duty on very rare occasions, but while the possibility of their use exists, it is essential that training in the use of them is maintained. The elimination of the five hundred yards range from annual musketry and the concentration of training on shorter ranges gives a more realistic touch to the course; it is a far cry from the times when we fired in full mounted kit, including a tightly-fitting tunic, helmet and spurs.

The decision to award the Bodle Cup to the best shot in the Corps instead of to the Districts as in the



past, and to place classification for marksmanship in the King's Medal course on a voluntary basis, shows that musketry is becoming a more personal matter than hitherto. This is a good thing as shooting is a subject that some people indulge in as a sport whenever opportunity offers, while others look upon it as a necessary duty to be performed once a year.

Other amendments that have been introduced all tend towards lessening work and keeping men on their stations—an answer to two cries that have been heard from harassed N.C.O.'s. for many years.

WITCHCRAFT AND THE LAW

This month concludes the article by Mr. R. Howman of the Native Department on the complex subject of African witchcraft and many new members of the Corps who have not had the opportunity of coming into contact with the extensive ramifications of the Witchcraft Suppression Act can gain much knowledge from the contents of this most interesting article. Points have been brought forward that may not have been appreciated by the inexperienced investigator and it is our hope that if nothing else results from the publication of the article, it will at least have been of interest to readers.

REVIVAL

It was with much pleasure that we received a copy of the Jamaica Police Magazine a few weeks ago, the first for some years. Like many other Forces, the Jamaica Police suspended publication of their magazine early in the war and we find the latest number well up to pre-war standard. It is full of interest.

The Kenya Police Review was resuscitated during last year and this monthly publication gives a very good idea of the work and play of an East African Police Force.

We wish them every success in their efforts.

Editor's Letter Box

P.O. Box 1149,
Bulawayo.

The Editor,
The Outpost.

THE LEGION OF FRONTIERSMEN

Dear Sir.—Your article in a recent issue recalls the past. In 1904 I got into touch with Roger Pocock, the famous hunter-traveller, who was then planning the formation of the Legion, at London.

Correspondence ensued resulting in his forwarding me the relative brochures, and these I published in the Mafeking Mail, in the first instance, and later in other papers. I then resided in Mafeking and had inquiries from many parts.

I was advised from London that Mr. Ballantyne was coming out to South Africa and was invited to meet and accompany him at Cape Town, but I could not do so. He then formed the Legion. A Troop was formed at Mafeking with Mr. A. H. Wallis, Resident Engineer of the Cape Government Railways, section Vryburg to Bulawayo, as Leader. Mr. Wallis, who had been an engineer on the Mashonaland Railways and during the South African War, commanded an armoured train which ran between Bulawayo and Gaborone, the advanced base for Mafeking. In the First World War I was with him on No. 1 Armoured Train, which operated first in the Union and later was taken to German South-West Africa.

The headquarters of the Legion were at Nos. 9 and 10 Marais Court, Commissioner Street, Johannesburg, from where orders were issued.

Mr. Lionel Cooks, of Mafeking, who was Baden-Powell's scout during the siege, and myself, were appointed honorary organisers for Bechuanaland on the 9th October, 1906.

The Council in the Cape Colony comprised The Hon. Sir Leander Starr Jameson (Premier of the Cape Colony); Major-General C. Smith Brook (G.O.C. Forces, Cape Colony); Colonel the Hon. C. B. Crewe, C.B., M.L.C. (Colonial Secretary); Lieut. J. J. Inglesby (Prince Alfred Guards, Cape Field Artillery); the Hon. E. H. Walton, M.L.C. (Colonial Treasurer), Colonel H. Woodhead (Duke of Edinburgh's Volunteer Rifles); and Colonel W. Stanford, D.S.O., V.D.

Orange River Colony

His Excellency the Acting Governor and A. E. O'Flaherty, Editor, Bloemfontein Post. Intelligence Officers were also appointed, including Mr. J. J. Wakefield, of Mafeking.

In 1916, whilst with the 1st Mounted Brigade at Kissaki, in German East Africa, I met the Royal Fusiliers (The Legion of Frontiersmen) who took over as we went to Morogoro to refit.

On my evacuation to Dar es Salaam (in a steel truck with rushes on the floor and humanity hanging

on to the roof by their teeth, while Indian troops rode on the chassis of trucks, the superstructure having been taken off), I obtained permission to stay at an hotel (not the Burger) where I was the first resident. The Greek proprietor supplied me with fresh fruits, fish, etc., daily, in exchange for my daily Army ration and three rupees per day. My stretcher was on the top verandah.

Watching the 2nd Cape Corps, who had just arrived, marching past, a man came beside me and we spoke of the passing troops. He was dusty and appeared tired. He had a grey beard, grey shirt unbuttoned at the neck revealing his hairy chest, riding breeches, no putties or leggings, revealing the flesh above the grey socks. I invited him to a whisky and soda (one for ourselves and one for the worms) which he enjoyed. Many officers were now at the hotel and as we sat at mess that evening, the stranger sat beside the President. Enquiring who he was I was informed that he was Colonel Jerry Driscoll, Commanding the Frontiersmen, "and the man beside him?" "Oh, that is Selous, the famous hunter." What a pleasure to see the man. A few days later Selous left Dar es Salaam and within a month was killed in action leading his men at Behu Behu. He lies in the bush which he loved.

I lost touch with the Legion, but rejoining later received my badge inscribed "God Guard Thee," No. 26965.

In later years attending at Parliament House, Salisbury, I mentally saluted the bust of Selous, which is at the landing on the top of the stairs.

A.W.W.

* * * * *

Zimbabwe Ruins,
Fort Victoria,
5th March, 1950.

The Editor,
The Outpost.

Sir,—Athletic records have been broken recently in New Zealand and elsewhere and often here we have the cry from young people "That darned hill is too steep for me; I'd never be able to make the top."

The following is an extract from my visitors' book and visitors to Zimbabwe will perhaps appreciate the stout effort, and admit that this must be almost, if not quite, a record of which the ladies in question can be well proud:—

"Miss Ellen Persons, born February 11, 1866, climbed the Acropolis February 13, 1950."

And a further entry by her companion in climb: "Miss M. Louise Mayer, 601 17th Street, St. Santa Monica, California, U.S.A., aged 80. I climbed the Acropolis to-day. I had a very pleasant day, thank you."

It will be appreciated that these ladies had come a long way and were determined to see everything. They were absolutely unaided in the ascent, but they appreciated the help of a kindly African Corporal of the B.S.A. Police in the descent.

Yours faithfully,

S. D. SANDES, Curator.

Obituaries

CAPTAIN M. H. G. MUNDELL

The death occurred on February 23, 1950, at Mooiplaats, Cape Province, of Captain Marmaduke Howell Gwynne Mundell, at the age of 83 years.

Captain Mundell was born in London and served with the 1st Royal Dragoons and the 2nd Life Guards before coming to South Africa in 1899. His intention was to go on a shooting trip down the Zambesi Valley but on learning that men were wanted for the Police who were to escort the Pioneer Column into Mashonaland in 1890, he decided to join. He attested on 19th February, 1890, and was promoted to commissioned rank three weeks later. He served in "B" Troop of the Pioneer Police and was present at the raising of the flag on Cecil Square, Salisbury, 12th September, 1890. He later took part in the Matabele War of 1893.

He was one of the officers in the Jameson Raid and after being sent back to England returned to Rhodesia to take part in the Rebellion of 1896.

On the outbreak of the South African War he was seconded from the B.S.A. Police to the Mashonaland Squadron of the Rhodesia Regiment, taking part in the relief of Mafeking.

Before resigning his commission in 1903 Captain Mundell was in command of the Fort Victoria Police. He settled at Zimbabwe after leaving the Police and remained there until retiring to the Cape some years before the outbreak of the last war. Captain Mundell was believed to be the last surviving officer of the 1890 Police.

Our sympathy is extended to his relatives in their bereavement.

SERGEANT JOSEPH WILLIAM BEDDARD

(Regt. No. 3704)

The death of Sergeant J. W. Beddard occurred at Margate, Natal, under tragic circumstances on March 7, 1950, while he was on his honeymoon.

Born at Dudley, Yorkshire, on November 21, 1916, Sergeant Beddard was educated at King Edward VI School, Stourbridge, where he distinguished himself at sport and in the Officers' Training Corps. On leaving school he entered his father's business, but a year or two later came to Rhodesia and joined the B.S.A. Police on 14th April, 1938.

He was stationed in the Salisbury and Fort Victoria districts before being seconded for service outside the Colony in June, 1941. He served in Reserved Areas in Abyssinia during most of his war service with the rank of Captain, and returned to the Colony in March, 1946, when he was again posted to Victoria District. He remained there until he went to Salisbury last year.

Throughout his service in Africa, "Bill" Beddard was one of the most popular members of the Corps and all who knew him were both shocked and grieved at his sudden passing.

He was buried with full military honours, together with his wife, at Salisbury, March 15, 1950, when representatives of all branches of the Force paid their last respects to him.

The Corps offers its deepest sympathy to his family and relatives in their bereavement.

JAMES SPEARES

(Ex-Regt. No. 413)

We regret to record the death of Mr. James (Mick) Speares on February 22, 1950, at George, Cape Province.

Mr. Speares was born in Ireland and after serving in the South African War he joined the B.S.A. Police on November 25, 1902. He was well known in Mashonaland, where he served until February 28, 1911, when he was transferred to the Native Department. He was a well-known Native Commissioner in many districts of the Colony before his retirement over ten years ago. During the war he came out of retirement to act as an Assistant Magistrate in Salisbury, when the manpower shortage was acute, and thus rendered further service to his country.

We offer our deepest sympathy to his family in their bereavement.

SIDNEY PEARCE DORMAN

(Ex-Regt. No. 2189)

We regret to record the death of Mr. S. P. Dorman in Salisbury on February 13, 1950. Born in 1892, Mr. Dorman saw service in the First World War with the Yorks and Lancs Regiment and joined the B.S.A. Police on February 13, 1920. He served in the Gwelo District until May 14, 1923, when he left to take up farming.

We extend our sympathies to his relations in their bereavement.

MRS. H. A. EVERITT

The death occurred in Bulawayo Hospital on February 2, 1950, of Mrs. Hilda A. Everitt, who was well known at Police Headquarters for many years.

Mrs. Everitt was born and educated in Grahams-town and after some years of teaching in the Union came to Rhodesia in 1927, when she was appointed confidential typist to the late Colonel G. Stops, C.B.E., and Brigadier J. S. Morris, C.B.E. She held this appointment until 1936, when she was transferred to the Roads Department, and she remained there until her retirement three years ago.

As honorary secretary of the Bulawayo District branch of the Southern Rhodesia Red Cross, during the war years she rendered notable service in sending parcels and letters to prisoners of war on behalf of relatives. She also dealt with many inquiries about missing persons. After her retirement from Government Service she was secretary of the B.E.S.L. and National War Fund in Bulawayo.

Our sympathy is extended to her relatives in their loss.

DOMESTIC NOTICES

ENGAGEMENTS

EAMES—TESTER.—The engagement is announced between Constable Ronald Dudley Eames, of Que Que, and Sister Margaret Tester, of Gwelo.

BROWNING — ELLIOTT.—The engagement is announced between Constable Stanley Arthur Browning, of Que Que, and Sister Cicely Elliott, of Gwelo.

MARRIAGES

O'CONNOR—LOW.—Detective-Sergeant O'Connor, of Bulawayo, to Miss Daphne Low, at the Methodist Church, Old Fort, Durban, on January 11, 1950.

SIMS-JORDAN.—Constable Sims, to Miss Hilda Maria Jordan, at St. John's Church, Bulawayo, on February 7, 1950.

RYAN-JOOSTE.—Constable Ryan, of Salisbury, to Miss Inez Jooste, at the Catholic Cathedral on January 7, 1950.

CRABBE—WOODFORD.—Sergeant Crabbe to Miss Brenda Sybil Louise Woodford, at the Church Hall, Shabani, on February 18, 1950.

BIRTHS

JONES. To Sub-Inspector and Mrs. P. Jones, at Bulawayo on November 27, 1949, a daughter, Angela Eirene.

JOHN.—To Sergeant and Mrs. John at Umtali, on January 25, 1950, a daughter, Erica Stephanie.

VICKERY.—To Detective-Sergeant and Mrs. Vickery, at Salisbury on February 16, 1950, a son, William Alexander.

BURNS.—To Trooper and Mrs. R. Burns, at Fort Victoria on February 24, 1950, a son, Phillip David Robert.

"My parents sent me to Brussels to be educated at a convent school. Then when I was sixteen I had to go back to China. My grandmother was so scared about my travelling all that way alone that she arranged for thirteen nuns to travel with me. On the same boat were twenty-four French midshipmen. And I was the only girl. You've no idea how the nuns had to deploy their forces to keep these young Frenchmen from getting a word with me."—Andree M. Smith in a B.B.C. programme.

* * * * *

The new bride, whose cook boy took off suddenly for his native village, came to us for help the other day. It seems that the longer she cooked the eggs the harder they got.



"He just took a bad fall from the corral fence."



S.B.

The photograph published last month of the shield with a Police insignia has aroused some interest amongst both past and present members of the Corps and I have already had a few inquiries. The width of the shield is about five inches, and depth about seven; I hope this gives a better idea of the size. The wooden base is in light oak, and the shield itself has an old gold background with vertical blue stripes, while the lion is in gold and black. The whole effect is very striking, although I think that if the colours had been reversed, i.e., gold on a blue background, it would have been even better.

The recent discussion in the magazine about the new tie brought forth editorial comment in *The Rhodesia Herald* during the month, when the question of the origin of the old gold in the Police colours was raised. It is suggested that the sun-bleached appearance of the Rhodesian veld in September, 1890, when the first Police arrived in the Colony escorting the Pioneer Column, was the origin of the colour, and although this is the most probable explanation, it would be interesting to have any other views on the subject.

Mention of the Pioneer Column is also brought to my notice by the recent death of Captain M. H. G. Mundell, who was thought to be the last surviving commissioned officer of the 1890 Police. He was a well known character in the Victoria District, where he lived near Zimbabwe for many years after leaving the Police.

Mr. Hughes Halls, M.B.E., our ever-green Old Comrade, keeps me well posted with news of ex-members of the Corps who are in various parts of the world. He has just heard from "Boskey" Wright (No. 910) who joined in 1907 and was a well-known musketry instructor in Depot. He is now in Northern Rhodesia and his address is P.O. Lusaka.

"Willie" Allen (No. 941) who served with the 2nd Battalion, Rhodesia Regiment, during the First World War, is now living at 66 Alberts Road, Southsea, England.

James Thackara (Ex No. 81) can be found at P.O. Macheke, S.R.

The Editor has passed me the addresses of three more Old Comrades as under:—

Major H. C. Patrick, "Gwanda," Compton Lane, Farnham, Surrey.

E. T. Gandolfo (ex No. 3347), c/o B.O.A.C., Alexandria, Egypt.

G. L. Ferguson (No. 3415), P.O. Box 1941, Salisbury.

The Editor has also heard from H. G. Tugwell (No. 3821) who is in Nairobi. His address is P.O. Box 78, Nairobi.

