



THE OUTPOST

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

THE REGIMENTAL MAGAZINE OF THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA POLICE

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

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MANICA ROAD

SALISBURY



Brigadier J. E. Ross, C.V.O., C.B.E., Commissioner, B.S.A. Police, went on leave pending retirement this month, after thirty-seven years service in the Force.

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Editor's Notes

Elsewhere in these pages will be found a tribute to the long and outstanding service of Brigadier J. E. Ross, C.V.O., C.B.E., who left on leave pending retirement this month, and there is little we can add to this. Under normal conditions, five years is not a long time for a Commissioner of Police to hold that appointment, but the past five years have probably been the most abnormal years in the varied history of the Corps.

Six years of war-time conditions, with its strength severely reduced, left the Force in a precarious position to face the new conditions that were rapidly taking shape in the Colony. Men were needed urgently, and as in every other country in the world, it was no easy matter to find them. The administration of the Force required adjustment to meet the new conditions brought about by a phenomenal expansion of the European population and a means had to be found of keeping the newly-joined men in the Force.

To-day, the results of the efforts of Brigadier Ross during those five years can be seen. The Force has expanded and is now practically up to strength, whilst conditions of service are improved to a degree that compares very favourably with other branches of the Government Service.

We therefore join with the whole Corps in offering our congratulations to him on his recent appointment by His Majesty the King as a Commander of the British Empire in recognition of his services to the Colony, and in wishing him and Mrs. Ross a very long and happy retirement.

At the same time we welcome Colonel J. Appleby as the Acting Commissioner. He is taking over command of a newly-organised Force at a time when world politics indicate some uncertainty in the future. Sure judgment and firm action are essential qualities of the man responsible for the internal security of this Colony. In our new Commissioner we have every confidence that his long experience has befitted him for this exacting post.

We also take this opportunity to welcome Lieut-Colonel A. S. Hickman, M.B.E., as our acting Deputy Commissioner and to congratulate him on his appointment.

One of the few things that has remained unchanged in these days of rising costs is the price of *The Outpost*. Thirty years ago the subscription was increased from the pre-1914 price of 6s. 6d. to the present price of 8s. 6d. per annum. That was to meet the increased cost of production, and to-day we are faced with the same problem. Printing costs have risen



rapidly and although we have tried to meet the increases out of current revenue we are compelled to pass on a small proportion of them to our subscribers. Commencing next month the subscription rates will be increased by four shillings per annum and we hope that this will not result in the loss of any subscribers.

To soften the blow we intend to change the size, shape and general appearance of the magazine as its unusual shape has resulted in criticisms in the past. We look forward with keen interest to the views of our readers on the new form, together with any suggestions for its improvement.

Subscriptions of serving members are deducted from paysheets annually in August and as the new rates will come into effect in July, the adjustment in price will be added to next year's subscription.

We offer our warm congratulations to Lieut.-Colonel F. W. Harrison, Officer Commanding C.I.D., on his inclusion in the King's Birthday honours. He received the Order of the British Empire, for public service. We also congratulate him in his appointment as an Officer of the Royal Greek Order of Phoenix.

Soccer continues to be the leading sport in the Corps to-day and the high standard of our players was recognised by the inclusion of four of them in the team to represent Rhodesia in their first match against the Australian touring team. It is a long time since the Police were so strongly represented in a Rhodesian team and we congratulate those who were chosen.

We acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following:—

The Garda Review.
New South Wales Police News.
International Criminal Police Review.
B.C.I. Bulletin, New York.
The Nongquai.
Rhodesia Railway Review.
Rhodesian Monthly Review.
The New Rhodesia.
Polizei-Praxis.
Parade.
Kenya Police Review.
London Calling.

Editor's Letter box

The Editor,

The Outpost,

Dear Sir,—In *The Outpost* of January, 1950, I was interested to read a letter by "Gondo" who advocated that more attention to effects would enhance Police Displays. I most heartily endorse "Gondo's" views, as the eternal sameness of these shows ruins what could, with more imagination, be both spectacular and thrilling. The opening feature of any show can make or break its chances of success.

In support I would draw attention to methods utilised by other Forces, to quote one example, the R.C.M.P.; in the January issue of their magazine, a photograph shows the opening of the Rockcliffe Gymkhana by the R.C.M.P. band, headed by a march past of the Musical Ride. Surely all will agree this is a very impressive opening designed to get the audience on its toes from the very start.

Yours faithfully,

D. GAUNTLETT.

The Editor,

The Outpost,

Dear Sir,—We who have long ago left the Corps are always interested to read "Station Notes" and although the writers may not be known to us, it is fun to read about stations on which we served during our time in the Police.

I was particularly interested to read in the March issue about Battlefields station. I was there under Corporal Baker about 1912. I have forgotten the names of the other Troopers who were with me and can only remember a white mule we called "George" who it seems had frequently been kicked on the head by the Trooper in charge. The result was that if one even even touched one's helmet, the animal would twirl round in circles, which meant—for those who did not know his nasty habits—a long walk back to camp. Old George always got back first. He did this to me when I was on the Buller Mine patrol, and I had to walk about 20 miles, with George walking slowly in front.

MacArthur was the owner of the Battlefields Mine in those days and was always very good to us in the camp. Day was the butcher and the store was owned by Margoulis, I think. Gunn and Gibbons used to take it in turns to run the Buller Mine, 28 miles out. When we arrived on patrol a full bottle of whisky was placed on the table and it had to be finished before we were allowed to go to bed, no matter how tired we were. Umswezwé was where we used to go for beer drink raids, and once, coming back on a bright moonlight night with my friend George, I got lost—a hateful feeling. I found myself on the road to the Buller Mine, and George (bless him that time) brought me back to camp at half-past four in the morning.

Hartley I enjoyed under Major Harris St. John, who was a strict disciplinarian, but when I arrived there fresh from the recruits' course, Sergeant Cima was the person I feared more than the O.C.

Grice was the Farrier, who also cut our hair. Hounsom ("The Spanish Prince") had been told to get

his hair cut as he used to wear it very long. Grice sat him down in the middle of the square and we all watched from the kya windows. Grice cut a swath from back to forehead, and then remembered he had a sick horse to doctor, so Hounsom had to get the rest done in town.

Farmer was there, too. Every time he came back from patrol he said he had seen wonderful animals—lion, elephant, in fact everything that was in the zoo.

I remember, too, a horse called Pompey; he was at Gatooma and was transferred to Hartley under orders from Captain Stephens, the O.C. I told Captain Stephens that Pompey would die of a broken heart, and he was found with his head half out of the stable. Poor old man, he was my horse and I loved him.

Good luck to the writers of Station Notes. Many of us who have left read them with pleasure, so please keep it up.

Yours sincerely,

Ex-Trooper H. STONE (1513).

Obituary

TROOPER GERALD MARTIN WILLIAM
RUNNALLS.

We regret to record the death of Trooper Runnalls who died at Salisbury of cerebral haemorrhage on 30th April, 1950.

Trooper Runnalls was educated at Wimbledon College, England, and on leaving school served for four years in the British Army in India and Malaya as a Lieutenant of the R.A.S.C. In 1948 he left the Army to join the B.S.A. Police and attested in the Force on 12th April, 1949. He was a well-known and popular member of the Force, and his sudden death was a great shock to all.

He was buried with full military honours at Salisbury on 1st May, 1950, when representatives of all branches of the Force attended the funeral.

We offer our deepest sympathy to his parents and relations in their loss.

YOU CAN'T SINK IN IT.

"In my work as a radio reporter, I have close contacts with the public. A man wrote the other day and called me a liar because I referred to a lake where it is impossible to sink if you go swimming there. So, to prove my point, I went out to the Canadian Prairies, on to the wheatlands, and there I found the little lake—Lake Manitou. I hired a boat and a photographer and we rowed out to the middle. I stood on the bow of the boat and plunged into the water. Then I asked the man to hand me my cigar. He did. I asked for a newspaper and I simply stretched out, my head on the water, my feet floating, with a cigar in my mouth and the newspaper in my hands—just like lying on a bed. The shutters of the camera clicked, and two weeks later I had an apology from the listener. You see this lake is fed by mineral springs and truly it is impossible to sink.

—John Fisher, Canadian radio reporter, talking in a B.B.C. programme.

Brigadier John Ellis Ross

C.V.O., C.B.E.

(Contributed)

After having completed thirty-seven years of service in the B.S.A. Police, during the last five of which he has been Commissioner, Brigadier Ross left the Colony on six months' leave pending retirement on the 8th June, 1950.

We understand that Brigadier and Mrs. Ross intend to spend the first years of their retirement in England, but we look forward to a visit from them in the not too distant future.

Brigadier Ross joined the B.S.A. Police as a Trooper in 1913. On the outbreak of war in 1914 he was a member of the Police Column which captured the German post of Schuckmannsburg in German South-West Africa. This post was the first German possession to be captured by the Allied Forces in the First World War and it is of interest to note that the captured German flag is still in the possession of the Force.

Later he served as a sergeant in the Second Rhodesia Native Regiment and after seeing active service in East Africa he returned to Police duties and was commissioned in the B.S.A. Police in 1921.

His service in the Force, which included several years with the Town Police, extended over all the Police districts except Gatooma. He was Commandant, Depot from 1934 to 1940 and before that he completed a tour as Staff Officer to the then Commissioner, the late Colonel G. Stops.

Brigadier Ross attended a course at Scotland Yard in 1937 and also at the Senior Officers' School at Sheerness in the same year.

He was appointed Assistant Commissioner in 1941 and on the retirement of Brigadier J. S. Morris, C.B.E., in 1945, he became Commissioner of Police. In 1945 Brigadier Ross was awarded the King's Police Medal for meritorious service. He was admitted to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in 1946.

Brigadier Ross took over the command of the Force during the difficult period at the end of the last war, at a time when the strain of additional duties and long hours brought about by the war, and lack of men were beginning to tell on those members who remained behind to carry on with the policing of the Colony.

The years between 1945 and 1950, during which Brigadier Ross has been in command of the Force, have been some of the most eventful in its history. Immediately after the war the Mundy Commission was appointed to enquire into the conditions of service in the Force and the improvements which followed on the recommendations of the members of the Commission received the strong support of the Commissioner.

In recent years the rapid development of the Colony and the increase in the European population has added new problems for the Police. To meet the new demands on the Force, Brigadier Ross ordered an enquiry into the organisation of the Force, some of the results of which have been the introduction of Police Provinces, the reorganisation of the administrative system and the introduction of a number of new methods of policing. These have added to the efficiency of all branches of the Force.

For his services in organising and directing the security measures in connection with Their Majesties' visit to Southern Rhodesia in 1947, the King honoured

Brigadier Ross by making him a Companion of the Royal Victorian Order.

In 1948 the Police were called upon to deal with the first Colony-wide strike of African employees and this task they carried out with success.

Following upon the strike the Police Reserve was reorganised and extended. Under the command of Brigadier Ross it has now been built up to form a valuable reserve to the Regular Police.

Brigadier Ross has always displayed a keen interest in all forms of Police sport. He was chairman of the Ring Committee of the Rhodesian Agricultural Show for a number of years and the successful organisation of mounted events and Police Mounted Displays has been largely due to his efforts.

As President of the Regimental Association Brigadier Ross has done much to foster the good relationship which exists between past and serving members of the Force and under his guidance the Association has continued to develop.

At a farewell dinner to Brigadier Ross at the Officers' Mess on 7th June, the Minister of Justice, Mr. T. H. W. Beadle, presented him with a silver tray from the Officers of the Force and thanked him on behalf of the Police, the Government and himself for the devoted service he had given to this Colony during his career in the Police.

As a fitting tribute to his outstanding service Brigadier Ross was appointed a Commander of the British Empire in the King's Birthday Honours list this year on the day of his departure from the Colony.

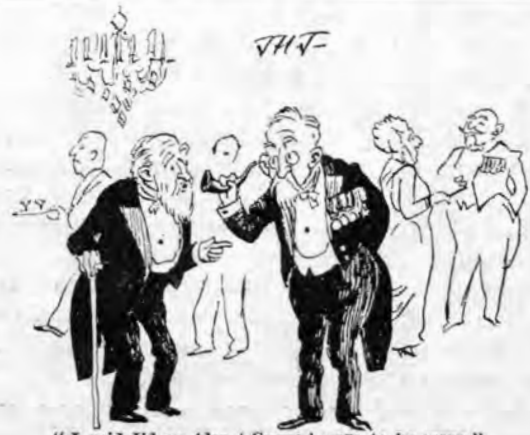
Brigadier Ross will continue to serve the Force as Recruiting Officer in the United Kingdom after his retirement. We shall, therefore, continue to benefit by his experience and he will still be closely associated with the Force.

We take this opportunity to wish Brigadier and Mrs. Ross a long and happy retirement.

AN ELEPHANT NEVER FORGETS

"I treated an elephant for tiger wounds in her back. Three months later she heard my voice when I was in that district again. She walked over, sat down and showed me her back."

—Colonel Williams, known to the Fourteenth Army and throughout Burma as "Elephant Bill," in a B.B.C. programme.



"I said I'd no idea 'Gongs' were to be worn."



Colonel J. Appleby

With the departure of Brigadier J. E. Ross, C.V.O., C.B.E., we welcome Colonel J. Appleby as our Acting Commissioner, and extend our hearty congratulations to him on his appointment.

Colonel Appleby joined the B.S.A. Police in 1919, after having served in the 1914-18 War, both in the Essex Regiment and later as a pilot in the Royal Flying Corps.

He was commissioned in the B.S.A. Police in 1924 and appointed Acting Deputy Commissioner in May, 1948. He was confirmed in that appointment in September of the same year.

Colonel Appleby was seconded for military service in the Middle East during the last war and took the first contingent of B.S.A. Police to North Africa for service in the Occupied Territories. He assisted in establishing the Police Force in Eritrea and held the appointment of Acting Commissioner of that Force before he returned to the B.S.A. Police in 1944.

Colonel Appleby will be remembered by many for his achievements on the Soccer field and his outstanding ability at tennis. He has also distinguished himself as a rifle shot.

We cannot do better than conclude by reporting the remarks of our departing Commissioner on the occasion of his farewell dinner at the Officers' Mess, when he said "I could not leave the Force in better hands."

THE CRIME WAVE

A PHANTASY

The reason for this rabid rhyme
Is the abnormal spate of crime;
It overflows our private lives
And keeps us from our loving wives.
I cannot think what brought about
This sorry state, but all the shout
That echoes in our fuddled brains
Is "put the crime wave down." The pains
That each can take are varied by
Particular capacity.
Some members pound the stony beat
With flashing torch and then repeat
The process till they feel quite sure
That premises are all secure.
On bicycles some other men
Go rushing round to find a den
Of thieves and break it wide apart.
We wish them all a flying start,
In cars and vintage vehicles which
We hope to god they will not ditch.
Come other constables, who scour
And, quoting Colwyn Dane, their eyes
Are "slitted" to observe. What cries
Of jubilation I would give
To hear they'd seized a caddish spiv.
I hope, with all this keen, intense
Activity, the wave, immense
Though it may be, will flow away
And leave but puddles, or some spray.
I hate to think this lovely land
Could be submerged by any band
Of thieves or thugs, and so I pray
We'll teach them crime waves do not pay.

THOTH.

A man charged with shoplifting in Sydney was said to have carried what appeared to be a neatly-wrapped parcel; but actually it was a box which had no bottom, and inside was a powerful magnet. The box was intended to be placed on trays of metal articles.

The ruse was detected when a pair of pliers fell from the magnet as the man moved from the shop. Five tins of gramophone needles were found in his possession.



"Stupid of me—I came in here to draw some money and clean forgot to bring my gun."



I liked the two photographs that were published last month showing Manica Road as it was in 1912, and as it is to-day. There does not seem to be very much difference in the buildings, but I suppose that is because Salisbury developed away from the Kopje area towards the north and east. The traffic, however, gives some idea of present conditions. I see that in the old picture two motor-cars are shown, the rest of the traffic being bicycles ridden by Europeans—a little different from to-day's continual stream of cars.

A letter from Zomba, Nyasaland, last week brought news of several Old Comrades who are serving in the Police up there. Ex-Trooper A. Day (No. 4041) writing from P.O. Box 44, Zomba, says that Bob Weldon (No. 3339) and Stan Roper (No. 3909) are at Blantyre while "Gill" Eggington (No. 3827) and Bill (Goromonzi) Coleman are with him at Zomba. "Gill" apparently became the proud father of a daughter on 4th June and celebrated the event by making 95 not out at cricket on the same day. I am glad he has not forgotten how to use his bat which he wielded to such good effect in Salisbury during his service in the B.S.A.P.

