



# THE OUTPOST

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THE REGIMENTAL MAGAZINE OF THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA POLICE

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

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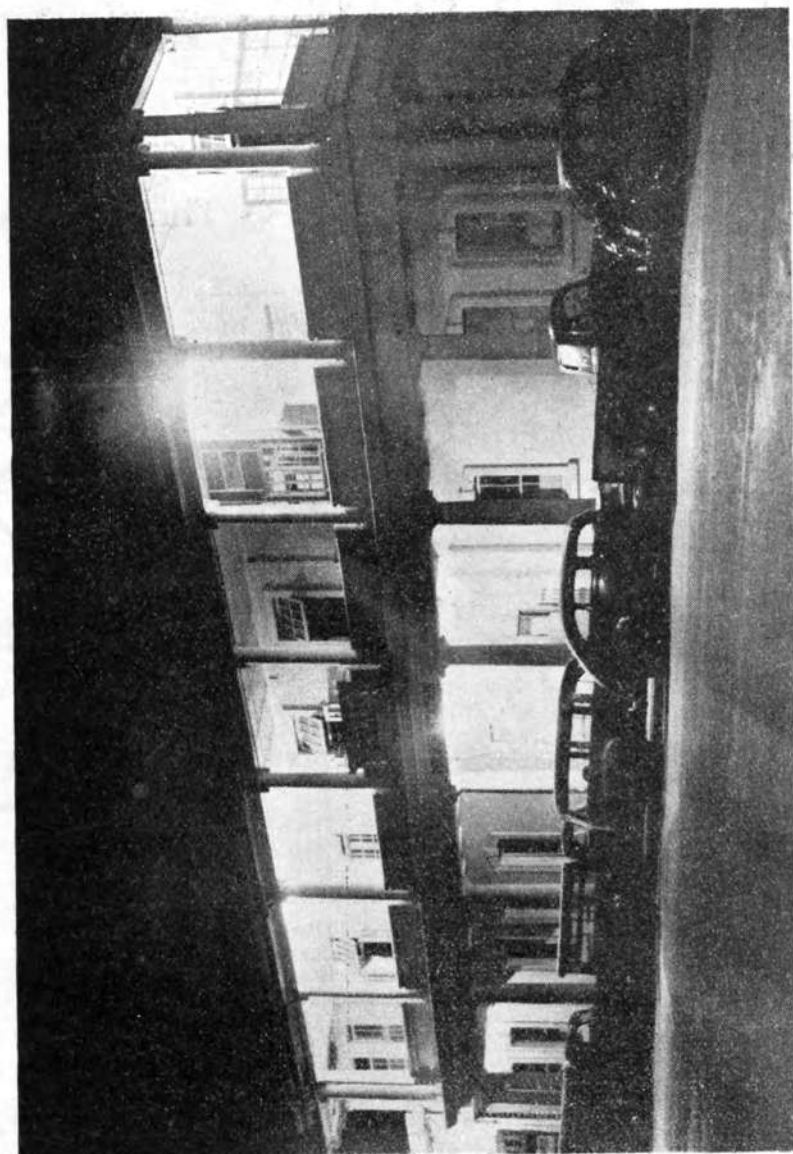
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# Editor's Notes

## The Regimental Association

In his presidential address to the Annual General Meeting of the Regimental Association this month, the Commissioner referred to the small number of members of the Association. Out of a total of 1,178 members, 336 of these are serving in the Corps, which means that of the thousands of men who have worn the B.S.A.P. uniform, only a small proportion continue to support the Association and thereby strengthen the *esprit-de-corps* which binds together serving and past members of the Corps.

We do not believe that this is due to lack of interest. It is more probably the result of the difficulty of remaining in touch with the organisation after leaving the Corps. How many times have we met Old Comrades, in this Colony and in other countries, whose first inquiries are for mutual friends in the Force, and who regale us with tales of happy days spent on a station maybe years ago? One of the objects of the Association is to afford a means of social contact between past and present members of the Corps and there are few who would refuse an invitation to renew their membership, if the suggestion was made to them. It is the present members who can help. In every district of the Colony we find ex-Policemen amongst the farmers, businessmen, civil servants and the like, and we repeat the Commissioner's appeal to members of the Association for more active co-operation in approaching these ex-B.S.A. Policemen with a view to their enrolment in the Association. A letter to an old "half-section" who may have left the Corps only a short time ago would also doubtless mean a new name on the roll.

Another aspect of the organisation is the granting of financial assistance to members or their dependants who may be in need, and although most ex-Policemen are self-sufficient, there are times when one may be down. A helping hand from his Old Comrades is always there and although the resources of the Association are limited assistance is given whenever possible.

## Our Magazine

Closely linked with the Regimental Association is the Corps' Magazine, and some of the above remarks apply equally to *The Outpost*. From a glance at our circulation figures it is apparent that many allow their subscriptions to lapse after leaving the Force. In most cases it is lack of effort, but sometimes there is a desire to forget about Policemen—if only for a time—after which it becomes a habit, and then one more subscriber is lost for good. With all due modesty we believe that *The Outpost* would be welcomed once again by many who have left the Corps and we ask all to co-operate in finding as many new subscribers as possible. Renewal of membership to the Association generally means renewal of subscription to the Magazine.



## Romantic?

In a weekly contemporary a short time ago we saw the headlines, "Police Work in Rhodesia losing its Romantic Appeal." It was difficult to recognise in these words the reference made by the Commissioner in his annual report to some of the difficulties in finding the right type of recruit in England.

It is true that the outdoor life offered in the B.S.A.P. has in the past attracted young men from overseas and it is probable that the introduction of more modern methods in our daily work tends to reduce this appeal. But we move with the times. To-day the pace is faster, but we still work in the veld, still patrol the remote areas and still operate in close proximity to a different race. And is not the appeal of radio-communication and mechanical transport equal to the appeal of the horse and gun of other decades?

To-day the Police of this country continues to offer a wide scope of interesting duties and on another page we print the observations of a civilian who accompanied a Trooper on a routine day patrol from a District Headquarters. After allowing for journalistic licence—and we think that to be sent on a 200-mile journey after such a busy day was a trifle hard—the writer, who viewed our work from a different viewpoint was able to apply that somewhat incongruous word "romance" to our daily duties.

Although the intentions of the newspaper correspondent were doubtless of the highest order, such bouquets sometimes have the annoying habit of defeating their object. The formidable list of duties performed by one man in what was presumed to be a normal day, under an ambiguous heading, is surely enough to make any one think very hard before joining the ranks of such a hard-worked Force.

## Acknowledgments

We acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following:—

The Nongqai.  
The Garda Review.  
Tijdschrift voor de Politie.  
Police News, Ontario.  
Kriminalistik.  
Nigeria Police Magazine.  
The New Rhodesia.  
London Calling.  
Police Journal.  
The Link.

*Farewell to . . .*

## Major Richens



After more than thirty years' service in the B.S.A. Police, Major E. W. Richens, M.B.E., has retired from the Force following a long illness.

His military service commenced in 1915 when he served with the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry and the 6th Wiltshire Infantry. Later he transferred to the Royal Flying Corps and was in turn an air-gunner and pilot until the end of the First World War. It is of interest to note that he served in the same Squadron in France with Sir Robert Hudson, C.M.G., who retired as Chief Justice of the Colony this month.

On 11th June, 1919, he joined the B.S.A. Police and saw service in many districts of the Colony. In 1937, having attained the rank of Sergeant-Major, he received the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal; and was a member of the B.S.A. Police Coronation Contingent that visited England that year, for which he received the Coronation Medal.

He was promoted to commissioned rank on 1st March, 1939, and since that date commanded in turn Bulawayo and Salisbury Towns, where he was held in the highest esteem by all who served under him.

During the Royal Visit in April, 1947, he was in command of Salisbury Town and in recognition of his services on that occasion he was made a Member of the British Empire (Civil Division).

He was promoted to Chief Superintendent on 1st April, 1949, with which rank he retired on 30th April, 1950.

Throughout his service in the Corps Major Richens was well-known as an accomplished horseman and his achievements on R/H. Pronto will be remembered by all who were serving before the last war. He has also been a keen supporter of Police Soccer since his early days in the Force.

His keen interest in the Police Reserve in Bulawayo during the war years was in no small measure responsible for the high standard of efficiency which they attained. A native linguist, he was always held in great respect by all ranks of the African Police.

The whole Corps joined in wishing Major and Mrs. Richens a long and happy retirement.

### *The Outpost*

#### PRIZE COMPETITIONS

Details of the June Quarterly Competitions are published below:—

1. First prizes of £5 5s. and second prizes of £2 2s. are offered for the best entries submitted for publication in *The Outpost* in each of the undermentioned subjects. Entries to be approximately 2,000 words in length:—
  - (a) Write-up of any case of outstanding interest, investigated in the Colony.
  - (b) A fictional article or short story with a Police interest.
2. The competitions are open only to subscribers to *The Outpost*.
3. The judges for the competitions shall be appointed by the President of *The Outpost* Committee.
4. The Committee reserves the right to reproduce any entries other than prize-winning entries, without payment.
5. The closing date for the competitions is 30th June, 1950.
6. Entries must be clearly marked "Quarterly Competition" and addressed to The Editor, *The Outpost*, P.O. Box 803, Salisbury. Any entries sent under a nom-de-plume will be published as such, but names and addresses of all entrants must be submitted to the Editor.
7. The Committee reserves the right to withhold the award of either the first or second prize if the entries are considered to be below the required standard.

A well-known psychiatrist was informed by his receptionist that a lady, accompanied by an ostrich, wished to consult him at once. On being told that she had made no appointment, he was about to tell the receptionist to ask her to wait, when he was informed that the ostrich was causing some trouble in the waiting-room. He, therefore, decided to see her without delay, and a sad-eyed woman entered the consulting room, leading by a leash a full-sized ostrich. The psychiatrist eyed her professionally for a moment, and said: "Pray sit down, madam, and tell me what is wrong with you."

"Wrong with me?" echoed the woman, shrilly. "There's nothing wrong with me. It's my husband here who's wrong. He's got the idea he's an ostrich."

As evidence of the power of the Press, we clip the following from an overseas newspaper:

"Owing to the overcrowded condition of our columns, a number of births and deaths are unavoidably postponed until next month."



### B.S.A.P. REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The above meeting, presided over by Brigadier J. E. Ross, C.V.O., was held at the Police Depot, Salisbury, at 5.30 p.m. on 3rd May, 1950. Some eighty members were present.

#### Memorial Fund

The President advised the Meeting that the Memorial Fund had been placed in a separate Post Office Account where it would continue to accrue interest until it could be put to practical use.

# Old Comrades



The  
Chronicler

He also informed the meeting that a proposal was now on foot to construct what would be known as a Sports Centre in the B.S.A. Police Depot. It was hoped that financial assistance would be forthcoming from the Beit Trustees to help this project and on this assumption plans were being drawn up to provide for a first-class club building. A swimming bath would form an adjunct to the building and the shelter or alcove to be provided by the Memorial Fund as agreed last year would be incorporated in this design.

When this club came into being, it would be a centre at which all, both serving and ex-members of the Force, could meet, thus providing a long-felt need.

Referring to his report which had also been circulated to the meeting, he felt sure that the existing total number of ex-members could be improved upon and asked all present to endeavour to recruit as many ex-members of the Force to the Association's ranks as possible.

With regard to benevolence, the President drew attention to the heavy spending under this heading during 1949. He stated that this sum had been paid out in response to appeals which had to be met and that the Central Committee were very glad to be able to do so. At the same time he pointed out that outlay on grants entailed a considerable reduction in the net income of the Association and stated that should more heavy calls for benevolence be received, it might be found difficult to make them without drawing upon capital. He therefore commended to all members present the earnest wish of the Central Committee to investigate ways and means of increasing revenue and stated that suggestions in this connection would be most welcome.

#### Badges and Cuff Links

The President explained the current position in regard to both these items, and the meeting was

gratified to know that badges could soon be expected to be available and the question of cuff links was being gone into by the Central Committee.

He then expressed his appreciation of the work carried out during the year by the Central Committee, the Board of Trustees and the Honorary Secretary, and stated that the amendments of Association affairs entailed a great deal of hard work which was not spectacular, but results obtained had been most satisfactory.

He informed the meeting with regret that Lieut. Colonel A. J. Tomlinson was not able to be present owing to ill-health and stated that he felt sure the meeting would wish him to write to Colonel Tomlinson and express its hopes for his early recovery.

At the request of the President, the meeting paid respect to the deceased members of the Association by standing in silence whilst their names were read out.

#### Balance Sheet

The Balance Sheet and Statements of Revenue and Expenditure had been circulated to all present. The President stated that the Secretary was prepared to answer any questions thereon which members might wish to put and left this open for discussion. There were no comments, however, and Brigadier R. S. Garlake, C.B.E., proposed, and Colonel H. M. Sursey, O.B.E., seconded, that the Balance Sheet be accepted. This was agreed to by the meeting.

#### Amendments to Constitution

In this connection the President drew the attention of the meeting to two proposed amendments to the Constitution which had been advertised in the Press. The amendments are as follows:—

- (a) The addition of the following to sub-section (ii) of Section 11: "The payment of this sum shall have the effect of cancelling any arrears of which may be due."



- (b) The deletion of the following words in Section 5: "During the month of February"; and the substitution of the following: "Not later than the end of the month of May."

The Secretary explained the implications of these two amendments, following which it was proposed by Major Walker and seconded by Colonel Buxton that the amendments be approved. This received the support of the meeting.

#### General

The President stated that there were no further items on the Agenda and asked the meeting to discuss any matters which they may have under this heading. Colonel Surgey then stated that he thought the main object of the Association, i.e., the provision of social contact between past and serving members, could be extended. Social contact at the moment consisted of annual dinners, dances and sundowner parties similar to that which would follow the present function. He suggested something in the form of a garden party at which tennis and golf competitions could perhaps be arranged and with such things as fly fishing competitions for the more elderly members. He thought that perhaps a small entry charge could be made in order that such functions were not a burden upon Association finances. He was of the opinion that such a function supported by the Police band and to include luncheon and/or tea would be an excellent opportunity for ex-members to make the acquaintance of the newer joined recruits for the purpose of a general "get-together."

The President stated that in his opinion the idea was most commendable and it will be referred to the Chairman of the Salisbury Branch to see if it could be put into effect.

Amidst general applause Colonel Surgey proposed a vote of thanks to Brigadier Ross, President of the Association and best wishes to Mrs. Ross on the occasion of the retirement of the President.

The President replied in suitable terms thanking all members for their assistance and co-operation. It had been a pleasure to be President of the Association, assisted as he had been with a first-class Committee. The President also stated that he felt sure Mrs. Ross would wish him to say how sorry she was to be leaving.

At 6 p.m. the meeting was completed and all members then adjourned to the sundowner party which had been arranged in the Depot grounds.

### News of Old Comrades

Major R. C. Nesbitt, V.C., writing from "Waterways," Henley Road, Muizenberg, is now a subscriber to *The Outpost* and says that he enjoys reading every page of it. He is still fit and sends his best wishes to all his old comrades.

Ex-Inspector L. A. Burton (No. 2300) has written from P.O., Plettenberg Bay, Cape, where he is spending his leave. He drove down and apparently found it interesting to compare the S.A.P. stations en route with our own in Rhodesia.

Mr. J. Collins (No. 2263) has also commenced subscribing to *The Outpost* again. He is still tobacco farming and his address is P.O. Darwendale. I saw him at the sundowner following the Association meeting during the month and was amazed at the way he carried his years—he joined the Police about thirty years ago. He looked not a day older than forty.



"The next two periods will be 'Compliments and Saluting.'"

Lieut.-Col. A. N. Bagshawe (No. 2085) is living at Brighton Road, Avondale, Salisbury.

A. Pendred (No. 2805), now a retired Native Commissioner, is in Salisbury and can be found P.O. Box 30, Causeway, Salisbury.

Mr. C. Twort still runs the Three Monkeys Inn, Marandellas, and keeps fit.

Frank Tirrell was seen recently at Umsweswe Hotel. He has lost no weight since his retirement and finds hotel-keeping much to his liking.

More news of Old Comrades next month.

THE CHRONICLER.

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# Station Notes

## DEPOT

It's a long time since Depot was so full. To cope with the influx, tents have been erected on the green square, as every other odd corner has been utilised to accommodate Recruits, Musketry, Riot Drill and other odd bodies. The new Town Police quarters at the south end of the camp is gradually taking shape, however, and the position will return to normal, we hope, later this year.

The Annual General Meeting of the Regimental Association was held on 5th May and we learned then that plans are already afoot for the erection of the new club house on the sports fields. With all these new and imposing buildings, Depot will soon be unrecognisable—almost. The stables remain unchanged, as does Depot Office and the Guard Room, so old-timers will still be able to pick out these landmarks.

Another Barbecue Dance was held on the Institute lawns on Saturday, 6th May, and it was voted a great success by all who attended. With the Institute and pergolas surrounding the lawns illuminated with fairy lights and the Band playing on the lawn, the scene was most attractive.