The morning's mail has just arrived and in it I find a letter from Erle H. Brand (No. 3178) whom I mentioned on this page last October.

He mentioned how surprised and pleased he was to find a copy of *The Outpost* in California last year and adds that the folks in that part of the world are thirsty for knowledge of Africa. According to Mr. Brand, there is much talk of their mountain-lions over there, but they are a very different type of customer to our own over here—more of the "over-fed cat" type.

I spoke to "Tiny" Charles (No. 2680) the other day. He is as big as ever and is still with the Maize Control Board, P.O. Box 1285, Salisbury. His job as Maize Inspector takes him to every part of the Colony, so it should not be difficult to spot him as he moves around. He sends his regards to all who knew him in the Corps.

Another Old Comrade I met was George Grain (No. 2191), who spent so many years in Depot Office. He is now the man who decides our fate at every Sweepstake Draw. He pulls the lever that releases those tantalising little balls that give the winning numbers, but it is no use trying to talk to him before the Draw. I have tried it! Since leaving the Corps he has put on a few pounds and looks remarkably fit these days; anybody who would like to make a closer acquaintance with the Man who Matters can find him c/o The Director of State Lotteries, P.O. Box 1199, Salisbury.

THE CHRONICLER.



"What are you trying to do, number five?"

"It's no good, Sergeant. I never did have a head for heights."

BRITAIN'S ANTARCTIC OUTPOSTS

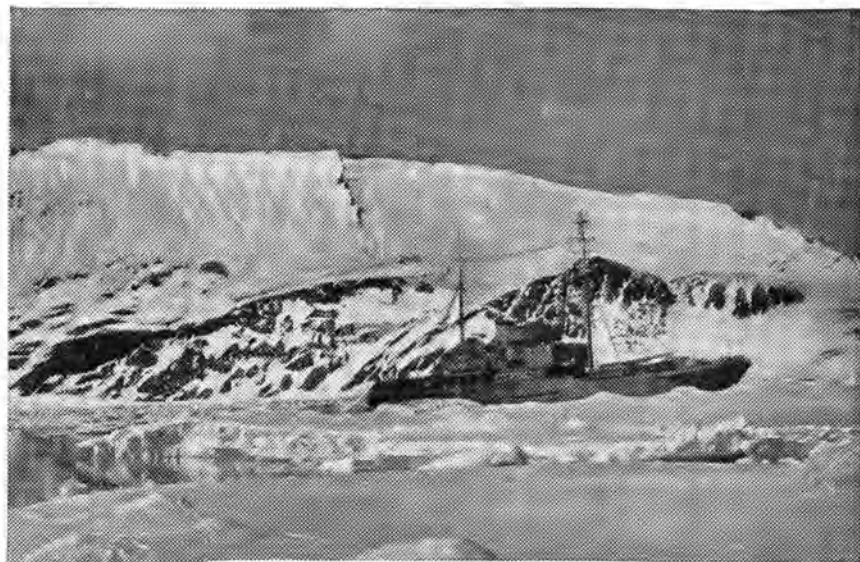
'John Biscoe' in the Ice Floes

The story of the *John Biscoe's* voyage to the Antarctic and of the eleven British scientists marooned on Stonington Island for two years has thrown a spotlight on to Britain's Antarctic possessions.

Britain staked a claim in the ice and snow of the Antarctic early in the century. The territories included Graham Land, the mainland mass, and the islands around — the South Shetlands, South Orkneys and South Georgia. Scientific stations were set up by the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey, and Britain has led in scientific research in these areas.

Each base is equipped with a radio and meteorological station, as well as a post office. Normally there are four men at each base, but in some cases the party includes a geologist or a botanist.

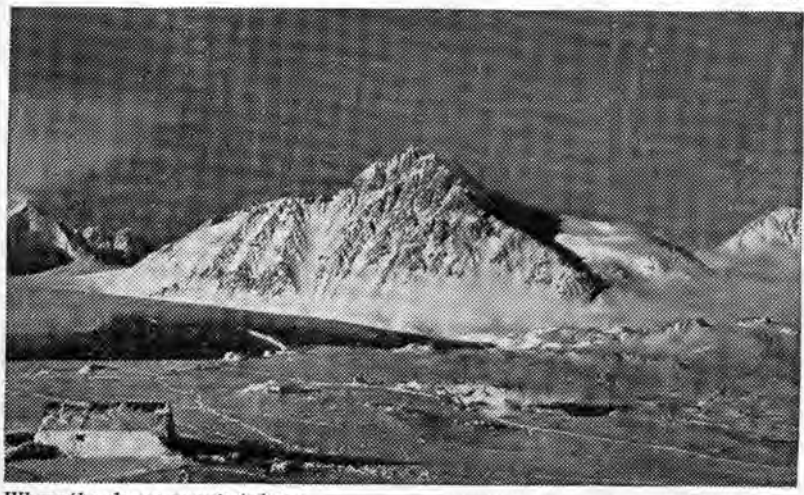
These bases of the Survey are at Signy Island in the South Orkney Group, Deception Island in Admiralty Bay, the now famous Stonington Island in Marguerite Bay, King George Island, the Argentine Islands, and a meteorological station at South Georgia. Port Lockroy was closed last winter, but the station is being reopened this year.



Icebound in Admiralty Bay, the *John Biscoe* doubles back through her own channel to find another route.



At Hope Bay the relief ship *John Biscoe* (background), drops anchor. A party of men make their way over the thick ice to get ashore. The bow of the ship was specially strengthened to break through the ice floes.



Where the eleven scientists have been marooned for two years. This is the base and hangar on Stonington Island in British Graham Land. When the *John Biscoe* was at Deception Island, weak radio signals were received from this station.



Almost hidden under a blanket of snow, and 450 miles from Deception Island, the Stonington Island base in Marguerite Bay has been a home for the eleven scientists for more than two years.

Station Notes

DEPOT

It is always interesting to study the varying ways in which writers of Station Notes open up with their monthly chatter. I suppose that is the most difficult part about the job, because once they are under way, the mist seems to clear and away they go. That's the way it gets me, too, so I will carry straight on and tell you that the past two months in Depot have not been without incident.

Staff changes have been few. Lieutenant Flower has left on long leave for England and Sergeant Dickinson has forsaken the pen for the baton and returned to duty in the District. But before doing so he has five months' leave to spend; he was married on 18th March and left for the Cape en route to England with his bride. All the very best to you both. Chief Inspector Vowles returned from leave in Natal and as expected he looks very fit.

Recruits have filled all available accommodation and the daily programmes have kept all the instructors more than busy. Some of the squads have been passed out during the past few weeks, but the dining room is still almost full. Which brings me to the hitherto unrecorded arrival in Depot of Sergeant "Lofty" Lloyd, who came in from Marandellas to take over the job of Mess Caterer from Sergeant Winzar who has returned to England. "Lofty" was in Depot on this job once before, when the Mess was not quite so crowded (I think there were about twelve in messing in those days) but he has taken the feeding of the masses in his stride and the Orderly Sergeants get very few, if any, complaints on their rounds. A point that should be noted, I think, is that messing has been reduced by a penny a meal, which is no mean achievement in these days of rising prices.

Sergeant Peter Hoyle went into hospital for an operation and is progressing well. I think he found the days spent in waiting for the phone call telling him to pack his pyjamas and tooth brush, the worst part of it.

Remount training has commenced and we have a number of the troops in from outside who seem to be enjoying themselves down at the stables. A few more men are expected in for the Display later in the year.

Musketry has started again but so far I have had no results of the new course. It looks easier than the old one.

Early in the month we had three days of Riot Training and a number of the old hands came in from the districts to see how it is done. I saw Chief Inspectors Genet and Plummer, Inspectors Charles Aust and McGovern, Sub-Inspector Ben Lyon, Sergeant Gordon from Que Que (which he finds a rest cure I believe, after the hurly-burly life at Goromonzi), and Sergeant Ben Travers. They were all looking fit, due no doubt to the Riot Drill training.



I saw a C.I.D. photographer with an impressive-looking camera at one of the practices, so maybe the Editor will have a picture or two to publish in *The Outpost* next month.

There was a certain amount of secrecy in the movements of some people a week or two ago. A lot of kit was seen to be packed but nobody knew what it was all for, and guessed it was part of Depot training. Somebody at the Railway Station said he saw some Policemen get on to a train going south, but we did not believe him. To-day, however, I read in *The Rhodesia Herald* that a party of the B.S.A.P. are in Bechuanaland. Well! Well!

NDAIVEPO.

UMTALI

At long last we have received a fair quantity of the cool refreshing rain for which we have been hoping and praying.

Part of the district has had really big falls — as much as six inches in a day, but in Umtali we have not had anything heavier than two inches in one fall.

Trooper Shield was unfortunate in meeting with an accident on the Vumba road. He was returning from a motor cycle patrol when an old native, blind in one eye, stepped into the front wheel of his motor cycle. The native was carrying an axe over his shoulder and the blade of this caught Trooper Shield in the face, resulting in a fractured jaw, damage to the palate and the loss of five teeth.

It was most fortunate for Trooper Shield that Dr. Mitchell came on the scene a few minutes after the accident and he received prompt medical attention.

Thanks to the skill of the doctors, there is little to be seen of the facial injuries and Trooper Shield is at present on sick leave, well on the way to full recovery we hope.

The thanks of all serving members are extended to P/R. Constable Coleman for his very generous offer to give a course of instruction on the native language. This offer has been accepted and classes are in full swing. It is obvious that Constable Coleman not only has an excellent knowledge of the language but, what to us is far more important, he has the ability to impart his knowledge. It will certainly not be his fault if any of us fail the examination this year. I think the best way we can show our appreciation for this very fine effort is to make sure that we are regular in our attendance.

During the month both Regulars and Reserves have been seen rushing around the Police Camp waving long

vicious-looking weapons and after a few minutes of beating the air, retire in good order while some of their pals advance and beat the air; and so they go round and round. Native servants watch in wonder, their eyes going round and round, and if facial expressions had anything to do with their thoughts it is perhaps just as well we could not hear what they thought. What does "Benzi" mean, anyway?

We have been visited by most of our bundu boys who came in to show us how they could handle a heavy vehicle. Some of them looked a little bewildered when they saw the vehicle they had to handle, but we must give them full marks, for in spite of local speculation, the gate posts at the entrance of the camp are not only standing, but still standing to attention.

The visit of the Chief Scout was quite an event in Umtali and the Scouts are to be congratulated on the fine show they put up. One of our officers accompanied the Chief Scout, and at the camp fire concert he did his stuff, upholding not only the tradition of the Scouts but of the B.S.A. Police as well.

The High Court Roll for March 6 was the longest for many years and we wonder whether Umtali has ever had five Europeans for trial at one High Court sitting before.

The Troops' mess has become all farm-minded. First it was fowls, then we saw goats and now the latest threat is pigs; just how the pigs and the vegetable garden will get on together remains to be seen, but personally I back the pigs.

Sergeant Owen, having just recovered from his duties as best man to Sergeant Andrew, is once again getting that worried look; he is now booked for the job again. To whom did you say? We will let you into the secret in due course.

Sergeant Bailey looked us up a few days ago on his return from leave in the Old Country. He is not returning to this district but is on transfer to Gatooma where we hope he will soon settle down.

We are becoming more and more sport-minded of late and there are plans afoot to start both Soccer and water polo. Let us hope that the enthusiasm of all will be maintained and not allowed to fade away.

Cheerio,

NGITI.

GATOOMA

The annual cricket match between the schoolboys and the troops aroused great interest, and it is with regret that I report the schoolboys beat us by 30-odd runs and three wickets. The stalwart of the troops was Sub-Inspector Digweed; out of the total score of 106 he made 53; and Sub-Inspector Watson was there at the end with one not out. Sergeant Robinson took three wickets.

The sundowner after the game was a great success. Sub-Inspector Digweed could be heard relating how he broke the bowler's heart by three fours in a row. Sergeant Travers was challenging the schoolmasters to a game of darts—hoping to turn defeat into victory by any way he knew!

A replay had been arranged for the following Saturday, but after Police had taken one wicket for 16 runs, rain stopped play. Hand-ball was then organised and after considerable sweat, tears and not a little blood the troops won in no uncertain manner.



The Chief Scout, Lord Rowallan, presenting the Medal of Merit to Lt. Blowers, the District Rover Leader, at Bulawayo.

Tuesdays are black days indeed for the troops—the weekly motor cycle inspection. On Mondays the types can be seen on patrol wearing goggles, gauntlets and chin straps—and pushing like blazes against the local winds astride the one station push-bike.

It is with regret that I report the transfer to Gwelo of Sergeant Hustler, so long the stalwart of the Radio Branch in Gatooma. We learn that he is very unhappy having to live a single life again, if only for a short time.

His successor, Trooper Bryan, is carrying on the noble work in his own inimitable style and can be heard each morning rousing all stations.

Nothing further of note has occurred this month so let us hope next month will bring more news.

So long,

PASINA RUNARE.

BATTLEFIELDS

I noticed in the last issue of *The Outpost* that somebody at Hartley mentioned Battlefields and by now many are probably wondering if this is the name of a Police camp or some historic piece of ground kept in memory of a grand battle fought "way back in the 90's." The only battling I know of and which has been going on for years, is that of the local troops trying to get a "spot" after the day's hard toil is done. But there is no pub here. I hope this catches the eye of a certain Trooper at Marandellas who sent a European court witness from that station with instructions to stay at Battlefields Hotel. We do not want any such civilisation around here, and in case your office has no record of this lovely station, it is in the Gatooma District, situated between the Umswezwé and Umniati rivers, 22 miles from Gatooma, 22 miles from Que

Que, and only a few yards from the railway line and main Salisbury-Bulawayo road.

The present members are Sergeant Nolan and Trooper de Roy, a recent arrival. A recent departure back to civilisation and the easy life was Constable Tom Doherty. He came out to Battlefields to get away from the tiring job of a Town cop, but after being landed with one murder and three rape cases in one month he decided that cycles with no bells, etc., are easier to deal with, so back he went to the bright lights. Never mind, Tom, me boy! Four High Court cases in one month with your service is probably a record.

Mrs. Nolan is better known to the old hands as Sheila O'Reilly of the W.A.P.S. Mention of the Nolan family would not be complete without Biff. I am sure that all members who remember this warrior will be pleased to know that he is still alive and kicking although he is minus one eye as the result of a snake bite two years ago. I hope that Des Hill, now in Canada, reads these notes. He will be pleased to hear that Biff is still fighting well. Mention of Des Hill reminds that this world is a very small place. A miner living in this section told me recently that his married daughter in Canada lives near a veterinary college and met Des there a few months ago.

The Umniati power station which is the largest in the Colony, is looked after by the Battlefields Gestapo.