A few months ago I mentioned that George Grain is in the State Lotteries Office in Salisbury and when I went there the other day to buy the winning ticket I met another well-known policeman, Ex-Inspector C. B. Lawrence (No. 3221) who recently retired from the Corps and is with the same Department.

Ex-Sergeant Smith (No. 3665) has been heard of down at Zaka, but I believe he is coming up to Salisbury soon. Strange how they turn up from nowhere!

Have just heard news of ex-Sub-Inspector W. Green, who was Musketry Instructor in Depot for years. He is farming at Inyanga and his address is "Leaping Waters," P.O. Inyanga.

Other Old Comrades in those parts are Mervyn H. Gorringer (No. 3150) who is manager of Rhodes Estate, and William Leslie Armstrong, who is farming at "Pommeru A," Inyanga.

R. C. Griesbach has changed his address from P.O. Belingwe to c/o Barclays Bank, Box 702, Bulawayo.

G. M. Edmonds (No. 1450) has also a new address; it is Carnarvon Hotel, Hanger Lane, Ealing Common, London, W.5.

A. G. Robinson (No. 670) who joined the Police shortly after the South African War and left in 1911 is now living in the Victoria District, his address being P.O. Fort Victoria.

Two more Old Comrades in East Africa have been heard of during the month. They are A. W. Boot (N. 3618) of Box 299, Arusha, Tanganyika, and Peter Hield (No. 3612) who is manager of the Voi Hotel, P.O. Voi, Kenya.

I also had some news of Eric H. Halse (No. 3147). He has just been appointed Commissioner of the British Somaliland Police. He is the brother of Neville Halse, who will be remembered by many who served in Eritrea during the war. Neville is now a Superintendent in the Northern Rhodesia Police at Lusaka.

THE CHRONICLER.

Domestic Notes

BIRTHS

MURRAY.—To Trooper and Mrs. Murray, at Rusapi, on 9th May, a daughter (Denzil Jennifer Margaret Ethny).

BRANFIELD.—To Constable and Mrs. Branfield, at Bulawayo, on 10th May, 1950, a son (Allan).

BARTHORPE.—To Constable and Mrs. Barthorpe, on 14th May, 1950, at the Umtali Nursing Home, a son (Bruce John).

ENGAGEMENT

BARRATT—WOLNO.—The engagement is announced between S/2/Sgt. William John Barratt and Miss Sylvia Yvonne Wolno, of Fort Victoria.

MARRIAGES

DICKENSON—HODGSON.—Sergeant Dickinson to Miss Jennifer Myrtle Hodgson, at the Methodist Church, Salisbury, on 10th March, 1950.

THORNE—LARGE—FISHLOCK.—Constable Thorne-Large to Miss Doris Fishlock, at Bulawayo, on 22nd April, 1950.

WEIMER—BALDWIN.—Sergeant Weimer to Miss Dorothy Baldwin, at St. Michael and All Angels' Church, Fort Victoria, on 10th May, 1950.

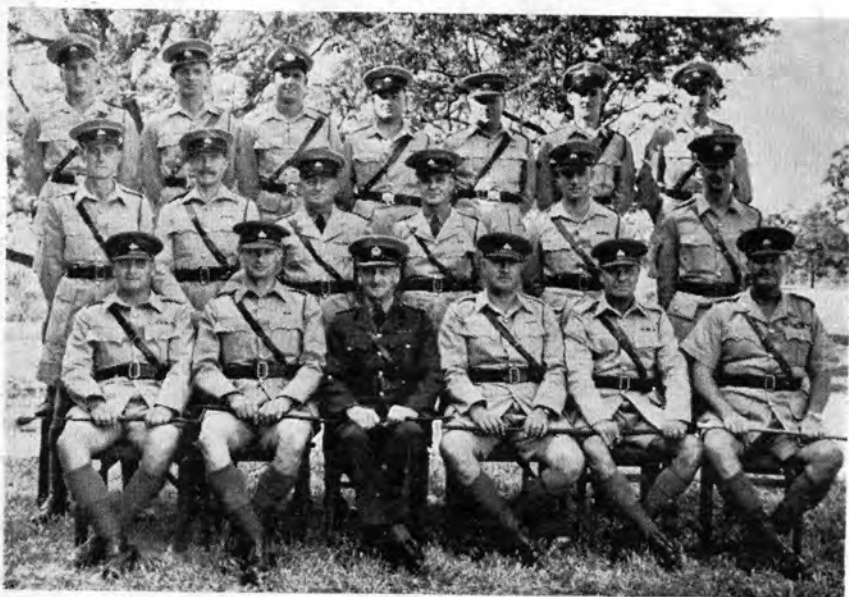
THORPE—ABBOTT.—Sergeant Thorpe to Miss Doreen Muriel Abbott, at the Church of St. John the Baptist, Umtali, on 13th May, 1950.

VICKERS—JOUBERT.—Pioneer-Sergeant Vickers to Miss Marie Joubert, at the Dutch Reformed Church, Salisbury, on 3rd June, 1950.

SILVER WEDDING

KILBORN—TOMLIN.—At Cape Town, on 8th June, 1950, Sydney George Kilborn, of B.S.A.P., Bulawayo, to Olive Tomlin, of Ringstead, Northants, England. Present address: Police Camp, Bulawayo.

Farewell to Bulawayo



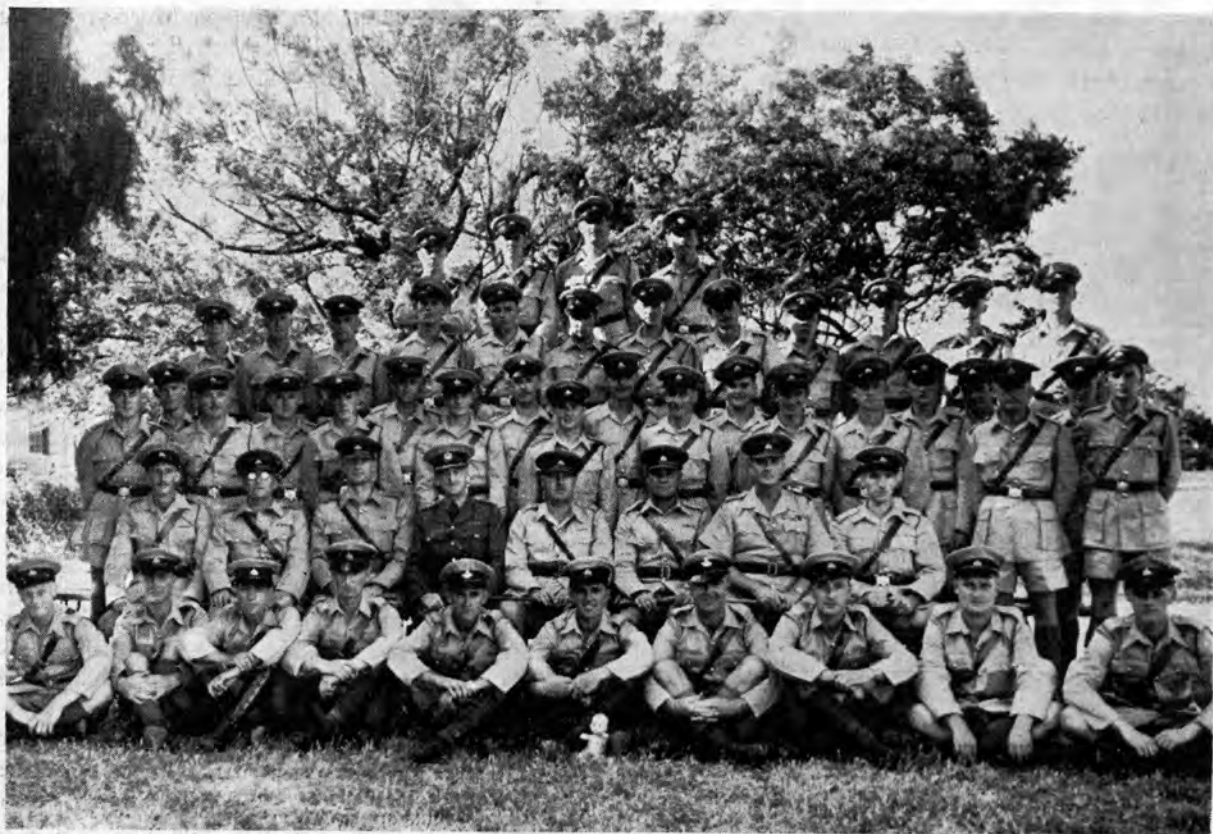
LT.-COL. A. S. HICKMAN,
M.B.E., Officer Commanding Matabeleland Province, held a farewell parade at Bulawayo before his transfer to Police General Headquarters, Salisbury. He is now Acting Deputy Commissioner, British South Africa Police.

Officers, W/O.s and N.C.O.s.

Front Row: C/Inspr. Kilborn, Lt. Blowers, Lt.Col. Hickman, M.B.E., Capt. Duncombe, Lt. Emes, C/Inspr. Killick.

Middle Row: S/Inspr. Peck, Lyon, Insp. Attwool, S/Insprs. Fulton, Gaitskill, Goodale, Stidolph.

Back Row: Serpts. Fisher, Stidolph, Forrest, Blackhall, McGregor, Morgan, Dumbrell.



Officers and Constables.

Station Notes

DEPOT

To offer congratulations and say farewell at the same time is not easy but I shall attempt it.

After many years at Depot and Headquarters our Commissioner, Brigadier J. E. Ross, C.V.O., C.B.E., has left us on retirement. In saying farewell to our old friends, I think that the sentiments should be expressed in as few words as possible. Knowing Brigadier Ross as we have—he was in Depot long before the War—we say good-bye, Sir, and wish you and Mrs. Ross all the very best in your well-earned retirement. Two days after leaving us he received the C.B.E. in the King's Birthday Honours and we offer our warmest congratulations to him. Could a more appropriate recognition of his services have arrived at a more appropriate time? I doubt it.

At the same time we welcome Colonel J. Appleby as the Acting Commissioner. He came to Headquarters some two years ago as Deputy Commissioner and needs no introduction, but I think that this is an opportunity to congratulate him both on his appointment and the fine recovery he made after his illness of a year ago. His score at the recent Police golf match between Gwelo and Salisbury is testimony of his fitness to-day.

In his place as Deputy Commissioner we welcome Lieutenant-Colonel A. S. Hickman, M.B.E., from Matabeleland, where he was Officer Commanding Province. Like Colonel Appleby, he needs no introduction to Depot as he, too, spent many years at Headquarters as Staff Officer and Quartermaster.

Social events were well to the fore this month. On 6th June, Sergeant Basil Wright was married to Miss Margot Martin. The wedding was attended by many of Headquarters staff. Our best wishes go to them for their future happiness.

The following day a number of Headquarters staff attended the Garden Party at Government House—the curious may see who some of these guests were if they look at the photograph on page 16 of *The Rhodesia Herald* of 8th June.

I almost forgot to mention that Sergeant "Trigger" Tolley, who has been Assistant Provost for some years, has left us. He may be seen wandering around the bundu in a Government truck very shortly; I am not certain what he is doing but his address is care of Barclays Bank, Salisbury.

Amongst our visitors during the month, we have had Trooper "Georgie" Henderson, who arrived in for annual musketry. Having arrived late in the evening, he spent the night in one of the tents erected on the green square to accommodate odd bodies, and it appeared to take him the whole of the following morning to recover from the effects of frostbite, etc.

We have also seen Constable Phil Kensett who, still suffering from his old complaint, managed to do full justice to the efforts of the Mess Caterer. Trooper "Phyliss" Carritt spent a few days of his leave here



and he informs us that he is thinking of buying another motor cycle. We wish him better luck this time.

Staff promotion examinations were held during the month and several members were to be seen walking around wearing vacant expressions and carrying massive volumes. Perhaps, by the time these notes appear in print, they will have learned their fate.

The Governor's Escort and the Police contingent at the King's Birthday Parade drew forth words of praise from the people who attended and they are to be congratulated on their turn-out and precision at drill.

The new type of hat now being worn by nearly everybody in Depot is causing some confusion, and one well-known figure here on perceiving early one morning—perhaps too early—someone approaching him, proceeded to "throw one up" smartly—only to be met with the reply, "How are you doing, son?"

NDAIVEPO.

UMTALI

The jolly old stork has been busy in the Umtali district lately and we offer our congratulations to the following: Trooper and Mrs. Temple-Murray, a daughter; Constable Barthorpe and Mrs. Barthorpe, a son; and Constable and Mrs. Chadwick, a son.

There is reason to believe that the stork is still in the district, so we may hope to have further congratulations to offer in the near future.

We will leave the stork standing on his one leg for the time being, and have a look at Cupid. He, too, has been doing his stuff, so we must congratulate Sergeant and Mrs. Thorpe on their marriage and a jolly good wedding it was, too. We are only sorry we do not have more marriages in the camp. Single blokes please take note.

The Police football team registered their first win on 30th April, and since then have been playing much better football. Their showing against Vandenberg Black when they held this team to a one-all draw was really stout work as the V.B. team are the strongest in the league and take a lot of holding.

Detective May, our captain, was most unfortunate in one match. He was brought down heavily, tripped, and broke a bone in his wrist. It is likely that he will be out of the game for the rest of the season, and it will not be easy to fill his position at right back.

Chief Inspector Genet has undertaken the duties of team coach and has even gone so far as to referee a second team game for us. You may be surprised to hear that we have a second team but it is a fact. Early in the season we had grave doubts about getting eleven men together for one team, now at a scratch we can get a second eleven. Long may the keenness last, and we can tell you that when the Police team is play-

ing a match there is plenty of support around the field, everyone who is not on duty turns out to shout. Sergeant McCall Smith who, not so long ago, had the usual rugger enthusiast's ideas about Soccer, is now one of our most vociferous fans and never misses a match nor a practice.

Trooper Shield has gained tennis honours; he and his partner won the local men's doubles championship and were runners-up in the handicap event. Well done, Peter.

The Table Tennis team are also giving a very good account of themselves and we congratulate them all on keeping the Police to the fore in this line of sport. Trooper Shield and Constables Warren, Parry and Jarrett are a strong combination and we hope they will gain the League honours this year.

Inspector Christie is still on leave but will be back in the field in a few days. We have not heard much of him since he went away.

Sub-Inspector Godwin has been seen back in his old haunts recently; we were glad to see him but sorry to hear that the reason for his visit was the illness of his wife and we hope she has quite recovered.

Sergeant Mason has to be congratulated on his performance in "Love in the Mist." We are not certain whether he was Love or Mist or whether he missed the love; it's all a bit hazy, anyway.

Lieut.-Colonel Hickman, M.B.E., was seen around Umtali during the month. He was spending a spot of leave at his country seat in the Vumba, probably accumulating some Vumba energy to see him through the busy time awaiting him in Salisbury.

On May 10, Brigadier J. E. Ross, C.V.O., C.B.E., inspected Umtali. It was the last time he will inspect as Commissioner of Police and we take this opportunity of wishing him and Mrs. Ross all the very best for a long and happy retirement.

Just a reminder to you folk in the Bundu. The Police Ball will be held on July 14 at the Cecil Hotel, and we hope to see many of you on that date.

Cheerio.

NGITI.

BEATRICE

About six months ago we managed to get something in print in this column. Every month since then we have resolved to send in a "note" but every month since then nothing has been sent. However, at last we have managed it.

Since the abovementioned last notes the members of this station have been struck a blow which really went right home. The pub. lost its licence! "Skipper" O'Dell, whom many of the real old 'uns will probably remember, is still there, however, though most of his time seems to be spent on his own instead of in the old cheery atmosphere. However, we managed to keep up our supplies, even if it did mean establishing a road block, and instead of giving out tickets, pleading with motorists to bring back some beer! At the moment the quarters are well stocked for a good party that is in the very close offing. (We hope to have recovered in time to read these notes in print.)

Another impending pleasure is a visit by the S.D.O. for the usual inspection duties. As usual the bandits have been rushing about with whitewash and all the usuals and the member in charge has been sending off requisitions to all Departments. We are very proud of the fact that we no longer have to show two very battered old "hand change" B.S.A.'s as we now sport two of the latest models. (Yes, it was a wangle!)