The Governor's Escort at the Opening of Parliament went off with the usual smoothness on 17th April, when the customary bouquets were handed out. Practice does make for perfection and after so many years at this Opening of Parliament ceremony it is difficult to see how we can improve on our present standard.

A few days ago a cameraman from Public Relations Department was in Depot. Surrounding him were troops in all types of dress and they looked most impressive. Perhaps we shall see the results of his visit later on in *The Outpost*—or Rhodesia House.

The new type cap is being worn by nearly everyone in Depot now and it is a great improvement, we think, on the old blue pattern, which never was the most comfortable part of our uniform. With the cold weather already upon us, we are still hoping to get the new issue of Baratheas suits before long.

The display team are getting down to the hard work that is ahead. The present number has been joined by Constables Dickinson, Walsh, Warburton and Goldie, which now brings the team to the full strength.

For those who rise early in the morning the sound of motor cycles can be heard as they leave the garage and make their way to the square, where under the eagle eye of Trooper McNair they perform like a ballet team.

A special display is to be put on by them—that is if they are still alive, and we have our doubts after seeing eight on one motor cycle, another with a sea-saw at the back, and yet another going around as if without a rider.

The horses, too, are doing well and mix with motor cycles without any concern. So far no one has been kicked, but the rider behind Fiction has been heard to offer beer to any one who will change with

him. So far the prospect of free beer has brought no offers.

Sergeants Stevens, Smith and Anderson have a few tricks up their sleeves and can be seen in the morning jumping horses through paper hoops. Later they hope to get them jumping through fire. (Steak a la Kentucky will be served in the mess!)

Domestic chatter is small this month. Sub-Inspector Woodgate has left for the Cape on long leave, and Lieutenant van Niekerk, of A.P.T.S., returned from Bechuanaland looking very fit. Congratulations to Trooper Gray, of Pay Office, on his engagement during the month to Miss Sonja Cousins.

There are no funny stories to round off these Notes this month except that we have heard a rumour that two Orderly Sergeants were on duty one evening this month. The matter is still under investigation at the time of going to press.

NDAIVEPO.

## UMTALI

Less than a year ago we reported a number of moves. Offices were being changed so rapidly that we hardly knew where we were from day to day. For a period there has been comparative quiet, but now the little bird which does the whispering has whispered that more moves may be necessary in the near future. We are not complaining, because if the rumour is correct it will relieve the present congestion and be more comfortable for members of the Rural who at present are working under conditions which, to say the least, are trying.

On Saturday, 22nd April, Inspector "Jock" Christie left us for six weeks' leave at the sea. His smile, when he said cheerio, was almost as good as a tonic, but that does not mean that we are thinking of postponing our leave on the strength of it.

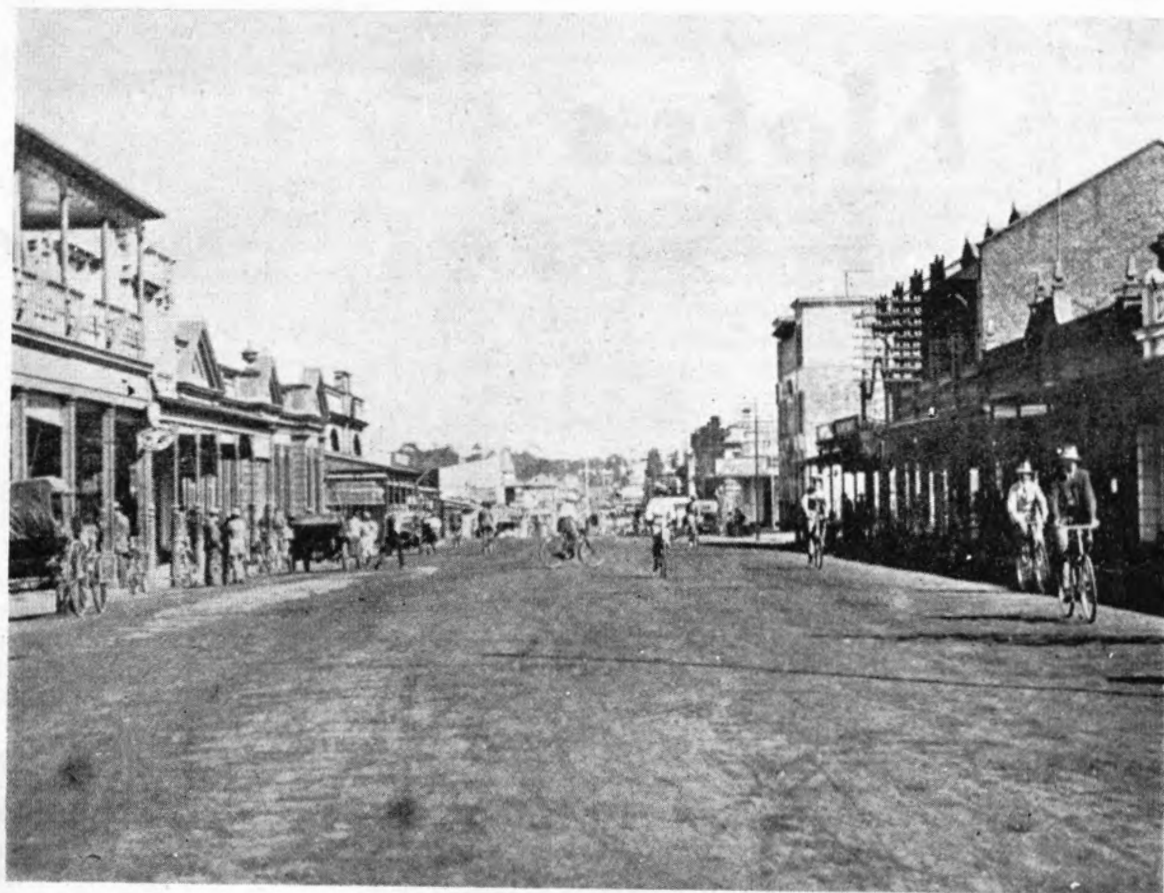
Before departing on leave "Jock" managed to win a couple of medal competitions at the Hillside Golf Club, and as a "punishment" his handicap was reduced. We hope he will pay for some of his beer in future. If any of you meet "Jock" just ask him to tell you how he spread-eagled the field.

The football team are now turning out in white shorts, blue shirts with the Police Badge on the pocket, and they certainly look smart. Unfortunately they have yet to register a win, but that does not really matter; they are a keen crowd and have enjoyed the games—all friendlies so far. There is not so much lameness after a match as was noticeable at first, a sure sign that the boys are getting fit. We hope by next month to be able to report our first victory, and having once scored a win we hope they will make a habit of it. Good luck, chaps.





# Past . . . .



Manica Road, Salisbury—1912.

# . . . . and Present



Manica Road, Salisbury—1950.



Table tennis is coming to the fore again and it is hoped to enter a team in the local league.

Musketry has been responsible for a visitation from the "Bundu Boys" who appear to enjoy a few days in the big city. Shooting has been pretty good, but there have been no outstanding scores so far.

We intend to stage a shoot shortly in which it is out intention to take on the Police Reserve and a team from Penhalonga.

Trooper Shield has gone on temporary transfer to Penhalonga, but will be returning when Trooper Walton goes there at the end of the month.

On 26th April a jolly little party was held at the Recreation Room in Camp. It was the occasion of our wishing Inspector Webber all the best of luck on retirement and to make a small presentation to him from his comrades in the Force.

Major Thatcher made the presentation and in a short speech remarked on the good work performed by Inspector Webber during his twenty years' service and wished him every success in the future.

Chief Inspector Genet was also called upon to say a few words and then Inspector Webber replied, after which everyone got together. What happened is so typical of what always happens on occasions such as these that it is not necessary to record it here. A good time was had by all.

Three men who were in the same Recruit Squad in 1937 are now together in Umtali. Sergeant Kirkwood, temporarily i/c. Town, Sergeant McCall Smith, i/c. Umtali Rural, and Sergeant Robertson, now doing prosecuting duties.

Two members of the Town Section are being married early next month, but we will say no more about that at present, as we hope to report more fully next time.

We welcome Constables Beaver and Gant to the fold and hope they will be happy in Umtali. We understand that both will be able to assist our football team. They will be welcome and we hope they will get busy right away.

Sergeant Owen is the latest to acquire a motor cycle, and what with B.S.A. Stars, Thunder Birds and Triumph Tigers, we are getting quite a collection in Camp, and our P.M.C.s look more than ever as though it were time they went on the scrap heap. Did we hear someone say that is the place for all motor cycles? We could not agreed more!

As we are expecting a visit from the Commissioner very soon there is much blinding in the camp.

NGITI.

### CHIBI

At last the deep plunge has been taken and we put Chibi on the map once again.

Life here is good but is hard. A short while ago the suggestion was under consideration as to whether we should requisition for a fleet of high-powered patrol cars that could cruise round the Reserve and actually catch the murderers and thieves in the act of committing their crimes, but matters were got under control before this became necessary. We still have a bad name at the hospital in Fort Victoria, however.

The European complement of the station consists of Sergeant Dave Holt, who came here from Zaka (he finds it somewhat tame, the biggest game being rock rabbits), and Trooper Gethen, who has just bought a car and shattered the European population of twelve by so doing. The car goes well, although a little on the noisy side.

The water situation is much the same as in the rest of Fort Victoria District, except that the rain gets to within two miles of Chibi on every side, but never actually reaches us.

New Police married quarters are being built. They have been under way for about seven months now, and should be complete at the end of 1951 if all goes according to plan, and the materials are not held up at Beira. The only Trooper here lives in a palace, all on his own.

Well, if any readers are passing from Shabani or Gwelo to Beitbridge via Chibi, call in and see what sort of a place this is, but please do not expect to see the rows of shops and street lights that one visitor once expected, because they are not here.

Cheerio.

S.D.D.

### FORT VICTORIA

The water situation in Fort Victoria is very bad, and with the passing of the rainy season there appears to be little hope for further substantial supplies, apart from spasmodic falls. The '46-47 season was bad enough, but this season's fall seems to have eliminated all previous "records." Our sympathy goes to our farmers, the stock producers in particular.

During the past month the Section Camp and Town Station were inspected by the Officer Commanding, Midlands Province, Lieut.-Colonel J. B. Lombard. The Section Camp and European living quarters were quite impressive on inspection day, after the general "white-washing" and renovation work that had been carried out. The retiring Commissioner of Police, Brigadier J. E. Ross, C.V.O., will have inspected the camp by the time these notes are in print. We take this opportunity of wishing both himself and Mrs. Ross all the very best during their forthcoming retirement, which has certainly been well earned. Many of the older subscribers to this magazine will remember Brigadier Ross as the O.C., Victoria District, during the early 30's.

With inspections pending, our sporting record is rather short this month. Tennis has been enjoyed, but the match of the snooker season has been postponed until after the Commissioner's Inspection. This will be when the pick of the teams from the Victoria Snooker League meet Mashaba in an open match to be played in Fort Victoria. It is pleasing to record that two members from the Police "A" team have been chosen to represent Victoria in this match, especially when there are only four players per team; 2/Sergeant Scholes and Trooper Sayer are the two Police representatives.

On the 14th April Ex-Chief Det./Inspector Sandes (now Curator of the Great Zimbabwe Ruins) was presented with an engraved beer tankard. The time-honoured custom of retiring members of the B.S.A.P. Sergeants' Mess receiving such presentations is one of the things for which this Corps is renowned. The tankard was presented by Inspector Aust, who, in his speech, referred to the tremendous personality of Mr. Sandes when he was with the Corps in Bulawayo. In replying to Inspector Aust's speech, Mr. Sandes related how he found Fort Victoria a real pioneer camp when he first arrived here as a junior Trooper many years ago. "The spirit remains the same amongst the Police here," he added, "and is the same spirit which has made the Corps as famous and efficient as it is to-day."

Trooper Sutherland left us on 9th May on transfer to Umtali District. We wish him all the best, and

know he will be as popular there as he was with us here.

Mention of Umtali recalls the motor cyclist from that district who arrived in Fort Victoria Camp the other day. After being convinced that he had actually arrived at the oldest town in the Colony, he remarked that his instructions were to the effect that he should do as much patrolling as possible on that particular day, and left us in a cloud of dust, bent on picking up the Umtali trail again, complete with a very fatigued-looking African Constable as pillion passenger. Our admiration is extended to the member on his determination to fulfil patrol instructions.

On the 10th May 2/Sergeant Weimer was married to a Sister from the Fort Victoria Hospital, and many members of the Corps attended the ceremony and reception. On the previous Saturday a bachelor party was also very well attended. Our best wishes go to him and his wife for their future happiness.

At the end of last month I paid a flying visit to Zaka where Old Comrades "Ginger" Pritchard (ex-No. 3133) and "Bill" Hewings (ex-No. 2953) were seen. Both were looking very fit. "Ginger" being the attendant Dip Supervisor at Zaka, whilst "Bill" is the Animal Health Inspector. Their addresses are c/o. P.O. Zaka and both men welcome news from ex-associates in the Police.

Visitors from the Outstations were many during the past month, due to Annual Musketry and First Aid lectures. Amongst those seen were Troopers Cox and Hallam from Chilimanzi and Nuanetsi, and Constable Maskell from sunny Gutu. There were no outstanding "shots" from the entries so far effected, but we trust we shall be able to record our usual "Marksman's class" before the curtain falls.

CARURO.

### MOUNT DARWIN

Since the New Year life has kept its even tenor—nothing startling, nothing exciting—but things do happen, even here.

Take the season now finishing: in contrast to the tale of woe from many districts, ours has had a really good season, and even the farmers have permitted themselves to become optimistic, as well they might, with tobacco at 3s. 5d. per lb. All Reserves, including those in the Zambesi Valley, have got grand crops, and no doubt the winter will see an unusual number of broken heads amongst their inhabitants.

Early in the year, the talk was of hunting and hunters. Lions killed about half a mile from Camp (thanks be it was not Police oxen), so a band formed, suitably armed and provisioned, to sit over the kill the following night. Next morning a dead lion appeared in a truck, but none of the versions of how it got there seemed to agree. Perhaps it wandered into a belt of powerful fumes—who knows?

At the moment fishing is all the vogue. Tennis racquets now hang neglected on the wall, and rods, lines and especially hooks appear in the most unsuspected places. The rivers have been well flooded and bream of 2 lbs. and over have been caught and landed, and much bigger ones have been caught but, alas, never landed. Even Depot has got to hear, and Messrs. Moore and Edwards graced a river one week-end. But the fish must have been forewarned, and just would not yield in any numbers to the various temptations so skilfully offered. It is understood the week-end was enjoyed, nevertheless.

Due to the rains, our roads have become unrecognisable as such. A local assured me recently that he

counted 133 washaways on our main Darwin-Bindura road. Of course, in the Landrover, one does not get the opportunity to count single bumps—the motion is continuous. A trailer has now been added to establishment, and black has been suggested as a more fitting colour than its present green. It certainly has relieved us from the close proximity of corpses. Bad roads do queer things, even to them.

At the end of March, Lieutenant Goodall arrived on inspection duties. Even the fowlhouse got a coat of whitewash, much to the amazement of its inhabitants, who have been expressing their thanks with daily contributions. As this time, too, the cat decided to have kittens. With a discretion beyond her years, she deposited them in a kaffir pot ornamenting the verandah. There was difficulty in getting into the pot, but none in getting out, and now, with ease born of practice, she hops nimbly to and fro. No casualties amongst the progeny—yet.

Social life is quiet, but most Saturday nights the sound of darts entering a dartboard, or adjacent wall, can be heard faintly above the hiss of newly opened Castle bottles, and the tinkle of glass upon glass. This is a fitting climax to our Saturday afternoon social efforts on the tennis court, and rounds the week off well.

Mr. H. B. Masterson, our Native Commissioner, was transferred recently. We were sorry to see him go, and Goromonzi has gained at our expense. We welcome as our new Native Commissioner Mr. B. J. du Plessis, ex-Rusapi.

It is with regret we report the death of Mr. George Brown, of Ancient and Modern Mine. He was with the Police in the early days, and passed away on 11th April, 1950, at the age of 74. He was buried in Darwin Cemetery.

Finally, may I say that the recent articles about witchcraft were much appreciated, and I am sure such authoritative articles on native life and customs would be welcomed by readers.

ALBION.

Government Official (airing his superior learning): "Give me 8 ozs. of decorticated fruit of the *Arachis Hypogea*."

Store Manager (briskly): "Certainly," and handed him half a pound of shelled peanuts.





# "What! Charming Snakes?"

By

Major Hugh Mackay



MOST of us who have served in India know the Gulligulli man, and his "Esk, do, teen, char," and how he manipulates coloured balls under the three egg cups. Also, the growing of the mango tree in a small pot, complete with one small fruit. This, of course, is dexterity of hand, but in the case of the Hindu snake charmer, it is hard to understand the method by which the ancient charmer manages to control the deadliest of Indian cobras, which, incidentally, have NOT had their poison fangs removed.