A Police Reserve unit of 18 members has recently been formed here and I hope to be able to induce this unit to contribute notes to *The Outpost*. One of the newly-enrolled members is none other than Colonel Jack Masterman, recently retired Commissioner of Bechuanaland Police, who is now with the Umniati E.S.C. Colonel Masterman has served for many years in the Army and Police, and was very pleased when asked if he would join the local Police Reserve Unit, although it meant starting off with the rank of Constable. We are very fortunate in obtaining the services of such an experienced man and hope he will see many more years of service.

Ex-members in this section are, Captain "Boots" Edwards, now residing at Umswezwé Hotel. He can occasionally be seen behind the bar when ex-Sub-Inspector Frank Tirrell is busy elsewhere. This hotel is

on the main Salisbury-Bulawayo road and Frank is always pleased to see his old comrades. Ex-Corporal "Tug" Wilson is manager of the Medway Mine; ex-Trooper Daly is at the Umniati E.S.C. and our oldest ex-member is Jock Picken, of the Maki Pashoz Mine. He was stationed at Hartley way back in the 1900's and in the good old days was in charge at Battlefields. A recent visitor to the station was ex-Corporal "Lofty" Selwood, in charge at Battlefields in 1928. He informed me he was expecting to sail for England in the very near future and then from there planned to join his brother in New Zealand.

Now that Battlefields has at long last managed to break out of the dim past, I will endeavour to keep it in print.

ALIEN.

GWELO

The opening of a riding and gymkhana club at Gwelo is receiving support from Police personnel. There have been repercussions in the Police Camp where, amongst a fine selection of exhibits from Saville Row, one sees riding boots in all their pristine glory.

We welcome the latest recruits to Gwelo Districts. Some comment has been made on the very favourable prospects which their age, coupled with opportunities for promotion, presents.

Plans are already in hand for the Gwelo Police Ball and Reunion Dinner.

The construction of the Whitewaters Dam, some nine miles from Gwelo on the Umvuma road, has given rise to the rather ambitious suggestion of establishing a Police yachting club. Details of a cavalry-cum-yachting swagger have not yet been decided.

Recent farewells have been occasioned by the retirement of Inspector Jarville, of Gwelo Town, and S/S/Inspector Booth, D.H.Q., Gwelo. Presentations and expressions of good wishes were made at a representative gathering at Gwelo Camp. Inspector Jarville has joined Captain West in the African Affairs Department of Gwelo Municipality.

With the installation of water-borne sewerage, Police premises are rapidly approaching the time when we can advertise "every home comfort." Cuisine is unsurpassed although the African cook disclaims all responsibility for such items as *Potatoes au just* and *Pudding a la bonne heur* which appear from time to time on the Mess menu. As he quite rightly says, "Yena ikona lo mot juste."

GWELOLIAN.

INYANGA

During the month of January, Trooper Carver took his discharge and is now one of the locals. Report has it that he expects to become editor of one of the larger London newspapers any day now. From my own observation I do know that he is tackling short-hand and Afrikaans, as he intends taking up journalism, and by the time this appears in print I imagine he will be tearing round with a piece of card marked PRESS sticking out of his hat. His replacement is Trooper Wakefield, late of Umtali Rural Section. This type can frequently be seen, or heard, disappearing in a cloud of dust on his new B.S.A. 500 single, in the general direction of Rhodes Estate Hotel.

The Member-in-Charge, Sergeant Pearman, ex-Battlefields, has at last reassembled his Standard (we



PATROL LIFE:
Home . . .

[Photo: Const. Atkinson.]

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are highly mechanised) but I am sure the valves will need regrinding shortly.

Now something for lovers of nature. Most of you have heard of the thunderstorms in Australia and America where the amount of red dust in the air has made it appear to be raining blood. Some of you may have read in Ripley's "Believe It or Not" of storms where fishes and frogs have fallen from the clouds. Now all you district types are familiar with the rain gauge which we, as temporary acting unpaid meteorological observers, gaze hopefully into every morning. For the benefit of town blokes, it is a container on top of a smooth metal stand, the lip being about four feet from the ground. The catchment surface is about the size of a saucer. I checked ours yesterday morning. It was dry, as usual. We had a storm lasting about ten minutes just after lunch, and out of curiosity I had a look at the gauge. In the container was a tiny frog, less than an inch long. It was dead, and looked as though it had been without moisture for some time. Now then! Did that frog leap over four feet from the ground into an opening the size of a saucer? Did it climb the smooth metal stand, which is quite vertical, or did it fall from that thunderstorm? You can collect your 64 dollars from the editor.

Cheerio,

MANDEBVU.

GOROMONZI

We have at last decided to put this Station on the map. The present strength is 1/Sergeant Payne, ex-Beitbridge, Troopers Cross, ex-Hartley, Lee, ex-Miami, and Brown, ex-Depot. We are quite a happy company, though we glower at anyone who remarks on what a delightful Station is Goromonzi. Most members are informed prior to their arrival here that Goromonzi

is the best Station in the Salisbury District, with electricity, swimming bath, night clubs, and all the amenities one could wish for. Far from true! Perhaps they are mistaking the Police Camp for the Native School up the road.

Before coming out to the pleasure resorts in this District, please contact us for further information.

We have a highly-educated indigenous population, due perhaps to the many mission schools in the district, and the Africans, as you can no doubt imagine, provide us with much entertainment when they attempt to enlighten us on the Law. They are becoming very concerned at the active patrolling Trooper Cross when out in G.M.T. who never seems to fail in bringing to Camp a full truckload to replenish the labour force. This, we hope, will have the desired effect of cutting down serious crime.

We have a tennis court and cricket pitch, and hope in the near future to make a nine-hole golf course.

Until next time, cheerio.

KAMUCHACHA.

FORT VICTORIA

Since our last notes Sergeant Sowter and Trooper Murgatroyd have returned from vacational leave spent in the Old Country. Both are looking very fit, and at present they are attached to the District Section.

Another arrival into the Section has been Trooper Jarvis who has been relieved at Nuanetsi by Trooper Hallam from the District camp. The arrival of Trooper Jarvis considerably strengthens the Police tennis team, and to date the game is more popular than ever. The standard of tennis exhibited at the Police camp must have been noticed by our friends at the local Sports Club, because we find that all Police entrants in this

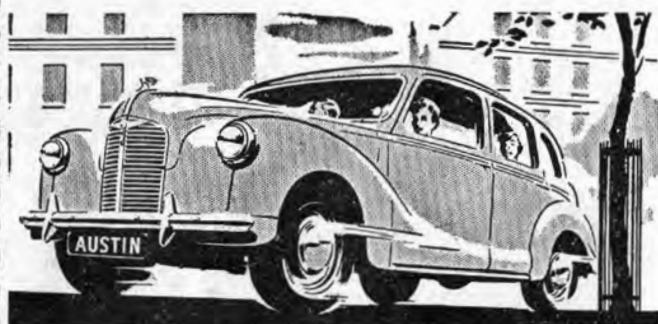


SWIMMING BATH, BULAWAYO CAMP

[Photo: Forward Studios.]

Austin makes NEWS With the entirely NEW "A40" DEVON

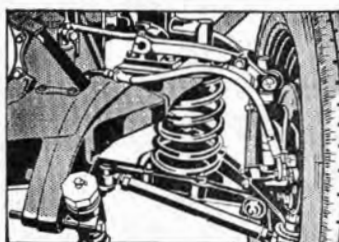
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year's tennis championships have been heavily handicapped. This should make us all the more determined to see that the Police colours are carried through to the finals. We should have more information on this topic in our next notes.

Congratulations are extended to Trooper Burns, of Mashaba, who recently became the proud father of a son.

Constable Shepherd has resumed duty, having spent a month's sick leave around Sinoia, after recovering from his accident at Christmas.

Trooper Dixon from Gutu, and Trooper Sutherland in Section have both been in the local hospital during the month with malaria. Dixon is now back on the job again while Trooper Sutherland is enjoying seven days' sick leave at the time of writing.

I had a conversation recently with Mr. F. Yates-Fisher, proprietor of the Victoria Hotel. He served in the B.S.A. Police as a Trooper (Regimental No. 879) in this District, attached to "F" Troop, as it was known then, and took his discharge in 1910. He sends his regards to Mr. Hughes-Halls, of Salisbury, and Mr. George Klinkenstein now in Bechuanaland, both of whom were his associates in the Police.

Our snooker enthusiasts have again kept the colours flying, with victories over the Township and the local Bank. The most recent match between the Police "A" team and the Township team resulted in a draw, both sides getting two frames. Our "B" team, composed mainly of N.C.O's., have made their entry into the competition, but so far, although giving their opponents even games, they have not succeeded in gaining a victory.

Darts have again been brought out in our local canteen and the other evening saw a match between



ON PATROL: [Photo: Const. Atkinson.
Midnight!

N.C.O's. and Other Ranks. This resulted in a 2 to 1 victory by the Other Ranks, so our N.C.O's. are seeking a double vengeance against the "troops."

High Court will be upon us before our next notes, so perhaps we shall find something interesting for *The Outpost*, from the cases which will be appearing before the Circuit Sessions.

With that we will close, so it is Cheerio once again from Fort Victoria.

CARURO.



"Yards seem to be shorter this year."

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CRICKET

Those of you who have followed the notes throughout the season will have seen that while in "C" Zone we had a good run of successes, and out of 12 games played, won 8, drew 1 and lost only 3, but since our promotion to "B" Zone, we have been unlucky to have lost all three matches played, on the first innings. However, the team is gaining valuable experience in the higher standard of cricket and the games have been far more keenly contested than those in "C" Zone, which we won without much difficulty.

We have not been outclassed, as will be seen by the narrow margin victories of our opponents, and with one more match left to play, it is hoped we will have collected sufficient points to remain in "B" Zone so that next season the team will have a good chance of working their way up into "A" Zone and once more gain the prestige in cricket the Corps held before the war.

SALISBURY ("B" ZONE)

February 26. — *Police v. Alexandra II*, Police ground. Police, first innings: 145 (Dickinson 65, Gilfillan 17). Alexandra, first innings, 154. Bowling: Banister 6 for 42.

Police team: Dickinson, Dales, Naested, Smithyman, Buchanan, Banister, Riddle, Gilfillan, Digges, Coop, Katz.

Police lost on the first innings by 9 runs.

March 12.—*Police v. Raylton II*, Raylton ground. Police, first innings, 143 (Dale 41, Dickinson 30, Riddle 23). Raylton, first innings, 172. Bowling: Gilfillan 5 for 24, Dickinson 3 for 14.

Police, second innings, 134 for 8 declared (Dickinson 34, Holmes 28 not out, Gilfillan 22).

Police team: Dickinson, Dale, Smithyman, Shaugnessy, Banister, Riddle, Naested, Gilfillan, Holmes, Coop, Ming.

Police lost on the first innings by 29 runs.

FRIENDLIES

February 18.—*Police v. Wanderers*, Police ground. Police, first innings, 70 (Grasett not out 23). Wanderers, first innings, 92 for 6 declared. Bowling: Rowland 2 for 13.

Police team: Rowland, Rawson, Taylor, Holmes, O'Shaugnessy, Shaugnessy, Smith, N. Grasett, Tait, Dickinson, J. Pickard.

Police lost.

March 4.—*Police v. National Housing Board*, Police ground. N.H.B., first innings, 149 for 6 declared. Bowling: Rawson 3 for 63, Holmes 2 for 27. Police, first innings, 35 for 2 (Grasett 16, Clapham 10).

Police team: Grasett, Clapham, O'Shaugnessy, Holmes, Rawson, Collins, Harcourt, Lovegrove, Smith, N. Dickinson, J. Pickard.

Match drawn. Rain stopped play.

March 11.—*Commissioner's Invitation XII v. Bar-Side-Bar*, Police ground.

Commissioner's XII—First Innings

Major Spurling, c and b Roberts	10
S/2/Sgt. Dickinson, b Roberts	35
Major Rolfe, b Cazalet	28
Sub/Insp. Bennett, b Cazalet	36
Inspector Lardant, b Roberts	0
Captain Frost, b Roberts	0
C/Inspector Vowles, c Robins, b Roberts	6
Lieutenant Brewer, b Roberts	0
D/1/Sergeant Braes, not out	17
2/Sergeant Banister, b Roberts	3
S/1/Sergeant Gilfillan, c and b Roberts	4
Captain Shewell, b Hone	10
Extras	9
Total	158

Bowling

	O.	M.	R.	W.
Hone	6.3	1	25	1
Roberts	10	—	73	8
Cazalet	9	—	54	2

Bar-Side-Bar—First Innings

Musto, b Dickinson	1
Robins, b Shewell	7
Whaley, c Gilfillan, b Shewell	0
Currie, b Shewell	0
Higham, b Shewell	1
Robinson, st Rolfe, b Frost	17
Cazalet, ct Frost, b Bennett	7
Howman, c and b Frost	16
Roberts, b Gilfillan	5
Young, b Banister	2
Jarvis, not out	0
Extras	10
Total	85

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SALISBURY CRICKET 1st XI: 1949-50



[Photo: T. Eggleton.]

Back row: R. Hazlehurst, J. Riddle, R. Holmes, W. Gilfillan, Bell, Buchanan, Pickard, Coôt.
Seated: Inspector Lardant, W. Dickenson (capt.), Major Spurling, Bannister (vice-capt.).
Front: Katz, Smythman.

Bowling				
	O.	M.	R.	W.
Shewell	3	1	6	4
Dickinson	3	—	9	1
Spurling	3	—	14	—
Bennett	4	—	14	1
Frost	3	1	8	2
Gilfillan	2.5	—	17	1
Banister	2	—	10	1

Commissioner's XII—Second Innings

Bennett, not out	27
Gilfillan, not out	13
Total (declared)	40

Bar-Side-Bar—Second Innings

Musto, c Bennett, b Gilfillan	0
Hone, c Banister, b Gilfillan	14
Whaley, st Braes, b Gilfillan	1
Currie, st Braes, b Gilfillan	6
Cazalet, b Banister	0
Howman, st Braes, b Gilfillan	14
Robins, b Gilfillan	0
Higham, b Banister	11
Young, not out	7
Extras	2
Total	55

Jarvis, Roberts and Robinson did not bat.

Bowling				
	O.	M.	R.	W.
Gilfillan	5.7	—	34	6
Banister	5	—	19	2
Match drawn.				

It is with a certain amount of regret that I compile these notes, knowing that I have played my last match as captain of the Police XI, and I would like to thank all those players both past and present who have played under my captaincy and who were largely responsible for the success and enjoyment of our matches during the past two years. It has been a great privilege and a most enjoyable experience which I shall always remember.

E.A.B.D.



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Your New Reading

By JOHN COLOPHON

Mrs. Millin Writes Her Finest Novel

KING OF THE BASTARDS, by Sarah Gertrude Millin (Heinemann), of which I have just received my review copy, which was published in England early in February, and should be with you by the time these lines appear, sends my mind back for more reasons than one, but the chief of which is that in my view it is her high-water mark as novelist, and at that the greatest novelist which South Africa has produced.

Many years ago I was talking to a Johannesburg editor, when, a young journalist, having taken a leap in the dark and landed in a job I from the outset hated, as well as the person I found myself working with, I had submitted to him, among other papers, some articles, and had been asked to see him as first step to a possible start with him. A big Rand strike intervened—with the First World War on its heels; with upheaval for us both.