Even the truck is resplendent in new paint and looks very spiv. Unfortunately, one of the bikes has already got a few dents in it—we wonder how?

On the station are First Sergeant Sherren and Troopers Worsley and Mann — the latter a fairly recent arrival from Town. Incidentally, we are very jealous of the fact that a certain type in the Traffic Section in Salisbury is now better known to our local farmers than we are ourselves. There appears to be scarcely a farmer in the district whose windscreen has not been marred by his little bits of paper. They say he is tall and thin, but cannot read his signature.

Trooper Mann joined us to take the place of Trooper Franklin who has departed for Gatooma after being here for six months. Was it a coincidence that on his departure it was decided to send the truck in for replacement of the worn-out engine? Sergeant Sherren was a member of the Bechuanaland Contingent but somehow he managed to get back before the others. If you want to know what the station was like when he returned—ask him.

It was while he was away that the "big event" in the crime line occurred. A dastardly break-out from the lock-up by four bad boys while we were all happily asleep. The telephone exchange just collapsed at the end of the next morning, but evidently someone did something as all four were recaptured in five days. Afterwards we found that over 4,000 miles had been travelled by three trucks operating from Beatrice in that five days. And we never even tried to work out how many miles were covered by A/Police—we only had about thirty out. However, one good thing resulted. The cells have been repaired now.

Since that date the tobacco farmers—sorry, growers—have been working their labour so hard that they have been too tired to indulge in any drunken assaults, etc. One of them has been a bit preoccupied with other people's huts and property recently—but naturally he has been caught now.

We must now turn to parties and inspections.

"OPSKUT."

FORT VICTORIA

The past month appears to have been quite a long one in this part of the Colony, judging from the number of outstanding events which have occurred. On the 10th May Sergeant Weimer was married at St. Michael's Church, and this event was followed two days later by a visit from the retiring Commissioner. Both events were very successful, and we were very pleased to see Brigadier Ross looking so fit. After his farewell inspection and address he found time to have a drink with us before leaving for Shabani.

With details from our out-stations attending their annual musketry course in Town we are getting quite accustomed to the swing of the baton and the "lift" of the rifle and bayonet. Much amusement was raised recently, on one these baton drill exercises when, during the course of a rest period for the European details, an African Sergeant, who was imparting instruction to a squad of A.C.'s on the use of a baton and the exercises, was heard to say "God and bodyguard, ready!"

More transfers have been effected since our last notes. Sergeant Kelley has left the Section for Bikita again, and Sergeant Atkinson, who has been in charge at Bikita for the past seven months is now the member in charge Stock Theft Section. Sergeant Weimer is also back again, after a month or so touring the Colony

on his honeymoon. Trooper Brett has left us for Salisbury where he is attached to the C.I.D., while Trooper Nixon from Bikita has reinforced our numbers here.

Our congratulations this month go to Sergeant Sowter, from Gutu and Trooper Brett on the announcement of their engagements. We wish them both all the very best.

Congratulations also to Sergeant Scholes and Trooper Sayer for their good play on the occasion of the snooker match between Victoria and Mashaba. Our friends from the Gath's Mine, assisted by Trooper Burns from Mashaba, certainly played good snooker, and at the start of the closing frame, things certainly did not look too good for the Town. Scholes and Sayer, however, teamed together very well and made some good breaks to win their frame comfortably, so ending the evening's entertainment with the score two-all in frames. A few days after this the Police "A" team played their challengers to the league championship in Victoria town and won comfortably by two frames to nil. Our friends from the Irrigation Department caused some surprise, however, when they drew their match with Police. It all goes to show that in snooker, at match games, one can never tell.

Sergeant Roy Constable, from Lalapanzi, spent a couple of days with us recently during a holiday period. Also seen during the month was Farrier Sub-Inspector Clutterbuck who, we hear, is getting a transfer from these parts in the near future. Mr. George Shepherd (ex No. 648) looked us up as well when he came along to place a subscription for *The Outpost*. Another ex-member, though he has only just recently left the Force, was Mr. D. Blascheck, who came to tell us he was flying to England for a stay of 12 months, combining business with pleasure during his stay in the Old Country. Friends of Mr. W. Smith (Stick-around) will be pleased to learn that he is back in the District again, though not in Police uniform this time. He has taken up employment with the Triangle Sugar Estates in the Zaka area and would welcome letters from any of his old associates.

Until next time, it is cheerio again from Fort Victoria.

"CARURO."

GATOOMA

Hardly a month seems to pass without a party worthy of note, and this month the thanks go to Trooper Alan Norman and Constable "Pinky" Farrell, who jointly celebrated receiving the key of the house. I believe they are now looking forward to receiving the old age pension.

Dalny Mine have just paid us a return cricket visit and once again managed to put paid to any hopes we may have had of being accepted as the Rhodesian team and sent on a world tour—but we will keep on trying.

Trooper Eric West is taking a short walk along the banks of the Umniati River—knowing his habits he will probably have one carrier carrying a dartboard and another carrying a crate of beer.

Our annual musketry has brought some strange faces in from the bush, and on several mornings we have seen keen, clear-eyed young men heading for the range, where Chief Inspector Plummer anxiously tells them to "Point it the other way." The story that the sun got in their eyes during the shoot has been told so many times that we are slowly preparing ourselves to believe it.

Congratulations go this month to Inspector Digweed, of the C.I.D., on his promotion.

We welcome Trooper "Frank" Franklin from Beatrice and Constable Eric Schofield from Depot, and hope they will like it here. I think "Frank" likes Gatooma, yet his heart yearns for Salisbury—I wonder if it is bright lights or bright eyes that attract him?

Constable Les Adams is now in his element having received his transfer to the District Branch. The day after the transfer he rode off into the bush complete with entourage. As he, too, is forever looking towards



DEPOT BARBECUE

The Mess Caterer is difficult to recognise behind the whiskers and the bowler hat.

Salisbury I wonder if he was practising for a Dick Turpin ride in that direction?

Alan Norman is in hospital at the moment with a toe that a rival hockey player mistook for a ball, the first time I have known our heavyweight come off second best in a tussle. He should be about again soon—at least, we hope so.

Constable Vince Hustler recently passed his radio exam and now awaits the day when he waves good-bye to shift work and turns to dots and dashes. Constable Fred Wolstenholme can be seen most days toddling around town on his motor cycle and sidecar which is he gave us a lecture on how to make it turn corners, but my personal experience has been that it turns corners by itself—anyway, the darned thing certainly would not go straight for me.

My little puzzle, "Who", printed last month, gave the great brains here some extra work, so once again I present

WHO?

Who is our local misogynist?

Who prefers shooting his man after he has gone past?

Who can hold the hockey girl, but not the hockey ball?

Who still thinks he is in the Sarawak States?

Who had an enjoyable "warm" trip back from Gwelo?

Who is our amateur fireman?

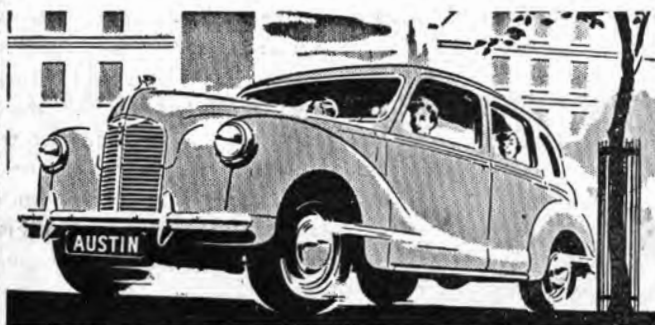
Who writes these notes? (You are not even warm with your guesses, chaps!).

Pip, pip,

T.T.

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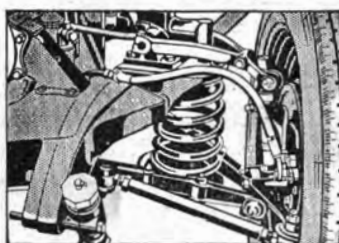
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INYANGA

A couple of months ago I wandered into the office and prepared to lower my bulk into a chair, when a movement caught my eye and I arose with some alacrity. The other humorist here had plonked an almost dead snake where I normally sit. He had dealt it the *coup de grace* on the way to the office. It appeared to be a well fed snake, as it had a bulge about half way along its length. We performed a surgical operation and found that the bulge was a large frog, which looked somewhat shaken on his release, as no doubt Jonah did. Our frog took some time to pull himself together, and for the rest of the morning had quite a nice rest in the sun. However, I think the gastric juices of the snake were rather too much for froggy, and regretfully I have to report that at 1300 hours that day he crossed the Great Divide.

Ex-members in charge here will know the huge gum tree in front of the house. It came down a few days ago, during a high wind, fortunately falling away from the house. Numerous charges of dynamite availed little, and eventually the local banditry won the day with hand axes.

Fishing types will be interested to hear that an expert is coming from Norway, to advise on stocking the trout streams around here.

Accusations as to the non-seaworthiness of our Land Rover have been so numerous of late, that all I can say in reply is "Trust in God and keep your distributor dry!" After all, 'tis no fun to get out of the vehicle only to be washed down the river, and to be informed by the nearest resident that there is supposed to be a crocodile thereabouts.

This month I give an adjustment in *nom de plume*, and to promotion types of this year, it will possibly give a little exercise. if I sign myself,

USWOPO UREFU.

INYATI

Spurred on to greater efforts, by the fact that our last page of fervent scribbling *actually appeared in print*, we follow up with another thrilling chapter in the "History of Inyati Station", beginning with the usual . . .

. . . Station staff; led by Sub-Inspector Sam Weller, ably assisted by Second Sergeant Monty Isikson, Trooper "Brain Baffler" Watts, Charlie Davies, "Lofty" Stokes, "Wrecker" Carritt; and last but not least, the proverbial Dawg.

Sergeant "Ginger" Hatton has left us for the comparative peace and quiet of Bembesi. Seen the other day, he appeared a trifle harassed; we wonder if it is because of busy station life, or . . . ?

"Shorty" Rees has also left us for brighter lights, and craftier moves, to the C.I.D., Bulawayo, subsequent to requisitioning for the necessary Deerstalker, curved pipe, creepers and listening apparatus. •

We have also lost Trooper Cooper, who has forsaken the plains of Inyati for the "Rockies" of Fort Rixon; present members are trusting they will not have to follow his example and move from this delectable little spot.

Replacements have been in the form of Sergeant Isikson, late of vacation leave and Matopos fame, and Trooper Watts, late of vacation leave (no fame); it is easy to see that this member has recently returned from Blighty, for we, who are suffering from the increased tobacco prices, find when searching ash-trays for cigarette ends, numerous burned pins and perforated cork tips. He has also been seen endeavouring to dispose of long winter underwear to the local Jim Fishes and is occasionally heard muttering about "Tenpenny ales at one and threehalfpence."

Recently Filabusi entertained two of our number at a local cricket match where they are reported to have given a good account of themselves.

Of late, a contraption looking like a cross between a Sherman tank and the skeletal remains of a bulldozer, has appeared in this vicinity. It has now been identified as Lofty's "Get-away" machine purchased recently from the Wrecker, and is now being polished up for possible early transfer. Consumption is reckoned at Gallons per Mile.

Trooper S. has recently returned to civilisation after completing one of his numerous horse patrols. Since his return we queried why he does not buy clothing which fits. The mystery was cleared up with the following explanation. It appears that an enterprising native thought a tarpaulin sheet would resist the rigours of the Bembesi River in flood (anybody with an amphibious Scotch cart, please contact).

Good news has reached us. The local Turk Mine is installing a club which will bring our entertainment eight miles nearer than at present.

At time of writing, Sub-Inspector Weller is taking a few days' well-earned rest in Salisbury, which reminds us of the members of a certain office staff who, when their manager was vacationing on the continent, sent a telegram, reading: "Trust you are enjoying your vacation; we are."

BRAIN BAFFLER.

ODZI

All here have completed the 1950 annual musketry at Umtali, and although none have proved to be marks-



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men, we are all first-class shots. The practice was enjoyed by all.

To our relief the existing furniture and curtains in the troops' quarters were looked upon with disapproval during the last inspection, with the result that any moment from now great changes are expected. I personally shall not be sorry to see the last of the mid-victorian sideboard with its artistic carvings and designs in wood on its sides and edges. This grand old mother of sideboards has been for so long on inventory as "Sideboard—oak", that I am sure a little pang of regret will be felt by all when it leaves us to decorate the home of some upcoming African.

We expected to have sufficient stocks of biltong this year when Trooper Galloway recently did a mounted patrol in what is considered the wild section of the district, i.e., lower Maranke Reserve, but he returned with the story that the game was too wild, and the bush too thick. (The local butcher does not mind.) He did discover iron, and even brought a dirty, dark coloured piece of something to prove it.

Some short time ago, a cricket match was arranged at the Odzi Sports Club. This was to take place between Benders and Non-benders. Not to be outdone, all the local Police members entered on the Benders' side. The game was a great success, and I am sure that since the game was founded, such unorthodox cricket has never been seen (fielders and batsmen went on to the field with their bottles of beer). About a week later the Umtali Post suggested that Trooper de Klerk would make a far better bowls player than a bowler.

A terrific hailstorm on the afternoon of the 28th April did nothing towards improving the unreaped tobacco on the farms neighbouring the village. We sometimes wonder whether this is responsible for the unusually frequent visits to this area by the Messenger of the Court.

During my last visit to Umtali, I noticed that certain Town Police types newly from Depot leave camp every morning breeched and spurred and each on a horse. After making enquiries, I was informed that they only went out for exercise rides. Possibly ideas

as to the definition of exercise vary, but I wish one of these types would spend a spot of leave here, so that our horse could have the unusual feeling that its rider was enjoying himself.

TINKER.

A very beautiful young lady went for a swim in a secluded spot, but neglected to take a towel with her. As she was standing on the bank letting the balmy breezes dry her, she heard a rustling in the bushes nearby. "Who's there?" she asked. A rather high-pitched voice replied, "Willie." Asked the gal: "How old are you, Willie?" and the wee small voice replied, "79, darn it."

In Paris, Tenn., U.S.A., Earl Underwood, in gaol for auto stealing, and Robert Jackson, in gaol for forgery, offered to marry the first two girls who would put up 3,000 dollars' bail for their release.

The baby was purring contently as she swept into the shop, and the man whom she had asked to keep an eye on the wee thing stood by. The contented purring developed into a sudden choking and the man grew alarmed.

By now the tiny mite was in a thoroughly bad way; she choked loud and often, her little body shaking under the strain. Then, just as the woman emerged from the shop the baby gave one convulsive shudder and was silent and still.

"It was rather unwise of you," he said as the woman hurried to him. "You left your engine running and I'm afraid you've used up all your petrol."

No comment seems to be called for on this extract from "Notes on Setting a Hen," by a poultry expert of the Australian Agricultural Department.

"In some respects, broodiness in fowls is akin to love in humans. The condition cannot be induced artificially but once established it cannot easily be shaken off—the patient being quite content to sit staring glass-eyed into space."



"It beats me what enjoyment they get out of it."

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SOCCKER

The 1st XI, at the end of the first round of the zoning system, finished top of the "A" Zone, the Second Team are top of "C" Zone and are now promoted to "B" Zone, and we have also entered a Police Third Team in "D" Zone. The Second Team appear to have a battle ahead of them in their new zone as they will play such teams as Forces 1st and Terriers 1st. At present 1st XI have scored 31 goals and have conceded five goals; the 2nd XI have scored 18 goals and have also conceded five goals.

Congratulations are again extended to Buchanan, Blair, Johnston, Coop and Ryan on playing for Mashonaland, and especially to the first four players who have also been selected to represent Rhodesia against Australia, Buchanan and Johnston playing in both matches. Police have been paid a big compliment in having four players chosen.

FIRST LEAGUE

Police v. Municipals

Police entertained Municipals at home on 13th May and ran out convincing winners by four goals to nil. It was only over-eagerness on the part of Police forwards which prevented a higher score. Police combined well and goal scorers Ryan (two) and Buchanan (two) were the climax of some very grand moves.

Police v. Raylton

On 21st May the return match with Raylton was played on the Depot ground. Speculation ran high on Raylton's chances, but Police, with Raylton our biggest rivals for honours this year, took no chances and were the winners by seven goals to one. The result came as a surprise, but was thoroughly deserved. Police dominated the game and had Raylton guessing time and again. Clapham played a grand game and scored three goals with Ryan also registering three and Buchanan adding one. The game was a fine exhibition of teamwork by Police and a credit to Buchanan as a schemer.