The cadence of a thin noted reed pipe sounds plaintively from the compound, and on investigation one sees an old, white bearded, full turbaned Indian, clad in dirty, ragged clothes, squatting on the ground. In front of him are two round wicker baskets closely lidded, while the old chap is playing softly on his pipe, or flageolet. This is the snake charmer of India.

At a nod of acceptance, he carries on playing, but with one hand, while with the other, he raises the lid of one of the baskets. For a few moments nothing happens, then, like some terror from the unknown, there rises a swaying, sinuous head of an Indian cobra, with distended hood, and flickering tongue, while there comes a loud hissing like that of a kettle boiling. To the tune of the pipe the snake moves its head from side to side. Without fear the ancient moves his hand slowly towards the cobra, which does not strike, being in some way hypnotised by the thin noted sounds; he takes the snake by the neck, and lays down his pipe, the cobra curls about his parchment skinned arm, then he opens the snake's jaws with a piece of bamboo to show the fangs, and the snake is then replaced in the basket, and at once the music re-commences, and the snake sways on.

The snake lowers its body in time to the slowing down of the music, and, at a certain instant the cover is replaced on the basket. That part of the show is over.

Then comes the battle between the snake and the mongoose. We have all read Kipling's story about Rikki-Tikki-Tavi, the mongoose, and how it saved the life of a child, by killing a cobra, and that story is true, for this strange mammal some 18 inches in length, with a bushy tail of 15 inches, hates all snakes, and lives on them, even the most venomous krait, which causes death to a human within one minute after the victim has been bitten.

From the second basket, or from a sack, the charmer produces a large mongoose, which is on a string about its neck. The creature wanders around, and one can see its ruby, flashing eyes, resting on the basket. Then the charmer produces another snake which is also tethered about the neck by a length of cord. The snake tries to escape but cannot, and the battle begins, but does not end fatally for the snake unless one pays one rupee, when at once the charmer will release the cobra, and also the mongoose, much to the alarm and consternation of the onlookers.

The snake, at once, tries to escape, but, like a flash, the mongoose springs in the way. It is not a jump or a hop, but a movement like lightning.

Carefully, and cunningly, the mongoose sidles about the snake, while the cobra turns with extended hood and swaying body above its coils, to face its natural enemy.

The mongoose feints, and the cobra strikes. Flash! But the mongoose is not there, having run to the snake's rear. The snake has turned, and is ready for a further strike.

This goes on for a matter of ten minutes, the mongoose attacking and feinting, and the snake striking, but, up to this time, the mongoose is not serious in his attacks for he is only tiring the snake down.

Sometimes the mongoose gives tongue, the sharp noted "tick-tick-tick-tick." Then for perhaps a few seconds the mongoose seems to crouch. Like a flash he leaps forward and then back, the tired snake strikes, but short, and in that second the mongoose has leaped forward and caught the snake by the back of its neck. There is a whirl of sand and writhing bodies. The snake coils itself about the mongoose, but the animal does not care for it has the death grip on his enemy's neck.

The mongoose is tossed this way and that by the six-foot cobra, but the end is near, and, at last, the mongoose's fangs, or teeth, have broken the snake's neck.

Back jumps the mongoose, and its victory cry rises shrilly, "tick-tick-tick-tick." It carefully watches its late enemy, and then approaches, and calmly begins to feed on the cobra's body. The battle is at an end, and the audience, having given the ancient Hindu a few annas, departs, while the "old one" stays crouched and allows the mongoose to complete its meal, which might last for an hour. But, what is time in India? One cobra is dead, but there are millions more to be obtained at will, for this Hindu will probably ask permission to catch snakes in your own compound. This is readily given, and he wanders about the mud walls of the garden. He will spy a hole, then he will ask for a saucer of milk, which he will place a yard or so from the hole, while he crouches close to the saucer. Once more the music of the pipe breaks the stillness, while one watches with bated breath.

Then, without warning, the flat head of a cobra is seen to appear from the hole, the snake crawls forward towards the milk, flattening down on the ground. The music goes on.

The snake laps gently, and the charmer is seen to be playing with one hand, while the other steals slowly forward.

In an instant the snake is caught behind the neck and placed in the basket, which is lidded and fastened. The charmer has done his work, and one is ridden of a previously hidden menace, but, everyone to his own job, don't you think?

Home life is an insidious force that, in just a few years, can transform a grim paratrooper into a man who will argue for hours how long his daughter's bobbed hair ought to be.



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### RUGBY

#### Police v. Marandellas: 21st April, 1950

Marandellas kicked off and from the very first rush it was evident that Marandellas had a fast and versatile pack of forwards. They did not let Police settle down and it was in these fast forwards that Marandellas laid the foundations for their win.

Play swung to and fro between the try lines with neither side being able to penetrate the other's defence. Police had two good breaks but lack of support brought no results. Reynolds, the Police full-back, was being called on time and again to clear dangerous Marandellas rushes. Police were awarded a free-kick in front of the posts but missed a simple kick.

Just before half-time a wide-awake Marandellas three-quarter footed on a dropped pass by the Police three-quarters and scored an excellent opportunist try in the corner. The kick failed, leaving Marandellas three points up at half-time.

Police kicked off and seemed determined to do better. They had an early set-back, however, when Ruttle, their burly lock, was carried off with a broken collarbone. The exchanges between the two packs were getting very brisk and it was not long before a good forward rush led to Marandellas's second try. The kick failed.

Soon after the kick-off, Police lost their second forward when Swan twisted his knee and had to watch the rest of the game from the touch line. This left Police with six forwards; Holmes was also off the field for a short while with concussion. The Marandellas loose forwards were breaking very fast, thus harrying the Police halves and giving the threes very little chance to get going.

The line-out play was very spirited and the Police six were more than holding their own and giving just as much as they got. After pinning Police in their own twenty-five for about ten minutes, Marandellas added further to their tally when one of their loose forwards gained possession from a loose scrum and romped over the line. The kick was successful and Marandellas ran out the winners by eleven points to nil.

#### Police v. Salisbury B

Police opened the scoring by a good move by Morgan playing at centre. From a three-quarter movement he broke, kicked ahead and beat the fullback to the ball and went over himself. The kick failed. Salisbury replied with a try and went ahead through a penalty. Riddle soon broke very well at centre, drew the opposition and passed to Chaston, who scored a very good try in the corner after a fine run down the wing. The kick by Reynolds just missed. Half-time score: 6-6.

After the interval Salisbury "walked" through for a try after a number of our men had made futile efforts to tackle their threes. This was a gift try as the only man who really made an effort to take his man was Morgan, who dived hard but just missed. Here Reynolds made the mistake of standing too far away from his backs and Salisbury had too much room in which to manoeuvre, with the result that Reynolds was at sea when trying to stop two men. Salisbury scored another try, bringing the score to 14-6. Police were awarded a penalty which Naested converted, bringing the final score to 14-9.

### SOCCER

Results of matches played so far indicate that Police Soccer this year is even stronger than ever. In six matches played, the First XI have been unbeaten, having drawn one game. The Second XI in five games have lost one, drawn one and won three. Goals for First XI, 19; Second XI, 11; goals against First XI, 2; Second XI, 5. Goal scorers to 7th May are: First XI, Buchanan, 7; Clapham, 4; Royan, 4; Bester, Shaughnessy, Jannaway, Coop (penalty). Second XI, Shaughnessy, 4; Banister, 3; Alexander, 2; Hammond, Walker.

Congratulations are extended to Buchanan, Blair, Johnson and Coop who have been selected to represent Mashonaland and to take part in the Rhodesian trials. We wish them the best of luck.

### FIRST LEAGUE

#### Police v. Alexandra

A ding-dong battle fought out on the Alexandra Ground on 9th April resulting in a 0-0 draw. Both teams played good football. Several chances were missed on both sides, but the draw was a fair result on a ground where ball control was difficult.

#### Police v. Municipals

On 15th April Police entertained Municipals on Depot Ground and ran out very convincing winners by four goals to nil. Ryan, Clapham, Bester and Jannaway scored for Police. Police combined well and dominated play throughout. They did not appear to extend themselves, however, and the victory was clear-cut.

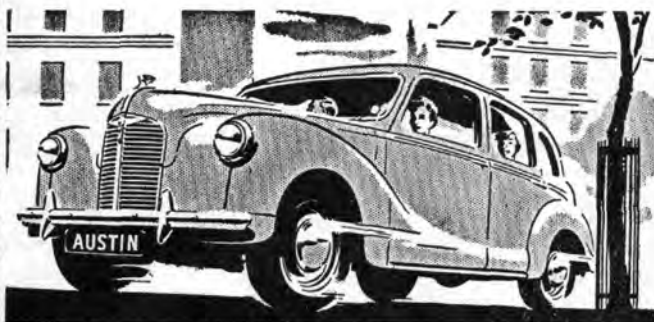
#### Police v. Raylton

The eagerly awaited "Local Derby" between Police and Raylton was played on Raylton Ground on 22nd April. Excitement was tense as this was also the play-off of the first round of the Charity Cup. Raylton were unfortunate in losing Fulton in the early stages of the game, but despite this it was very apparent that Police dominated the play and played superior football.



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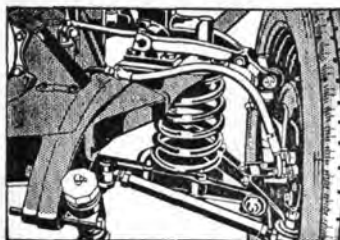
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Raylton were too slow on the ball and were easily robbed by the quick Police defenders. Police ran out decisive winners by three goals to nil, with Buchanan (two) and Ryan scoring.

#### Police v. Alexandra

On 30th April Police again played Alexandra on Depot Ground. A very good game saw Police the winners by two goals to one. Coop scored for Police with a penalty kick and Clapham the second. The win was well deserved as they were superior in many movements that merited more goals.

#### Police v. Callies

Playing on Police Ground on 6th May, Police trounced Callies by four goals to nil in a match in which Police were not at their best. Police scorers were Ryan (two), Clapham and Buchanan.

### SECOND LEAGUE

Police II v. Municipal II: Police won 5-0.

Police II v. Alexandra II: Draw 1-1.

Police II v. Terriers II: Police won 1-0. This was the first round of the Junior K.O. Cup.

Police II v. Alexandra II: Police won 2-1.

Newcomer Coop has given outstanding performances at left-half and has deserved his selection for Mashonaland, and Bester is impressive on the left wing. Police defence are playing well together and feed inside forwards Buchanan and Clapham, who are playing with excellent combination.

The Second XI, at present in Zone "C," appear, on present form, to be well set for promotion to Zone "B" and certainly deserve it on their team spirit alone. Butler and Inglis are turning in consistently good performances. Both teams are still suffering from "goal shyness," but have improved of late. A little more first-time slamming at goal is needed.

"K. N. R."

### CRICKET

#### Averages for 1949-1950 Season

##### BATTING

Name	No. of Runs	No. of Inns.	Times N.O.	Aver.
Smithyman	844	22	3	44.4
Dickinson	622	20	—	31.1
Bell	305	14	1	23.4
Dale	138	7	—	19.7
Banister	232	17	5	19.3
Buchanan	285	18	2	17.8
Naested	70	5	1	17.5
Riddle	195	17	3	14.0
Gilfillan	113	7	—	14.1
Holmes	86	11	3	10.75

##### BOWLING

	O	M	R	W	Aver.
Banister	144.0	21	468	51	9.1
Gilfillan	8.6	13	266	28	9.5
Katz	87.2	20	258	20	12.9
Holmes	32.0	5	130	10	13.0
Coop	57	9	149	11	13.5
Smithyman	86.0	8	338	23	14.6
Dickinson	95.0	13	367	23	15.9
Buchanan	89	4	373	22	16.9

### HOCKEY

#### Police v. Alexandra

This game was played at home on 16th April. Our team was weakened by the absence of four of its players who were in Bulawayo participating in the Garrison Sports.

Police held their own during the first half of the game when the visitors netted only once. After the break, however, the Alexandra team settled down and scored three more goals, the final score being Alexandra 4, Police 0.

Our new hockey field, which was once the Rugby ground, was very slow and slippery and did not help to produce good hockey.

The Police team was as follows: Yeoman, Brewer, Reynolds, Grassett, Ryan, Walker, Brownbridge, James (Captain), Banister, Riddle, Armstrong.

#### Forces v. Police

Played at the Drill Hall 23rd April. Although Police fielded their strongest team, they were unable to produce winning form against their deadliest rivals. Forces combined well whereas in the Police team we saw individual efforts. After a goalless first half, during which the defence played very well, Forces scored when our backs failed to clear.

Police fought back but could not finish off many of their movements. Final score: Forces 1, Police 0.

Police team: Yeoman, Brewer, Reynolds, Grassett, Ryan, Walsh, Brownbridge, James, Smith (Captain), Riddle, Standford-Smith.

#### Salisbury B v. Police

Played on the Salisbury Ground on Sunday, 30th April. The Mashonaland Hockey Selectors were present and some good hockey was seen. Our team was strengthened by the inclusion of Smithyman, who played right inner and who scored the first goal. The Salisbury team, which included a number of Rhodesian hockey players, came back fighting and soon equalised. Half-time score: 1-1.

After the break Franklin for Salisbury put in a good "first timer," giving our keeper, Yeoman, no chance. At this stage Police were combining well and playing a hard game. It therefore came as no surprise when Ryan, after a good solo effort, scored for Police, making the score 2-2. During the last stages of the game Police pressed hard but were unable to finish off some good movements.

The Police team was as follows: Yeoman, Reynolds, Smith (Captain), Walsh, Ryan, Grassett, Banister, Smithyman, James, Riddle, Brownbridge.

#### Salisbury A v. Police

On the 7th May Police played Salisbury A on the Sports Club ground. Salisbury had a good team and in a game which was at times very fast Police lost by six goals to two.

MacDonald, the Rhodesian right inner, was their danger and our defence did not watch him closely enough. Scorers for Police were James and Ryan.

It is possible that the "Barbecue" held the previous night in Depot was one of the reasons for the large margin of our defeat.

Police team: Yeoman, Smith (Captain), Reynolds, Walsh, James, Grassett, Banister, Smithyman, Ryan, Riddle, MacMair.

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# GARRISON SPORTS,



## 1950

This meeting, which was held in Bulawayo on the 15th and 16th of April, was the second of its kind to be held in the Colony since the war and will in future be an annual event.

The units participating were: Royal Air Force, British South Africa Police, Southern Rhodesia Staff Corps, 1st Battalion The Royal Rhodesia Regiment, 2nd Battalion The Royal Rhodesia Regiment, and the Southern Rhodesia Armoured Car Regiment.

The following branches of sport were competed in: Athletics, Bisley, Tennis, Golf, Squash and Swimming.

In every event in every competition the team, as opposed to the individual, was catered for, to bring out the principle that in military affairs both in peace and in times of stress, it is the combination of all that counts and not the individual effort.

Each Unit was permitted to enter one team only, and it is gratifying to record that the B.S.A.P. did enter for all branches of sport competed for, and on the whole acquitted themselves well. They won the Squash tournament, were second to R.A.F. in Bisley, third in Golf, and reached the semi-finals in Tennis. In the Swimming and Athletics events we unfortunately did not enter enough competitors to come out in the top flight, but those who did enter gave a very good account of themselves.

Details are given below:—



GOLF

This was open to teams of eight from each Unit, to be played over 18 holes, the best six gross scores in each team to count. Police came third, being one point below the runners-up. It was unfortunate that we lost the services of Det./Sub-Inspector McCormick, of Gwelo, who was unable to play through indisposition; otherwise the results may well have been very much better. As it was, we were able to call on the services of four Police Reservists, all of whom were finally included in the best six, and our thanks are due to them for their generous assistance. The Police team, with scores, was as follows:—

P.R. 2/Sergeant Innes .....	78
P.R. Constable Hooper .....	81
1/Sergeant Andrews .....	86
P.R. Lieutenant Dickson .....	87
Det./Sub-Inspector McPherson .....	92
P.R. Constable Deeks .....	101
Lieutenant Emes .....	102
Det./Sergeant Stanyon .....	111

A total for the best six of 627.

The final results were:—

R.A.F. ....	603
S.R.S.C. ....	626
B.S.A.P. ....	627
2 R.R.R. ....	639

1st R.R.R. and S.R.A.C.R. did not enter teams.

### BISLEY

This was fired on the Woolendale Range, Bulawayo, by teams of eight from each Unit. This was won by the R.A.F. and runners-up were B.S.A.P., who had entered the strongest team they could raise, and the result was in doubt up to the final shot. Detailed results were:—



Event No. 1 (five rounds at 200, 500 and 600 yards)—

1. R.A.F. ....	478
2. S.R.S.C. ....	455
3. B.S.A.P. ....	452

Event No. 2 (seven rounds application at 500 and 600 yards)—

1. R.A.F. ....	438
2. S.R.S.C. ....	424
3. 2 R.R.R. ....	418

Event No. 3 (Snap and Rapid at 300 yards)—

1. B.S.A.P. ....	403
2. R.A.F. ....	395
3. S.R.S.C. ....	338

Event No. 4 (Falling Plates)—

Won by B.S.A.P.