Towards the end of our very pleasant and promising interview, he branched off to the subject of South African writers, and I mentioned a woman whose sketches were then appearing in the Rand Press. "Ah," he said; "you've noticed them?" I had indeed, and, as well, had heard them mentioned by the late Vere Stent, with whom I was also then in touch, and who knew writing when he saw it. "She's got a big future," said the editor. He spoke with assurance, adding that she was quite young, and was the wife of a Johannesburg barrister then also practising journalism.

War carried me into all sorts of places, and peace landed me back in England and Fleet Street. But I remembered these sketches, some of which I kept. Then, one day about a year later I saw an advertisement in a literary weekly of a novel called "The Dark River," by Sarah Gertrude Millin, with a review quotation describing the book as remarkable and unusual.

It was. Its background was the Vaal River Diggings; its story that of three sisters of diverse temperaments. And, like the sketches, it struck a new note in South African fiction. You felt that the author had impatiently made a bonfire of the stage wardrobe of romantic trappings from various pens, and was giving us instead a vision of South African life as it is. Farewell, big adventure stuff! Goodbye, set descriptions cluttered with adjectives! In their place, spare, sharp prose—short sentences, characters who revealed themselves in telling dialogue; human beings observed with detachment and irony. "Middleclass" followed, in like vein, but with Johannesburg background; less near the author's mind than the Diggings, with their confusion of colour and sombre atmosphere of slow decay. "Adam's Rest" returned, with effect, to the River; then came the decisive book, "God's Stepchildren," on the theme, mixed blood, that most holds Mrs. Millin's mind; and with it world fame; consolidated by the superb "Mary Glenn."

Voortrekker of Voortrekkers

That which most holds an author is what has been seen and experienced at close quarters in the formative years. With Mrs. Millin this is so, and runs like a repeating pattern through the whole of her creative work. The country of the mind in which her art most tellingly moves is that in which white meets

black; the theme that supremely engages her emotionally is miscegenation, that folly in its outcome equally tragic for principal and victims. It is the theme of "God's Stepchildren," there set forth from the angle of the victim and with unsurpassed power.

It is the theme of her new novel of her fullest maturity, but set forth from the angle of the principal agent; and on a scale far vaster. She has marshalled all her forces. The result in scope, imaginative realism and superbly controlled dramatic force is, in any view, her peak achievement.

The new novel's central character is Coenraad Buys, the legendary Boer, who in the distant days before the Great Trek, when the Cape Boers were increasingly irked by European rule, both of Holland and England, turned rebel; after family tragedy went, as the saying is, "native"; was outcast, then pardoned; returned with his African women and growing half-caste brood, to his white community, to find life there impossible for him. An impulsive, self-willed and masterful man, he finally turned his back on his own people, who had by now dubbed him "The King of the Bastards," and accompanied by the fruit of his betrayal of his blood, he successively becomes chief counsellor of the Xosa, Tembu, Zulu, teaching Dingiswayo the white man's art of war that—adopted by Chaka, was the prime cause of that Black Napoleon's career of chaos and terror.

Buys, now fully aware of his folly, and hoping to make a fresh start, treks in quest of new surroundings; becomes the Voortrekker of the Voortrekkers, crosses the Drakensberg, to the land of the Batlapi, the Baralong; spends profitless years among them. Then, by mischance captured by the Matabele (the folk of the Long Shields who owed their very name to Buys) through Moffat's good offices is kindly received by Moselikatzé, broken away from Chaka. He leaves Moselikatzé after a final humiliation among the Bechuana, and with his half-caste horde, who now believe him out of his wits—with his endless trekking in quest of some imaginary place, reaches the Zoutpansberg. There, near the Buyskop where his descendants still live, his end comes.

Controlled Person

The author's handling of this long story is masterly, each event developing in relevance to the theme, until the full force and significance of the tragedy breaks in one lightning flash on the reader. Buys slowly comes to realise his position; an outcast in two-fold sense. His own blood won't have him. The other world merely wants him for his brain, to use against their foes. But jealousy starts around him. As each tribal king has got all he wants out of Buys, his possessions are thieved. The king is "very sorry," but helpless. Buys's position becomes at each turn impossible. He had to go; it is always the same; and at each stage his prestige lowers the more, until at last we see him, the humble guest on sufferance of Moselikatzé, the savage who—utterly unconscious of the fact—owes his triumph to the brain before him.

The final touch, a superb instance of the author's instinct for the dramatic use of dialogue, illuminates

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her theme at one stroke. In "God's Stepchildren" it was the reply of Barry Lindsell, miscegenation's uttermost victim, to his mother, the half-caste, on her death-bed: "I am your son, and a minister of God." In this book, it is the reply of the tragedy's prime cause, Buys, in the scene between himself and Moselikatz; the most powerful Mrs. Millin has created.

The savage, fierce—and generous, but a savage—sees before him the giant white man, now old, dishevelled, fatally marred, author of his own downfall, and faced with its full significance. He tells Moselikatz who he is, outlines his long history. Moselikatz, who has heard of the legendary white man, stares at this wreck. His savage mind can't grasp the thing. He doesn't believe it . . . "And, suddenly, for a reason he could not define—perhaps because he felt Moselikatz's disbelief—and was too tired to fight it; perhaps because he had once been so lordly among black men and was now so humble—Coenraad began to weep . . . not gently, but in great heaves—of despair. Moselikatz sat for a while longer, in silence, and then he said gently: 'Are you ill?'"

"No," said Coenraad. "Weary. Weary."

Three simple words: but in effect shattering.

This is a superb and masterly book by a woman of rare gift anywhere, and unique in South Africa's literary history. It is also, incidentally, but in highest degree, salutary.

Quaker History

Quaker Social History, 1669-1738, by Arnold Lloyd (Longmans), is the most complete and authentic book yet published on the start and progress of this organisation justly famed for its record of practical good works. You will find here a presentation of an earnest, well-night inspired human endeavour, and one born amid perils and hardships, and informed by a spirit of true charity and devoutness.

Mrs. Betty Uber is the most famous personality produced by that game of unique attraction and spectator appeal (an ideal one, too, for Southern Africa), Badminton. She has now written what must certainly take rank as the standard book of history and instruction on the pastime, **That Badminton Racket** (Hutchinson). It is a delightful affair, with action pictures and a dozen chapters of clear text. The book makes you want to take up Badminton right away.

In Praise of Birds, by Canon C. E. Raven (Allen and Unwin) is a re-issue, with much new matter from his other books, of a volume which when it first appeared set a new standard in bird photography and description. It is illustrated by new pictures of wonderful appeal, and the accounts of bird behaviour are a marvel of close and detailed observation.

Fiction: **Faith and Inquisition**, by Susanne Carwin (International Authors), the first story of the Spanish Civil War by a woman, has as heroine a refugee from Hitler Germany, and tells the story of her experiences and love. The canvas is large, and the drama is handled with a power that grips you. **The Crusaders**, from the angle of the Intelligence Corps "The Crusaders" of the title, by Stefan Heyn (Cassell), is a remarkable picture of the effects of unclouded vision,

and shows amid the ups and downs of conflict, and its stresses, that war does not alter men at all, but merely forces to the fore their true basic characteristics. A very unusual novel. So, too—on smaller scale is **Rosa**, by Bryan Morgan (Hodder and Stoughton); the background, post-war England black market and gangsterism, and against it the character of an Austrian refugee girl. The author, on its scale, has achieved a triumph in her creation, and written a book that holds you.

I finish this with a quartet of novels of widely differing themes but each with the essential attribute of being highly readable; that is to say, with each you definitely want to know "what happened next," and without which attribute no novel short of a masterpiece (and not always that) is of current account.

In **Creole** (Hutchinson) Lucille Iremonger's first novel, the scene, set in a Jamaica not of sunny fiction but—it would seem to me—of less glamorous real life—serves as background for the strange marriage drama of a young and lonely Englishman to a girl of French descent, the tragedy of the union being provided by the figure of the girl's mother, a real and somewhat horrifying creation. There is power, even if at times a trifle uncontrolled, in this book, which here and there mistakes cruelty for realism. In **I Loved You Once** (Hutchinson) S. P. B. Mais gives us against a background of public school and sport a lightly written but gripping tale of double dealing, with a mystery-thriller atmosphere and ending, blended with some genuine character drawing.

Unusual Setting

Level Crossing, by Charles Lowrie (Ward, Lock), is, in setting, fresh and unusual; a drama of love mixed with the bitter feuds that developed over land rights (and the greed, too) in the long past days of railway development in England. **Fair Game**, by Nigel Tranter (Ward, Lock), is another story of love and life in the open air of the author's beloved Scottish Highlands; the touch sure, the pace brisk.

Crime and Thrillers: Do not miss **Eternity Ring** (Hodder and Stoughton), the new Miss Silver mystery by Patricia Wentworth; this delightful spinster with the big brain at her best. In **The Dark Bureau** (Hodder and Stoughton), Ernest Dudley, "Dr. Morrelle" of B.B.C. fame, brings us, in new and gripping style, a fresh sleuth, Algy Dark, and a new villain (of super-deep dye), The Butterfly, and all that is latest, including television, is used to unravel a clever and not too complex plot. An English Book Society Recommendation: and deservedly. Lastly, two special recommendations: **To Keep or Kill**, by Wilson Tucker (Cassell), author of "The Chinese Doll"; one of the smartest problem-thrillers I have read for a long time, with every page telling and a brilliant clear-up; and **More Trouble for Archer**, by Hugh Clevely (Cassell). He has many imitators, but there is, in slickness and neatly filed sensation only one Hugh Clevely, and in this thriller of blackmail and supposed murder (with a real murder thrown in) the Clevely touch, smoothness, humour and crisp action are as entertaining as ever.

When I tell you that, myself, a True-Blue Red with Liberal leanings (both of the national and purest original brand), these four thrillers take my mind off politics in England at a time of unexampled crisis, when all good men should come to the aid of the party, you will accept my word that they are assuredly the stuff to give the troops.



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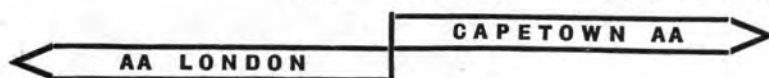
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Witchcraft and The Law

By ROGER HOWMAN

(Concluded)

Such is the process of divination, only one of many versions, a succession of rites with a spiritual current running through them. But it must never be forgotten that the great diviners have been stamped out or reduced to secrecy by European law, their traditional rites have been broken, the new generation of natives knows little of proper procedure and divination methods. We have a situation where knowledge has died or faded but emotional fears persist, and on this ignorance and fear a host of pseudo-diviners, quacks and irresponsible or illegitimate processes of divination thrive. No court can now be certain it is dealing with a genuine divination which impresses the community with the conviction that one of its members is a witch, or with a false version of it that is merely ridiculous to the old people and half-true for the credulous modern generation.

NATIVES are emphatic that a person cannot be revealed as a witch in her absence, yet over and over again, criminal action has been taken against someone for calling someone else a witch without any ritual authority whatever. Such people often clothe themselves in some degree of partial ritual authority and it is the weighing of "the degree of authority" which is the most perplexing question for a European Court, for it has no means of gauging the response of public opinion to the accusation. Natives agree that often a person in trouble goes secretly to a diviner and throws the bones for all whom he cares to name, everyone in the kraal as a rule, and one of them may be caught by the bones. But that is only suspicion. Normally the enquirer should go back, collect a *gumbgwa* and visit a different and distant diviner to have suspicions put to the test. However, it often happens that he is so upset at the very idea that X may be killing his child, or whatever the trouble is, that he rushes off to X and accuses her of witchcraft, taking revenge into his own hands with torture and serious assault in an effort to save his child.

What should be preliminary investigations leading up to authoritative public divination is here made the basis of an accusation, a distraught person acting too hastily, and what would be the position of the Court if a private diviner in the dock should reply: "I only read the bones as thrown by my client. Everyone knows a *muroyi* cannot be revealed except she throws the bones herself, and this I took no part in"! Natives explain that in cases of private consultation there must have been bad feeling between the parties and that is why a *gumbgwa* was not formed.

Again it has to be noted that almost every native can throw the bones and certainly every family-head has his family set which he consults on minor matters as we consult popular knowledge involving Aspro or Iodine, but on more serious matters, or when popular remedies fail, then resource is had, as we do, to more skilled authority, and the diviner is appealed to. Before this happens the private bones may have shown witchcraft and an accusation based on ill-will and spite follows which will be obvious to the whole kraal as a case of enmity but which, in the eyes of the law is "non-natural influence."

Of course, when confronted with these cases in which no verdict has been given by a diviner a Court finds itself in the strange and paradoxical position of having to insist upon something the existence of which is denied. "Did you go to a proper diviner and did the person you called a witch throw the bones? If not, what authority had you got of calling her a witch?" Some old hands of the Native Department have held that, witchcraft being non-existent, imaginary superstition, it must never be discussed with natives for fear of giving an impression that it exists. What would they say to such questions in Court?

Veil upon veil is drawn over divination by the native. Everyone who attended fears the Police and will lie to save himself and his relations, and the whole community will ally itself with the diviner not only because he is their line of communication with the unseen but also because he is feared and respected for his power as the following case will show.

Takadayi returned from Johannesburg after four years' absence and asked for a new Registration Certificate. His card showed he had served two months' imprisonment seven years ago for designating a witch so with no fear to induce him to distort the truth, he was asked to say what happened.

"My father fell ill. The local diviner said his *shave* wanted a blanket. But the blanket made no difference. We went to another and he said the *mudzimu* wants some cloth. My father died. It was then I formed a *gumbgwa* to go to a big diviner in another district. It was a small *gumbgwa*; nowadays we make small *gumbgwa*'s for fear of the Police but we took *miseve* for our wives."

Then followed a description of what happened which ended with the mother of the nephew being held by the bones and she had complained to the Police. In the case which followed the big diviner was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and Takadayi to two months.

The original record was compared with Takadayi's version and other members of the kraal invited to say what happened. So the blatantly untrue statement of one witness that Takadayi said to the accused, "are the witches X and Z?" The accused threw the bones and said, "Yes, I find that X and Z killed your father," was thrown into relief. In the course of this bit of research it was found that Takadayi had paid a small bull to the husband of the woman he had called a witch as damages and an accidental reference to five head of cattle drew out the surprising fact that Takadayi had, two years after the big diviner's release from gaol, paid him five head of cattle as compensation for having caused his imprisonment. It was impossible to let this pass and as a result the big diviner went into gaol again for extortion.

12. *Poison.* The Police investigated an assault case and found the word *muroyi* had been used. Citindi was prosecuted for "imputing the use of non-natural means and causing the death of Cizuwa, that is to say did call Runesu a wizard." The facts were that Citindi returned from Johannesburg to find his relative Cizuwa had died and a rumour had it that Runesu had put poison in his food, so Citindi picked a fight and came out the worse. There had been no divination, no

suggestion of non-natural means, no witchcraft. The action of poison is perfectly natural in native eyes; everyone knows the effect of dip, but the word for poison is *uroyi* and the poisoner is *muroyi*, that is, apart from the word *cepfu*, a corruption from Afrikaans. Again there is the meaning of evilness, anti-social nature, in the word *muroyi*, for who else would administer poison! But it is quite distinct from any ritual process. And again a Court has to assume the existence of diviners and ask what ritual authority Citindi had for calling Runesu a *muroyi* before it can find out in such a case that the correct translation of the word is "poison."