Police v. Forces

This match, played on Police ground on 27th May, proved to be the surprise of the season and ended the undefeated record of the Corps. Forces played a grand stopping and spoiling game and with a fair amount of luck were the winners by two goals to one. Police did

everything except put the ball into the net. Easy chances were missed and Forces seized their two chances to score their two goals, whereas Police could only hit the upright or crossbar, or a defender running across the goal mouth. Buchanan scored the only goal for Police. Forces have now been relegated to Zone "B", this being the only match they have won, so we shall see what our 2nd XI can do to avenge this defeat.

SECOND LEAGUE

In the match scheduled for 13th May against Callies, Police gained two points due to the fact that Callies could not field a full team.

Police v. Postals

This match played on the Drill Hall ground on 20th May was won by Police by two goals to nil. It was quite a tussle and although Police had one or two narrow escapes Postals were kept out. Shaughnessy scored one of the goals and a Postals defender scored the other.

Police v. Ramblers

On the result of this game played at Depot on 27th May rested the fortunes of the Police team—whether we would go up into "B" Zone or not. The result, a win for Police by three goals to nil, shows how keen Police were to gain promotion and the win was thoroughly deserved. Police even had a penalty against them, but the shot was saved by Rawson. Police scorers were Gibney, Shaughnessy and Banister.

THIRD LEAGUE

Playing their first match, Police beat C.A.A. II in a friendly match on the Alexandra ground on 3rd June, and won by two goals to nil. Gibney and Lucock scored for Police. Outstanding players for Police were Jennings, Hanley and Mallon.

On 8th June Combined Forces played the Rest of Mashonaland and after a rather scrappy game, the result was a draw 3-3. Police players representing the Garrison were Rawson, Taylor, Rowland, Ryan, Jannaway, Bester.

Inspector Thompson is now back with us after his long leave and looking very well, and he is now well in harness as team manager.

Skipper Buchanan has been featured in a local sporting magazine and had his photograph on the front cover. The Police team are also mentioned as Salisbury's favourites for the Austen Cup this year. We hope we can do credit to our unknown supporter.

"K. N. R."



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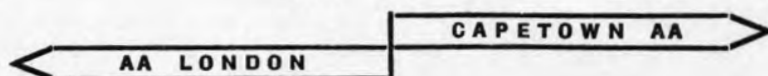
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Soccer—Salisbury 1st XI



Back row: H. Levy (trainer); S. Reid; B. Taylor; B. Blair; K. de H. Rowland; R. Coop; J. Johnston.
Front Row: J. Marnoch; D. Clapham; P. Ryan; W. Buchanan (capt.); K. Rawson.

HOCKEY

Police v. Raylton, Sunday, 14th May.

This game was played on the newly cut and rolled Police ground and gave Police their first outright win of the season. Raylton players are known as the "Giant Killers" of local hockey and play a robust game.

Police, however, found no difficulty in holding their own and a good goal by James soon put them in the lead. Soon afterwards Police were awarded a penalty bully but did not score.

After the interval Raylton were quickly off the mark but Police backs cleared after Yeoman, the goal-keeper, brought off a good save. Shortly afterward Police went further into the lead when Riddle netted from a short corner. At this stage of the game the play became scrappy and the passing of both teams was generally bad.

Just before the final whistle Ryan netted with a real "first timer" from a short corner making the score Police three, Raylton nil. The following was the team: Yeoman, Banister, Reynolds, Walsh, Rayan, Grasett, Smith (capt.), Smithyman, James, Riddle, Hadfield.

The Mashonaland trials are being held over the next few weeks and no fewer than seven Police players have been invited to attend them.

Police v. Salisbury

On Saturday, 21st May, the Police drew a bye so arranged, a friendly game against a Salisbury side. The game was played at a fast pace and the Policemen showed that they could score goals if they were given

opportunities. The final score was Salisbury 3, Police 7. Goal scorers for Police were Riddle (three), James (four).

The team was as follows: Yeoman, Reynolds, Banister, Walsh, James (Capt.), Grasett, McNair, Riddle, Hadfield, Stanford, Smith, Brownbridge.

Police v. Old Hararians

On Sunday, 4th June, Police played Old Hararians on their home ground. The game was played at a fast pace throughout, Old Hararians running out the winners with the odd goal of five, scored.

At the half-time there was no score but soon after the beginning of the second half Harry Chittenden, Old Hararians' centre-half, put his left-winger away with a good through pass and caught our defence on the wrong foot. Banister, our goal-keeper, did his best to stop a good angle shot but failed. Immediately after the "bully off" the Old Hararians forwards again went through and Banister did well to stop a hard shot from Irvine which, however, was not cleared from the circle and was put into the back of the net after a "follow up" by one of their forwards.

It was now the Policemen's turn to do the attacking and from a short corner Smith, the right-ring, netted after a rebound when the goalkeeper was "unsighted." Soon afterwards Riddle, our left inner, netted with a terrific drive from the edge of the circle.

This made the score two all and the play now swung from one end of the field to the other with both sides working hard for the final goal. About five minutes before the final whistle Old Hararians scored from a short corner, which won them the game.

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The feature of the game was Tommy Banister's play in goal. He has never played in this position before and put in a good, neat performance.

It was remarked that the Police defence gave away too many short corners in the game. If the backs could only clear more without these major infringements occurring it would make a big difference to the play of the team as a whole.

The team was as follows: Banister, Swan, Reynolds, Walsh, Ryan, Brewer, Smith, Smithyman, James, Riddle, Brownbridge (Capt.).

Police v. Forces

This was played on the Police ground on Sunday, 11th June.

The team was as follows: Banister, Swan, Reynolds, Walsh, Ryan, Brewer, McNair, Smith, James, Riddle, Brownbridge.

It was apparent soon after the commencement of the game that Policemen were right off form. Forces were quickly off the mark when through a misunderstanding between our defenders they were enabled to score easily.

At half-time the score was Forces 4, Police nil. Excellent understanding between Forces' forwards and backs enabled them to run rings around the policemen. Police appeared slow on the ball and were unable to get the ball out of their half. The final score of the match was Police 0, Forces 5.

Constable Grasset of the Town Police, who is a most useful half-back, has had an accident on his motor bike. It is hoped by all present players of the team that he will be fit to play again in the near future. We welcome back Brodie Swan, who has been on the injured list for some time.

STICKS.

GOLF

ROBINSON CUP, 1950

The Robinson Cup, for inter-district golf, was played for over the Police Golf Course on Sunday, 28th May, 1950. Six teams were entered—one from Gwelo, two from Depot, and three from the H.Q. Recreation Club Golf Section.

Salisbury, as the hosts, were very glad to see Gwelo defending the trophy that they won last year but, we must admit, local conditions were against them.

The teams with their respective scores were:—



"Well, I happened to overhear you say you wanted to see the quack."

| Team. | Gross. | Net. | Aggr. team score. |
|-------------------------|--------|------|-------------------|
| Depot "A"— | | | |
| Col. Appleby | 81 | 69 | |
| Maj. Spurling | 76 | 72 | |
| Maj. Rolfe | 79 | 71 | |
| Capt. Shewell | 88 | 77 | 289 |
| Depot "B"— | | | |
| Sgt. Minikin | 97 | 79 | |
| Const. Ridge | 93 | 77 | |
| Const. Shaw | 94 | 74 | |
| Const. Innis | 95 | 75 | 305 |
| Gwelo— | | | |
| D/I McCormick | 82 | 74 | |
| P/R Kirk | 79 | 74 | |
| P/R Gardner | 85 | 80 | |
| P/R Duckworth | 77 | 71 | 299 |
| H.Q. (1)— | | | |
| P/R Gould | 75 | 71 | |
| P/R Wastie | 89 | 75 | |
| D/S/I Fleming | 88 | 76 | |
| Capt. Estcourt | 77 | 69 | 291 |
| H.Q. (2)— | | | |
| Lieut. Rutherford | 89 | 73 | |
| Const. Taylor | 97 | 83 | |
| D/S/I Wood | 96 | 78 | |
| D/Sgt. Braes | 106 | 88 | 322 |
| H.Q. (3)— | | | |
| D/S/I Cowling | 88 | 72 | |
| D/S/I Bryer | 100 | 80 | |
| Insp. Roy | 90 | 72 | |
| Capt. Porter | — | — | Nil return |

(Unfortunately, Capt. Porter was unable to play.)

The winners' score, a new record for the Robinson Cup, is one which will be hard to beat in future.

Depot "A" team deserved their win, especially as Major Spurling was playing with the handicap (apart from his official one) of a cracked bone in the ankle, and Major Rolfe played with a knee of such a size that most players would have declined to turn out.

The dark horses (if I may use the expression) were the Commissioner who, playing from a 12 (his official handicap at the Royal Salisbury), returned a net 69, and Jerry Estcourt, who travelled in 30 miles to return a similar score.

Mr. Kirk, on behalf of the previous holders, handed over the trophy to Colonel Appleby. En passant, this is the first time for some years that a trophy has been housed in the Officers' Mess.

The course played very well, and in spite of some grouses that the rough was rough and the fairways too narrow, some excellent gross scores were returned, as can be seen.

It was unfortunate that Mr. Robinson, the donor of the Cup, was unable to be present owing to a prior engagement.

We sincerely hope that next year more entries will be received from district teams; after all, it is, apart from the Gloria Cup, the only inter-district golf competition, and it does seem a pity that each year, the question of the trophy's home for the following 12 months should have to be fought out between only two centres. The Police course, in spite of its nine holes, is still a difficult course to play on, especially when one does not know the greens or the rough!

Here's hoping that 1951 will see at least three separate districts entering teams to compete against the present holders, who, deo volente, will all be available to defend the Cup.

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Bulawayo Soccer—C.I.D. v. Uniform Branch



C.I.D. team on right wearing white shirts. Uniform Branch team on left wearing yellow shirts.

'Midst roars of applause the two teams cantered gracefully on to the field and took up their positions.

The occasion? A Soccer match between Town and C.I.D. members of the B.S.A. Police stationed in Bulawayo.

The date? 30th April, 1950.

The venue? Queen's ground, Bulawayo.

At opposite ends of the field and in their respective goals were observed Lieut. George Eames for the Town and "Man Mountain" Barrowman for the C.I.D. "Perky" had control of the whistle and of odd moments of the game. Town kicked off and the duel was on.

On the touch-line Colonel Harrison exhorted his troops to do their utmost, promising endless spells of night duty to the first cad who let the side down.

C.I.D. opened the score, Lieut. George Eames, in his fancy white boots, making a desperate but unavailing effort. In the feverish excitement that followed, some boulder in the C.I.D. centred the ball back towards his own goal and the opposing forwards sprang gamely forward to get past Barrowman. Score, one all.

The pace opened again at a crackerjack pace, Vallins, unable to cope, tottered to the touchline and reclined in a state of nervous exhaustion. A reserve, after the American style, was smartly whipped on to the field in his place. Soccer fans blanched as Mike O'Connor pranced on to the field in long serge trousers, with bottoms tucked into socks.

At about this stage, Robinson, of the Town, collected a hearty crack on the ankle and was removed in a horizontal position. Town did not replace.

The tempo of the game quickened. Dunbar scored again, getting a quick one in past the redoubtable George. Score, 2-1.

"Sparks" Morgan, of the Town, then made a run-through to score—equalising—two each. A very fine piece of work, Sir!

Supporters on the line were frantic. Officer Commanding C.I.D. (himself no mean performer in his youth) redoubled his threats and promises. The ball swung from one end to the other. Turnbull, 1949 Scottish champion of the cycle track, felt a craving for his two wheels; the Town side was younger than the C.I.D. team and carried much less "grass-belly".

The efforts of the Town defence were unavailing and Dunbar once more scored, to bring the score to 3-2. "Perky" managed to gasp through his whistle to end the game in favour of the C.I.D.

Among those who shone were: Paddy Allan (sick but game), "Admiral" Benbow on the right tack, for the Town. Bill Sunter (slow but sure), Jock Drysdale and, of course, Dunbar.

'ANON.'

THE MISSING LINK

"I could not speak a word of French when I joined the Foreign Legion. In a way it was rather useful. We had a Belgian Corporal. He could speak French and nothing else. He had to give his orders to me to a Pole who spoke French and German. He had to explain the order to the German who spoke English, and if the chain was missing, they could not give me anything to do."

—John Yeowell, one of the few Englishmen to have belonged to the French Foreign Legion, speaking in a B.B.C. programme.



Your New Reading

CRICKET, a Great Name, and**Arlott's Book on
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YOUR close season for cricket (which season is not so very close) is with you, but memories nevertheless are still on the recent and devastating Australian tour, with the big query it raises about the future of Test cricket in the sub-continent.

I have three special books, soon with you, which particularly interest cricket followers at your end.

First is *Cricket in the Blood* (Hodder and Stoughton), by Dudley Nourse, South African star and captain; the story of his cricketing career up to the time of the last M.C.C. tour in South Africa. Books by cricketers are too often just a string of condensed reports of big occasions, of tours, and as a rule somewhat prosy summaries of their rise to fame. Dudley Nourse has written a book which, as might be expected from such a personality, is very different from that.

He stands in special case. He has an advantage which in a sense might also have been a handicap. He is the son of a father so famous that he had to assert himself in his own right. Dave Nourse is a cricketing household word. He took his son Dudley under his wing; but not too closely. Dudley showed at very early age that he had inherited the root of the matter, and, above all, that blend of skill and will which makes the batsman who stands out, the shadow of a great rock, in times of crisis. That is the supreme Nourse characteristic. It implies personality.

Here, in these absorbing pages, replete with action pictures, is the portrait of a cricketer of world class; modest, yet sure of himself and not robbing his book of interest by too humble and bland a tone. All cricketers will delight in this book; incidentally, youngsters will here find some of the shrewdest guidance ever offered by one of the men who knows all the answers. A few more Dudleys, not to mention Daves, and the future of cricket in the sub-continent, the international future, will have question marks attached no longer.

A companion cricket book, of a different type, but unique in interest and value, is *The Laws of Cricket: Their History and Growth*, by R. S. Rait Kerr, Secretary of the M.C.C. (Longmans). This, under a somewhat prosaic title, is in reality a summarised story of the game, from the time it first began to evolve as a real game, more than 200 years ago. A book to browse over, to return to.

And, thirdly, watch at your end for *Gone with the Cricketers* (Longmans), John Arlott's new book with full descriptions by the famous B.B.C. commentator of the 1948-49 South African and Rhodesian M.C.C. tour. It is grand stuff, packed with cricketing interest.

Keep the Memory Green, by Lt.-Col. Ewan Butler and Major J. Selby Bradford (Hutchinson) is a volume to be specially noted; the story of that immortal feat of arms and of heroism, Dunkirk. Here, in simple prose, fullest detail, and with many new facts, is a book in which one lives again through the dark days when in the face of unparalleled disaster and threat of annihilation, our forces made their marvellous march, stood unshaken under Nazi air assault on the beaches, and were brought home by the little boats, in the last days of May and the early days of June just 10 years ago.

Do you recall that stirring book, *We Live in*

Alaska, by Constance and Harmon Helmericks? They have written another, just out here: *We Live in the Arctic* (Hodder and Stoughton). It is even better. It tells of a new trip they made in their adopted country, the extreme frozen wilds of Canada. They spent a whole winter in the hitherto unexplored Brooks Range, built a cabin by themselves, endured every hardship, hunted, explored, studied topography, animals and birds. What luck it is that these two have the power to communicate their experiences so vividly! There is entertainment of wholly unusual quality in this superb book, and something of the tonic, too, for a world which might well be said to be suffering from too much civilisation in the modern sense.

Somerset Maugham, with Bernard Shaw, the foremost living figure in English letters (the pair are, in-

By
JOHN COLOPHON

deed, the sole survivors now of an era which, if it had its shoddy and its sentimental, had its richness and amplitude as well), has on his own statement retired from not only the theatre, but, as well, with his last book, *A Writer's Notebook*, the field of the novel and the short story in which he has done work that will long endure.

This gives a special interest to *Maughamiana* (Heinemann). It is a hand list or bibliography, right up to date, of the complete works of Somerset Maugham, from the start of his remarkable career more than half a century ago with *Liza of Lambeth*; it includes also a list of his contributions to periodicals, and is compiled with an introduction by his American friend, Raymond Toole Stott. Mr. Maugham, incidentally, has an even bigger public in the United States of America than in England; it was there was published first the short story which more than 25 years ago laid the foundations of his fame in this medium. *Maughamiana* is a mine of rich and out of the way information about the famous man's literary career; a book, too, for all to possess who wish to round off their knowledge of the work and writing history of perhaps the most accomplished craftsman and artist that the English language has produced.