Awarded eight miniature cups.

Event No. 5 (Aggregate of Events 1, 2 and 3)—

Garrison Bisley Cup (floating, and eight miniatures)

1. R.A.F. ....	1311
2. B.S.A.P. ....	1272
3. S.R.S.C. ....	1217
4. 1 R.R.R. ....	1118
5. 2 R.R.R. ....	1111
6. S.R.A.C.R. ....	963

Highest Individual Grand Aggregate—

1. Sub-Inspector Cooke, B.S.A.P. ....	179
2. Sergeant Hiles, R.A.F. ....	174
3. Group Captain Geddes, R.A.F. ....	173

The Police team, with aggregate scores, was as follows—

Sub-Inspector Cooke .....	179
Lieut.-Colonel J. B. Lombard .....	166
1/Sergeant Stidolph .....	164
Trooper Bartlett .....	155
S/S/I. Woodgate .....	154
Det./2/Sergeant Barrowman .....	154
2/Sergeant Mays .....	152
F/Sergeant Brighton .....	148

### ATHLETICS

In this branch there were too few B.S.A.P. entries to gain us a sufficient number of points to be able to compete for final honours; we did our best, however, with the talent available in Bulawayo, assisted by Sergeant Trangmar and Constable Armstrong from



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## RHODESIA RAILWAYS



Salisbury. We did very well in the field events, in which we specialised. It is with regret that we have to record that with all our well-nourished material we were not able to put in a properly trained tug-of-war team, but had to rely on a scratch team of men hastily called off the beat and from traffic duties at the last moment. This team did very well, and with proper training, should have been easy winners.

Results were as follows:—

#### 100 Yards—

S.R.A.C.R. ....	1
2 R.R.R. ....	2
1 R.R.R. ....	3

Time: 10.1 secs.

The B.S.A.P. entry, Trooper Sanderson, was eliminated in the heat.

#### Shot Put—

B.S.A.P. ....	1
2 R.R.R. ....	2
S.R.S.C. ....	3

Police competitors were Det./Sergeant Barrowman and 2/Sergeant Fisher.

#### Long Jump—

S.R.A.C.R. ....	1
2 R.R.R. ....	2
S.R.S.C. ....	3

Police competitor was Trooper Sanderson.

#### Three Miles—

R.A.F. ....	1
S.R.S.C. ....	2

The Police entrant, Constable Armstrong, ran a very good race to come third.

#### Throwing the Javelin—

S.R.S.C. ....	1
2 R.R.R. ....	2
R.A.F. ....	3

Police entries were Det./Sergeant Dunbar and Det./Sergeant Barrowman.

#### Throwing the Hammer—

R.A.F. ....	1
B.S.A.P. ....	2
S.R.S.C. ....	3

Police competitors, Sergeant Trangmar and Det./Sergeant Barrowman.

#### High Jump—

S.R.A.C.R. ....	1
R.A.F. ....	2
2 R.R.R. ....	3

Police competitors, Detective Vallins and Trooper Sanderson.

#### 880 Yards—

1 R.R.R. ....	1
S.R.A.C.R. ....	2
R.A.F. ....	3

No Police competitors.

#### 120 Yards Hurdles—

1 R.R.R. ....	1
R.A.F. ....	2
S.R.S.C. ....	3

Police competitor: Detective Vallins.

#### 440 Yards—

1 R.R.R. ....	1
R.A.F. ....	2
S.R.S.C. ....	3

No Police competitors.

#### Hop, Skip and Jump—

P.S.C. ....	1
S.R.A.C.R. ....	2
R.A.F. ....	3

No Police competitors.

#### Tug-of-War—

R.A.F. ....	1
S.R.S.C. ....	2
B.S.A.P. and 2 R.R.R. ....	3

#### Throwing the Discus—

B.S.A.P. ....	1
R.A.F. ....	2
S.R.S.C. ....	3

Police competitors, Sergeant Trangmar and Det./Sergeant Dunbar.

#### 220 Yards—

S.R.A.C.R. ....	1
R.A.F. ....	2
2 R.R.R. ....	3

No Police competitors.

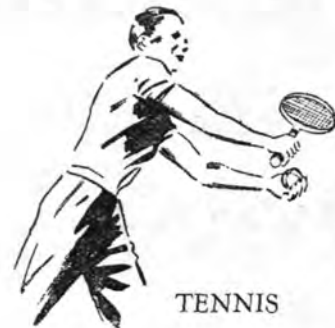
#### One Mile Relay—

1 R.R.R. ....	1
S.R.S.C. ....	2
R.A.F. ....	3

No Police team entered.

#### Final result on total points gained—

1. R.A.F. ....	79
2. S.R.S.C. ....	66½
3. 2 R.R.R. ....	59½
4. 1 R.R.R. ....	58
5. S.R.A.C.R. ....	44
6. B.S.A.P. ....	25



TENNIS

The final results of the Tennis tournament have not come to hand at the time of writing, as there was not time to play the finals during the week-end, and these are to be played off at a later date between 2 R.R.R. and S.R.S.C.

In the preliminary matches Police beat S.R.A.C.R. 5-4, and lost to S.R.S.C. 4-5.

The Police team was as follows: C/Inspector Kilborn and Constable Smithyman; S/S.I. Greig and Sergeant Gauntlett; Constable Underwood and Trooper Hammond.

Unfortunately two of the original team, Sergeant Sherren and Inspector Bennett were unable to play, and their places were filled by C/Inspector Kilborn and Constable Smithyman, who gave a very good account of themselves, only narrowly losing the last set which developed into a ding-dong marathon affair and took up most of the afternoon. Credit is particularly due to Chief Inspector Kilborn who, at his age and on a very hot day, showed a high degree of stamina under conditions which would have sorely tried many a younger man. It was owing to this titanic struggle that it was not possible to complete the finals in the time available.

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This angler is fishing in the River Kennet, a tributary of the Thames, at Dunford Mill, near Hungerford, in Berkshire, England. The Kennet is an excellent trout stream on which some of the best sport is to be had in June, since in this part of the country the Mayfly rises rather later than on many other southern streams.

### SQUASH RACKETS

Six teams competed, the R.A.F. and 2nd Battalion drawing byes in the first round.

Result—

First round: B.S.A.P. v. S.R.S.C. Won: 4 matches to 1.

Semi-final: B.S.A.P. v. S.R.A.C.R. Won: 5 matches to 0.

Final: B.S.A.P. v. R.A.F. Won: 3 matches to 2.

All members of the Police team played well and formed a properly balanced team. Special mention must be made of Sergeant Buckley who sustained an eye injury whilst playing water polo, and Constable Smithyman, who suffered a badly blistered hand. Both played extremely well, winning their matches despite these handicaps.

Police did very well to beat a team of crack R.A.F. players, which included the Inter-Services champion and a runner-up.

### SWIMMING

The water polo team won their preliminary match against S.R.A.C.R., but were beaten five goals to three by 2 R.R.R. after playing extra time, when our opponents netted the odd two goals.

The Police team consisted of Sergeant Buckley, Sergeant Podmore, Inspector Nimmo, Trooper Buchanan, Sergeant Plastow, Sergeant Smith and last man for the preliminary match was Sergeant Fisher. He was replaced in the semi-finals match by Captain Duncombe, who needs no introduction to water polo enthusiasts in this country.

Whilst on the subject of swimming, it is of interest to record that the winners of the swimming events were the 2 R.R.R. who were very materially assisted towards this end by the two sons of Chief Inspector Killick. They have been born and brought up in the Force, so to speak, and who carried off no less than eleven trophies between them.

A surgeon was taking a walk with his wife when a young and vivid blonde greeted him effusively. The doctor's wife eyed him narrowly. "Where," she asked, "did you meet that person, my dear?"

"Just a young woman I met professionally," he explained.

"I see," murmured his wife: "yours or hers?"

## DOMESTIC NOTICES

### ENGAGEMENTS

**COUSINS—GRAY.**—The engagement is announced between Sonja, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Cousins, of Maastricht, Holland, and Trooper D. Gray, of Salisbury.

**TOWNSEND—SHAW-BUTLER.**—The engagement is announced between Patricia, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Shaw-Butler, of Johannesburg, and Constable R. Townsend, of Salisbury.

### MARRIAGE

**REID-WADDELL.**—Trooper Reid to Miss Phillis Emily Glanton Waddell at All Saints' Church, Gatooma, on 25th March, 1950.

### BIRTHS

**KNIGHT.**—To Sergeant and Mrs. P. Knight at Salisbury on 24th February, 1950, a daughter (Margaret Ann).

**RICHARDSON.**—To Trooper and Mrs. Richardson at Bulawayo on the 21st March, 1950, a daughter (Rosemarie Margret).

**LOMAS.**—To Sergeant and Mrs. Lomas at Bulawayo on 25th March, 1950, a daughter (Diana).

**OPPENHEIM.**—To Det./Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Oppenheim at Gwelo on the 28th March, 1950, a son (Edward Alleyn).

**BARFOOT.**—To Det./Inspector and Mrs. Barfoot at Bulawayo on 29th March, 1950, a daughter (Margaret Rosalie).

### FOR SALE

Suit of Barathea uniform, with two pairs of trousers; to fit man of 5ft. 11in., chest 39in.: £8.—Apply Editor, *The Outpost*.

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# So You want to get Married?



By "The Man Who Did"

"DON'T!" was Mr. Punch's advice to those about to get married, but with that hunch-back of his he could never have been a member of this Force and it may be that, as the man on the spot, I can bring new light on the subject.

You want to get married, you think? You are certain then that you wish to tie the nuptial knot, for better or for worse and so on, till death do you part, to become, in fact, solemnised by Holy Matrimony. Know then that the whole affair must be approached tentatively and with infinite caution.

You are, of course, strong and healthy, clean-limbed and clear-eyed, zealous, tactful, sagacious and pretty good at tennis. The fact that to your comrades you are known as "Stinker" should be suppressed if possible. Yet all this and more is not enough. Do you, for instance, visualise yourself being met at the porch by the little woman, with upturned face and adoring eyes, lips pursed for a kiss, skirts clutched by some half-a-dozen miniature projections of yourself (like the ever-receding reflections in a hall of mirrors)? Do you imagine the sweet domesticity within that porch, the pleasures of the hearth (sorry, no hearth; even icy Gwelo is under the impression that it's sub-tropical), slippers awaiting your tired feet (no luck, a little projection is playing trains with them in the bathroom), the comfortable armchair ("Ouch!—your knitting needle, dear!"), a man-sized pipe (ignore the expression of disgust on the little woman's face), and that cup of tea you have been dying for (I'm afraid the little projections have seen to it that that cup of tea is only a memory, a brown stain on the carpet—that Aunt Emily gave us—and a few chips of china).

Dear Reader, have your lips parted in a vacant smile? Is there a far-away look in your eyes as you read my words? Then you are he to whom I would talk.

Here is what you must do. First, you will need a girl. Remember, like a quarrel, it takes two to make a marriage. Your girl should be unmarried, or a widow, or, if you like, divorced. The Common Law requires that she be above the age of twelve years; there is no prescribed upper limit, but I would suggest for the sake of compatibility that she be not more than twenty years younger than yourself and not more than ten years older. Do not think that this gives you a wide choice. Study *The Bulawayo Chronicle* or, if you hobnob with quality, *The Rhodesia Herald*; annotate successive editions, striking firmly from your list those who appear in the columns headed "Engagements" and "Marriages." These do not make good partners. The resulting list of eligibles should be compact and easily manageable. Much as you would like to marry your list complete, you may not; woman by woman it must be whittled down to one. Delete those who are bald, for although it may tickle your nose in the night and make you sneeze, a woman's hair, remember, is her crowning glory. Eschew the corpulent. It is true that housing priority goes to the larger families, but this is calculated by numbers rather than weight. Be not ensnared by beauty: it is said to be skin deep, but it may not get that far. Look for brown eyes (for faithfulness) and cold hands (for pastry). Ask such questions as,

"Which is the way to a man's heart?" and "Do you snore?" If of the many, one should answer "Via his stomach" and "No" respectively, watch her; you may have a jewel beyond price. In practice, however (not with practice, note), you will soon recognise your soul-mate. She will be the one, if any, who does not yawn too openly when you call and is able to tolerate your company for minutes on end without obvious signs of boredom.

Let us suppose now that you have singled out the bright star of your life. The next step, known as The Courtship, or Courting, or more vulgarly, Walking Out, is more difficult and will require diligent application. Certain apparatus is necessary too: among articles most required are a telephone, pomade for the hair, a bioscope, a nail file, and coin of the realm, the last in abundance. A well-equipped young man will have all these to hand and extras to taste, as, for instance, a two-seater, which will be useful later as part exchange for a ring. Police motor cycles should not be used. A Chaperone (or Duenna) is often included, this being usually an elderly lady of severe countenance who was never young once.

Others, you will find, are quite as much interested in the progress of your courtship as you yourself. They will bandy about such time-honoured observations as, "Bit long in the tooth"; "Are your intentions strictly . . .?"; "Can't think what she sees in him"; or "Don't you think you are seeing too much of her?" this last ambiguous to say the least. Heed not these wagging tongues; like Macbeth, "be bloody, bold and resolute!" I assure you that propriety permits you at this stage to hold the lady's hand in dark corners or under the table at luncheon, but not while golfing or playing bridge. Do not be seen alone together at country hotels, nor too late at night, nor, of course, too early in the morning. Be circumspect.

Above all, do not be hasty. Ask yourself these questions. "Is she the sort of girl I could take home to mother?" "What will my O.C. think?" "Will the C.I.D. like her?" meaning, of course, not any particular member but the C.I.D. in general. "Has she any previous convictions?" and so forth. Study Police Regulations and Standing Orders, an occupation always praiseworthy, and ask yourself: "Am I over 25 years of age?" or, failing that, "Am I of the rank of 2/Sergeant or above?" Pertinent questions, both.

These answered to your own satisfaction, you are at liberty to approach the lady somewhat in this wise: "Would you—er—care to get married—er—darling?" or, if of a lesser breed, you may ask whether she has ever fancied herself as a Policeman's soul-mate, adding that you have a whistle and a baton and that you are due for your pension in seventeen years' time. She will, of course, reply that this is so sudden and that, oh dear, yes, she has always wanted to be married to a great big Policeman ever since she was so high (indicated), and that how too divine, those little blue tabs and all.

There is a little matter of a ring then which you will purchase, no doubt, with this month's overdraft. The betrothed will plumb for diamonds every time, diamonds in the plural, while you will argue that just

(Continued on page 33)



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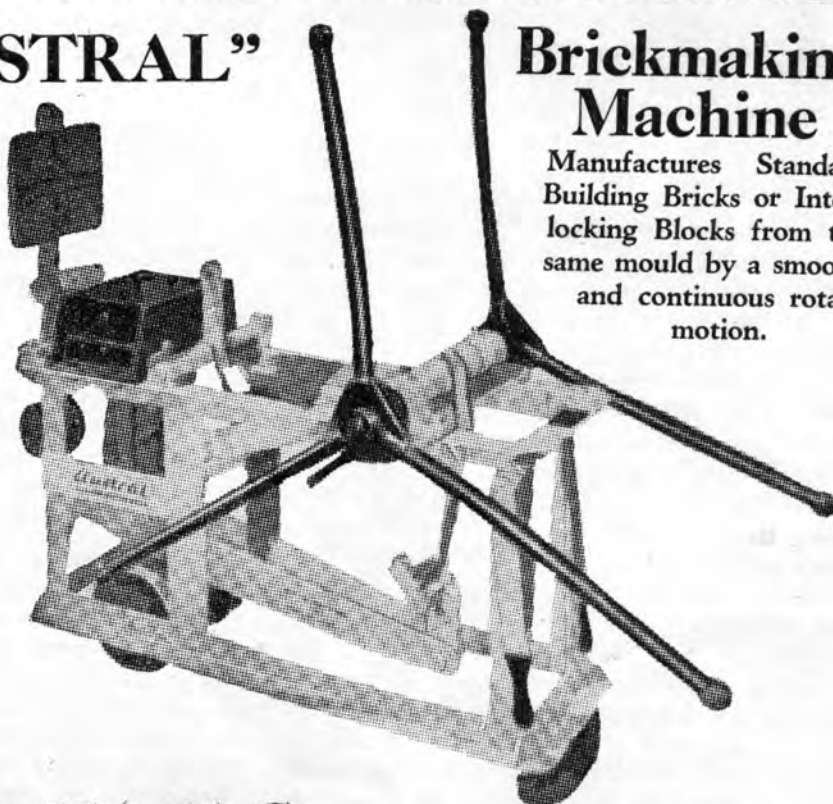
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# District Policemen Work 24 Hours a Day



Under the above heading, the following article was published recently in *The Umtali Advertiser*.