* * * * *

The Native Commissioner's mind felt cleared. The magisterial segment had shrunk, was dwarfed, by an all-embracing vision of both the law and the life of the people among whom he lived. The little black mouths of the Martini Henry cartridges seemed open in mute appeal for things African. He would draw up his reasons for judgment, to explain if he could to the prosecutor next day just why the old woman must go free.

"Section 3 of the Act refers to non-natural means without defining it, but identifies it with calling a person a witch. In *Rex v. Mujuchwa* this line of reasoning was queried, and in my opinion quite rightly. I cannot concede that the word *muroyi* implies non-natural influence. This being so, the prosecution has got to prove that non-natural influence has associated in some way with the actual use of the word on every occasion, for the word in itself is harmless.

The question then arises, what is this non-natural influence which is not legally defined? It is difficult, but in the absence of an answer many an innocent person has gone to gaol. The European, of course, answers, "Nonsense, there is no such thing." We must approach it from the native point of view; for them it is a tremendous reality, though it lives in their minds only.

Without going into details of the many native customs and beliefs concerning this non-natural influence it may be said that until a definite series of rites have been observed which concentrate or inject this non-natural influence into the word *muroyi*, it remains a mere word. The existence of non-natural influence depends on whether or not the people believe it is there, and their belief in turn depends on whether or not the machinery or rites for mobilising that influence have been set in action. In other words, has the proper person in touch with the spiritual or magical world thrown the bones in the proper manner and so produced in the minds of the community a conviction that a certain person is a witch?

This line of argument seems to me to fit in with the ultimate intention of the Act, the intention to protect persons whom we Europeans hold to be innocent from what we may call the delusions of their fellows. If those delusions have not been aroused by the proper rites then the person we seek to protect by the law is in no need of protection and to apply the law in such cases is to commit injustice.

In this particular case the evidence reveals that the proper rites have not been complied with, that the accused has not got non-natural backing, and that before the members of the kraal were under no delusions that Mazinyana was a witch. To a certain extent they did comply with proper procedure. Mazinyana formed a divination party—a *gumbgwa*—to consult diviner B and

she, and everyone, else was cleared. In the face of this no one could be under the delusion that she was a witch. The allegation of the use of non-natural means is therefore not proved.

There is another important aspect to be considered. The evidence on it is contradictory but the Crown has sought to prove that the accused consulted diviner A who threw the bones and as a result she accused Mazinyana of being a witch. It may be that in the eyes of the community this aroused suspicions; certainly Mazinyana felt obliged to put them to the test by throwing the bones herself before another diviner and then complaining to the Police. The accused's alleged use of the word *muroyi* has there caused a certain degree of trouble, but whether this degree of trouble is sufficient to justify a wider interpretation of the meaning of non-natural means to cover this kind of trouble is indeed a most difficult matter. One is tempted to think that the fact of complaining to the Police is sufficient evidence of the seriousness of Mazinyana's position but it is only too true that natives have discovered that to complain to the Police is a most effective means of retaliation, even when the circumstances are most trivial.

In this case the Court is not convinced that Mazinyana has suffered anything more than the personal ill-will of an old woman who, being the mother of the head of the kraal, has ample power and prestige to make life uncomfortable for her. Why this ill-will should be present is not disclosed. The accused is found not guilty and is discharged."

Sequel

Over a period of several months after the case the Native Commissioner probed into the life of the kraal, seeking here and there as chance offered to fit the parts of a jig-saw into a picture, trying to see if his judgment had been right or wrong, and slowly a background to the whole strange and complex affair emerged.

At the time of tax last year diviner A, a headman on his way home from the office, called in at the kraal of his cousin Sukai who he found was ill. He was asked to divine with the bones for her and found that the spirit (*mudzimu*) of her dead aunt, his own mother, was feeling neglected and required the recognition of a sacrifice. No beast was available so Sukai gave him £1 with which to buy an animal to offer to the spirit. Sukai got well. At that time Puna was perfectly well.



"Why did you drive on after the accident?"

"I thought that if I didn't carry on immediately I might lose my nerve—like flying an aeroplane, you know."

Quite recently Puna suffered badly from illness in the eyes, in fact when the Police came to find her, she was then in the clinic under treatment and the case was delayed till she was released.

Now, Puna was a well-known midwife (*micingi*) and the skill of midwifery is derived from a *shave* spirit. The gifts or payments made to a midwife are really an offering or tribute to the *shave* and it is believed that if the child is weaned before she receives these the midwife is liable to be afflicted with illness in the back or the eyes. These offerings are called *ucingi* and they must include meat which the midwife mixes with medicine and eats to prevent back or eye troubles.

Further, a prospective father should engage a midwife about seven months before the child is due, giving her as *ucingi* a fowl or one shilling, and later, after the delivery, a goat or about five to ten shillings. If, as many husbands do, he delays and has to rush about at the last moment to ask a midwife to attend his wife she will reply, "*Waka ndi ridzira mhere*" (you called me in distress) and her *ucingi* will be a beast or about £1. Some tribes call this payment *mburamhere*.

Runesu, the husband of Mazinyana, was such a husband. He delayed and only asked Puna at the last moment. After the birth he gave her *mubayiro muduku duku wo ucingi* (the small offering) and Puna, being a stately old lady, would not haggle—he might have thought she was asking too much (*ru cocoro*), so she said simply, "If you do not know the proper thing to do go to your mother and ask her." Runesu never did this.

When Puna got eye sickness there was obviously only one explanation. She pointed her affliction to

Runesu, saying, "You can see I am sick, will you not help me; I was your midwife. You have never given me my *ucingi*." Runesu was somewhat worried by this, but being of a mean disposition he decided to make sure the old lady was right so he told his wife to collect a *gumbgwa* and go to diviner B to find out if she or anyone else was responsible for Puna's illness. This they did and all of them were cleared, that is, of any personal influence—but the bones revealed that a *shave ro songano* spirit was annoyed and causing trouble. On their return with the news Puna, who had not attended, commented, "I told you so. My *shave* gave me skill to help you. Give me my *ucingi* and my *shave* will make me well."

So those were the circumstances out of which that discomfiting case had come! It was not so plain how Mazinyana and the whole kraal had drawn their conclusions. How the huts must have buzzed with comment and confused hearsay that had blurred the slender distinction between *uroyi* (witchcraft) and *uroyi* (responsibility for illness) and the upshot was that Mazinyana was pointed to as being responsible. Did she not deserve it, or at least her husband? She left the kraal and complained to the Police, who gathered statements in the approved style with no time-wasting irrelevances.

Runesu was most indignant about what his wife had done—"Complain to the Police!! That she should never have done."

Soon after the case Runesu had not only made the proper offerings to Puna's *shave* spirit but he had brewed beer for her to sooth her ruffled pride and he, his wife and the old woman who had been in Court were all living happily together once more.

In that kraal had Justice, in whose name so much is said and shouted to her discomfort, given a clue to her quiet presence!

(Native custom is drawn predominantly from the Ndanga and Chibi areas.)

From NADA.

NEW TYPE FAGINS

The "old lags" in Britain are going out of business and setting up colleges for crime. The new Criminal Justice Act is curbing their activities as active burglars and pickpockets. So they are opening crime schools. The syllabus includes lock-picking, safe opening.

Under the new Act, a 30-year-old criminal who has been convicted three times since he was 17 can be sent to preventive detention from 5 to 14 years.

So now the old offender is keeping out of the courts. They are instead planning the raids on shops, houses and warehouses, and are showing younger men how to carry out the jobs

These modern Fagins are suspected of holding regular tuition courses at secret rendezvous

—London Daily Express.

While out of town, a mean husband sent his wife as a present, a cheque for one million kisses.

The wife, a trifle annoyed, acknowledged with a postcard which read: "Dear Jim, Thanks for the birthday cheque. The milkman cashed it for me this morning."

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Trumpeter's Memories

IT is a trite saying that "Old soldiers never die" and I feel inclined to add "Nor trumpeters fade away." At any rate, it does not seem like nearly half a century since I used to sound "Reveille" across Salisbury square. The recollection of those (to me, at any rate) happy days is still fresh in my memory, and the following yarns of those days may amuse some of the "old timers" and perhaps even a few of the new chums.

I had a long spell of trumpeting in Salisbury as Trumpeters were scarce in those days, and my only relief for months on end used to be when a bandsman was detailed, but they used to "jib" at the duty. A Trumpeter ranked senior to a Trooper and I was put in charge of the first barrack-room erected in Salisbury camp. The first Corporal to come into the room I shot. (Purely by accident, of course, but funny remarks were passed.)

I can also recollect the occasion when some joker inserted a plug of tobacco in my trumpet just as I was about to go out to sound "First Post". There was naturally some delay in extracting the obstruction and when I had eventually finished the call I heard the Orderly Sergeant shouting for "Trumpeter" across the square.

The great "Jimmy" Blatherwick used to run the canteen in those days, and the O.S. told me that the R.S.M. was waiting for me there. I went over and in fear and trembling knocked at the door. "Jimmy" opened it and let me in.

"What's your time?" he asked. "9.40," I replied.

"Funny, I make it 9.45," Jimmy said, "and my watch never gains." I said that mine never lost but I had been detained. He did not ask for the circumstances.

"Don't let it occur again," he said, but in such a genial tone that I plucked up courage and asked if I might have a shandy.

"I think so," he replied. "In fact, I was just going to have a drink myself." He refused the proffered coupons and I had it at his expense. When I got back to the room they all wanted to know what Jimmy had said, etc. I replied: "Oh! Nothing. He only wanted me to have a drink."

With all his harsh exterior he had a kindly heart and helped many a lame dog over a stile. Woe betide the man who so far forgot himself and called him "Jimmy" in the canteen. He would say nothing at the time, but stored it up for future action. I have seen him tickle a horse's hindquarters with his long whip, on riding school, and as the rider was deposited on the ground he would quietly remark: "That will teach you to call me 'Jimmy'." He was the "hub" of the B.S.A.P. and the fine reputation the Corps has gained must, in a large measure, be due to him. There always seemed to be lots of fun in those days. Something always on the go. Someone always "on the string." Someone training to beat Jack Johnson. Someone standing for Parliament, or some other absurdity. It was a common sight to see someone racing round the square, egged on by his "trainers" who used to pinch his beer, or other delicacies he had bought in the canteen, on the grounds that "they were bad for training."

Our prospective Member of Parliament was a Sergeant in the Q.M. Stores, said to be a Baron in his own right. I often wonder if he ever took up his baronetcy. We used to have meetings in the recrea-

tion room at which the "Hon. Member", as he was always called, would promise free beer and freedom from stables, for the troops, which statements were always enthusiastically cheered. The officers and N.C.O.'s all attended these meetings which were great fun. I was one of the committee who used to meet in the Baron's kya after "Lights Out" and discuss the plan of campaign and the whisky, generously provided by our host. The hut caught fire one night and was burned down and that was the end of our political activities.

Two fellows had an argument one night and started to fight. They were put in the guard-room and brought up before the Colonel ("Jacky" Flint) next morning. "Do you still want to fight?" he asked, and on their saying they did, a parade was ordered for 12 noon. A ring was erected and people from town invited, "Just to show how we settle things in my Regiment."

After the fight, which did not go the distance, Colonel Flint jumped into the ring and offered to take on any officer. He had no takers, however. He was a fine soldier, horseman and swordsman. He used to slice a sheep in half with a slash of his sword and cutting bars of lead was mere child's play to him. His best performance was slicing apples or potatoes on a man's throat, and this was a sure road to promotion for the men who submitted to the performance.

There was a Sergeant-Major in the Pay Office who, it was well known, aspired to a commission. He was rather unpopular in the Mess and they made things so uncomfortable for him that he used to clear out and perambulate the square at night. I used to see him when sounding "Feed" at 9 p.m. and one evening he asked me to accompany him on his walk. This became a custom for a time, but later I was approached by some of the "tough nuts" to inveigle P. into the canteen. I tried unsuccessfully for a time but one night managed to persuade him. Immediately we got inside the whole crowd jumped to attention. "No, no. I'm not an officer, yet," expostulated P. "Oh, but you soon will be" came the chorus. "Trot out the beer for Mr. P." and the bar-tender immediately complied and a barrel was hoisted over the counter. (I expect it had been ready for days). His health and quick promotion were heartily drunk and P. retired minus the price of a barrel of beer. I was not really an accomplice but P. never asked me to share his peregrinations again.

A common performance in the canteen used to be a bonfire. There were a couple of Sergeants who were particularly fond of this form of amusement. First a few boxes of matches, cigarette boxes, etc., were lit, then more solid fuel was added, hats, boots, even shirts, used to go on until the fire got so big that it was extinguished, usually with beer. The floor of the canteen was of brick, so no harm was done.

This brings my memory back to one of those same Sergeants. At least he was Sergeant one week and Trooper the next. It was at times hard to tell his rank. Anyhow, Sergeant or Trooper, he loved to come into the canteen. Once after he had been demoted (for the last time, as it happened) he was transferred to the Battery.

One member of the Battery was always detailed to raise and lower the flag at Reveille and Retreat and this duty lasted a week. When R. was on the job he

used to take the flag to the canteen at 6 o'clock and home with him at 9.30, when the canteen closed. One dark night, when going across the square, it struck R. that it was a waste of time having to come back in the morning to hoist the flag, so he pulled it up then and there. In the "wee sma' oors" the battery commander (Mr. C.) coming home from a party, spotted the flag (the moon had risen in the meantime), and thinking the duty man had forgotten it, he took it down and to his room. "Came the Dawn." R. awoke and searched under his bed for the flag. No flag. He looked across the square at the flag-pole. No flag! A man of infinite resource, R. quickly obtained another flag and ran it up. He had just returned to his room when a boy came and told him the Battery Commander would like to see him. He went to Mr. C's. quarters and found him nursing a flag.

"What about the flag?" he said.

"What flag?" innocently inquired R.

"The flag, dammit THE Flag," bellowed C.

"The flag, Sir, is on the pole," said R.

An astonished Battery Commander looked out to see the flag fluttering in the breeze.

"Good God! where did I get this flag, then?" he gasped.

"I don't know, Sir, unless by any chance you took the Administrator's flag down by mistake," meekly said R. (The Administrator lived practically next door.)

"Heavens! What's to be done?" bleated C.