I start fiction this month with two novels which, though with nothing otherwise in common, have the distinction of stimulating theme. In *The Astrologer* (Longmans) Edward Hyams, that clever man who wrote *Not in Our Stars* and *Blood Money*, has as the latter book, returned to satire, and on the strictly modern theme. The hero, a new-style Hampdenshire Wonder of mathematics, finds a formula whereby he can foresee the future, is set up, on a commercial basis, as a modern Delphic Oracle; with astounding, diverting and fiercely

satirical effect. You will laugh; but you will also deeply ponder between laughs.

In *Time Marches Sideways* (Hutchinson) Ralph L. Finn, also with up to date setting, has a hero with whom time plays the trick, at a crisis in his affairs, of turning the clock back over a vital 5 years (1950-45). The book, like the first-named, entertaining, is notable for a brutally frank and informed background on certain aspects of big business.

A special note of *All Souls* (Longmans), by Geraldine Symons; a first novel of genuine distinction. Its story, told through five generations, ranging from Australia to England at the opening of the last war, of a remarkable, vital and disconcerting family; full of life, agreeably realistic and with no prosy patches whatever; the connecting link, the quiet woman in the Cathedral close, being a beautiful touch of artistry.

In *The Hidden Rocks* (Hutchinson), Miss B. Montagu Scott gives us, with dramatic power and her keen sense of narrative, a human tale with background of the depression years of English between-wars industry. *Old Mischief* (Cassell), Warwick Deeping's last novel is, with its odd leading character and bright human chronicle of ordinary folk, typical Deeping. A sentimentalist, yes; but his death a few days back removed from our midst a born story teller.

The One I Love, by Dorothy Black (Cassell), the story of a man who planned to sacrifice his love sooner than cause complications, and gets involved in dubious adventure, is Miss Black as thousands of readers know her; light in touch, skilled in plot handling; a born light novelist and romancer. *Four in a Fairlead*, by E. Laurie Long (Ward, Lock), in like vein with this writer's specialised sea background, is clever work, guaranteed to pass agreeably the free hour. *Floodwater*, by Peter Meredith (Ward, Lock), with South African atmosphere is in plot (that of the black sheep that turns up) not new; but is well told with moments of strong drama.

A pick of thrillers. For horrors I lead this month with *Brainstorm* by Reginald Campbell (Cassell): a young man burning to avenge a wrong meets in the lone Romney Marshes the MacBeth-like Weird Sister,

but with secret powers. Difficult to write, but without doubt successful. *The Silver Phantom Murder*, by Brian Stuart (Ward, Lock): "Knock Out Kavanagh" again; an old friend of his is done to death; he joins with the "Yard" in tracking down the villain. Straightforward sustained excitement. *Frightened to Death*, by Hilary Gray (Hurst and Blackett): Rich man's death through heart failure in London art gallery. How come? Phineas Grant gruesomely finds out. *Diamonds to Amsterdam*, by Manning Coles (Hodder and Stoughton): Tommy Hambledon again, up to form, in a very special murder adventure.

The new PAN-books (1s. 6d. each) include two plums: *The Corn is Green* and a couple more plays by Emlyn Williams, and *Come and Be Killed*, Shelley Smith's Crime Club winner; both great bargains indeed.

HEADLINE

Title of a New York *Journal-American* story about a thief who stole an electric clock: "Steals Clock, Faces Time."

Before I left Northern Ireland yesterday I hired a car; an old saloon it was, and noisy . . . the minute it moved off the inside was filled completely with blue, stinking fumes . . . The driver called back at me: "D'you smell any fumes at all?" . . . "Smell them," I said, "I can see them" . . . "Ah, so they tell me," he said . . . "but it's all right in front . . . I don't get them here" . . . "Well, if I don't get out soon, you'll have a corpse in the back" . . . "Don't say that," said the horrified driver—"I had one yesterday, sitting in your very seat he was—and full of the whiskey" . . . When we stopped he didn't get out . . . and when I opened the door he fell out into the gutter dead as a doornail . . . I'll get me fare from his executors they tell me—and I know what killed him" . . . "I think I do, too," I answered, coughing through the fumes. "Sure," said the driver—"it was the whiskey—he was always at it." H'm. I fancy I'm lucky to be alive.

Peter Watson speaking in a B.B.C. programme about his recent experiences in Northern Ireland.



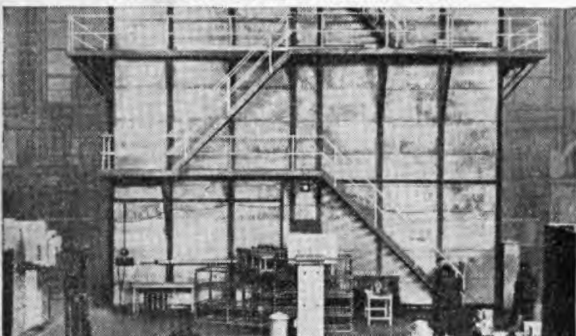
"I can't think why this spot should remind me of Northern Italy!"



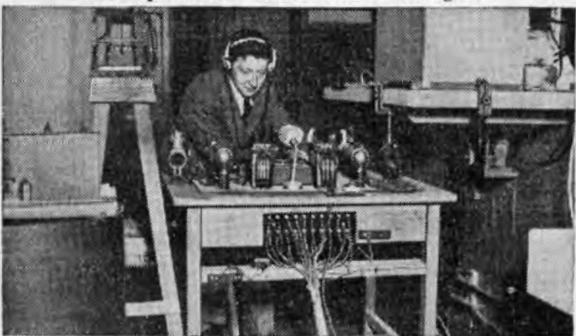
THE SECRETS IN FATHER'S STUDY may revolutionize the world for Christopher Cockcroft, the son. Atomic energy may mean a new way of life — or death.



ORIGINATOR OF WORLD'S BIGGEST BANG stops his ears when his children make too much noise.



HARWELL'S PILE. One face of Gleep, first of the two atomic piles built. The second is far larger.



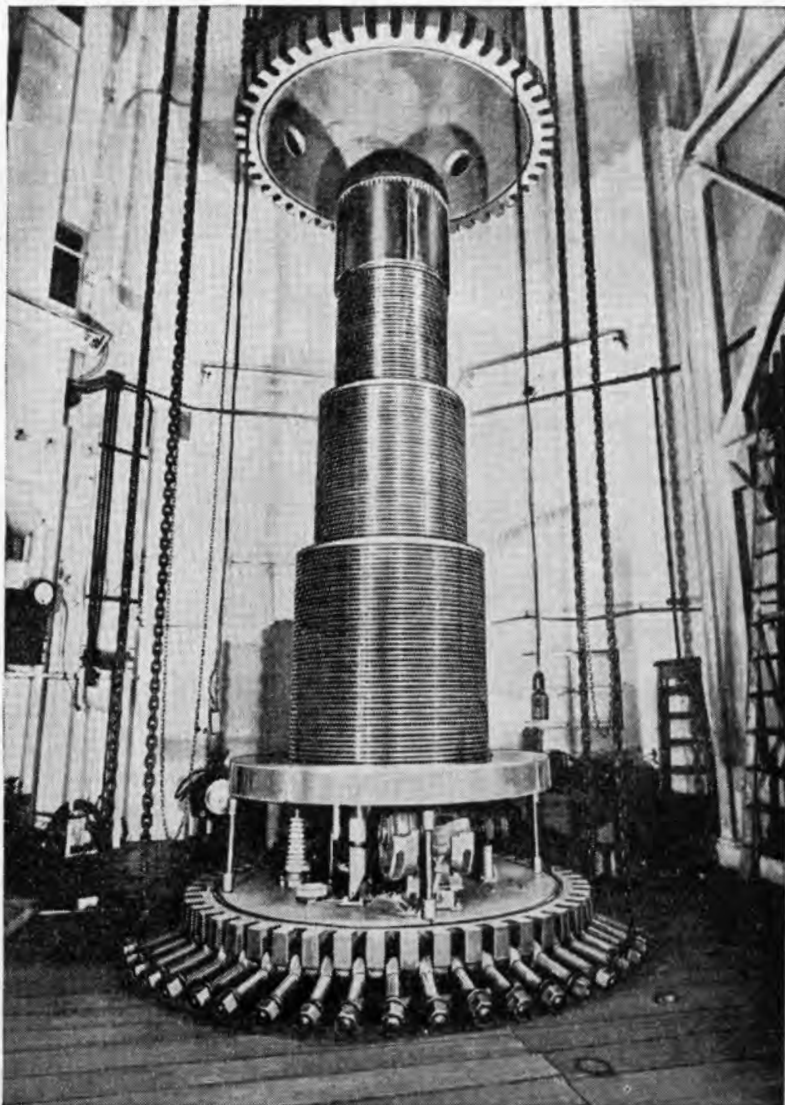
MAN WHO SPLIT THE ATOM. Cockcroft, with his apparatus at Cambridge in 1932, listens for electrical impulses produced by high-speed atoms.

BRITAIN'S ATOM CHIEF

PROFESSOR Sir John Cockcroft first hit the headlines in 1932, when as plain John Cockcroft at the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, he became the first man to split the atom by machinery.

Today, four years after Hiroshima, Sir John is in charge of Britain's Atomic Research Establishment at Harwell, Berkshire, where two atomic piles not only supply enough radio-active isotopes to meet the nation's medical needs, but are also a basis of experiment in industrial applications.

Professor Cockcroft is fifty years old, is married, has four daughters and a son. He is a keen gardener, enjoys a game of tennis and leads a quiet family life.



VAN DE GRAAF GENERATOR at Harwell. Cockcroft discussed plans for it in 1933. Today it is in operation, is capable of producing 5,000,000 volts for use in development of atomic energy.

PROMOTION EXAMINATION, 1949

First Sergeant to Sub-Inspector, Town and District

COMMON LAW.

Time: 2½ hours.

Questions 1 to 4 inclusive. These questions must be answered.

Questions 5 to 10 inclusive. Any three of these questions may be answered.

Question.

1. Write notes of not more than one sheet of foolscap on "Public and Private Violence", distinguishing between the two crimes and setting out the characteristics of each.
2. Discuss briefly what Common Law crimes, if any, are disclosed in the following circumstances:—
 - (a) "X", a senior clerk employed in the office of the Controller of the National Building and Housing Board, accepts the sum of twenty pounds from "Y", a local builder, in consideration of exercising his ("X's") influence with the Controller to expedite the issue of a building permit to "Y". "X" has no authority himself to issue building permits.
 - (b) The day after you have taken over a District outstation, "P", a local farmer on whom a summons has already been served for failing to dip his cattle, approaches you and offers you a gift of two dozen fowls, if you will undertake to withdraw the summons. You refuse.
 - (c) It comes to your notice that "C", a Government Cattle Inspector and Issuer of Cattle Permits, has been accepting gifts of sacks of mealie meal from "D", a farmer, in consideration of allowing "D" to move slaughter cattle from his farm within an infected area declared under the Animal Diseases Act (Cap. 179), to a butchery outside the infected area.
3. (a) Killing in self-defence is in certain circumstances excusable, but for self-defence to operate as a complete excuse on a charge of murder or culpable homicide, three main conditions must exist. What are they?
 - (b) To what degree, if any, is "A" culpable in the following circumstances:—
 - (i) "A" finds his daughter, aged 17, in the act of having sexual intercourse with "B", his neighbour's son. In a fit of anger "A" gets his shotgun and shoots "B", who dies of his wounds the following day.
 - (ii) "A", a woman, is attacked in her bed at night by an intruder who tries to rape her. While struggling with her assailant, she manages to get hold of a pistol which she kept under her pillow and shoots him dead.
4. Discuss the term "Indirect Force" as applied to the crime of Assault, and quote examples to illustrate your answer.
5. An African Constable reports to you by phone at the Charge Office that he has discovered a European baby about three weeks old lying naked and unattended under a bush on the Salisbury Commonage. The child appears to be "in extremis" with heat and thirst, but after treatment recovers.

Investigation subsequently reveals that the child is that of a young married woman who lives three miles away in Town, and was abandoned by her 36 hours before it was discovered.

State what crime at Common Law has been committed, and discuss briefly the position had the child died.
6. (a) Write notes on "Indecent Assault" setting out the main characteristics of this type of offence.
 - (b) What do you understand by "the age of consent" in this connection.
 - (c) "A", a girl of 16, complains to you that while at a matinee at the Palace Theatre, a European man, "B", sitting next to her, and who was a stranger to her, placed his hand on her knee and attempted to slide it up her thigh towards her private parts. He did not touch her private parts, as she pushed his hand away and immediately got up, reported the incident to the Theatre Manager, and left the cinema. To what extent is "B" culpable?
7. (a) Define "Criminal Defamation".

Under the general heading of Criminal Defamation, what do you understand by the following terms:—

 - (b) Animus Injuriandi.
 - (c) Privilege.
 - (d) Truth and Public Benefit.
8. Discuss briefly the distinguishing characteristics as between Robbery and Extortion.
9. Fraud is defined as a wilful perversion of the truth made with intent to deceive and resulting in actual or potential prejudice to another.
 - (a) Discuss briefly the essentials in a charge of this nature.
 - (b) What crime, if any, is disclosed in the following circumstances:—

"A" gave "B" a cheque to cash for him ("A"). "B" falsely informing the bank that he is "A", endorses the cheque and receives payment of the money which he hands over to "A".
10. (a) Define Bigamy.
 - (b) Discuss the law concerning bigamy in relation to Native Marriages.

STATUTE LAW.

Time: 2½ hours.

Questions 1 to 4 inclusive: These questions must be answered.

Questions 5 to 10 inclusive: Any three of these questions may be answered.

Question.

1. Magistrate's Court Act (CAP. 11).
 - (a) An important witness is absent in another district. Is it competent for the Magistrate in the district

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where the trial is to take place, to subpoena this person? Describe the full procedure to be adopted to secure the attendance of the witness.

(b) Presume that the witness fails to answer his subpoena. What is the procedure to be adopted, if he is guilty of a contempt of court?

2. C.P. & E. Act (CAP. 28).

(a) You have received information that an important witness in a forthcoming trial is about to abscond.

Give in full your actions and the correct procedure to be adopted by the Magistrate on representations from you.

(b) "A" is charged before your local court of having committed some crime, but "B"—a material witness—is in gaol serving a sentence. What procedure would be adopted and by whom to secure the attendance of "B"?

3. Public Health Act (CAP. 140)

(a) Persons suffering from venereal disease are debarred from entering or continuing in certain employment.

Discuss this section stating who are held liable, nature of employment, etc.

(b) How are prosecutions under the Public Health Act for contraventions of the part dealing with Venereal Disease conducted?

4. Mental Disorders Act (CAP. 141).

When may a policeman apprehend a person mentally disordered and what procedure must be followed?

5. Brands Act (CAP. 181).

(a) What animals must be branded?

(b) Discuss, briefly, the use of registered and un-registered brands impressed on cattle.

(c) Define, in terms of the Act:—

(i) Cattle.

(ii) Proprietor.

6. Firearms Restriction Act, 16/44.

(a) You are i/c of your station. A Magistrate sends you a letter from a farmer applying for a permit for a Coloured employee to use a shotgun.

Tabulate the lines you would follow when submitting your report.

(b) What natives, Asiatics and Coloured persons are *ex officio* permitted to be in possession of arms and ammunition?

7. Liquor Act (CAP. 219).

(a) Under this Act who are disqualified from obtaining licences?

(b) Discuss black-listing under the following headings:—

(i) Who can be black-listed?

(ii) By whom?

(iii) How soon must the enquiry start, after the issue of the notice?

(iv) Who holds the enquiry and the manner in which it is held.

(v) What is the subsequent action taken by a Magistrate as affecting the Police?

8. Children's Protection Act (CAP. 155)

Under this Act there are certain requirements in regard to a child's detention pending trial.

Discuss this fully, paying particular attention to:

(a) Where the child may be detained.

(b) Who may release the child from detention.

(c) Under what circumstances must the child be detained?

9. Roads and Road Traffic Act (CAP. 257).

You have cause to stop a Public Service Vehicle, in daylight, carrying passengers only. To what points would you pay particular attention when examining the vehicle?