**H**AVE you ever paused to consider the numerous tasks—other than purely Police work—that are undertaken daily by nearly every member of the B.S.A. Police? To be a Policeman one has to have a very wide knowledge of a host of subjects, and from what I have seen of the Police at work, I should say that the job, though exacting, is not without romance.

I am going to attempt the impossible: that is, to try in a limited space to give you some idea of the activities of the District Police.

Starting early—six o'clock in the morning—they parade at the stables. Horses are groomed and fed and the mechanical transport (usually one or two motor cycles and a truck) is cleaned and checked. After breakfast, a meteorological report is made up and sent in code to Salisbury, and routine office work disposed of. Often the senior Trooper does much of the prosecution of petty cases in court, to enable the N.C.O. to be free for other and more important tasks.

Among the varied jobs that fall to the lot of the Policeman is pass officer and collector of dog tax (on some isolated stations), customs and immigration officer, cattle inspector, ambulance driver (when the regular driver is away) and so on.

## Varied Duties

A Policeman never knows quite what will be asked of him. Suddenly he may be told to escort a lunatic to Bulawayo; to go down to Cape Town or Johannesburg to collect a prisoner; or be seconded for duty outside the Colony; or sent to Nyasaland to escort bullion on the return journey. No, the romance is not lacking.

Many people think that nowadays a Policeman travels only by motor cycle or truck, but a considerable amount of patrolling is still done on horseback and on foot for periods of three weeks or longer.

Every station in the Umtali district has a game licence, and the Policeman has every chance of being practically self-supporting while away from camp. Vegetables, eggs and meat can all be acquired on the way and all he needs to carry by porter or pack donkey is flour, salt, coffee and sugar and a certain amount of fodder for his horse.

## No Turning Back

When once he sets out on an investigation, there is no turning back, and there are several instances on record of B.S.A.P. men having tracked a suspect from one end of the Colony to the other. On an extended patrol, every kraal is visited: special look-out being kept for deserters, prohibited immigrants, accused persons, stolen property and lost cattle. The Policeman inspects stores, sees cattle slaughtered at native butcheries to ensure that the methods used are humane, and keeps a watchful eye open for any cases of cruelty.

He has to know the native mind and to find out, for example, who lights the fire in the kraal in the morning; who is responsible for the cattle; and whether different kraals have different ways of doing things.

He investigates, as thoroughly as possible, all cases of crime found while on patrol.

## On Patrol

Recently I accompanied a Trooper on one of his periodical visits to all the European residents in a district and was able to gain a good impression of what really happens on these patrols. Accompanied by an African detail, he visits every resident at least once a month. On this occasion he was kept busy, for the first thing that happened was a motor car accident. We were the first on the scene, and although the accident itself was not serious, one of those involved had been injured. First-Aid was adeptly rendered and the injured person made as comfortable as possible. A passing motorist was stopped and asked to telephone for the ambulance.

A plan was drawn up of the position of the two cars, in the presence of both drivers, and statements were taken. Although it was perfectly obvious to me who was responsible for the accident, the Trooper gave no sign that he, too, saw it, and the guilty one was treated with as much courtesy as the innocent. All this was accomplished in little over half-an-hour, and we were soon on our way again.

## Arson

Between visits to houses, we stopped at a kraal in a reserve to investigate a native arson case, previously reported. At the time the report was made, an African Constable was sent out on his bicycle and when we arrived he had all the witnesses ready. Little matters of organisation like this enable a small staff to cope with a large district.

But why do some people live in the most inaccessible spots? On one farm road the gradient was so steep that even the powerful truck only just managed to climb it. We were bumped and swayed over roads that any self-respecting horse would have refused to negotiate, but I was informed that "it wasn't really bad." I held my peace.

## Efficient Policing

We must have visited 20 farms, but with the exception of one farm who reported deserters, there was not one complaint. That speaks volumes for the efficient way in which the district is policed. We were out for nine hours and covered more than 100 miles over appalling roads.

On our return, we adjourned to the canteen for a welcome beer. My day was over, but not that of my "host."

Half-way through his drink, there was a telephone call. It was a request for serum for an outlying hospital urgently required. And so off into the night he went, with a 200-mile drive ahead of him, and that after a busy day. It is certainly an exacting vocation.



## BRITAIN SHOWS FIRST TURBINE CAR

When the world's first gas turbine car whistled round the track at Silverstone (England) early in March, it promised to do for the motor industry what the steamship "Turbinia" did for shipbuilding some 50 years ago. In both cases theorists agreed that a rotary engine was preferable to a reciprocating engine; and in each case the question was "Will it work?"

The performance of the car shown by the Rover Company, of Solihull, Birmingham, was checked by the Royal Automobile Club and a certificate was issued. Acceleration figures 0-60 m.p.h. were given as 14 seconds; the compressor at idling speeds was turning at about 7,000 r.p.m.; at 85 m.p.h. road speed the compressor was making 35,000 r.p.m.

Kerosene was the fuel used and consumption was high, at about eight m.p.g. But the car shown was not fitted with a heat-exchanger, which will more than double this figure.

Mr. Maurice Wilks, Chief Engineer of the Rover Company, said that the car would not go into production for three to four years. In its final form performance would be better than a piston-engined car, economy might not be quite as good, but production costs would be lower.

### Docile and easy to drive

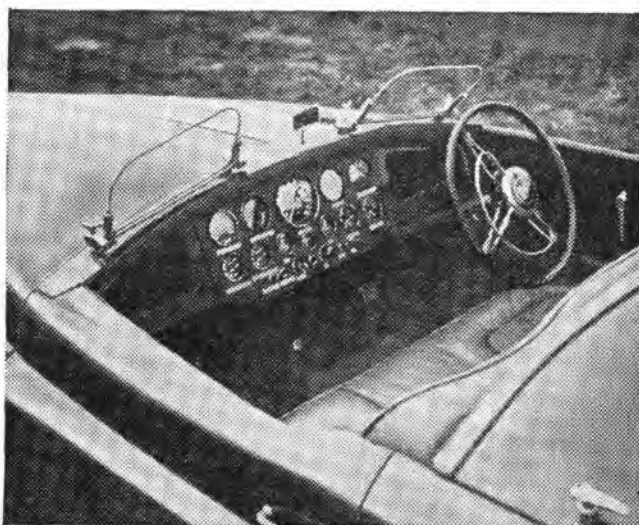
The car is controlled by two pedals — the accelerator and the brake. Mrs. Catherine Wilks, wife of Rover's Chief Engineer, said that she had driven the car and had found it more docile and easy to drive than anything else she had known. The point was proved during the demonstration when the car made a circuit of the track alongside a B.B.C. recording car and joined to it by a recording cable.

The car as shown was a two-three seater, the engine being mounted aft of the seat. A centrifugal compressor, dual combustion chambers and a power turbine joined by reduction gearing to the back axle is the present power plant. The reduction gearing incorporates a separate reverse gear. There is no normal gearbox.

### Fewer working parts

The very high revolving speeds necessary make absolute balance essential. Special metals have to be used for the turbine blades because of the very high temperatures in which they have to work. But fewer working parts, fewer parts to fit and the absence of transmission troubles and cooling systems all make for lightness and cheapness.

The functional sequence is the same as in any gas turbine. A normal electric starter turns a compressor which feeds high-pressure air into the combustion chambers. Fuel is injected and ignited, the gases being used to turn a turbine on the same shaft as the compressor, the starter having disengaged. The gases then pass to the power turbine, geared directly to the back axle. There is no mechanical connection between the power and the compressor turbines.



Two-pedal control and a great array of instruments are the first impressions given by the car. But the dials include many of interest only to designers and the production models will be very much more simplified in this respect.



At nearly 90 m.p.h. on a rough concrete track it was difficult to separate tyre and exhaust noise. At idling speeds the engine sounded like any other gas turbine warming up and at no time was turbine noise particularly apparent. During fierce acceleration tests the sound rose to the familiar, high-pitched scream of a jet aircraft.



Mr. Maurice Wilks (right), Chief Engineer of the Rover Company, and Mr. F. R. Bell, the Chief Designer, stand beside their car. Mr. Wilks described the demonstration as an "interim report on the car's progress in development."

# PROMOTION EXAMINATIONS

2/SERGEANT TO 1/SERGEANT : TOWN  
AND DISTRICT: 1949

## COMMON LAW

Time: 2½ hours.]

Note.—Questions 1 to 4 inclusive: These questions must be answered. Questions 5 to 10 inclusive: Any three of these questions may be answered.

(1)

(a) Define "Public Violence."

State what charges, if any, you would prefer in the following circumstances, giving reasons:—

- (b) Trooper "A" reports that while carrying out a beer raid with three African Constables at a local mine compound he found 200 gallons in excess of the authorised amount. Before he could remove the beer, a hostile crowd of some 30 natives quickly gathered, and although he himself was not touched, two of the African Constables were assaulted with sticks and all of them were hustled from the compound and forced, for their own safety, to leave.
- (c) African Constable "B" reports that while on beat near the Municipal Location with African Constable "C," they overheard native "X," a known agitator, addressing a crowd of about fifty natives, during the course of which "X" said:—

"and if your employers will not increase your rations there is no need for you to starve. The Greek stores in the Location Road are full of food, and so long as you have the strength to break down doors, why starve?"

When Constable "B" went up and spoke to "X," the crowd dispersed quietly.

(2)

- (a) Define "Extortion."
- (b) What are the general characteristics that distinguish Extortion from Robbery?

(3)

- (a) Define "Murder" and differentiate between Murder and Culpable Homicide.
- (b) What do you understand by the term "Corpus Delicti"?
- (c) What do you understand by "Justifiable Homicide"? Give an example.

(4)

(a) Define "Criminal Injuria."

State whether, in your opinion, the facts in the following instances would justify a charge of Criminal Injuria. Give your reasons briefly:—

- (b) "A," a farmer's wife, complains to you that during her husband's absence from the farm, her native cook-boy "B" made suggestions to her that she should have sexual intercourse with him. His suggestions were overheard by "A's" adult daughter, who, unknown to "B," was in an adjacent room at the time.
- (c) You receive a report from "X," a European, that he saw his neighbour's houseboy "Y" lift the flap of a privy in the sanitary lane and peer inside. The privy was unoccupied at the time.

(5)

What crime or crimes are disclosed in the following circumstances, and to what extent would "A," "B" and "C" be culpable:—

- (a) "A," an unmarried girl of 18, is five months pregnant and goes to "B," a retired midwife, for assistance. "B," for a consideration of £20, induces a miscarriage by using an instrument on "A." "B's" sister, "C," a married woman, is present at the operation and assists "B."
- (b) "A," a pregnant girl of 16, goes to "B," a married woman friend, and asks "B" to give her some drug to procure miscarriage. "B" obtains and administers a drug, but it fails to procure the miscarriage and "A" is later delivered of a child.

(6)

- (a) Define the crime of Rape.
- (b) What are the essentials necessary before the crime is complete.
- (c) Discuss briefly the relationship between husband and wife in regard to this crime.

(7)

In regard to the crime of Theft, it is stated that property may be incapable of being stolen, either absolutely or temporarily. Explain briefly what you understand by the foregoing, giving examples to illustrate your answer.

(8)

State what crime or crimes are disclosed in the following cases:—

- (a) Two natives "A" and "B" unlawfully break open a railway truck standing in a siding and remove a sack of mealie meal, which they take to a compound for their own consumption.
- (b) "A," a native, breaks into a tent at a Cadet Camp during the absence of the occupiers and removes clothing and food.
- (c) "A," a native, unlawfully entered an unattended Kaffir Store at night time and removed two bales of cloth. Entry was effected through the door, which was latched but not locked.

(9)

- (a) Give a definition of "Forgery and Uttering a Forged Instrument."
- (b) What are the essential features necessary to substantiate a charge of uttering a forged instrument.
- (c) Is it an essential feature of the crime of uttering a forged document that the uttering of the document should be made personally by the accused. If not, by what other means can a forged document be uttered?

(10)

(a) Define Arson.

To what extent is "A" culpable in the following circumstances:—

- (b) "A," intending to set fire to a stack of hay, strikes a match, but noticing that he is watched, blows it out and proceeds no further with his design.
- (c) "A" unlawfully sets fire to a hut in a compound, as a result of which native "B," who was inside the hut at the time, is burnt to death. "A" can produce evidence that he was not aware that the hut was occupied at the time.



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## STATUTE LAW

Time: 2½ hours.]

Note.—Questions 1 to 4 inclusive: These questions must be answered. Questions 5 to 10 inclusive: Any three of these questions may be answered.

(1) *Magistrate's Court Act (Cap. 11)*

- (i) What are:—
- The ordinary jurisdiction of a Magistrate's Court in Criminal cases?
  - Extended jurisdiction on remittal of a case from the Attorney General after a Preliminary Examination?
- (ii) During the course of a trial, it transpired that a case is more serious than at first appeared. Who may alter the summary trial into a Preliminary Examination and what is the procedure to be adopted?

(2) *C.P. & E. Act (Cap. 28)*

- The term "Hostile Witness" is one in common use. As fully as you can describe the procedure to be adopted in obtaining evidence, etc., from such "Hostile Witness."
- Describe a "Hostile Witness."

(3) *C.P. & E. Act (Cap. 28)*

- What do you understand by "Binding over to keep the Peace"?
- Describe the complete procedure adopted and in what respect recourse is had to this section.

(4) *Roads and Road Traffic Act (Cap. 257)*

- Describe, in full, the procedure adopted when it is established that the holder of a driver's licence is suffering from a disease or disability which would mean his continuing to drive may be a danger to other road users.
- Enumerate the offences in connection with driving licences, including provisional, which can be committed by any person.

(5) *Roads and Road Traffic Act (Cap. 257)*

- What are the permissible dimensions of loads on motor vehicles?
- How many trailers may be attached in series to a towing vehicle? What safety devices must be affixed to the trailers?

(6) *Master & Servants Act (Cap. 231)*

- What is the definition of a "servant"?
- Is a servant bound to accompany his master on a journey? Is there anything laid down regarding the length of the journey and number of days to be spent away from the normal place of residence?

(7) *Witchcraft Suppression Act (Cap. 46)*

- Define "witchcraft" as laid down in the Act.
- What is the charge against a witch who receives payment for services when indicating a person as a thief?
- Is the witch the only person chargeable? If not, who else and what is the charge?

(8) *Pounds & Trespass Act (Cap. 190)*

What is required of a proprietor who wishes to impound cattle trespassing on his farm?

(9) *Shop Hours Act 20/45*

- To what areas is this Act applicable?
- Certain shops on certain days are exempted from this Act—
  - Enumerate these shops.
  - When is the exemption operable?

(10) *Licence & Stamp Act (Cap. 128)*

- Define an "auctioneer."
- Is an auctioneer's licence transferrable from one person to another?
- Does an auctioneer's licence permit of sales out of hand?
- Does an auctioneer's licence cover the whole firm of several partners who all practise as auctioneers?

## POLICE DUTIES

Time: 2½ hours.]

Note.—Questions 1 to 4 inclusive: These questions must be answered. Questions 5 to 10 inclusive: Any three of these questions may be answered.

## (1)

What procedure would you adopt as member in charge of a station in the following instances:—

- A European subordinate receives an injury?
- When retaining animals as exhibits?
- When a European subordinate refuses to obey an order?
- A solicitor asks to be allowed to interview a Trooper or Constable in connection with a civil case arising from an accident which the member concerned investigated?

## (2)

Discuss detention of prisoners, with particular reference to:—

- Search of;
- Property of;
- Drunk prisoners.

## (3)

You are member in charge of a station. You arrest a European on a charge of culpable homicide. It is Saturday afternoon. The accused asks you to allow him out on bail. What would you do? Give reasons for your answer.

## (4)

What is meant by and what questions may be put during—

- Examination in chief;
- Cross examination;
- Re-examination.

## (5)

Compile specimen indictments on the forms provided for the following charges:—

- Assault with Intent to do Grievous Bodily Harm.
- Robbery.
- Arson.

## (6)

What are the general instructions on how to act at the scene of a crime?

## (7)

What instructions would you give to a junior member whom you were sending to:—

- Execute a warrant of arrest on a European resident on a charge of murder?
- Execute a search warrant for stolen goods at the residence of a European suspect?

## (8)

What points would you impress upon members under your command as regards giving evidence at the Magistrate's Court and conduct at Court?

## (9)

What are the duties of Police in the case of fires occurring in towns?

(10)

Write notes on the procedure you would adopt as member in charge of a station if a strike of African employees occurred in your area.

### MECHANICAL TRANSPORT

Time: 1 hour.]

Note.—Questions 1 to 3 inclusive: These questions must be answered. Questions 4 to 7 inclusive: Any two of these questions may be answered.

(1)

What is the principle, briefly, of the internal combustion engine and the effect of retarding and advancing the spark?

(2)

Give ten "Dont's" you would stress in lecturing subordinates on the handling of B.S.A. motor cycles.