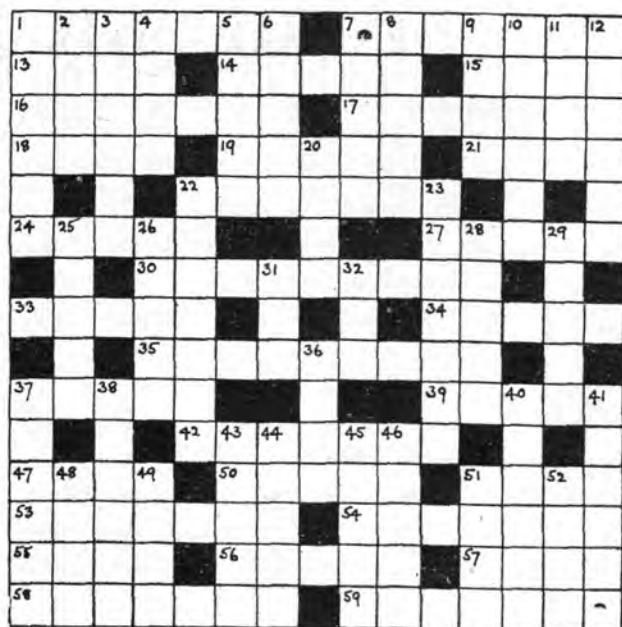
R. suggested that as the gardener at Government House happened to be a friend of his he might manage to arrange things and departed with the flag and a bottle of C's. whisky.

OUTPOST CROSSWORD

CLUES

Across

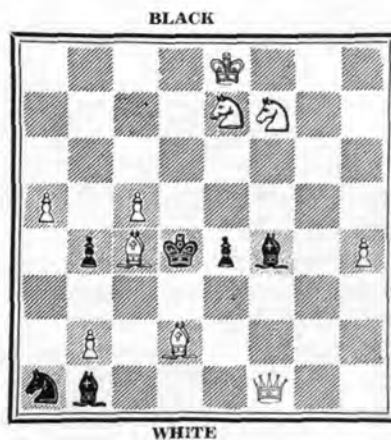
- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 Up the wrong way in a polar setting. | 34 There's fifty in the unit. |
| 7 Isn't it a dear? | 35 I want more, she says. |
| 13 What verse does. | 37 Unite as set. |
| 14 Sink. | 39 Little mountain lakes. |
| 15 The Sapper is worth money. | 42 Rubbing out. |
| 16 An epithet for Scrooge. | 47 150 + 10. |
| 17 Animals found in meres. | 50 Almost the right injection for an enemy. |
| 18 A small people. | 51 Imperfect. |
| 19 "Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation . . . as an — mewing her mighty youth." (Areopagitica.) | 53 "And the ripe — of the new-mown hay Gives it a sweet and wholesome odour." (Colley Cibber.) |
| 21 The deformed prophet's dry-as-dust. | 54 Bun time! |
| 22 Listens! | 55 City of Pennsylvania. |
| 24 The terrorist's blunder. | 56 Terse by mistake. |
| 27 Send out. | 57 Waxlike patch at base of beak. |
| 30 At service. (Anag.) | 58 Pertaining to a thrust back. |
| 33 Break a lance. | 59 Always in a Roman thing. |



Down

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Created by a river of Italy? | 32 Japanese ounce in a Spanish river. |
| 2 O, what a noise for an old god to make! | 36 Is in us in another case. |
| 3 Annoy. | 37 What A was. |
| 4 East and south of us. | 38 "Thy —, Independence, let me share; Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye, Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare, Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky." (Smollett.) |
| 5 Grant him a novelist. | |
| 6 Nothing in a rose-noble is still kingly. | |
| 7 Dances for the cotton to go round and round. | |
| 8 Decision. | |
| 9 Contractile curtain. | |
| 10 Son of Anchises. | 40 Roar round me. |
| 11 Row. | 41 Series of landscape events. |
| 12 He should dwell east of a German industrial town. | 43 Supports. |
| 20 Taunt. | 44 Rent a cave. |
| 22 Tie rein. | 45 Rub me for pigment. |
| 23 It ate us. (Anag.) | 46 A 15. |
| 25 Yser does rapidly. | 48 Real old lore. |
| 26 A vote for eggs. | 49 Cover all but the head. |
| 28 Dried leaflets of cassia. | 51 A clue to pike. |
| 29 A notable Jack. | 52 17's singular locality. |
| 31 Gift for an actor. | |

(Answers on page 47)



OUTPOST CHESS PROBLEM

No. 73.

White mates in 3 moves.

Key move on Page 47.

SHASHI PATROL

RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROUTINE BORDER PATROL IN THE KEZI AREA, JULY, 1947.

THE lower part of Kezi area adjoins Bechuanaland Protectorate and patrols are carried out along the Shashi River on this border to control the illegal migrant labour to the Union.

One misty Monday morning the Station truck left both myself and my servant Johnny as near to Shashi as possible. My two A/C.s left Kezi at the same time as I, on bicycles, but were held up and did not arrive until two days later.

From the last European farm to the Shashi River, a distance of about thirty miles, we saw a few natives, and when I finished making camp it was dark and I went to bed.

The following morning I awoke to find a crowd of natives squatting outside my tent—natives from both sides of the Shashi River—with gifts of eggs, goats' milk and chickens. They were rewarded with some meat of a buck I had shot on the way to the river.

Before the A/C.s arrived I made short patrols locally and crossed a number of times into Bechuanaland. There were few natives in the area, which teemed with game of all kinds, including a troop of small blue monkeys which were around the camp.

The two A/C.s arrived at last and work started in earnest. Leaving one at camp and accompanied by the other, we walked first up the river, then down. While I was doing this I was busy making a map of the Shashi River in the Kezi area and looking for any fires which migrant labour may have made before crossing the border.

On one part of this river, fairly close to my camp, was an island—a small, thickly shrubbed one. One afternoon we were returning to camp when we heard dogs barking nearby. We were walking along the bank of the Shashi at the time and the A/C. said the dogs were on the island, which we had not yet visited.

Crossing to the island, we cut through the shrub and came to an open space surrounded by tall trees. There we stopped in amazement, for it was like entering a slaughter-house. In the middle of this open space was a great pile of bones; in fact there were bones and skins of every type of buck to be found in those parts.

From all the trees around this open space were dangling reims being straightened out by means of large stones.

On one side was a smouldering fire and around this sat six dogs—not the usual type of kaffir dog, but large well-fed ones. There were no signs of any human beings, but someone must have left very recently as there was still meat cooking on the fire.

Near the fire and pointing towards us were a collection of witchcraft bones. The A/C. said they had been put down to keep us away. I collect native curios so I put them in my pocket. I gathered that it was a Bushman's camp and that these natives from Bechuanaland had trapped the game in Southern Rhodesia. I knew then, who had set the traps close to

the river bank which I had seen on patrol that day. These traps were made in the following manner: a long line of tightly packed thornbushes were set up and small gaps left at intervals where there was a trout tree, tied to which were wire snares. The natives had driven the game towards these thornbushes with the aid of their dogs and trapped them in the snares.

Before leaving this camp we broke all the hunting spears we had found, took down the reims and carried as many skins and reims away as possible. The following morning I visited this camp again at about 5 o'clock. There was no sign of any natives and they had taken the rest of the skins away.

I was surprised at the tameness of the buck in one part of the area which we visited. I was with both A/C.s when we came across a herd of koodoo. We walked to within 15 to 20 yards of them, but they did not move. Not wanting to shoot any, as I had plenty of meat in camp, I shouted at them, and they then slowly walked away. This may sound a tall story, but it can be vouched for by both the A/C.s, Munyaradzi and Aaron.

Near my second camp was a small kopje on the Bechuanaland side of the Shashi River. At its base there was a small pool of water and often in the late afternoon I sat on this kopje to take snaps of the game coming in to drink. One afternoon whilst on the kopje I saw something coming through the bush. It was terrific, even from a distance, and I thought it might be an elephant: I hoped it wouldn't be, as all I had was a revolver. As it came closer I saw it was a large black-maned lion and it came right up to the base of the kopje, then skirted around the side of it—a really magnificent sight. I had my revolver out just in case, but it did not get my scent or was not interested. I watched it go away down the river, then made a hasty return to camp. Two days later I saw a leopard at the same spot. That was my introduction to the wild life of Africa.

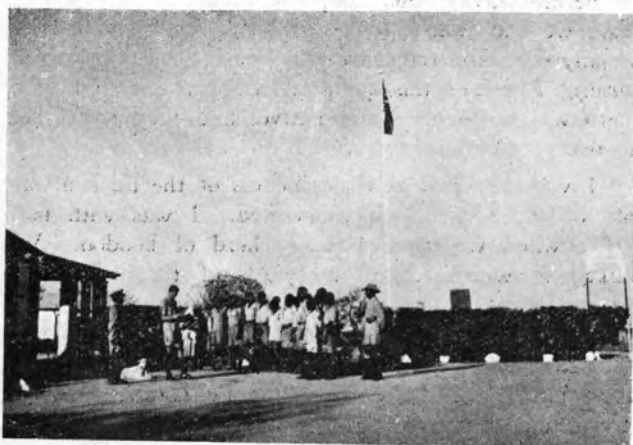
This patrol was a fairly short one—just 3½ weeks, but I walked nearly 300 miles during that time, as I patrolled the river every day from early morning till late afternoon.

4116.



"Alphabetical Order—I said."

Station Life



Top Left:
Roll Call 6 a.m.

Bottom Left:
Customs and
Immigration

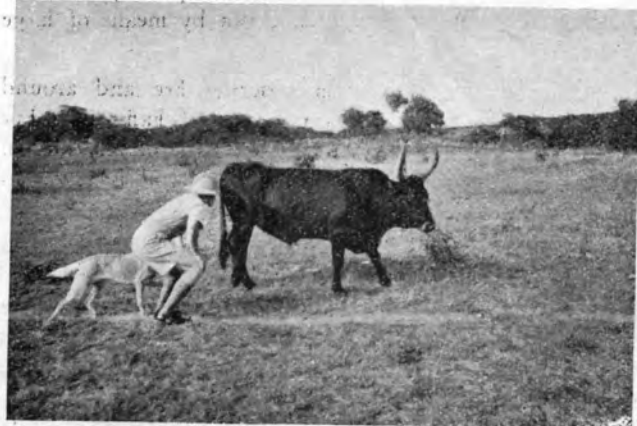


Top Right:
Meteorological
Observations

Bottom Right:
"Tick Infested?"



After-hours Telephone Calls



A Soldier Goes to See--and Did!

By MAJOR HUGH MACKAY

YES, I'd simply LOVE to be a sailor, that is, IF I could get a shore job. I like the uniform. So snappy and comfortable. I like fishing—from a pier, and I like GIN. Also, I have noticed that when the Fleet is in any of our ports the wretched soldier does not get a look in; far from it, for the "fair young things" simply swarm round the matelots like matelots swarm round the rum barrel. It's just too bad, that is why I said I'd like to be a sailor, if . . .

But this is my reason for the IF. It is not my fault, but that a Lieutenant-Commander of the South African Naval Forces. It happened this way.

I was stationed with the South African Air Force at Port Elizabeth round about 1940, and we got on dashed well with our opposite, and senior, numbers, as we always do, and it was over a double gin in the Ward Room of H.M.S.A.S. . . . that the beginning of the tragedy happened.

After about my sixth pink 'un, things looked rosy, and I was foolish enough to say that I thought that blokes on minesweepers in South African waters had quite a "cushy" time of it. My pal, the two-and-a-half-striper, agreed—I did not see his wink.

"What about a trip with us to-morrow, soldier? We'll be out for thirty-six hours, and you'd enjoy it."

I looked across the brilliance of the Indian Ocean. It was calm and beautiful, and I thought it would be a good idea to get away from the airfield for a while. "I'll ask my C.O.," I said, and thanked him, and that is how it was I found myself climbing aboard a converted whaler, now a minesweeper, at about four pip emma the following day. I had taken no interest in my C.O.'s warning—"Take care, Mac, YOU don't know what these ruddy sailors are—I DO!"

Against all rules, I had a couple of bottles of gungai—I mean brandy—in my overcoat pockets, and saluted cheerfully as I got aboard. The Lieutenant, who was skipper of the ship, greeted me warmly, so did his No. 1 and Sub. I envied them for I was in uniform, while you could not possibly refer to the garb the ship's company appeared in after the ship had sailed, as uniform. A pair of shorts and a pair of tennis shoes seemed all that was necessary, and I soon joined in likewise. When in Rome, and all that.

It was a beautiful afternoon, the sea was like glass, and soon we were steaming to the distant horizon. Port Elizabeth looked marvellous, and the "Tarzan" at the wheel seemed completely happy and amiable.

Although the sea was calm there was a slow and heavy swell, which I did not mind, for had I not boated on the Thames? Had I not travelled in liners from England to Mombasa and India and back? Likewise to South Africa? Also, I had braved the lagoons of Seychelles in tiny pirogues, lovely dug-out canoes. Of course I had, therefore, what was just a swell?

Later on I joined the skipper and the sub in the tiny saloon, and enjoyed a large plate of fried fish and chips. I thought there was rather too much fat used in the cooking, but the fish was fine, and so was I, for I'd had a "couple" before coming aboard. We had another "couple" during the meal.

Afterwards, the skipper suggested we should join the boys below in their mess room, and I heartily agreed,

so, taking the remainder of the gungai with us, down we went.

It was a great evening, the mess room was small and crowded, the air was thick with tobacco smoke and with the smell of oil, the gungai was good, but somehow tasted different to what it had done, after a while. I was glad, when, after a sing-song, to the accompaniment of an accordion, the skipper suggested we go on to the bridge for a spot of fresh air. Somehow I felt sweatily-cold. Strange!

I suggested sleep, for I began yawning widely. The skipper grinned and agreed. I did not see HIS wink to his Number One either.

I was taken to the small outer cabin which contained a bunk, while the skipper, when below, had a bunk in the inner cabin. He said "good-night" and I turned in.

I don't know what time it was when I awoke. For a moment I wondered where I was. I felt the bunk heaving up and down. It rolled and swayed, and then gave a wriggle with her stern, a coquettish wriggle, like one sees in Piccadilly sometimes when passing a sweet little craft dressed "all-over."

The light was on, but dimly, and I sat up. Then I began to heave also, and it was fortunate that a basin had been placed thoughtfully by someone close by. I was gloriously and wonderfully sick.

It must have been nearly dawn, for a solemn-looking (?) matelot appeared with a large tin mug of strong tea. He eyed me gravely, and I noticed that his lips were quivering. "Nothing like a good, hot, strong drop o' tea, sir, when we're FEELING GROGGY," he said. I thanked him, took the tea and—heaved again.

"Strewth, sir," said my pal the matelot, "you ain't 'arf sick, you ain't. Lean over 'ere." I did.

Presently the skipper came down, and seeing how grim things were, said that he would put back, for he had not necessarily to stay out the full patrol. I thanked him and wanted to die.

The sun rose on what was probably a beautiful sea, but I cared not. I wanted to die and die quickly. Nature called me to sundry places, and I arose. I knew where the "heads" were and off I started. There was a great swell on, and the—er—lady was rolling like nobody's business.

A line had been rigged forrard to where the "heads" lay. As I clawed myself along I happened to look up and noticed a line of grinning faces and naked torsos looking over the bridge dodger but, like Galleo, I cared for none of these things. The door of the "heads" would not fasten, and those on the bridge must have enjoyed the second act of the drama.