10. Liquor Act (CAP. 219).

What are the provisions regarding the supply of liquor to Natives, Asiatics and Coloured persons?

Can any or all be exempt from the restrictions imposed by this Act?

POLICE DUTIES.

Questions 1 to 4 inclusive: These questions must be answered.

Questions 5 to 10 inclusive: Any three of these questions may be answered.

Question.

1. What are Standing Orders in regard to:—

(a) Escorts for lunatics?

(b) Communications to the Press?

(c) Enquiries on behalf of private persons?

(d) Confidential reports on members?

(e) Prisoners communicating with friends.

2. Write notes for the guidance of a junior member on the procedure to be adopted in dealing with statements and confessions made by suspects and accused persons.

3. You are called by the owner of a hotel to a room where he shows you the dead body of a European man whom it is known has no surviving next of kin or relatives. The deceased has vomited and there are indications that it is a case of arsenical poisoning.

What action would you take?

4. You receive information that a Coloured person makes a practice of selling liquor to natives and you are satisfied that there is truth in the allegations. Describe in detail what action you would take.

5. You are prosecuting in a case and the accused disputes a previous conviction. Describe what you would do and what proof you would produce in court.

6. A person comes to the Charge Office and reports that A European man is behaving in a most unusual manner. Appears to be insane and asks that he be locked up. As the responsible member on duty, what action would you take?

7. How would you conduct an identification parade? Is the suspected person or arrested person compelled to put himself up for identification?

8. "B" makes a complaint to you that "C" is threatening him with violence; he is frightened and asks for immediate action to be taken and for a charge to be preferred. What action would you take?

9. (a) You are investigating a murder case and you know that a European witness can give you information but refuses to do so. What action would you take?

(b) The complainant in an attempted murder case has been seriously injured and taken to hospital. He is conscious but unable to attend court, and there is doubt as to whether he will live. What action would you take?

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10. (a) You are required to inspect a liquor licensed hotel with a view to submitting your report to the sitting of the Annual Licensing Court. To what points would you pay particular attention?
- (b) What is the difference between provisions for supply of liquor on Sundays by holders of Town Retail Liquor Licences and Country Retail Liquor Licences?

MECHANICAL TRANSPORT.

Time: 1 hour.

Questions 1 to 3 inclusive: These questions must be answered.

Questions 4 to 7 inclusive: Any two of these questions may be answered.

Questions.

- What steps would you take to keep a check on trucks and motor cycles when you have no lock-up garage in respect of:—
 - Use on private business.
 - Theft of petrol from the tank.
 - Exchanging of parts with private vehicles or machines.
- Given a fleet consisting of bicycles, motor cycles, half-ton trucks and three-ton lorries, on what basis would you discriminate in allocating them for duty, i.e., what sort of duty do you consider should be performed by each?
- Outline the policy you would adopt to instil on a large and busy station, the proper regard, care and pride in their transport, by riders and drivers?
- On your weekly inspection, what points would you check in regard to the B.S.A. motor cycles on your station?
- On your weekly inspection, what points would you check in regard to four-wheeled vehicles?
- Frame a brief report containing the essentials necessary to determine any gross negligence or otherwise on the part of a member who brings back a damaged vehicle.
- You suspect members of wasting time at the local Transport Depot on the excuse of minor maintenance of their machines. What steps would you take to prevent this?
- Who was the last Governor of the Colony?
- Who is the present Governor?
- With what events (or benefits) do you associate the following names:—
 - Beit.
 - Gandhi.
 - Jinnah.
 - Dr. Weizmann.
 - Paul Kruger.
 - Vyshinsky.
- Who were (or are) known as:—
 - "Blood and Guts".
 - "That man again".
 - "Monty".
 - "Albert the Good".
 - "Coeur de Lion".
 - "Wiri".
 - "Ike".
- What do the following abbreviations denote:—

| | |
|-------------|-------------------|
| E. & O. E. | D. V. |
| C. I. F. | L. D. O. |
| F. O. R. | D. V. S. |
| R. S. V. P. | S. R. W. A. P. S. |
| B. E. M. | C. V. O. |
- (a) There are three political parties in the Legislative Assembly. How many seats does each hold?
- Who is the Minister of Native Affairs?
- Who is the Leader of the Opposition?
- (a) Who owns the Beira Railway Company?
- Who owns the Rhodesia Railways?
- Where is the Headquarters of the Rhodesia Railways?
- What important survey is being carried out in other territories by American railroad surveyors which will affect the Rhodesia Railways?
- Discuss, in an answer of not more than one page, your views of the African Strikes in April, 1948. Your answer should include the reasons why the natives went on strike; and what you consider the remedies are to prevent such disturbances.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.

Time: 1½ hours.

Questions 1 to 3 inclusive. These questions must be answered.

Questions 4 to 7 inclusive: Any two of these questions may be answered.

Question.

- The British South Africa Company's Police is said to have had its beginnings in another Colonial Police Force.
 - What was that Force?
 - What is it now called?
- What famous men lie buried at the Matopos?
- Was Rhodes married?
 - Who was H. U. Moffat?
 - Who was the R.S.M. of the B.S.A. Police who died in 1918?
 - And who was the R.S.M. who died in 1947?
 - Who was the last Inspector-General of the B.S.A. Police?

INTERIOR ECONOMY.

Time: 1½ hours.

Questions 1 to 3 inclusive: These questions must be answered.

Questions 4 to 7 inclusive: Any two of these questions may be answered.

Question.

- What instructions are laid down in regard to packing, consignment, damage to and storage of, furniture of married members on transfer?
- What is the procedure for claiming Special Quarters Allowance and on what basis is this allowance calculated?
- Explain briefly the system of recording, replacing and boarding of Movable Assets on a Station.
- Under what conditions may a member of the public or a member of the Force
 - purchase a Police horse?
 - obtain the custody of a pensioned Police horse?

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5. What are the scales of fuel for European and African members?
6. Under what circumstances is a Member in Charge of a Station permitted to requisition for Police stores from a civilian merchant and what is the procedure to be followed when such purchases are made?
7. What is the object of the B.S.A. Police Benevolent Fund (European) and how does it operate?

ESSAY.

Time: 1 hour.

It is held to be of the greatest importance that good feeling must always exist between the Police and the Public; and that the Police Force should always hold the confidence of the Public.

Discuss this, with particular reference to the behaviour of junior European members of the Force.

In a Southern Rhodesian native reserve an African woman was seized by a crocodile as she waded into a stream. The woman dug her teeth into the crocodile's tender snout, and the crocodile let her go. The woman recovered in hospital. (*Garda Review*.)

Our cynical friend says it is not safe to run after women, nowadays. Too few of them will run!

ACTOR IN COURT

James McKechnie, a very well known B.B.C. broadcaster, who this year won the "Daily Mail" award for the best actor of the year, recently played the leading part of a K.C. in a thriller called "The Unguarded Hour." McKechnie is now particularly well fitted to play legal parts for, when he broadcast as narrator in John Gough's important series of feature programmes "Justice In Other Lands," which was recently heard in the B.B.C.'s Overseas Service, he thought it would be an advantage to pay a visit to the Law Courts to study the way in which judges and counsel conduct their cases. He took many notes and then remained for the rest of the day out of sheer interest. What was at first a duty visit has now become a hobby and McKechnie finds his way to the Law Courts whenever he has time. He finds it interesting to compare the procedure in different courts; in some the atmosphere is comparatively casual, in others it is extremely formal. McKechnie has studied legal niceties with such care that he can bring an authentic touch to any type of legal part.

A hunter was returning home from the field without a thing in his bag and feeling quite dejected, when suddenly he spied a flock of ducks swimming in a little pond, with an old Scotch farmer watching them.

"How much do you want to let me take a pot shot at those ducks?" the hunter asked the Scotchman.

"Half a dollar," was the immediate reply. The hunter let fly with both barrels, killing fourteen ducks.

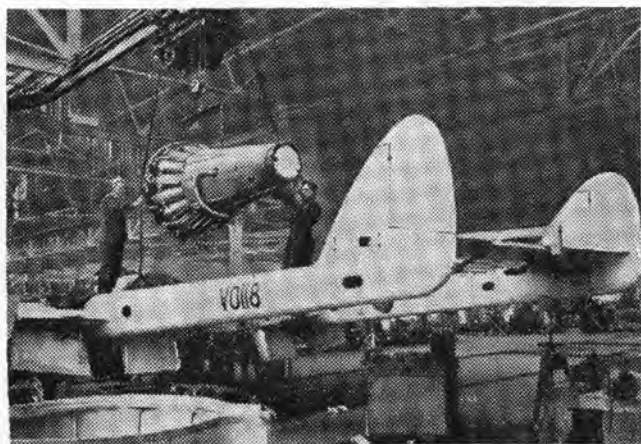
"Well," the hunter said, smiling, as he paid the farmer, "I guess I got the best of that bargain."

"Ah dinna ken," replied the Scotchman. "They're no my ducks."



"Just like you to pick a house right on the Trans-African air route!"

South Africa uses Vampires



This picture, taken at the De Havilland factory, shows the final assembly line, and clearly illustrates the characteristic twin tail-booms of the "Vampire". A "Goblin" engine with which the "Vampire" is powered is being lowered into the engine nacelle.

A SURVEY of current export and trade agreements affecting gas turbine motors and aircraft shows that eight countries have already received licences to build five types of United Kingdom jet engines, and four countries have (or are negotiating for) licences to build complete machines. In addition, 14 countries are using United Kingdom jet aircraft bought direct from the manufacturers and exported in the usual way. The latest customer is likely to be Australia, where it has been announced officially that the latest Hawker fighter, the swept wing 1052, may be built under licence to give the Royal Australian Air Force a 650 miles an hour interceptor which can match any in the world.

Countries now holding licences to build United Kingdom jet aircraft or engines are: United States: Rolls Royce Nene and Tay engines; Argentine: Rolls Derwent engines; Australia: Nene engines, Hawker fighters; France: Nene engines, De Havilland Vampire fighters; Sweden: De Havilland Ghost and Goblin engines; Switzerland: Goblin engines and Vampire fighters; Belgium: Derwent engines; and Italy: Goblin engines and Vampire fighters.

In addition, the following countries use jets bought in Britain as standard equipment in their Air Forces: Gloster Meteors: Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Argentine, Egypt; De Havilland Vampires: France, Italy, Egypt, India, Union of South Africa, Norway, Venezuela, Sweden, Canada and Switzerland.

The De Havilland Company of Australia makes Vampires for the Royal Australian Air Force.

Worth £12,000,000

This is a formidable list, and though no cash value for it has ever been announced, it is known that in 1948 the De Havilland export figures alone were worth £12,000,000, and, I am told, that that position was at least maintained in 1949. As for numbers of aircraft being built, here again there is some secrecy, but sales of Vampires to Norway and Switzerland, Sweden, Italy, Venezuela and South Africa already total over 400 and licensed local building already plans at least 300 more.

All this work is, of course, on the purely military side, but soon civil sales will be swelling the stream. Already Canada has ordered De Havilland Comet air-

liners. Several countries are also interested in the new jet-propelled machines, the Viscount and Apollo medium air-liners, and it would be surprising indeed if these world beating aircraft did not open up new markets to Britain's air industry.

Britain's designers, however, are not becoming complacent about their lead in the jet field. The

15 AIR FORCES FLY BRITISH

—By—

CHARLES GARDNER

B.B.C. Air Correspondent

friendly struggle with the United States for world jet supremacy is going to be far too searching to permit of that—and the industry knows it. On the other hand it will remain, whatever happens, a friendly rivalry. There is, and has been for some time, a free interchange of ideas on jet development, back and forth across the Atlantic, with the common aim that, whatever aircraft are built by the Western Allies, they will be best.

Four New Engines

At the present moment, Britain has produced the four most powerful jet engines of their class in the world—the Tay, the Avon, the Sapphire and the Python. The Tay, now being built in the United States by Pratt and Whitney, is a larger version of the famous Nene, the American edition of which (the Turbo-Wasp) has the distinction of being the first jet engine to be approved for civil use in the United States. The Tay, a centrifugal compressor type of engine, develops 6,250 pounds of thrust, while the axial flow Avon is admitted to have developed 6,000 pounds in a fairly early development. These thrust figures are the equivalent of 11,000 horsepower at 600 miles an hour. The Sapphire, built by Armstrong-Siddeley, is still of secret power, but it is known to be in the Tay and Avon class; while the Python is a jet propelled engine of 3,670 horsepower.

All these engines are earmarked for some aircraft or other. The Avon is already installed in the Canberra bomber, the Tay is going to power U.S. Navy fighters, the Python is flying in the Wyvern fighter, and the Sapphire has a destination of which no announcement has yet been made. With these engines already in production and others in the design stage, there is reason to believe that Britain's expanding jet-trade will go on expanding for years to come.

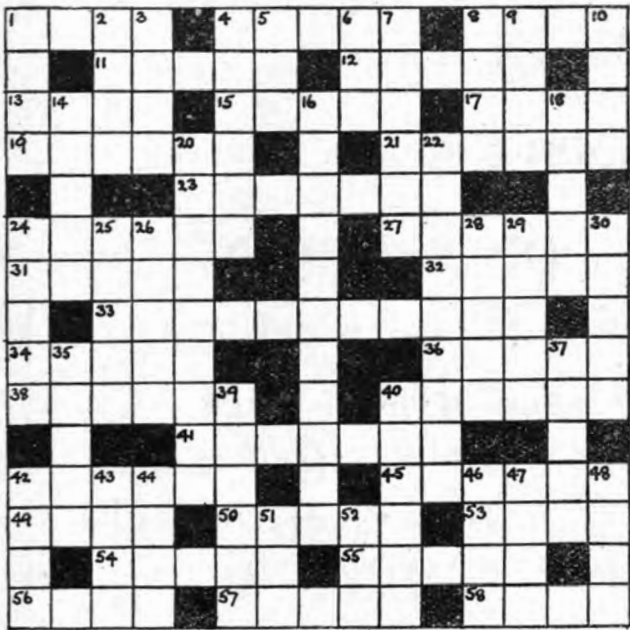
GREMLINS AGAIN

"His lordship adjourned the Court, on counsel intimating that there were still a few pints to clear up."

"The Editor regrets that several letters are omitted owing to lack of space."

"She was a typical business girl, slim, alert and very nearly dressed."

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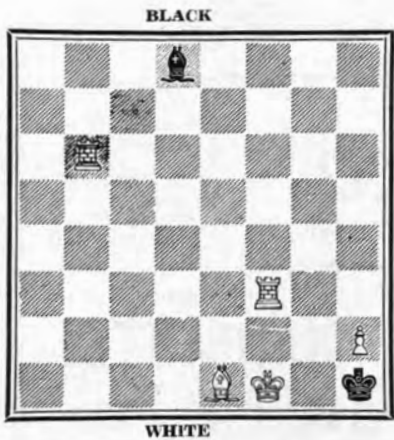
Across

1. Act, act!
4. Shakespearian creature.
8. Allow for colour.
11. Coal for the month?
12. Oddly enough, love-in-a-mist is this in the bush.
13. Seen in a certain arrangement.
15. A small company involved in sin.
17. On whose walls the mute harp hangs.
19. Paint an epic interior.
21. South-west for Paradise.
23. Erica? You might hate her.
24. Struck.
27. A noble Italian family living in a little street.
31. Sir Andrew Aguecheek found somebody to do it once.
32. I step lamely.
33. "Madam, will you walk, will you talk with me?"
34. Boadicea's people.
36. Kirkstall Abbey is close by.
38. The snake is largely responsible for its mournful appearance.
40. Miniature of Good Queen Bess?
41. Russian tea-urn.
42. Deserves.
45. Side with us.
49. A queer flower.
50. Crossword puzzle, perhaps.
53. Breakdown of a seer.
54. 17th century cartographer.
55. At present in the ship.
56. And it is in the same place.
57. Adorns.
58. The last, of course.

Down

1. Father gets about the east.
2. "If this young man presses himself in terms too — for me.
Why, what a singularly — young man — young man must be!"
3. Whom all Israel made captain of the host.
4. Got the better of.
5. Partial encirclement.
6. 0, half 1 across!
7. 10 + ($\frac{1}{2} \times 27$).
8. Loosened ties.
9. The lad has made his century.
10. Flowed round nothing.
14. Gave way.
16. Turn not into a sin.
18. The remainder's round the orient.
20. Most optimistic.
22. They struggle for living.
24. Once Lutetia.
25. Ran with long strides.
26. Inclination to finish in view.
28. Pastry in the steamer.
29. Lures.
30. T.T.
35. Cut by a goat.
37. A beggar lay at his gate.
39. A snake in red.
40. Children.
42. Observation of a sort.
43. Trusted when Edward's gone.
44. Is about a politician.
46. So so?
47. Bear a letter into America.
48. "The chest contriv'd a double — to pay.
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day."
51. Poetry *a la mode*?
52. Name of several Scottish rivers.