(3)

Give in proper sequence the procedure you would adopt with a motor cycle which, for no apparent reason, will not start.

(4)

Say what check is necessary in the daily task system for four-wheeled vehicles, in regard to: (a) Tyres; (b) Clutch; (c) Radiator; (d) Air Filter; (e) Springs; (f) Greasing; (g) Oil; (h) Battery; (i) Petrol System; (j) Canopy.

(5)

What are the possible reasons for a sudden decrease in the mileage performed per gallon of petrol and oil or one or the other, in mechanical transport?

(6)

What are the symptoms of the need in a motor cycle for a general overhaul?

(7)

What risks are involved in riding a motor cycle after a long trip through a river and what precautions are possible if the necessity is unavoidable?

### GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

Time: 1½ hours.]

Note.—Questions 1 to 3 inclusive: These questions must be answered. Questions 4 to 7 inclusive: Any two of these questions may be answered.

(1)

(a) Who commanded the British South Africa Company's Police when they were acting as the protective troops to the Pioneer Column, when they first entered the Colony now known as Southern Rhodesia?

(b) In what year did the Column enter Southern Rhodesia?

(c) Where did the Column enter Southern Rhodesia?

(d) Write, in a few sentences only, what you know of the Jameson Raid.

(2)

The following are famous names in the history of the Colony. Who were they and for what are they famous? (Long answers are not required—be concise.): (i) Rhodes; (ii) Coghlan; (iii) Allan Wilson; (iv) Blatherwick; (v) General Edwards; (vi) Beit; (vii) Mother Patrick; (viii) Bodle; (ix) Frank Johnson; (x) Huggins.

(3)

(a) What Political Party is at present in power in the Colony?

(b) Which are the two parties in the Opposition?

(c) Which Political Party is in power in the Union?

(d) Are Indians permitted to vote in the Union and Southern Rhodesia?

(4)

What Nations are Members of the British Commonwealth (recently termed on occasions "The Commonwealth")? What is the Capital Town of each?

(5)

(a) What is the largest river south of the Zambesi in Southern Africa?

(b) Does the Sabi River (the Southern Rhodesia Sabi) flow into the Indian Ocean direct, or does it first join up with the Limpopo?

(c) Which is the longest river in Africa?

(d) Which is the largest river in Rhodesia?

(e) Which is the largest town in Africa?

(f) What is "The Rand"?

(6)

In which Police Districts are the following stations: Karoi, Macheke, Mphoengs, Gokwe, Belingwe, Chikimanzi, Headlands, West Nicholson, Battlefields, Mashaba?

(7)

What Towns or Fiscal Districts do the following letters on motor vehicles represent: J; Q; V; TJ; U; N; G; ND; H; CA?

### INTERIOR ECONOMY

Time: 1½ hours.]

Note.—Questions 1 to 3 inclusive: These questions must be answered. Questions 4 to 7 inclusive: Any two of these questions may be answered.

(1)

What instructions are laid down in regard to the recording of movable assets on inventory charge and what is the procedure in regard to replacing and boarding of such items?

(2)

What is the object of the B.S.A. African Police Benevolent Fund and how does it operate?

(3)

Detail the procedure for demanding the following stores: (a) Expendable; (b) Stationery; (c) Kit on repayment.

(4)

What are the scales of rations for: (a) Riding horses? (b) Pack horses? (c) Pack donkeys? (d) Mules? (e) Oxen?

Under what conditions and to what extent may these scales be exceeded or modified?

(5)

What steps would you take as member i/c. of a station or sub-station to economise in the use of Government stationery?

(6)

What instructions are laid down in regard to the care, maintenance and repairs of Corps refrigerators?

(7)

What are your duties as member i/c. of a station in regard to the replacement of your African Police kit and equipment. How and when are replacements effected?



## ESSAY

Time: 1 hour.]

All members of the Force, both European and African, are encouraged to take part in all forms of sport.

Discuss the value of this both to the individual member of the Force and to the Police Force as a whole.

## ANIMAL MANAGEMENT AND VETERINARY

Time: 1½ hours.]

Note.—Questions 1 to 3 inclusive: These questions must be answered. Questions 4 to 7 inclusive: Any two of these questions may be answered.

(1)

Enumerate the points to which special attention should be paid when examining a newly shod horse.

(2)

What are the faults in saddling a horse which are normally classified as "bad saddling."

(3)

Describe the symptoms and treatment of the following: (a) Worms; (b) Horsickness; (c) Cracked Heels; (d) Treads.

(4)

What do you understand by the following terms: (a) Race; (b) Blaze; (c) Zebra Marks; (d) Roach back?

(5)

What are the characteristics of good maize and how much per day should be issued to a horse on full duty?

(6)

How would you best detect lameness in a horse?

(7)

Enumerate briefly the appearance of a horse in good health.

## SO YOU WANT TO GET MARRIED?

(Continued from page 25)

everyone has diamonds; why not something distinctive like a moonstone or that pretty ring your grandmother left you. Your first lovers' tiff will ensue and perhaps you will compromise eventually with something from that South African firm, whose advertisements we see everywhere, which all her friends will value at £70 but really cost only thirty shillings.

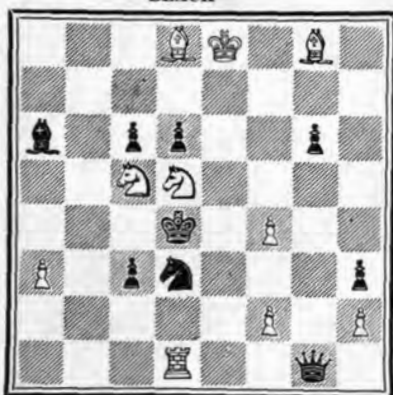
The news that the world has awaited is despatched forthwith to *The Bulawayo Chronicle* whose gratitude is not so unalloyed as to prevent your receiving an account at so much per line; the announcement duly appears next Saturday (extra charge for the weekly edition) and, you dearly hope, the other predatory but wisely annotating Policemen erase the lady's name from their list of eligibles. You are now what is known as a Fiance, a title you will find, which raises you to the status of the utmost desirability in the eyes of every other little girl in the world who never cared a rap for you in the days when you were foot-loose and fiancée-free.

You are an engaged man—a fiance; there has been a complete reversal of your former condition. Whereas then you might not be seen too often with your own fountain of joy, now it would be unseemly and looked at askance to be seen with anyone else. This comes cruelly at a time when the others seem suddenly to find you so interesting. But more later of the difficulties and proprieties of the engaged state, for now you have another hurdle to face, the greatest yet: the decisive step is before you. And now is the time. . . .

(To be continued.)

[What is this great hurdle? How can it be cleared? Will you succeed or will you fail in this searching test? See next month's *Outpost* for another thrilling instalment of "So You Want to Get Married?"]

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PROBLEM

No. 75

White mates in  
3 moves.Key move on  
Page 39

## MUSIC

"I don't know what to think of you, Cohen. You bought a piano the other day on the instalment plan and paid a pound down, and the next week you let them take the piano away from you. What kind of business do you call that?"

"Vell, it cost them two pounds to move it," said Cohen.

"But what do you make out of it?"

"I make a pound. My son moved it."



"Poor old Jones—he's always getting tickets."

(J.M. Todd)



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# The Last of the Rebellion

IN 1906 I was Corporal in charge of Mazoe Station, B.S.A.P. The Native Commissioner was Mr. E. T. Kenny, one of the best native administrators ever. One day Mr. Kenny mentioned to me that "the last of the Rebellion murderers," as he described him, was still at large, hanging out in the hills beyond the Mfurudzi River.

All the Rebellion murderers had been pardoned, but this old chap, Zuda by name, was apparently unaware of the fact. He had been living as an outlaw, with a few of his followers, since 1896 or 1897. He was a Chief in his own right and had considerable influence over all his people still in that area. All we had against him was non-payment of tax for the ten years or so that had elapsed since taxes had been imposed.

Mr. Kenny said he had tried to contact Zuda but had so far not been able to do so as, he said, even his messengers were afraid of the old man. I told him I would like to try to bring him in and Mr. Kenny remarked it would be a feather in my cap if I could do so. He also said that from reports he had received, the gang were armed.

After a lot of inquiries I found that the acting sub-chief was very jealous of Zuda's power and undoubtedly would like to see him "put away." After a lot of persuasion (even at pistol point on one occasion), he agreed to guide me to the "lay-out." He was a rat of a man and tried several times to back out. I promised that the moment he showed me the place he would be free to clear off.

As I was likely to be away from my station for some time on the job, I advised headquarters, giving particulars of the case. Imagine my surprise when a few days later three European and twenty Native Police arrived to accompany me on the patrol. I had not asked for, or wanted, this as I had intended doing the job as quietly as possible. However, there is was and I had to alter plans.

I set out one night, accompanied by Troopers Stanley Howard (afterwards Sir Stanley Howard of the Indian Woods and Forests), Hull and Rumble, 25 Native Police, including my own Native Corporal, and a Messenger from the Native Department. We travelled by night and lay up in the bush during the day for three days. On the third night the guide informed me that we were within a trek of Zuda's lair. He was very nervous and it required the persuasion already mentioned to get him to accompany me any further. He again got me to promise to let him decamp as soon as the lair was sighted. To this I again agreed, but warned him that in the event of any "double-crossing" he would be in trouble.

I went on by myself with the Native Corporal, the Native Messenger and, of course, the reluctant guide, leaving the remainder of the patrol to follow later when I sent back for them. I had instructed the Native Corporal and Native Messenger that in the event of anything happening to me they were to return to the patrol and inform them. We travelled on foot all night and it was nearing dawn when, after climbing the side of a mountain, the guide pointed and said, "That is the place." I could dimly discern the outline of a pole kraal and some huts in the enclosure. The guide hardly waited for my permission before scuttling down the hill like the rat he was.

By CHAS.  
WILSON

## Murderers

I instructed the Native Corporal and Native Messenger to go round to the opposite side of the kraal and in the event of my shouting or shooting they were to make as much noise as possible. I then approached the entrance to the pole enclosure. I may mention I had a couple of revolvers strapped to my waist and a pair of handcuffs hanging to my belt. I peered inside the enclosure but could not see any movement, only a dying fire. There seemed to be about half-a-dozen huts with no sign of life.

I shouted, first in English and then in Chisona, "Are you there, Zuda?" I repeated it several times before I heard the sounds of someone stirring. Then, speaking in Chisona, I said, "If Zuda is there let him come out and give himself up. The kraal is surrounded by Police and he can't get away. His crimes have been pardoned and all I want him to do is to come in and live like a human being and not an animal. I promise him nothing will happen to him except he will have to pay the Government taxes."

There was no answer for a time, but eventually I saw the dim outline of a figure approaching slowly towards the entrance.

During this period I experienced, for the first time, that awful feeling of having no "guts." I fully expected him to be blown away by a "pot-leg," but that had not yet occurred. I was to experience the same feeling often during the 1914-1918 War when waiting to "go over the top," but that was the first time.

At last the figure was close and I could see he had no gun. "Are you Zuda?" I inquired. "Yes," came the answer. "Then put your hands through here," I said, pushing the poles aside. He did so and I clicked the handcuffs on. I drew him through the poles. He was a splendid specimen of a man, over six feet in height, and I think the finest Mashona I had ever seen. I felt almost a pigmy beside him.

I called out and the Police boys came around. Zuda looked at them, then at me, and then further afield. "Where are all the Police?" he asked. "They are close," I replied. We searched the huts but only found a couple of old "Tower" muskets. Some half-a-dozen men also appeared and when I inquired from Zuda where the remainder of his gang were he told me they were all away hunting, or visiting, so perhaps my luck was in! (About 20 later gave themselves up and handed in their guns.)

We went down the hill to a village and after a drink of beer I had a mat laid down and sank into a well-deserved sleep. When I woke up the patrol had arrived. By now I had a big family to feed, so decided to go out in search of meat. I was accompanied by the Native Messenger and in following the spoor of some kudu I ran into a charging elephant which I managed to drop at about twenty yards, but as the true scribe would say, "That's another story." Anyhow, they had their meat. I often wonder if Stanley Howard ever regretted not going out to photograph the "rabbit" I told him I'd shot.

I might only add that Zuda paid his fines and became a really useful member of the community.

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# Those were the Days By MUVIMI



THE war was over, gratuity all gone, most of it down the drain: there seemed to be no prospects of a decent job, despite pushing a decrepit cycle half-way round England in search of one, and so in desperation to London Wall, where an interview with Colonel Bodle, plus a medical examination by one of the rudest M.O.s I have ever met, resulted in my becoming No. —, Trooper —, British South Africa Police. At that time the main requirements appeared to be that one should be the son of a gentleman, and able to ride and shoot.

That, alas, was a long time ago; when I say "alas," it is not with regret at the step then taken, but regret that the time has come to say good-bye to all that, and to leave the younger generation to carry on, under very different conditions from those obtaining in the dark ages of circa 1919. Many changes have come about since that time, some for the better, some for the worse, and it may be of interest to those who follow on to learn something of conditions and work in the Force in those days.

First of all Depot, of which all will have memories; of varying degrees of hard work, discomfort and, in those days, I fear, hard drinking on the part of some when a double dop (Cape brandy) and ginger ale cost only ninepence at the "rat-pit," as the so-called canteen was then known. There old-timers, some of them wearing South African War medal ribands, appeared to us as we no doubt appear to the new generation, who doubtless look askance at our modest Mons Star and Mutt and Jeff, comparing them with the blaze of glory they show with Africa Stars, Burma Stars and other colourful reminders of the last war. Such types as Dodger, Lofty, Paddy, Hughie and others come to mind; they have all of them retired long since, and some have gone to happier hunting grounds.

After a hot, dusty journey, six in a compartment, we were driven from the railway station to Depot in a mule wagon behind a team of six mules; the wagon had obviously been used in Depot for less salubrious purposes and had not been cleaned, a fact which formed the subject of adverse comment later. Diamond drove us, as only a Cape Coloured can drive mules. He drove for many years afterwards, since even a Land Rover is not quite at home with a hay mower.

Depot in those days was not a place of bedside mats, occasional tables, wardrobes and other home comforts. We had a bed, soldier's, common, and mattresses, sets of three, commonly known as biscuits, and just as hard. There was a shelf on which to display our kit, and a rack on which to hang a saddle. That was all, apart from a couple of forms, soldier's, four foot. The barrack room was built of corrugated iron with a wooden lining and a brick floor full of holes. No Regimental Institute in those days, nor any Recreation Room, nor was it possible to get a hot bath. In fact, a cold one was difficult to come by at times, since the Depot water supply was always getting out of order, and the horses had to have water, whoever else went short. Nor, of course, did we have anything "sissy" like sheets, pillows or pillow-cases, unless we purchased them. Perhaps you can imagine

the dismay with which one of the remaining men of that period received an order from a Commandant, Depot, of these latter days to see that blankets, sheets, pillows and pillow-cases were drawn from Ordnance and beds made up for a batch of recruits, as they would no doubt be tired after their journey from the Cape. Shades of Jimmy Batherwick! It's a wonder his memorial did not rear up in protest. Feeding was done by a contractor, and the food was dreadful, until something in the nature of a strike took place when that matter, with others, was attended to.

Depot routine in those days consisted almost entirely of military training of one sort or another, since at that time we were proud to be described as the first line of defence of the Colony, as in fact we were. We were supposed to learn a certain amount of law and Police duties, but as learning these consisted chiefly of listening to the tall stories of the humourist who took the lectures, only those who wished to learn did so. In any event, none of us had any idea of what a Charge Office looked like, nor any of the records kept on a Police Station, and you may imagine the dismay with which the writer, for one, gazed at the books with which he was expected to cope on taking over a small outstation shortly after leaving Depot. Records were perhaps not quite so numerous in those days, but there were some, and to tackle them without knowing anything at all about them was somewhat of a problem.

The day invariably started with a mounted parade, and before that a parade at the "rat-pit" for such as could not face an hour or so on an empty stomach before breakfast. As remarked, a double-dop and ginger cost only ninepence, and it did keep body and soul together. This latter parade, I need hardly say, was entirely unofficial, and was, of course, in the dark, since we started very early in those days.

After breakfast would come a stable parade, when we groomed horses for an hour. A lecture of some sort would follow, and then foot drill, always for some reason or other at the hottest time of the day; musketry and other subjects carried us on until the day ended with another hour's grooming. The favourite lecture was, I think, Sergeant-Major Ashwin's lecture on Animal Management. 'Enry, as he was affectionately known, was one of the best men I have ever seen at handling a horse and one of the most likeable characters in the Force. The wildest brute seemed to become docile when 'Enry spoke to him.

'Enry, God rest his soul, has left us, and the day before his death was engaged in teaching youngsters to ride; if he has had his deserts he is no doubt in charge of the stables where are kept the horses which draw those fiery chariots.