I found myself back in my bunk once more, when I remembered that there was some gungai left. I managed to get up and drink some, but that made matters worse. Oh, why had I been such a fool as to accept that blamed invitation?

The skipper told me cheerfully that we were due in about tennish, but I cared not. He offered me some food!! Later he returned and commenced to change into his shore uniform. He offered me shaving water!!! How I managed to dress I don't know to this day. The dull throb, throb of the engines ceased, and I staggered

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on to the deck; we were alongside, and apparently all the ship's company had come to bid me farewell, while others had come down from the shore ward room feeling that something was doing. It was, for I was again sick all over the quay, but I did remember to salute the quarter-deck before leaving, and without thanks.

The Sub offered to drive me to the hotel where my wife and I were staying. I humbly thanked him, and walked to the ward room, the ground heaving and rolling all over the place.

"Good-morning, good-morning, and all that," cried my erstwhile pal the Lutenant-Commander, meeting me in the ante-room. "What's all this, Soldier, been sick?"

"No, no, sir," I managed to mutter. "I always do this in the mornings," all the same I accepted a strong whisky and felt better.

On leaving, I invited my pal to come along to the aerodrome the next day and have a flip; he'd never been up. He gladly accepted and I was driven home, where my wife put me to bed, and that cursed bed rolled and pitched like a live thing.

I did not feel too good the next day, but turned up early at the Station and saw the C.O. He grinned. "I won't say, I told you so, Mac. Your pal can certainly have a flip. What, he's never been up? Well, well, it's a nice bumpy day, and we'll get Bill to take him up, what?" I grinned, for Bill was our stunt pilot. I interviewed Bill, and in due course my pal turned up in all the glory of his white, gold and blue. The sight made me quite better.

How happily I watched the 'bus take off in a climbing turn. How cheerfully I saw the rolls and spins, and how joyfully I saw it hurtling all over the skies. Ooh! Well, well, my pal took it all in good part, but if I had been sick in his ship, it was nothing to what he had been in Bill's. While, if I don't want to be a sailor unless I get a shore job, I bet my pal doesn't want to be in the S.A.A.F. unless he can have a job on the jolly old ground. Still, it was fun—
AFTERWARDS!

A bachelor is a man who can take a nap on top of a bedspread; clean his shoes on a towel.



"Oh, you've wanted to do it all your life, have you?"

POLITE CHINESE

"I came to England almost six years ago to study Western music, but in my concerts I included some Chinese songs. At my first one they said I must give their meaning, but my Chinese upbringing told me it was rude for a young girl to try to teach so many people, so unwillingly I stepped out and started: 'I have been told to explain my songs, in case some of you do not speak Chinese.' Then I could not understand why they laughed."

—Lian-Shin Yang, a young Chinese soprano, talking in a B.B.C. programme.

DIRTY DISHES

"Though I don't want to deter you from the art of entertaining at home, I cannot forbear telling you this little rhyme:

*The food at home is cheaper far,
And often more delicious,
But when you leave the restaurant,
You also leave the dishes."*

—Lady Tait, talking on "The Art of Entertaining," in a B.B.C. programme.

AGRICULTURAL ARITHMETIC

An English schoolmaster once asked a Welsh boy this question: "If a farmer had ten sheep in a field and three got out, how many would be left?" "None," said the boy. "You don't understand the question," said the schoolmaster. "But you don't understand the sheep," said the boy. — Vernon Hamer in a B.B.C. programme.

WOT! NO SALMON?

"A blustery old Colonel was walking up to his favourite pool. He called out to an angler on the opposite bank: 'Well! What are they taking to-day?' The fisherman looked across the river with the dreamy eyes of a salmon addict and replied: 'No notice.'"

—F. J. Barker talking on Wye Salmon in a B.B.C. programme.

Stepping out between the acts at the first production of one of his plays, Bernard Shaw said to the audience:

"What do you think of it?"

This startled everybody for the time being, but presently a man in the pit assembled his scattered wits and cried: "Rotten."

Shaw made a curtsy and melted the house with one of his Irish smiles.

"My friend," he said, shrugging his shoulders and indicating the crowd in front, "I quite agree with you but what are we two against so many?"

The judge wished to make sure that the witness understood the solemnity of the occasion.

"Do you know what that oath means," the judge asked.

"Sure I do," the witness answered. "That oath means if I swear to a lie I gotta stick to it."

Money, our philosophical pal points out, will buy a pretty good dog—but it won't buy the wag in his tail.

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Riot(ous) Drill Training

By MUTSWI

I DO not think I will be giving any secrets away when I say that the members of the Force receive instruction in what is known as riot training, and it should be obvious to all that Policemen must "Be Prepared" for any eventuality. Although "BE PREPARED" is not really the motto of the Force, we seem to have stolen a march on the Boy Scouts of late in that we are dressed very much like them, what with our stocking flashes and new belts; and I hear on good authority that successful district men will soon have "cook's" and "tracker's" badges, with "cobbler's" badges for the urban men.

And so to keep us prepared for any emergency (as we are for any further changes in uniform), anti-riot training now takes place even in the remotest outstations. The instructions laid down really appertain for disturbances in the towns where there are streets with real houses, cross-roads, etc., so in the "long grass" where there are no streets, and hence no cross roads, and no blocks of houses, the imagination has to be used, and therein lie difficulties. Some which have been experienced at this station are recorded for guidance of those who find themselves similarly placed, with the hope that they are forewarned.

Well, after several rather boring lectures on the subject it was decided that the only thing to do was to get down to the practical side, so having no riotous mobs and no town to practise on, the African Police lines were taken as the scene of strife. We mustered 11 men, including African Police, telephone attendants, pump attendants and our own personal servants, and lined up in the approved formation. I regret, however, that the manoeuvre was doomed to failure, for as soon as I blew two long blasts on the whistle, which was the signal for action, a football appeared in the middle of us and we played a quarter of an hour each way.

I decided that the next time we would get out of the camp and into the village where possibly a more realistic attempt could be made, so with all the hangers-on, we mustered armed to the teeth. On the first occasion I had forgotten about the first-aid squad which should have been following up behind, so this time my servant was withdrawn from the striking force and fell in behind with a bottle of brandy (and two glasses). The blast on the whistle as the signal for action was to be replaced with a shot from a shotgun . . . if the football appeared again I was going to give a right and left.

All set, orders given (and obviously not understood), we went up the path to the village and I was feeling pleased with the exercise as everybody was looking keen for action and had even started chanting a tribal war song. On the way to the village we passed the water cart with its two oxen and I distinctly remember them pricking up their ears and changing from their normal sluggish selves into sprightly creatures as our mob passed them (they must have been of French extraction).

As we reached the village green there was not a soul in sight (a normal state of affairs here), but just coming in at the far end I spied our "tame bandit" returning towards camp with an armful of mushrooms

which he had been sent out to find. Things then happened quickly. I heard a tramping of hooves and a rattling of cans behind me and turned to see the water cart transformed into a chariot and hurtling through our serried ranks (which remained serried no longer). As I dived out of the way the shotgun went off and into action we went. There being only one person in sight, there could of course be no doubt as to our objective, so the poor "bandit" took to his heels, chased by a yelling and riotous "striking force."

After this I did not take a very active part as I called up the first-aid squad, and sitting under the tree on the village green have memories of flying hooves, brickbats, knobkerries, pick handles, etc., and, of course, mushrooms. I learned later that the bandit has eventually found safety in the roof of the lock-up, and the oxen had come to rest in the camp mealie patch.

As no report can be complete these days without some statistics being given, the following are the casualties sustained:—

KILLED.—One chicken, White Leghorn, age unknown. Cause of death, a charge of No. 4 shot.

INJURED.—One male native, S. Rhodesian, unemployed. Weapon used, one brickbat.

OTHER CASUALTIES.—N.C.'s vegetable garden trampled by oxen. One European, employed B.S.A.P., over 21, attributable to being "out."

Therefore my return to D.H.Q. on the situation at this station regarding riot training, has been as follows—

"Situation gradually returning to normal."

I trust the foregoing will be found of help.

SOME NARROW SHAVES

Would you put much value on your life if someone pointed a loaded revolver at your head and fired it at point-blank range? Not likely. Yet a 36-year-old negro is alive and well to-day after a .45 revolver bullet had been fired from a range of one yard at the base of his skull.

Medical examination showed that the bullet had flattened itself out against the bone, which was abnormally hard and thick. He was saved by a million-to-one chance.

A 40-year-old Dartford man had an equally narrow escape when he was run over by his own two-ton roller. Working on a playing field, he slowed the roller, jumped out, and accidentally slipped under it.

The machine passed over him from head to foot. Yet he escaped with only a bruised leg and a slight headache. He got up and walked away. Later, when they took him to hospital, he exclaimed, "It just bedded me down in the soft earth."

A man in Liverpool, working on a high building, incautiously stepped backward into the two-foot gap between the 80-foot-high scaffold and the building. When he had fallen thirty feet he managed to grab a scaffolding tube with one hand and a window-sill with the other. Apart from wrenching his shoulders, he was unhurt when his mates rescued him.

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WHY? Are you fed up with life? You've got some surplus cash!!! Perhaps you just want to tinker around with a spanner, or does your wife nag you? It's a necessity, you say. Well, all right, you've asked for it—but wait, did you listen to the recent broadcast by the P.W.D. Roads Department? Corrugations, they said were deceiving, only half an inch deep at the centre. Well, having recently visited Mombasa by road, I took the trouble to measure some—just two inches deep. Just think of your repair bills. But still you're determined to buy a car? O.K.

What do you intend buying? A new, or a second-hand one—you're not sure, you'll leave it to me. How much can you afford? What family have you? Where do you want to go with the car? These questions are important. If you can afford over £600, then by all means let's have a bash. We have Wolseley, Riley, Citroen, Alvis, M.G., Humber, to mention but a few. But now it's a matter of individual taste. Do you like the sliding roof, bucket seats, column gear change, large luggage boots, high ground clearance, wood fascia panels (dashboard to you), American type body styling, the English traditional styling, overhead valves, independent front suspension, power plus?—now don't tell me you want to cruise at 80 on the Naivasha Road or I'll put you in touch with B.O.A.C. Now what's that you say, you've just been to the bank and—What!! you've only £300. I'll have to start again. We now come into the realm of second-hand "snips". You don't know what a "snip" is—well, toddle along to the nearest garage and ask for one. It sounds something like this: "She's really a lovely job, Sir; only two owners, present owner going home, forty to the gallon, doesn't use oil (what a car), tyres perfect, only 30,000 miles (until the speedo stopped), bodywork excellent, taxed until the end of the year (so what), but you'll have to look slippery, Sir, there's another gent coming along at 2 o'clock who's very interested. In fact I'm sure he'll take it, but if you want it cash down, well, first come, first served."

Now you're in a fix, perspiration on your brow, only 30,000, doesn't use oil, my gosh! I can't miss this,

and forty to the gallon, and what's that he just said, "rides the corrugations like a bird"—Whoa!! I've just warned you about flying, it's a car you're after, not an aeroplane.

Just wipe the sweat off your brow and get into that car. Switch on, press that starter—Whoa! Didn't that battery sound a bit flat to you, or was it just a wonky starter? Carry on, select first gear—I said select, not hammer—let out the clutch, steady, steady, that thing's fierce—we're away—just check the footbrake before you go any further—Why?—don't ask silly questions. Now, where were we? Oh, yes, just into second gear—but what a noise, the synchro-mesh has "had it"—you can't expect everything for £250, you know, remember the oil consumption? You are now chugging along nicely and about to change into top when—what's that wobble on the front of the car? Surely not king pins at 30,000, the steering's not too loose. Ah well, into top, I can always afford a couple of quid to put her in good nick—what a funny noise when I take my foot off the accelerator, seems to come from the back axle—I wonder—I wonder if that garage bloke is kidding me—no, he looked a decent type. There we are approaching Whitehouse Hill, into second at the Railway Club and away we—the revs are dying, now into first. That's better, we've made it. Gee! Weren't you lucky; there were no more gears left and that handbrake you've just tried wasn't so hot. Back to the garage and complain to the nice gent. What! he'll knock off £10 to allow for touching her up. Now that's damn decent—late '39, Stop!!!! That's enough. Say cheerio to the nice gent, get yourself a coffee in the Polar Bear and sit down. You are in a quandary—you're telling me—you want my honest opinion of new cars.—Cocoa tins on wheels—and second-hand cars . . . ?

What are you going to do? Walk, you idiot, Walk.

"TRANSPORT."

—Kenya Police Review.



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Zimbabwe--The Mysterious

By St. C. A. WALLACE

Curator of the Ruins from 1913 to 1948 (As told by "E.J.S.")

BEFORE passing my remarks and opinions on Zimbabwe itself, I should like to say a few words concerning the period when I was a Trooper in the British South Africa Police. It may be of interest to some reader of *The Outpost* who, like myself, knew such famous men as "Jimmy" Blatherwick in the earlier days.

I joined the British South Africa Police on 29th June, 1905, and was allotted Regimental No. 670. Jimmy Blatherwick was R.S.M. and he knew me only too well during my stay in Depot. One particular expression used by Jimmy at the time, to my companions on the course with me was "By Gad! Wallace is slow, but he can ride a horse and play cricket . . ." After my recruits course, I remained in Salisbury for some time, occupying most of my time in an office. Finding that this did not suit me, I applied for a transfer and that is how I went to Fort Victoria.

The section of the Force in Victoria District was known as "E" Troop, and on my arrival I was promptly posted out to a cattle cordon in the Zimbabwe area. Lieutenant Myeburg was in charge of the cordon, and I found myself serving with such well-known Police characters as Trooper "Tim" Gordon, Corporal Moffat, Sergeant Cottam, and Trooper Tribe. The last named was killed during the First World War.

I served on this cordon for nine months, after which I was posted to Victoria Section, the cordon having been disbanded. However, a Police post consisting of three thatched huts was built at Zimbabwe Ruins, and once again I was sent to this post as Member in Charge, with three African Police constables. My job was to act as custodian of the Ruins in addition to carrying out normal Police duties.

I mention here that it was then that I received my native name "Shumba," and although I have been asked innumerable times as to why I was given this "tally," I can only say that perhaps it was due to the fact that I dealt mainly with major cases, rather than spend most of my time on petty cases. The Police post was maintained at Zimbabwe until the early part of 1910, when it was closed down, and I found myself on transfer to Salisbury.

After a short stay there, I was approached about returning to Victoria, this time direct to the Ruins, where I was again to be the custodian, and remain a Policeman at the same time. I remained in this unofficial capacity as curator until July, 1913, when I was appointed official curator to the Ruins, upon taking my discharge from the Force.

"Unrevealed therein lies the fascination."

"How very applicable are these words to the Great Zimbabwe Ruins. In spite of the fierce controversy which has raged around them for nearly a century, their riddle remains unsolved. They retain their secret, thereby adding enormously to their interest.

The most widely divergent dates have been advanced as to the time of their erection.