(Solution on page 45.)



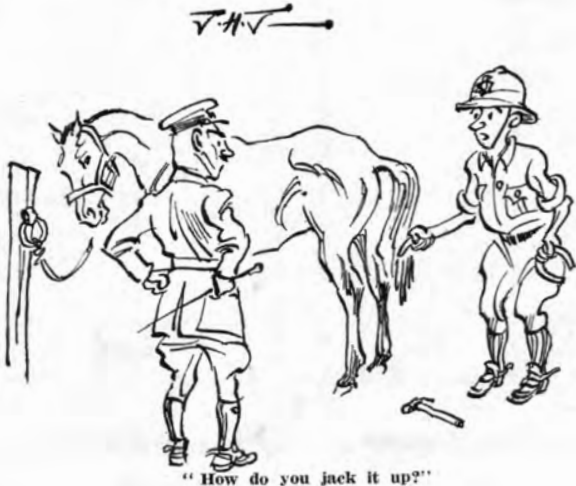
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PROBLEM

No. 75

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3 moves.

Key move on
Page 43.

Somebody has suggested the invention of a motor horn which sounds like a harp. Presumably so that the pedestrians will hardly notice their transition to a better life.



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Tragedy at Kariba Gorge

FORTY miles upstream from Chirundu Bridge, the Zambesi River narrows in places to only fifty yards in width as it flows through the Kariba hills. For many years engineers have considered the possibility of using these waters for the production of hydro-electric power and preliminary survey work on the project was commenced two years ago. Early this year, it was the scene of sudden tragedy when a landslide overwhelmed the camp on the southern bank. In the rescue attempt, the B.S.A. Police played an outstanding part, and the story of their efforts is published below.

ON the night of 18th February, 1950, camped at the exit of the Gorge, and on the opposite sides of the river, were parties of drilling engineers and three surveyors, the surveyors being on the southern side, and having as their guest a young friend from Salisbury.

It had been raining all day and during that night, eleven inches of rain fell, this being recorded on a rain gauge situated on the northern bank. The heavy rain soaked deep into the ground causing the surface to become very loose and muddy, and small rivers to form and flow swiftly down the sides of the hills that overlooked both camping sites. During the night the engineers on the northern side were awakened by the noise of rocks, earth and trees sliding down the side of the surrounding hills in small and large landslides, one such landslide missing their camp by only 70 yards and plunging into the river.

When dawn broke it was noticed that all was not well on the other side of the river. A pile of loose earth and rocks and scattered debris was observed at the foot of the newly-made scar, slashed on the side on the hill, directly about the site of the pole and dagga hut, which formed the main camp building of the surveyors. Observation was difficult, owing to a number of trees that formed a screen round the southern banks camp site, but the watchers, contemplating their own narrow escape from disaster were very uneasy. Shortly afterwards a native dug out canoe was seen to approach from the southern bank, and the paddler, a servant of the survey camp, after an intense struggle to cross the swollen river, brought the news that a landslide had completely overwhelmed the European living quarters, leaving no signs of the inhabitants.

The engineers crossed the river after bailing out the almost water-logged canoe, and started a frantic and feverish search for the missing men. Close to to water's edge they found the body of one man clad in pyjamas and still wrapped in his blanket, his dog, faithful unto death, lying dead at his feet. Of the others there was no sign.

Further search was useless and pointless as the whole camping site was now covered with a layer of mud and rocks four to five feet deep, and to even walk over this was almost impossible.

The landslide was not a large one, being about 80 feet up the side of the hill at its starting point and 10 feet wide, opening out to approximately 20 to 30 yards at its base, but in places the rocks and earth had been scoured out to a depth of six or seven feet, and trees had been carried away by the slide. The pole and dagga hut comprising the living quarters of the camp had stood directly in the path of the landslide, and had been carried forward, coming to rest at the base of a large tree, in a very battered condition. Another pole

and dagga hut containing a radio transmitter and receiver remained untouched, the landslide having missed it by a few feet, whilst a third hut situated directly in the path of the landslide, but behind a large tree, had also escaped damage except for a decided list to one side, caused by the slight impact of a huge rock which had come to rest leaning against the side of the hut.

As nothing further could be done at the scene of the tragedy, word was despatched to Chirundu Bridge Police Post, by way of a native travelling in a dug-out down river, a very difficult and risky journey with the river in flood.

The message was received at Chirundu Police Post, and after considerable difficulty relayed to Miami by telephone, from where it was relayed to Salisbury D.H.Q. 230 miles away.

On the instructions of the Officer Commanding, Salisbury Police, Chief Inspector Howard and Trooper Ward, with a few African Constables, left Sinoia at 11.30 p.m. on a wet Sunday night, having hastily collected together some food and extra clothing, and a few articles of camping gear. En route a detour was made at Miami to collect Trooper Hubbard and extra African Police. In spite of the bad condition of the road, due to recent heavy rains, good progress was made until the Nyakasanga River was reached, only 20 miles south of Chirundu Bridge, but here the party was delayed owing to the river being in flood and washing out approximately 30 to 40 yards of road on each side of the approach to the concrete bridge, which still remained in the centre of the river, almost submerged.

At this point the Police party was reinforced by some members of the Irrigation Department and Transport Camp, who had left Salisbury the night before and travelled all through the night.

As the river showed no sign of subsiding a conference was held, which resulted in one member of the Irrigation Department swimming across to the half-submerged bridge, pulling behind him a long tow-rope, which he attached to the guard rails of the bridge.

The party then stripped and carrying what essential kit they could, half swam, half waded across the river by means of the rope. Arriving on the other side they despatched one member to Chirundu where he obtained a truck, left there by the survey party, and in this he returned to Nyakasanga River, and collected the rest of the party.

It was now late afternoon of the 20th February, but steps were immediately taken to locate transport for the journey to Kariba Gorge. All the roads to the Gorge on either side of the river were completely impassable to any vehicle, it being ascertained later that four landslides and a newly-diverted river had crossed

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the road on the southern bank. It seemed that the party would be forced to walk to the Gorge, but the Irrigation Department came to the rescue with a twin-screw launch, which by a lucky chance had been left at the bridge by a member of the survey party. Darkness was fast approaching, and the river being impossible to navigate at night due to submerged sandbanks and floating tree trunks, the party decided to make an early start the following morning.

At this point two very tired and wet members of the Northern Rhodesia Police—Inspector Ward and Det. Assistant Inspector Batters—arrived on the scene from Lusaka, having practically pushed their truck and dug a new road through seas of mud over half the journey in pouring rain. These two men had been sent down to carry on investigations in the event of the Southern Rhodesia party being held up for a long period at the Nyakasanga River.

Meanwhile in Salisbury, active preparations were taking place to further the activities of the advance party. The Police Ordnance Stores produced as if by magic, tents, chairs, tables, lamps, cooking and eating utensils, thermos flasks, torches, beds, tarpaulins, picks, shovels, axes, and a host of tins of meat, fruit, condensed milk, dehydrated vegetables, butter, cooking fat, and even soap, as if it anticipated that the party might be detained at the Gorge for ten days or more. These stores, together with a radio transmitter-receiver and power generator, and four coffins, were loaded on to three lorries, which then set off for Chirundu Bridge on the Monday morning, in charge of Staff Sergeant Plastow, of the Police Radio Branch.

This party made good progress until reaching the Nyakasanga River, at 9.30 p.m., when the convoy was halted owing to the river still being in flood and the road being washed out. The risk of a night crossing attempt was ruled out, as the member in charge convoy was unfamiliar with the river, and an overturned vehicle carrying these important stores, would have caused a delay of hours, or even a day.

At dawn the convoy attempted the crossing, after pulling some stranded cars out of the river bed which were blocking the most likely route of crossing, and building up a stone rampart on to the concrete bridge, so as to avoid the deepest water. After much manoeuvring all three lorries crossed in safety, and set out for the last lap of the journey to Chirundu, only to find on arrival that the advance party had left by river launch just 90 minutes previously. There being no other craft available to transport stores and equipment, nothing could be done, until the return of the launch, except for carrying out a radio test with Salisbury from the Chirundu Police Camp.

Meanwhile the launch carrying the advance party, loaded down almost to her gunwale, was slowly forging up the river against a six to eight knot current. The journey took eight hours, landing being made at the buried camp site in the late afternoon.

After a brief survey Chief Inspector Howard decided that nothing could be done until the following morning, so the party pitched camp near the river bank, well away from any hills or sharply sloping ground. As a point of interest, the drilling engineers on the northern bank, in spite of further rain, did not shift their camp, presumably acting on the old saying that "a miss is as good as a mile."

The Irrigation Department members who had also journeyed up in the launch, had by this time succeeded in repairing the engines of an ex-naval landing craft

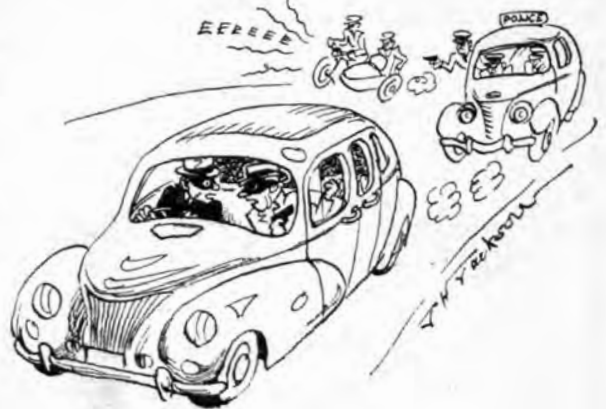
which was moored off the Gorge. This had been used for carrying heavy supplies. With this craft and the launch they started the return journey to Chirundu Bridge for the purpose of picking up the Police, stores and radio gear which they presumed had by then arrived there.

On Wednesday morning digging operations commenced on the buried camp site. Firstly the site selected for excavation was covered by reeds and grass to prevent the diggers sinking to their waists in mud. This digging proved to be a nightmare, as small rocks and stones were mixed together in the mud, the removal of which at once caused a pool of water to collect, thereby obscuring any view of what lay underneath. Shovels had to be used as scrapers, and most of the rocks and stones were moved by hand. After digging for five hours in various directions, they found at a depth of five feet some odds and ends of personal effects and eventually uncovered two bodies. The search for the fourth body proved impossible, as the position in which it was last seen by a native servant was now completely under water.

There remained nothing more to be done except the taking of statements from the few persons who had been present, and to scrape off several layers of mud from the personnel who had been digging.

Meanwhile at Chirundu the Irrigation Department members, after camping overnight on the river, arrived on the Wednesday morning and the work of loading stores and equipment from the lorries to the landing craft was at once commenced, all being aboard by mid-day.

An early return had been planned but here fate took a hand and the journey up the river to the Gorge, including an overnight stop for camping by the river bank, took a total of 22 hours, caused mainly by a succession of engine failures—breakdowns in the cooling systems of both craft, leaks in petrol tanks, and finally one propellor of the launch completely coming off the shaft, and the packing round the shaft falling out. On arrival at the Gorge, there remained nothing to do except embark the Police party, place the recovered bodies in coffins, and return to the Bridge, the return journey taking only three hours. That night in the Police Mess at Chirundu the stores did come in useful after all in feeding a party of very hungry and tired Policemen, who were feeling the effects of missed meals and sleep.



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So You want to get Married?



By "The Man Who Did"

(Concluded.)

SO you are engaged, young man. Yes, you may kiss the lady now, in front of her parents too, but not as you would behind their backs. But hold those congratulations; do not let the idea creep in beneath your khaki cap that from now on all is beer and skittles. Filling in a C.S.I. Form is child's play to what comes next.

If your bedside books have been well chosen you will by now be fully conversant with Police Regulations and Standing Orders—that little red book you know—and the big green one with the dusty cover. You will know that you are face to face with a task of some magnitude. Put firmly aside sweet dalliance; there are men to be handled.

First there is a father to be placated, a glowering dominant mountain of a man who wants to know how you on your miserable pittance can possibly provide a sufficiency of evening dresses to clothe his fool of a daughter (his own words). Treat him kindly but firmly. Give him to understand in a few well chosen phrases that there is one man only in his daughter's life—and that isn't Daddy. Explain that she is a big girl now; she may have fooled him but she hasn't fooled you. Refer to her beauty, her intelligence, and remark in passing how noticeably brains and good looks seem to run in families; throw in Marriage Allowances and Widows and Orphans Fund and the rubber is yours. Fathers are essentially kindly men; they shrink on acquaintance. No, not her father, but your Officer Commanding is, with all due respect, the fly in the ointment.

If your luck is out *The Bulawayo Chronicle* will choose for the announcement the day after that inspection where you were found with dirty buttons and a rusty bayonet, and where you had tried unsuccessfully to pass off a spare chinstrap as a baggage strap, and R/H "Brute" had to bolt at the crucial moment. There next day will be your name, boldly printed, the sweet tidings laid out beneath, all in a conspicuous corner of the Headquarters' newspaper. There, when you have crept at his command miserably to the holy of holies, your knees like typist's flimsy, will be the Commanding eye balefully directed at just that conspicuous corner as if the joyous words were noisome, an obscene publication.

Then would humility indeed be becoming.

The true lover will not be discouraged by these possibilities. Luckier, you may be one of those who, egged on by passion, make so bold one morning as to creep into some secluded corner of the office where the typewriter cannot be overlooked. There with many fearful glances about him this bold knight will pour out his heart's blood over the keys. Permission to marry is respectfully requested.

When you, young man, after many vicissitudes, reach this stage, beware lest you be carried away by your muse. Restrain those finer flights of fancy; dwell not too long on the graces and accomplishments of the beloved. Name, age, sex, date and port of entry are sufficient, for your letter has far to go and will be seen by many eyes less dewy than your own. This letter in triplicate (or quadruplicate if you consider the matter urgent) you will hand with many blushes to your Member in Charge. Your application has started going up. He will add comments and pass on. In

due course and by way of normal channels it reaches a level known as DISPOL. Now this is a very high level indeed. But here it has a setback for it is the duty of DISPOL to be not satisfied. Developments crowd in thick and fast. The local Police one bright morning about stable parade time pounce on the beloved to ask her innocent seeming questions like: "Where did you meet this policeman?" Oh very subtle! But she knows her story and she sticks to it, all goes well and she is allowed to go back to bed until sunrise. Meanwhile your plea from the heart has arrived in Bulawayo at a mysterious destination known as CAVE, or maybe CRIME. There it comes out that it was not Plumtree but Beitbridge, not 1930 as she told you (poor sucker) but 1920. The fingerprints must have been mislaid, however, for all is well and back it comes to DISPOL, jumps up in PROPOL, and before you can say Crime Statistical Information there it is at COMPOL. Now DISPOL, as I said, is a very high level indeed, but PROPOL is higher, and COMPOL might be said to be, of all levels, the very highest. In this Olympus (it is whispered) your petition will come under the scrutiny of the Commissioner himself whose eyes are weary with reading many such. He it is said, signifies his pleasure in the manner of the Caesars of Ancient Rome. Thumbs up for a blessing on your union; thumbs down you are doomed to single wretchedness. Compol File W.P.B. bursts with abortive good intentions in duplicate. For one copy is saved for File R/S 1234, if that be your number, there to languish and eventually moulder away, as you yourself and the beloved too will one day languish and moulder away, for

"Golden lads and lasses must

Like chimney-sweepers come to dust."

You, meantimes, have been like a trooper on a hot P.M.C. Six agonising weeks have passed, no single day of which have you been spared enquiry from the beloved, sometimes tearful, sometimes shrewish. "What do They say?" COMPOLS and DISPOLS, PROPOLS, CAVES, the lot, to her they are THEY, bless her innocent little heart. When at last it comes, you will find to your disgust that your permit is good for one woman only. Six weeks is a long time; you may have forgotten by now who it was you wanted to marry. Never worry, your permit will tell you, in capital letters. Forget that blonde; she is not worth the terrors of a second voyage through those Channels called Normal.