Our pay in those days was 5/- (five shillings, if you can't believe your eyes) per diem, plus 1/6 per diem ration allowance. This did not leave very much by the time the messing was paid, a share of a boy paid for, and enough cleaning material bought to keep kit and equipment up to the standard demanded. Living costs were, of course, cheaper, but we were still miserably underpaid compared with other branches of the Service. The apparently generous

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## News at the Breakfast Table

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A new and unusual export will shortly set out on its maiden voyage to the United States of America from a 500-year-old house at Plymouth, Devon, where Pilgrim Fathers slept the night before the "Mayflower" set sail. It is a hand-made family cocktail bar fashioned out of centuries-old teak and mahogany barrels. These barrels once held the rum and wine rations for the sailors of Britain's "wooden wall" battleships. The bar is manufactured by S. J. Lethbridge (Plymouth), Ltd., and will be shown at this year's British Industries Fair. Mr. Lethbridge, Jr., director of the firm, has pointed out that "a family cocktail bar with a history is something quite new. They are antiques, hand-made, and every piece has its own exclusive history."

leave conditions were nothing but a bad joke, since very few could afford to go home after their first three years.

There were very few buildings then between Depot and Town, and generally one walked down when granted a pass. It was quite a walk, dressed up in tunic with high collar, riding breeches, puttees and spurs. A winding kaffir path through long grass took one most of the way to the Commercial (now the Grand), which was the favourite pub when there was a shilling to spare for a beer in comparative comfort. Coming back, there were 'rickshas available, if a couple of bob happened to be left over. Not many played the dirty trick played by one fellow, who took a 'ricksha and gave the boy a note which purported to be an I.O.U. for the fare, but which on examination proved to be a request to the reader to kick this so-and-so's behind.

A very high standard of discipline was expected and maintained, and most mornings some one or other was up for Orderly Room. During my term we had one Identification Parade when some of the lads had beaten up a pub, but the barmaid, one of the best, failed to identify anybody as being one of the participants in that evening's fun.

Patrolling as a Troop, or Column, as it was called for some reason, was fun, when a troop would go off and patrol one or other of the Native Reserves. Quite good training for patrols to come, when the horse had to be properly cared for.

After six months or so, passing out examinations and parades were held, and off we went to Districts, to take up duties as a Policeman, no doubt many of us with ideas of bringing law and order into the remote parts of this outpost of the Empire, and keen to see something of the veld we had heard so much about from old hands.

(To be continued.)

#### KEY MOVE TO OUTPOST CHESS PROBLEM No. 75

1. Q x P, K x Kt; 2. Q x P ch. etc.
- If 1... B P x Kt; 2. Q-K 4 ch. etc.
- If 1... Q P x Kt; 2. B-B 6 ch. etc.
- If 1... B-B 5; 2. Kt-K 6 ch. etc.
- If 1... P-B 7; 2. Kt-K 3 ch. etc.
- If 1... K-B 5; 2. Q x Kt ch. etc.

## A New Use for Thumbprints

CROOKS will not willingly leave their fingerprints—not even invisible ones.

Several thousand businessmen throughout the country now are using that two-edged weapon—psychology and the invisible fingerprint—in an extremely successful battle against forgery, a 300 million dollar annual drain on American business.

This is how the system works: A stranger seeking to cash a cheque is asked to put his thumb-print in invisible ink on the back of the cheque. If the cheque clears, the print remains invisible. But if the cheque "bounces" it is sent to the office of the Canler Corporation and developed by a special solution into a visible print. The resulting visible print is positive identification which can be checked against local police files or the more than 112 million prints in the F.B.I. files at Washington.

So successful has the system been in discouraging forgeries, said J. W. Field, spokesman for the corporation, that it has not yet been necessary to refer a print to the F.B.I.

Field said that of the millions of cheques cashed under the invisible print system, only 20 true forgeries occurred. Identification was established through local Police files and 15 arrests have been made so far.

By far, the bulk of the bad cheques are for reasons of insufficient funds or closed accounts.

The invisible fingerprinting service is the brain-child of Elwood Brooks, President of the Central Bank and Trust Company of Denver and forger official of the American Bankers' Association.

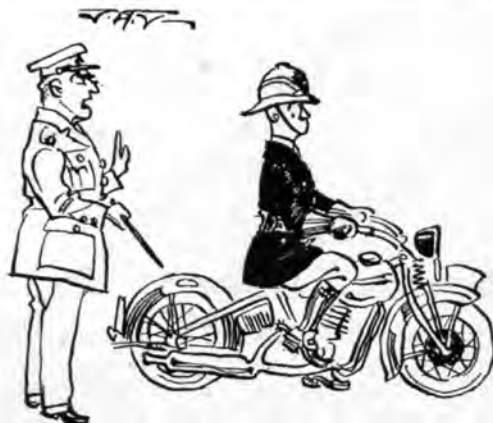
Brooks figured it was costing his bank three dollars for the special handling of each bad cheque required. With a group of business associates, he organised the Canler Corporation in Denver two and a half years ago as distributor for the service.

The corporation, now headquartered in Chicago, supplies stamping devices, invisible ink and developing fluid. The service also includes handling of bad cheques and collection attempts. The corporation says it has 4,000 clients in 28 States.

Field thinks the system would halt election frauds and is trying to interest several cities. Under the system a voter would have a fingerprint on his permanent registration card and would leave another for comparative purposes when he gets his ballot.

Morris H. Kilmnick, President of the Chicago Currency Exchange Association, said the biggest value of the system in his line was in discouraging forgeries.

"Criminals just do not want to leave their mark," he said.—(Canadian Police Gazette.)



"It's no use being sentimental—your spurs must go too."

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# SONS OF SHEBA

## Notes on the Northern Frontier District Armed Constabulary of Kenya (Disbanded)

UNTIL the famous corps was disbanded some years ago to give place to detachments of the Kenya Police, which, in the writer's poor opinion, were most unsuited to the work in districts quite foreign to their upbringing, the Northern Frontier District Armed Constabulary were probably one of the most efficient of the Commonwealth's smaller Police Forces.

Consisting of a few hundreds of Somalis, the Force operated in the country bounded on the north by the borders of Abyssinia (Headquarters, Moyale), to the east by the Juba River, dividing Italian Somaliland from Kenya (Serenli, Headquarters), the central district of Wajir, to the south the boundary was the river Uaso Nyero flowing more or less from west to east (Headquarters, Archer's Post), and to the west the district was bordered by the land of the warlike and treacherous Turkana, a vast area for so small a Force. Marsabit was the headquarters to the west, while Moyale was the seat of the Provincial Commissioner in charge of the whole district, with his District Commissioners and their Assistants situated at the bomas mentioned above.

The District Commissioners knew little or nothing about actual Police methods, although some of them had served with the King's African Rifles during World War I. In their courts they followed the Indian Penal Code, actually by having a volume of that law in their bookshelves, for the wild Somali nomads who roamed the N.F.D. had to be ruled more by force of circumstance than by the letter of the law, and right well did the D.C.s do their job.

Except for a few N.C.O.s, who were Sudanese from Khartoum, or Nairobi-born, the Constables were recruited from the Ogaden tribe of Somalis from Berbera on the coast of British Somaliland, speaking the same Somali tongue as the tribes in the N.F.D., also the lingua franca of the country, a bastard Ki-Swahili; many of them also learnt to speak Boran and Amharic, not to mention a crude Arabic and other dialects.

Many Somalis from Berbera were to be found in Kismayu where they traded or dealt in stock probably to cover other illegal but advantageous activities. Many of these were enlisted into the Police as vacancies occurred, when it was a case of "set a thief to catch a thief."

They signed on for three years, and right well did they do their work, and rarely indeed was there any lapse in discipline, whilst their loyalty and devotion to duty was beyond compare as will be seen later in this article.

One school of thought is of the opinion that the Somalis are descendants of the Queen of Sheba. It might be remembered that the Queen of Sheba left Abyssinia to pay a visit to King Solomon in Jerusalem, taking with her much treasure said to have been garnered from what is now the Rhodesias.

King Solomon fell in love with the Queen, but she refused to marry him, and in due course returned to her own land. Later she gave birth to a son

(sic) whom she named Somali. In turn, Somali had two sons whom he named Isaac and Herti, and from Somali originated the Somali Race with the two main branches, the Isaac and Herti Somalis, for the two brothers quarrelled and separated to different parts of Eastern Africa.

The Somali is a most courageous, cunning, unscrupulous and fanatical Mohammedan. He is loyal to his salt (as long as he considers it necessary); he is a fine shot and horseman, and can undergo great privations, while he is haughty and aloof, and considers it a deadly insult to be called a "Kaffir."

They are a straight-haired race with thin lips and straight nose; in colour they range from nearly black to a bright red!

In their natural environment they wear their hair frizzed out into a halo, through which is stuck a thin pencil-shaped piece of wood used to chase away insects which become too venturesome.

As clothing they wear a length of white cotton material which they wrap round their waists to hang knee-length or a little lower; this is belted with a wide leather belt to which is fastened a sheathed, wide bladed, ivory handled knife. The remainder of the cloth is wound round the body and thrown over the left shoulder. In fact, the dress is an exact replica of the old Great Kilt of the Scottish Highlanders.

For arms they carry one or two broad-bladed spears, a bow and quiver of arrows, and a rounded shield of camel's hide. They rarely carry 'kerries, but sometimes a crude tomahawk is seen.

Hanging to the left arm is a carved wooden "pillow," which has a curved top to fit the neck, two short legs which are fastened to a narrow base. This they stand on the ground for a neck and head rest.

Over the right shoulder is carried an embroidered cotton bag in which is a kibuyu with a small quantity of drinking water. The kibuyu is a calabash from which the seeds and interior pulp have been removed by drying and shaking out. They obtain a high and delightful mahogany polish and last for years.

Camel-hide sandals complete the outfit.

When the Somali recruit has been found to be suitable for enlistment he was issued with two suits of khaki, low necked, short-sleeved jumpers and shorts, a small round khaki pill-box and a tall red tarboosh. Two pairs of blue puttees, a white cotton "murduff" shirt for fatigue work and a blue or grey woollen jersey with wide leather pads on the shoulders.

As well he was given a Lee-Metford (long) rifle, a short bayonet, a brass buckled leather waist belt, and a bandolier to take clips of cartridges; also fifty rounds of ball cartridge. A sheathed "panga" completed the outfit, apart from buttons and badges. The small kit was as usual.

The panga was a kind of short sword wide bladed and strong, which was used for everything and anything, from shaving to hewing a path through thick bush; indeed a most useful implement and weapon.

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Many of these recruits had served previously in one of another of the K.A.R. Battalions, therefore there was no need for any recruits' training as to drill, discipline or musketry, for rarely indeed was a "raw" native enlisted except as temporary member of the C.I.D. They had to learn Ki-Swahili if they did not already know sufficient, and as Somalis are all "brothers," they soon fell into line. There was a mule and saddlery when required, good pay of fifteen or so rupees a month, accommodation for their wives and good rations. What more could they want? Always, also, the chance of a fight with ivory poachers of Shifta gangs from across the borders from Abyssinia, whose breath of life was raiding on the British side of the frontiers.

As for Police training, the least said the better, for there was none, most of the Constables knowing by grim past experience as much as the D.C. did about the law of the land, and poaching in particular.

From 50 to 100 N.C.O.s and constables were posted to each boma, where they held daily parades, prison guards and escorts, and did fatigues. They prayed and danced at night, and went on long and arduous lone patrols which they thoroughly enjoyed.

Each boma boasted of a mud fort of sorts and a few grass or stone buildings surrounded by wire or wait-a-bit thorn. The only Europeans being the District Commissioner and the K.A.R. Officer-in-Charge of the detachment of Askaris. The former was in charge of the Civil Administration of the district and could call on the military, while the K.A.R. were merely for defensive purposes. In times of "alarm," the Police came under the military command and fought as Askaris and scouts. A simple and efficient method of co-operation.

The fortnightly mail, and important despatches between bomas, were carried out by mule mounted Police, while ordinary runners were hired "rhyia" (raw Somali natives). Nothing was more care-free than a "happy" boma where the D.C. and K.A.R. officer were pals, and the Police and Askaris got on well together, but, alas, there were some outposts where the civil and military heads held aloof and would not even speak to each other, a grim state of stupid intolerance when in the Outposts of Empire, where two white men, looked up to and relied upon by their African men, behaved in so childish a manner, which was quite obvious to and echoed by their commands.

It might be of interest to note in passing that during the five years the writer had the honour of close contact with the N.F.D.A.C., he came across not one case of a Constable having to be brought up for any lapse of discipline. That says a great deal when the impulsiveness and the wild fanatical outlook of the Somali is considered. Alas, such cannot be said as regards the records of Somali Askaris in the K.A.R., who sometimes murdered their officers in out-of-the-way bomas, then deserted with loot and arms across the Italian borders.

Although completely untrained in the detection of crime, the Constables showed great resource and courage, not to mention initiative in "getting their man."

The wily Somali tribesmen used to poach ivory in places such as the Lorian Swamp, where huge tuskers roamed. If caught, the poachers were sentenced to six months in the gaol, but if successful with their bows and poisoned arrows, the tusks ultimately reached the Italian side of the border. The usual method of

circumventing and arresting these poachers was as follows:—

There was generally a store of ivory in the civil stores in the bomas, tusks which had been brought in by natives and for which a reward of one tusk, which had been officially stamped with a steel punch, was given, such tusk becoming the property of the finder and could be disposed of by him, or, the value of the tusk was paid him, together with half that of the second tusk, in hard cash. Some of these tusks were unstamped for obvious reasons as will be seen.

"Grape-vine" news used to filter through to the boma that a certain poacher was at work in the district. The D.C. then called for a volunteer, one of the Constables, unknown to the natives of the outlying parts of the district. This volunteer was given an unbranded camel, and an unstamped tusk or two. With his rifle and ammunition hidden in the camel's pack, he would don "rhyia" dress of cloth and arm himself with native weapons. As some of the natives wore shaven heads, as did the Askaris, there was no trouble of his not being a fuzzy-wuzzy.

With the camel loaded with his bedding and tusks, a little water and no food, for he would live on the country, he would just vanish into the blue. Perhaps weeks would pass without sign of the man, when one day he would be seen nonchalantly leading his camel towards the boma, while roped to the camel's side and trudging along quite happily, chatting to his captor, would be the wanted poacher.

For days probably the Constable in disguise had peddled his borrowed tusks from manyatta (village) to village attempting to sell them cheaply. At last his patience would be rewarded and after being questioned as to where he came from and so on, a Somali would enter negotiations to buy the tusks, or perhaps offer a tusk or two for sale on his side. The bargain would be concluded, when the disguised constable would make some excuse to lead the man a slight distance from the village. He was then arrested, handcuffed and brought in. In most cases the prisoner just shrugged and put it down to a case of as "Allah wills," and bore the Constable no malice, but sometimes the Constable went out and never returned!

Many a tribal rising, which might have led to a "young" war has been averted and nipped in the bud by the skill of a single Police patrol, on whose information the D.C. has acted and imprisoned the conspirators before their plans could mature. Small wars are never popular with the Government, and disturbances among the tribes are frowned upon, and the D.C. "warned" if many such occur in his district.

A Police Corporal and two or three mounted Constables used to depart on frontier, or "manyatta" patrol from time to time, patrols which lasted from a few days to a few weeks. On one occasion one Somali Corporal arrived with three Constables at a village, where a Shifta raid had taken place a few hours previously. The huts were burned, cattle looted and women taken prisoner. The outlaws had vanished.

The Corporal took his patrol on the spoor, which he traced to the borders of Abyssinia; not a whit dismayed he calmly crossed over into forbidden territory, tracked the marauders to their night's camp, made his plans, and was successful in driving off the stolen cattle (and more), rescuing most of the prisoners and fighting a successful rearguard action against odds back to the border. Naturally his initiative and cour-

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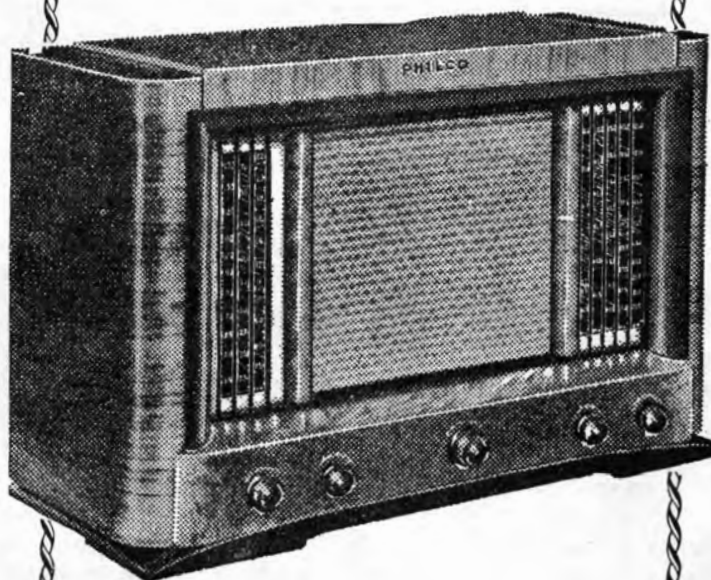
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age earned him his reward, while Addis Ababa, although bleating over the crossing of the border, could say nothing.