There are two main schools of thought, the ancient and the mediaeval. The former ascribes a date (approximately) of 1,200 B.C., the latter 500 to 800 A.D., while adherents to the ancient theory are in the majority.

The presence of the Ruins was first brought to the notice of the outside world by Adam Renders, an American hunter who made his camp, quite unknowingly, on the site and so stumbled across the most profound mystery in Africa.

Many have questioned the derivation of the name Zimbabwe, but the one generally accepted is that of "Dzimba-bge," being derived from the words imba, a house (plural Dzimba), and bge, a stone, literally meaning "houses of stone", Dzimba-bge, being a Chikaranga word.

Writers have attributed the building and erection of the Ruins to the Phoenicians and the Carthaginians; the Persians, Sabaeans, Grecians, Indians and Bantu have also been mentioned. It is difficult, however, to attribute this work to the Bantu people. They have a great capacity for imitation common to all African peoples, but they invariably display a decadent form of the art of the dry masonry work of the original builders of Zimbabwe. Another point to consider is whether the Bantu had the mentality to be capable of such conception. Maybe it was that they were used as "beasts of burden" to carry the loads of granite that went into this enormous erection.

Having been responsible for restoration work during the period I was curator, I feel that I am competent to say that to erect such an edifice requires exceptional skill, long continuity of effort and incalculable patience, especially considering the type of stone used. A conservative estimate of the number of tons of granite blocks used in the main wall only of the Elliptical Temple is nearly 100,000.

No quarry or burial ground, and nothing of a hieroglyphic character has ever been found, to my knowledge, at Zimbabwe. Neither did I find any great quantity of chippings or splinters of granite, indicating that the cutting and shaping of the innumerable curved blocks of granite used must have been done at the spot where they were quarried.

Who the builders were, and why Zimbabwe was erected, is not known; the Elliptical Temple certainly lends itself to some form of ceremonial worship.

The Acropolis, a citadel, is of labyrinthine character. The kopje on which it is erected is of great natural strength, being approximately 400 feet in height. On the south and south-east sides there is a perpendicular precipice of smooth rock about 90 feet high; on the remaining sides, which are more accessible, there are traces of successive terraces. It appears to have been built on defensive lines, and whoever the builders were, they displayed considerable skill in utilising, wherever possible, the natural boulders and crevices.

The Arabs connected these Ruins with ancient gold workings and it has been suggested that these gold workings were the Ophir of King Solomon. In 1871 the German traveller, Karl Manch, proclaimed them a copy of King Solomon's Temple and the palace built for the Queen of Sheba. In 1892 Theodore Bent observed the customs of the modern Mkaranga natives, who had occupied the Ruins, but he regarded the principal enclosures as "Temples", and was impressed by the cones and birds venerated in ancient Syria.

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ENLARGEMENTS MADE

A great deal of damage was done between 1892 and 1900 by gold diggers and a succession of relic hunters. They came in search of gold ornaments, and in their relentless quest for treasure cared little for the preservation of these historic Ruins. They destroyed cement floors, steps, platforms, walls and other structures, and it is said that at least 1,000 ounces of gold ornaments were taken away.

More systematic exploration was made by Dr. D. Randall MacIver in 1905, which established a lower limit of date, on the evidence of Chinese, Persian and Arab glazed ware of 13th to 15th century found on original floors. The buildings were therefore already wrecked and reoccupied by barbarous people about 1,200 A.D. Miss Caton-Thompson's discovery of recognisable beads of the centuries 700 to 900 A.D. provides an upward limit of date of not less than four centuries for the rise, prosperity and collapse of the Ruin builder's regime.

Interesting relics which were discovered can be seen at the Salisbury, Bulawayo and Cape Town Museums. Also a collection of Zimbabwe relics, including the Great Zimbabwe Bird, and an old bowl engraved with the crocodile of the Nile found in the vicinity of the Ruins can be seen at Groote Schuur, the imposing mansion which Cecil John Rhodes bequeathed to the South African nation as a residence for the Union Premiers.

Close to the Curator's office can be seen the first grave of Major Allan Wilson and the gallant members of his patrol, who were surrounded and killed by Lobengula's impis near the Shangani River during the Matabele War in 1893. The inscription on the bronze tablet over the granite slab surmounting the grave is as follows:—

"Here rested, previous to their interment in the Matopo Hills, the remains of Alan Wilson and those who fell with him at Shangani, fighting for the expansion of the Empire, in December, 1893."

All the members of the Shangani Patrol came from the Victoria District, and it was considered befitting that their remains should rest in their own District. The epitaph of these gallant men for all time will be: "There was no survivor."

Generally speaking, visitors are advised to visit the Elliptical Temple and the Valley of Ruins (adjacent to the Temple) first. It is advisable to leave the climb to the Acropolis until the afternoon. If only a short time is available visitors are recommended to go from the Temple through the Valley of Ruins, and then to the Acropolis.

The Temple, or Elliptical Ruin

The Ruin is a mazy labyrinth of walls of peculiar and awe-inspiring mystery. The main features of the ruins of Zimbabwe of the first period of its architecture are those of massive strength, enormous solidity, plainness and similarity. The buildings are all dry masonry, no cement or mortar having been used except in laying down floors or else in dadoes to be seen on lower faces of interior walls. This appears to be a form of concrete. The plan of the Temple is elliptical and by some considered to resemble the Temple of Marib in Arabia.

Most of the floors of the enclosures were ruthlessly destroyed between 1890 and 1894 by relic hunters, who in their quest for treasure did incalculable harm by destroying walls, steps, platforms, and many

other acts of vandalism were perpetrated in other parts of the Ruins. In 1905 it was reported that a piece of Nankin China was discovered under or near the main wall, but at a greater depth than the Nankin China a soda-water bottle and other modern articles were unearthed, thus showing how relic hunters had destroyed and mixed up floors of older and later occupiers with the untouched soil below the foundations of original walls.

The Valley of Ruins

The Valley of Ruins is adjacent to the Elliptical Temple, and consists of a conglomeration of ruins, some of which appear to be built in a very haphazard manner, some being well built, while others are very poorly constructed, obviously of a later period and a decadent form of imitation of the original builders of Zimbabwe. Possibly they were used as residential quarters.

Renders' Ruins

So called after the re-discovery of the Zimbabwe Ruins in 1868. They are poorly built, containing several small enclosures.

Phillips' Ruins

Named after George Phillips, who was at Zimbabwe in 1868. They adjoin Posselt Ruins, and contain a small conical tower. All the entrances are rounded.

Posselt Ruins

Named after the Posselt brothers who were at Zimbabwe in 1888-89. They contain a small conical tower and consist of several enclosures.

Maund Ruins

These are some 50 yards east of Phillips' Ruins and consist of a few irregular enclosures. The Maund Ruins were the chief scene of Miss Caton-Thompson's excavation work in 1929.



[Drawing: G. M. C. Todd.
Constable Brown dreams of days that used to be!]

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Manch Ruins

Named after Doctor Karl Manch, who visited Zimbabwe in 1871. These Ruins are some 150 yards north-east of the Chevron Pattern wall at the Elliptical Temple. They contain several small enclosures.

Ridge Ruins

Located on an elevated ridge of bare granite just behind the curator's office. They are very poorly constructed and obviously they were of a later period than the Elliptical Temple.

The Acropolis Ruins

These lie on the summit of Zimbabwe Hill, which is the most prominent feature of the landscape. At the foot of the Ruins is a cluster of rather poorly-constructed buildings. It is more than probable that these latter were used as a guard house, and the sentries were posted to prevent any person ascending the hill without authority.

The Western Court or Temple occupies a commanding position on the western side on the summit of Zimbabwe. An impressive view can be obtained from the site of these Ruins., covering the Inyoni Hills, and Beroma Range, the Valley of Ruins, Cotopaxi Hills and the Providential Pass through which the Pioneer column was led in 1890.

The Western Court contains many buttresses on alternate side of the passages, each allowing only one person through at a time. By passing along the south-east main wall through a small aperture at the East

end and turning to the right and descending a few yards down the hill, a cave formed by an overhanging rock can be seen in which are small heaps of quartz. Re-ascending and turning slightly to the left, access is then gained to the Furness enclosure which is the most easterly one in the Acropolis. In this enclosure traces of gold smelting were discovered.

The mystery of the Zimbabwe Ruins remains unsolved. They retain their secret. They may have been used as a slave depot, a centre for collecting gold and ivory, prior to their despatch to the coast at Sofala, or they may be "Dakmas", that is, special buildings erected for the exposure of the dead to consumption by birds of the air. Nothing can be said with certainty.

WE DO NOT KNOW.

If I had three people on top of a tower, and one of them was a spiv, and one of them a drone, and one of them was a crooner, and if I had to push one off that tower, the crooner would get it in the neck every time.

For I think that crooning is a definitely *evil* thing. It isn't just bad taste, it's a poisonous drug.

It saps and undermines the sense of rhythm—and rhythm is the bones of music—it destroys the palate for harmony and clogs the brain with a sickly mess of sweetness. The confirmed crooning addict is like a woman who spends half her life lying in a hot bath.

If she also listens to the *words*—with their moaning, pessimistic, over-sexed, frustrated, mawkish, tedious collection of half-thoughts, she is half-way to the "nut-house."—Beverley Nichols in "Yours Sincerely."



[Drawing: J. R. Peters.]

"I hear we're getting meringues for tea!"

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Across

1 Popular	22 Enlists	47 Clio
7 Radiate	24 Error	50 Enema
13 Odes	27 Issue	51 Lame
14 Lower	30 Viscerate	53 Harvest
15 Reis	33 Clean	54 Bitumen
16 Miserly	34 Unlit	55 Erie
17 Ermines	35 Tirewoman	56 Trees
18 Ants	37 Asset	57 Cere
19 Eagle	39 Tarns	58 Retruse
21 Sere	42 Erasure	59 Reverses

Down

1 Pomade	20 Gibe	38 Spirit
2 Odin	22 Erinite	40 Roamer
3 Pester	23 Situate	41 Scenes
4 Uses	25 Rolls	43 Rests
5 Allen	26 Ovate	44 Antre
6 Royal	28 Senna	45 Umber
7 Reels	29 Union	46 Raise
8 Arret	31 Cue	48 Lare
9 Iris	32 Rio	49 Over
10 Aeneas	36 Wise	51 Luce
11 Tier	37 Archer	52 Mere
12 Essene		

KEY MOVE TO OUTPOST CHESS PROBLEM No. 73—

1. Kt—K5, K x Kt; 2. B—K3, etc.
 If 1 . . . , B x Kt; 2. Q—B7, etc.
 If 1 . . . , B—Q6; 2. Kt (K7)—B6 ch, etc.
 If 1 . . . , K x P; 2. Kt—Q7 ch, etc.
 If 1 . . . , Kt x B7; 2. Kt—Q7, etc.

Culled from Force Orders

ATTESTATIONS

For Duty Branch for three years on dates shown: 6.2.50: No. 4567, Const. Jack Edwin Bond. 2.3.50: No. 4568, Const. Arthur Hamann; No. 4569, Const. Geoffrey Albert Thomas Harcourt; No. 4570, Const. James William Joseph Lindsay; No. 4571, Const. Cyril St. John Lowein; No. 4572, Const. Charles Maurice Mercer; No. 4573, Const. John Thomas Nayling; No. 4574, Const. John Frederick Shaw; No. 4575, Const. Joseph John Walker; No. 4576, Const. Michael John Wilkins; No. 4577, Const. John Antony Marsh Yeoman.

PROMOTIONS

No. 3889, 2/Sergeant Lane, Depot, to S/L/1/Sergeant from 1.3.50.

DISCHARGES

No. 3154, 1/Sergeant McRae, Va. D., "Retirement on Pension," 1.3.50.

No. 4421, Trooper Hogan, Bulawayo D., "By Purchase," 6.2.50.

No. 4137, Trooper Beaufort, Gwelo D., "Time Expired," 11.2.50.

POLICE RESERVE

No. 2304, Const. Wagstaff, Wankie, O.R., from 31.1.50; No. 2689, Const. Scaife, Gwelo, S.N.L.A., from 4.2.50; No. 760, 2/Sgt. Stinton, Bulawayo, O.R. from 8.2.50; No. 2354, Const. Burden, Cam and Motor, S.N.L.A., from 24.4.49; No. 2741, Const. Kietzman, Cam and Motor, S.N.L.A., from 14.1.50; No. 2320, Const. Mills, Cam and Motor, S.N.L.A., from 12.1.50; No.

2594, Const. Caborn, Gatooma, S.N.L.A., from 3.12.49; No. 325, 1/Sgt. Emery, Bulawayo, O.R. from 1.2.50. No. 2442, Const. Charles, Que Que, S.N.L.A., from 9.2.50; No. 2452, 2/Sgt. Lightbody, Que Que, S.N.L.A., from 9.2.50; No. 2455, Const. Simpson, Que Que, S.N.L.A., from 9.2.50; No. 2592, Const. Wesson, Que Que, S.N.L.A., from 9.2.50; No. 2428, Const. Goodwin, Gwelo, S.N.L.A., from 18.2.50; No. 2380, Const. Nowlan, Bulawayo, S.N.L.A., from 18.2.50; No. 1186, 2/Sgt. Adams, Cam and Motor, S.N.L.A., from 15.2.50; No. 2599, Const. Samuels, Gatooma, S.N.L.A., from 30.1.50; No. 2533, Const. Thompson, Shabani, S.N.L.A., from 14.2.50; No. 2414, Const. van Rooyen, Gwanda, S.N.L.A., from 21.2.50; No. 2094, Const. Kerr, Bulawayo, O.R. (Medically Unfit), from 25.2.50; No. 2602, Const. Maxwell, Que Que, S.N.L.A., from 9.2.50.

No. 2802, Const. S. Reid, Salisbury, from 27.1.50; No. 2803, Const. P. Mills, from 1.2.50; No. 2804, Const. D. A. N. Blake, Umniati, from 13.12.49; No. 2805, Const. F. Rowbottom, Umniati, from 13.12.49; No. 2806, Const. W. C. Underwood, Umniati, from 13.12.49; No. 2807, Const. J. Masterman, Umniati, from 13.12.49; No. 2808, Const. J. P. Dunthorne, Umniati, from 13.12.49; No. 2809, Const. R. Hill, Umniati, from 13.12.49; No. 2810, Const. W. J. B. Bester, Umniati, from 13.12.49; No. 2811, Const. G. Hay, Umniati, from 13.12.49; No. 2812, Const. R. A. Joyce, Bulawayo, from 16.2.50; No. 2813, Const. A. A. L. Davie, Bulawayo, from 16.2.50; No. 2814, Const. P. R. Frost, Bulawayo, from 17.2.50; No. 2815, Const. A. F. Rawson, Umtali, from 6.2.50; No. 2816, Const. L. H. Deary, Gatooma, from 21.2.50; No. 2817, Const. C. G. Willis, Gatooma, from 21.2.50.



The Heythrop pack meeting at Hoperoff's Holt, on the Oxford-Banbury road. The strange inn sign commemorates Claude Duval, infamous highwayman who made the inn one of his rendezvous.