Before the time motor cars had invaded the secure privacy of the "nyika" (bundu), the mail, as mentioned was fetched by either a lone Askari of the Police, or a native, from Archer's Post to Wajir. The mail generally got through, in spite of swollen rivers, crocodile infested, man-eating lions which roamed the countryside, and other perils of the "nyika," not to forget charging rogue elephants and poisonous snakes. Sometimes a wearied camel would return with mail bags strapped on its back, but without its human escort! Was it a river in spate, or a voracious man-eater that caused his disappearance? or the quick stab in the back by an enemy? Who could tell, but still another name was added to the Roll of Honour, and the next-of-kin sympathised with and re-imbursed for their loss, for such is the way of the wild.

Lone Police patrols had much to contend with, for the frontiers were the happy hunting grounds of the Tigre Shifta gangs as mentioned before. These bands owned to no master except their own immediate chief, and their habits with prisoners were crude, very crude, also most painful, the results of which the writer has seen hanging from branches of trees in isolated glades. A stomach being ripped open when the victim was still alive and the cavity filled with thorn and sand was a favourite practice, but mutilation in its various nasty forms always followed. The Shiftas could even give points to the Red Indians in their methods of torture, and they expected no more if captured themselves. It was extraordinary how few Shifta prisoners ever reached a boma for trial and sentence!

Such in brief is a kaleidoscope in the history of a member of the N.F.D.C., which might be of interest to those Policemen, both past and present, who have spent and are spending the best parts of their lives in the "blue," fortunately, however, these days not such a wild bundu as it used to be, although dangers still lurk in the most unexpected of places. The word pictures show how a band of more or less raw, fanatical Africans can rise to sublime heights of duty to those they serve, caring not for personal danger or hardship. They knew what was before them when they enlisted, and with open eyes signed on the dotted line, for, after all, war and fighting is inherent in the Somali upbringing, while he will

## British "Meteors" for the World



Large orders for British aircraft have been received by the Gloster Aircraft Ltd., from Belgium, Holland and Egypt. Among the many planes ordered are "Meteors" which are intended to be used for both operational and training duties. The "Meteor" Mark 8 is the latest and most improved version. The "Meteor" Mark 4, which has been ordered by the Danish Air Force, is a single-seater fighter which has the same performance as the "Meteor" Mark 7, which is used for jet conversional and high-speed navigational training. This picture shows a typical scene at the Gloster Aircraft Co.'s flight test aerodrome at Moreton Valence, showing, right to left: the "Meteor" Mark 4 for the Egyptian Air Force; a "Meteor" Mark 4 for the Danish Air Force; and a "Meteor" Mark 7 trainer for the British Royal Air Force.

face man or charging lion with nothing more than a spear and shield, for whatever others might say to the contrary, the Somalis—sons of Sheba—are men of great courage, and when treated justly, the most devoted of servants.

## GUIDE TO LONDON

Five years ago Dorothy Giles was crossing Trafalgar Square in London when a bewildered American soldier asked her if Nelson's monument was there, as he had spent half an hour in vainly looking for it. Miss Giles took him across the road and pointed out the column, more than one hundred and fifty feet high, with Lord Nelson standing majestically on top. "Well, what do you know?" said the American, more bewildered than ever. "The greatest guy in the British Navy and you stick him up on a pole where no one can see him."—(Miss Giles in a B.B.C. Programme.)

Men like you for what they think you are;  
women like you for what you think they are.

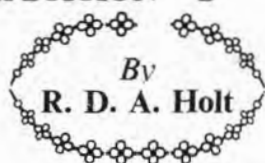
Drinking does not drown sorrow: it only irrigates it.



"I hope you're keeping your eye on that fellow, Miss Williams."

## 2nd PRIZE—MARCH COMPETITION "B"

## THE



## ARREST

THE African moon, brilliantly golden, hung low in the eastern sky like a gigantic saucer. The mystery of the unknown infused every tree and shrub and each black shadow held a possible lurking place for the prowlers of the night. A glimmer of flickering firelight was twinkling through the trees from a small clearing beneath the gaunt form of a baobab.

The body of a man lay full length on the ground wrapped in a saddle blanket, his head pillowed on a rolled-up greatcoat. The brass buttons glittered. His bush hat lay over his face and the deep rise and fall of his chest told the silent watcher that he was in a deep sleep. He knew that the Trooper had ridden many weary miles that day. He also knew that when a man sleeps in the bush, one ear remains alert to catch the sound of approaching danger. He would have to be careful; the slightest crack of a dry twig or the crunch of a brown leaf underfoot would bring the sleeper to instant wakefulness.

His father had told him tales of the "Majonnies" on patrol, of how they carried a rifle and a smaller weapon usually kept hidden somewhere on their person. He wondered where this small gun of the Trooper's lay hidden now; probably under the greatcoat by his head. He looked for the rifle and saw it leaning against the grey bark of the baobab, just visible in the moonlight. He cast his eyes round the slumbering camp. On the left by the msasa tree was the dark form of the "Majonnie's" horse, its head hung low and the gentle swish of the tail from side to side told its own story. His eyes moved and came to rest on the form of another man, curled beside the glowing embers of a dying fire. The face was towards the glow and by its light the silent watcher could make out the bronzed features of one of his own black brethren.

"Swines," he thought; "even the black turns against black these days." Nevertheless, he respected these African Policemen, for on many occasions he had learnt by bitter experience to avoid them as he avoided the coiled viper on the forest path.

He sighed as he crouched lower behind the bush, his brown skin melting into the dark shadows until he was invisible. Only the whites of his eyes would betray him.

The Trooper lay like a log. He surveyed the scene from beneath the brim of his bush hat; he knew he would have to wait a long time before his man made the first move. There was no movement but the gentle sighing of the leaves, stirred by the warm night air. No sound broke the silence as the moon climbed high in an arc across the star-sprinkled sky. He watched the smoke of his small fire rise up in a greyish plume, wafted gracefully from side to side by the light breeze, to be lost in the vastness of the roof above. His chest rose and fell in slow steady movements, and his lungs ached with prolonged breath control. He seemed to have been lying there for hours, his body numb through lack of movement. He longed to stretch his legs, roll over, spread his arms sideways and breathe deeply and quickly. He hoped that it would not be long before things began to happen.

The deep roar of a lion shattered the silence, and an answering cough came from higher up the valley. Two tawny cats were out to kill. The echoing roars died away and silence rained down again, with the gentle crackle of burning wood the only sign of life.

The lions were up wind and would not get the scent of the horse, for which the Trooper was thankful. He clutched the cold steel butt of his automatic pistol.

The watching man cursed his luck. The roar of the lions in the valley would have disturbed the sleeping "Majonnie." His bad luck he knew was due to the "charm" that lay by the sleeping man's side, its pale green transparent beads twinkling in the firelight. They recalled his dying father's words. And the three aged human knuckle bones that lay in a heap at the bottom—they held the spell that had been passed to him by his father.

His mind went back to the day when his father lay on a reed mat in a dark and close hut, his lips parched and cracked. His mutterings could be heard throughout the kraal. He remembered too the silence and then how the creaking voice had called him to his side, the side of the aged and withered man who had once been the tribe's *muroyi*.

He could still see the figure of his father, twisted with age, his bony hands clasping a necklace of green beads and bones, his voice a mere croak.

"My son, take this charm, it will protect you against evil. Should it fall from your body into the hands of another, you will be taken by the spirits of your forefathers—you will die, my son."

As the last words echoed round the walls of the smoke-blackened hut his father had died. From that day he, the watcher, had worn the charm round his body, until the day he had been careless enough to drop it on the floor of that cursed storekeeper's house. He knew he could evade capture easily. Had not he done so for years? But this time he was not so sure, for his charm was in the hands of the Majonnie and already his imagination made him feel the call of his forefathers.

With eyes fixed on the little heap of glass and bones, he remained in the shadows, silent and watchful for many hours longer. His very being cried out to possess his soul, for to him that charm blessed with the spirits of the past was life itself. He knew he would have to act soon; he wanted to start before the "Majonnie" was awakened by breaking dawn. The moon had already started its slow descent in the western sky.

The snap of a dry twig brought the Trooper's eyes to his left. He dared not move his head and watched with fascination the darkness of the bush from where the sound had come. Yes, there was someone crouched there in the shadows!

Slipping over the safety catch without a sound, his eyes moved for a second from the bush to the heap of coloured glass and bones. He wondered whether the superstitious mind of the native would overcome his fear. Had the position been reversed, he knew



what course his action would have taken. But the native mind, steeped as it is in witchcraft and mysterious cults, unknown customs and legends, would probably over-rule his thoughts of flight until in possession of the charm. His arrest of the accused depended largely on this. There lay Exhibit A, common glass and bones, yet what power it held over one man! The Trooper hoped that by this means he would have the case in court before many more moons.

A faint rustle of grass and the snap of a twig brought his eyes back to the bush. He saw the dark form of a crouching native as he slid into view; his bare feet made no sound on the soft, dusty earth. He moved slowly in the direction of the glittering necklace, his eyes alive with evil and glowering in the firelight. The Trooper could not but admire the man's body, lithe and strong, his broad, powerful shoulders, his loins clothed in a tattered pair of khaki shorts. From an old leather belt around his waist hung a skin sheath and knife.

He was now only a few feet away, his dark arm outstretched, his wiry fingers waiting to clutch the charm—fingers that looked as if they could crush rock. He shuddered as he thought what might happen were they encircling his own throat. He knew he would have to act quickly and hoped that his African Constable had seen the movement and was ready for action as planned.

Tensing his aching body, he waited until the claw-like fingers clutched the necklace. As they did so he sprang and caught the black wrist in a vice-like grip, twisting it unmercifully; at the same time his right hand swept round and he felt the automatic smash into flesh and bone. A spurt of blood shot from the black nose and a horrible oath rent the night. African Constable Tongono had flung himself in the direction of the native, handcuffs ready, at the first movement of the Trooper.

The native fought like a tiger. After the initial surprise had worn off he used his knife with such ferocity that it appalled and sickened the Trooper. The six-inch blade flashed through the air, glinting in the firelight as it swept downwards to bury itself in the forearm of the white man. His arm numbed and useless, the Trooper was forced to let go. He fell to the ground in agony, but at the same time, sweeping his legs round in a wide arc so that the heavy service

boots caught the accused a vicious blow in the stomach. The native staggered backwards, gasping for breath with eyes rolling in pain into the arms of the oncoming African Constable. With arms wrenched behind his back, the cold steel encircled his wrists, biting deep into his flesh. He was thrown to the ground and a short length of reim bound his legs together.

The trussed native's eyes rolled with terror as he sought a way of escape, but he knew his day had come. At last his eyes fell on the innocent heap of beads and bones, and for the second time that June night a savage and horrible oath rent the air.

\* \* \* \*

Three months later he was hanged in the Central Prison, and the murder of Jock Stanley at his store on the night of the 5th January had at last been avenged.

Exhibit A, a string of green glass beads with three aged human knuckle bones, played a strange but important part in the arrest, the spirit of an African legend hidden in its form: to the native, a symbol of power and life; to the whites an insignificant piece of native jewellery. And yet that same necklace had been the cause of an African's death.

The spell cast by the dying father had been fulfilled.

After a christening the proud father asked the minister: "And who do you think he's like?"

To which the minister replied cautiously: "That is difficult to say until intelligence dawns upon that innocent face. At present he is remarkably like both of you."



"Mine, I think."

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## *Culled from Force Orders*

### MEDALS

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

No. 3253, 1/Sergeant Finch, Gwelo District.

### NOTICE

Lower Diploma in Bantu Studies of the University of South Africa

The following candidates satisfied the Examiners at the examinations held in November/December, 1949:—

Shona I: No. 3799, 1/Sergeant Andrew, Gatooma District; 3793, D/1/Sergeant Leaver, C.I.D., Gwelo.

Sindebele I: No. 3860, 1/Sergeant Payne, Salisbury District.

### PROMOTIONS

No. 3323, S/Sub-Inspector Bennett, Pay Branch, to S/Inspector, 1.4.50.

No. 3797, S/1/Sergeant Coulton, Pay Branch, to S/Sub-Inspector, 17.4.50.

No. 3615, S/2/Sergeant Stewart, "Q" Branch, to S/1/Sergeant, 1.4.50.

No. 3213, D/Sub-Inspector Digweed, C.I.D., Gatooma, to D/Inspector, 1.4.50.

No. 3563, D/1/Sergeant Drysdale, C.I.D., Bulawayo, to D/Sub-Inspector, 1.4.50.

No. 3898, D/2/Sergeant Barrowman, C.I.D., Bulawayo, to D/1/Sergeant, 1.4.50.

No. 3857, 2/Sergeant Everitt, Gwelo District, to 1/Sergeant, 1.3.50.

### ATTESTATIONS

For the Duty Branch for three years on 4.4.50:—

No. 4594, Constable Anthony Peter Joseph Ardagh; No. 4595, Constable Michael Norton Brookes; No. 4596, Constable Nelson Howard Graham; No. 4597, Constable Peter Douglas Howard; No. 4598, Constable Bruce John Humpage; No. 4599, Constable Kenneth Archibald Humphreys; No. 4600, Constable Terence John Spong; No. 4601, Constable John Whittaker; No. 4602, Constable John David O'Brien Williams.

### DISCHARGES

No. 3021, C/D/Inspector Maybrook, C.I.D., Salisbury (Town): Retirement on Pension, 23.4.50.

No. 3172, S/Sub-Inspector Booth, Gwelo D.H.Q.: Retirement on Pension, 16.4.50.

### LEAVE PENDING DISCHARGE

No. 3021, C/D/Inspector Maybrook, C.I.D., Salisbury, from 1.8.50 to 26.10.50.

No. 3231, Inspector Aust, Victoria District, from 4.9.50 to 4.3.51.

### DEATH

The Commissioner regrets to announce the death of No. 4425, Trooper Runnalls, Depot, who died at Salisbury of Cerebral Haemorrhage on the 30th April, 1950.

### POLICE RESERVE

#### PROMOTIONS

To 1/Sergeant: No. 549, 2/Sergeant Schwegmann, Bulawayo, 15.4.50; No. 1170, 2/Sergeant Siebert, C.I.D., Bulawayo, Continuous Duty, 1.4.50.

To 2/Sergeant: No. 2807, Constable Masterman, Umniati, 15.4.50; No. 2810, Constable Bester, Umniati, 15.4.50.

### DEATH

The Commissioner regrets to report the death at Bulawayo on 23.4.50 of No. 2454, Constable G. R. Nisbet, of the Que Que Unit.

### DISCHARGES

No. 2551, Constable Hannath, Gwelo, S.N.L.A. (left Colony), 4.4.50; No. 2694, Constable Roberts, Salisbury, S.N.L.A. (leaving Colony), 4.4.50; No. 2183, Constable Robertson, Bulawayo, O.R., 30.4.50; No. 2493, No. 2768, Constable Myers, Gatooma, S.N.L.R., 13.4.50; No. 2355, Constable Guest, Salisbury, S.N.L.A., 11.4.50; No. 2399, Constable Brown, Gwanda, S.N.L.A. (leaving Colony), 14.4.50; No. 678, 1/Sergeant Stericker, Salisbury, O.R., 20.4.50.

### ATTESTATIONS

No. 2829, Constable J. A. Peart, Bulawayo, 1.4.50; No. 2830, Constable N. V. Quin, Salisbury, 28.3.50; No. 2831, Constable G. N. Maccoy, Salisbury, 20.3.50; No. 2832, Constable E. C. W. Hawkey, Salisbury, 31.3.50; No. 2833, Constable F. H. Thompson, Salisbury, 3.4.50; No. 2834, Constable G. F. Perich, Gatooma, 3.4.50; No. 2835, Constable H. I. B. Cary, Gwelo, 11.4.50; No. 2836, Constable V. N. H. Ogilvie, Gwelo, 21.4.50; No. 2837, Constable F. G. H. Simmonds, Salisbury, 13.4.50; No. 2838, Constable J. R. S. Modera, 14.4.50; No. 2839, Constable P. P. Owen, Salisbury, 15.4.50; No. 2840, Constable M. Lemmer, Salisbury, 19.4.50.

### HORSY INTERLUDE

I was actually intended for the Navy, but I fluffed the entrance exam. and went to Sandhurst instead. I nearly fluffed there too. I took my veterinary exam. in the riding school. There were four officers sitting there and a horse. They asked me what was wrong with it. I said it looked a bit old and dreary. That was not what they meant. So I said: "It's got thrush, Sir," and bent down to examine its feet. The thing took a darn great bite out of . . . well, it bit me. After that I decided to go into the infantry.—(David Niven: British Film Actor.)

Two men were having the usual who-can-tell-the-biggest-lie argument. "Once upon a time," said the Midlands man, "there was a gentleman who came from Birmingham. . . ."

"Stop!" said the Londoner, "you've won."



"Will you take it in £5 notes"