The worst is over now. Settle in to a nice quiet engagement. No more telephones, no more bioscopes, they cost money. The angel, the bright one, your sun and moon and all the stars, the darling—you never see her! Her spare time is spent congenially up to the neck in billowy white something-or-other, flashing her ring before a group of envious female acquaintances, arranging imaginary (very) furniture, or shopping madly in scented showrooms where not even a fool would rush, for articles so flimsy and so expensive that their price seems to vary in a direct ratio with their tendency towards non-existence. Her trousseau com-

(Continued on page 45)

Those were the Days

By
MUVIMI
(Continued.)



OFF then, by the night mail train, after a final inspection by the R.S.M. before leaving Depot. Route Instructions covering half a page adjured us to remain properly dressed and conform to Standing Orders en route, and also told us where to detrain and entrain, and where to report on arrival at destination. Detraining eventually at the station at District Headquarters, we found a mule wagon waiting for us; there being no seating accommodation, we decided to walk it and have a look at the Town. We were not impressed; it consisted of one road with a few buildings on either side. Having been inspected by the Sub-Inspector in charge of the Camp, we did nothing much all day except to groom a horse at evening stables. In fact we seemed to do little else for three or four days but attend morning and evening stables. We were not allowed in the office, which was the Holy of Holies occupied by the W.O. in charge, and it was as much as one's life was worth to enter it except by order, or to touch any of the books or records.

It was here that two of us did our first patrol. Following something of a rumpus in camp one night, it was decided that the two of us should be taken out and shown how to do a patrol. A very senior Trooper was told off to show us the ropes. Behold us then, mounted, with rifles and bandoliers, etc., and accompanied by one African Constable in charge of two pack mules, which was supposed to be a very generous allowance of transport for kit and rations for three men and three horses.

We did not get very far the first day; arriving at a wayside inn around 10.30 a.m. or thereabouts, we off-saddled and went in, and that was the end of that day's patrol. Whether the Trooper in charge was gathering information, or what we were supposed to be doing, I still do not know, but we went no further, and after a good lunch and dinner, all for nothing—we merely paying for the drinks—we slept it off under some trees not far away, where camp had been made with a fire and beds of grass.

The following day, having groomed and fed our horses by dawn, we were off again, this time getting as far as a farm, where the owner made us welcome to breakfast, and we stayed there the remainder of that day. The third day we got a real move on, and covered about 20 miles, visiting a couple of farms and a small mine en route, and ending up at another inn. Here again was hospitality. The next morning we had a few words, since the two of us could not see much point in this, so after an argument we went back by another route to District Headquarters. What the Trooper in charge of this patrol wrote about it in the Report Book I never knew, but I quite understand why, in spite of long service, he never rose above the rank of Trooper, although he served for some years after this.

A few days after this I was instructed to report to the District Superintendent, who, after a little talk, told me that I was to take charge of an out-station. Disregarding my pleas to be allowed to learn a little

about the job before tackling it, he ordered me to go, and that was that. So off again, with my own horse, and a pack donkey to carry my kit, and wondering how this was going to pan out.

The average out-station boasted nothing in the way of elaborate buildings. For the most part they were of corrugated iron, but many were built of sun-dried brick, and in lots of places men had built their own with poles and dagga. Paraffin and candles, one pint or two candles a week, provided illumination, since there was no E.S.C. to carry the light into the country. If furniture of any sort were provided, it was of the old army type, and if one wanted other furniture, it was made of packing cases. However, pole and dagga and thatch can be very comfortable, and we got on quite well without a lot of trimmings.

Food was generally a problem, since there were no refrigerators, a few butchers' shops; sometimes there was a kaffir store in the vicinity which supplied a few articles, but mostly it meant getting in a month's supplies of groceries, by wagon or native carrier. Usually a couple of cows in milk could be hired from the locals, and native fowls were cheap; they could be got for a handful of coarse salt. Native sheep, if there were any, cost about 5s. Game, of course, was easily obtainable, but a diet of game meat becomes very monotonous after a time, however one experiments with it. Vegetables could be grown if water were available, but that was often a problem, since water had to be carried in most places from a river, well or water hole, either by water cart, consisting of a couple of drums mounted on wheels and drawn by oxen, or by a native water carrier.

Malaria was rife in most places, and nobody had troubled to tell us much about it. It seemed to be accepted as one of those things which was inevitable. The first go of malaria is never very pleasant, and when mine came, on patrol a fortnight's walk from camp, I thought the end had come. Carried back by natives on a rough stretcher made from branches, half delirious all the way, it is still a matter of wonder to me that the list of occupiers of Isolated Graves on that station does not include my name.

Stations carried stocks of what were known as Medical Comforts, consisting of a couple of bottles of champagne, supposed to be useful in cases of Blackwater Fever, and a few bottles of dop and port, as well as a small supply of invalid foods of various sorts. Sometimes the liquid part of the comforts was consumed when other supplies had run out, and then it was a scramble to get them replaced before the monthly inspection.

The out-station was generally regarded by prospectors and other types of that ilk as an unofficial hotel, where the traveller could get a night's lodging for man and beast. Very often it became a hospital, as it was not uncommon to have to nurse sick folk. I remember on one occasion nursing a fellow through a go of blackwater, while his wretched horse was also down with horsesickness. More by luck than by any skilled nursing, they both pulled through. Then there was the shocking case of the local kaffir store keeper, a big hefty chap, who had been getting through more than his usual allowance of liquor, and developed D.T.s, chasing his unfortunate wife round

their huts with a large knife. It took two of us, with the assistance of two African Police and a couple of other natives, to overpower him. Then came the problem of what to do with him. The only solution was the Police Camp, and there we fastened him, after considerable trouble with handcuffs and leg-irons to an iron bed, and left him to struggle until he was tired. The rivers were all up between us and the nearest doctor 46 miles away, so we got advice from him by phone. The treatment seemed somewhat drastic, but it worked. It was merely to give the patient weak Epsom salts every time he asked for a drink, and chlorodyne when he howled with pain in the tummy. After four or five days he became more or less normal, but what a sight—we had not dared to unfasten him. I had never seen D.T.s before, and it nearly put me off my sundowner. Poor chap, a leopard killed him later.

Recreation was somewhat of a problem, but most people managed to make a tennis court of sorts; a native game-net makes quite a good tennis net, if properly arranged; then all that was required was enough people to make up a four. For the rest, there was always a spot of shooting, or fishing if there were a river handy. A week-end in town was something of an occasion, and only the hardier spirits faced up to riding a horse 30 or 40 miles for a dance or a party, and then riding the same distance back with a hangover. Still, it was done, and no doubt the break was good for one.

Yes, all in all out-station life had its attractions, and was not too bad. There were many things to compensate for the discomforts and loneliness. Imagine, for instance, what it was like not to be bothered by a telephone or a radio receiver!

(To be continued)

SOLUTION

| Across | |
|------------------|------------------|
| 1. Dodo. | 33. Peripatetic. |
| 4. Bagot. | 34. Icen. |
| 8. Scar. | 36. Leeds. |
| 11. Ember. | 38. Sadder. |
| 12. Devil. | 40. Bessie. |
| 13. Acer. | 41. Samovar. |
| 15. Scion. | 42. Merits. |
| 17. Tara. | 45. Issued. |
| 19. Depict. | 49. Arum. |
| 21. Sweden. | 50. Poser. |
| 23. Heather. | 53. Erase. |
| 24. Pelted. | 54. Speed. |
| 27. Sestet. | 55. Snows. |
| 31. Adore. | 56. Sits. |
| 32. Spite. | 57. Decks. |
| | 58. Salt. |
| Down | |
| 1. Dead. | 20. Cheeriest. |
| 2. Deep. | 22. Wrestlers. |
| 3. Omri. | 24. Paris. |
| 4. Bested. | 25. Loped. |
| 5. Arc. | 26. Trend. |
| 6. Odo. | 28. Spies. |
| 7. Tenses. | 29. Tices. |
| 8. Site. | 30. Tease. |
| 9. Clad. | 35. Caper. |
| 10. Roan. | 37. Dives. |
| 14. Ceded. | 39. Rasped. |
| 16. Intonations. | 40. Bairns. |
| 18. Reset. | 42. Mass. |
| | 43. Rust. |

So you want to get Married?

plete it seems, would fit in a Government envelope, and still you could see right through it.

You have been far from idle. Three transfers since the permission came through. Wherever you have been you have set off the banns like fireworks till they are sweeping the Colony like a grass fire. Sheer panic. From Sinoia to Fort Victoria God-fearing men and women are being asked point-blank to say what they hold against you. From Penhalonga to Nyamandhlovu they are asked, under the green trees of Selukwe and by the mine dumps of Que Que, not once, not twice, but three times. More dangerous this than hunting buffalo by the Zambesi or deserters in Lower Gwelo Reserve.

One morning to your surprise you will be greeted at breakfast by a letter containing a large sheet of blue paper, similar to a summons but twice the size. This is a certificate to the effect that the banns have been read three times and no-one had the courage to get up and say anything. It may also contain a rather sticky questionnaire which tends to rub it in that this is a life sentence. Now is the time, too, to make sure that you do not suffer from consanguinity. Check up on this; your father's sister for instance is out, whereas your father's sister's daughter may be just the job.

I will not dwell on the pangs of parting with good money for frail and oddly-shaped furniture, abortive attempts at booking a secluded Room 504 for your bliss, prayers for the weather, and that hollow feeling in the stomach that proclaims your subconscious awareness that had she her wits about her, the beautiful creature, she would never turn up at the church.

It is all too dismal, those last few days, a sort of condemned cell existence. You are suspended momentarily 'twixt two worlds. Friends have no time for you, being busy about matters as profound as the purchase (wholesale) of a few sacks of confetti, a hundredweight of rice (shades of a pagan rite of fertility, a hundredweight ensures extraordinarily good measure), and a few dozen discarded African Police boots from the store, while others are more actively engaged in building up a good thirst for the occasion. Nor is the other world, the world of frills and fancies, for you at this stage. The beloved has furbelows to claim her time more entrancing by far than your most honeyed whispers in her shell-like ear; besides, she is girded about with her fair attendants and together they are more than satisfied that your appearance on the day will be sufficiently dull and undistinguished for a foil to ethereal misty-eyed beauty. You will serve your purpose.

On due date, serve your purpose you do. The ceremony over, walking down the aisle with your smiling rosy-faced bride on your arm, stepping out into the light of a new life, while cameras click and immortality is thrust upon you, a whisper overheard from the midst of the throng is fitting reward for all you have endured—

'Who is that fellow with her?'

KEY MOVE TO OUTPOST CHESS PROBLEM, No. 76
1. R(B3)—B6, B-B2; 2. R(B6)—Q6, B moves; 3. R x B etc.
If 1., B-K2; 2. R(K16)—Q6, B moves; 3. R x B, etc.

| | |
|-----------|-----------|
| 44. Imps. | 48. Debt. |
| 46. Sews. | 51. Ode. |
| 47. Ursa. | 52. Esk. |

DAY PATROL

By . . .
"TROOPER"

Last month a civilian's impression of a day patrol by motor truck from a Headquarters Station was published. Here is the story of a different day patrol—by motor-cycle from a remote outstation in the low-veld, told by the Trooper.

WHEW, but it was hot! The heat shimmered in eye-searing waves, that rose with almost physical force off the sun-baked square of the Police Camp. I glanced at my watch—8.30 a.m. on an October morning in the low-veld!

Closing the gauze covered door of the Charge Office behind me, I walked over to the corrugated iron stable, which was shared by both the station horse and motor-cycle.

I pushed the bike up to the Troops' Quarters, and on my arrival there leant it against a bone-dry bird bath, made of decaying concrete, and went into my room to get my goggles, Patrol Diary and other paraphernalia for Patrol. I filled my water bottle in the bathroom with tepid water and took a tin of stew from my Patrol Scoff-Box. Pausing only to collect my camera, I consolidated the kit and stowed it in the offside pannier of the motor-cycle. On checking the tools in the other pannier I found them all in order, with the exception of some patching rubber in the puncture outfit. There was nothing much to be done about this. It would take time to get a new puncture outfit from Fort Victoria, some 100 or so odd miles away. Making a mental note to requisition for this, I started the bike up and shot out of Camp, yawing spectacularly in some loose sand outside the Charge Office that waited, like Scylla and Charbydis, for the unsuspecting motor-cyclist.

As I cleared the Native Department about a mile distant from the Charge Office, I had a few qualms about not taking an African Constable with me to interpret and show me the road. I soon dismissed this thought, however, as I vaguely remembered the kraal that was my destination from a previous Truck Patrol. My next thought was why I had not taken my rifle with me. Not much point in it, really; one cannot stick a buck on a motor-cycle. Soon, however, all my attention was taken up with the road, which consisted of a series of deep pot holes and car tracks, a legacy of last year's rains. I glanced at the speedo, only five miles from Camp, and 74 to go. Better speed her up a bit and risk the consequences.

I managed to get up to 25 m.p.h., the highest feasible speed on such a road. The bike yawed in sand, bounced in pot holes, crunched through rock and shale, to an accompaniment of discordant tinnulation from the tools in the pannier. It got hotter and hotter as the track grew more ill-defined. Suddenly the bike yawed ominously, and I fought the machine as it bucketed around, and wrenched the handlebars past an ominous rock. The next moment the bike and I were precipitated on the ground, the bike chugging valiantly for a few seconds before giving up the ghost. Petrol coursed over my

shorts and oil stained my leggings as I struggled to get up. Thank God for the knee guards anyway. I would have some unpleasant burns to sport but for them; as it was, my knee touched the exhaust momentarily, and I was rewarded with a burn about the size of a half crown. After much grunting and loud and eloquent swearing, I got the bike upright, swabbed the oil off my leggings with a handful of leaves, and kicked the machine into life.

After a while the track improved slightly, and I was able to relax somewhat and give free reign to my thoughts.

* * *

What would some of my school-fellows say if they saw me in my new role? Probably quite envious, the poor mutts! School, yes! I smiled and remembered old "Mango" my house master. He had it in for me then, didn't he? "Your son is a liability on the house, Sir, and I feel sure that he will die on the gallows!" What a thing to say to the Old Man, who had come all the way from India, just to hear that. Bet it shook him! Anyway, it got me into the Air Force, once the Old Man realised the set-up. The Air Force! That was a good outfit! Staff Sergeant De Kok, and his bizarre English. "Stop wandering around like a flock of oxes youse men!" Pity the war ended before I could have a look at it, and know its savour like so many of my friends.

* * *

What was that beside the road? A huge mass of something moved behind a clump of Mulala Palms. Well, what do you know? A giraffe. No, two, three, and a foal! I slowed down to a standstill and eyed them; wonder if I would get a photograph? The giraffe moved out from behind cover, and I could see the great rusty markings on them, and those peculiar horns. I leant back and unbuckled the pannier that contained my camera. They were off like a shot, queer, wasn't it? I had moved slowly and carefully. Still, better luck next time.

What's the time? 1 o'clock. Must be nearly there by now. Yes, that baobab was familiar, there should be the bones of a wildebeeste a mile or so along the road, and then the turn-off to Mashamba Kraal. What a game! All this way, and what for? A Native suicide! Nuanetsi S.D.D. 2/49. Good job all the witness had come to Camp and had been able to get their statements in comfort. Never realised they committed suicide. Didn't realise that they had anything worth doing it for. Anyway, old what's his name had hung himself. Takawira, that's the name. He ought to look pretty good—he'd been hanging in a tree for six days now. Temperature 109. Phew! Glad old Mac had tipped me off about that petrol business. Take a whiff of petrol, and it deadens the olfactory nerves in the nose, and if your stomach can stand it, you will be able to look at most things without vomiting.

Ah! Here are the wildebeeste bones, and here's the turn-off. There's Mashamba Kraal, by that clump of musasa trees. Well, I've got here anyhow! Time 2 o'clock. Give me an hour, and I can start back. The body is quite near the kraal. Zut! But my legs are stiff, and my wrists ache. Who is this fossil approaching me? Avant, Sir! I can smell you at ten feet! "Zito rako ndi 'ani?" "Mashamba, ishe." "Takawira ari kupi?" Coming on with the language, aren't you. That's about my limit, though. Wonder if he understands Chilapalapa? He'll have too now. I am shown the lofty tree from which I see the body hanging from the top-most branches. Well, nobody else could have put him there. It wouldn't bear the weight. No signs of a recent disturbance at the base. I note all other relevant points. Now for a close look at him. Careful now! If you fall you'll ruin yourself, and it's a very long way to the doctor or hospital. There it is! Now let's have a good look. Used a piece of wire, eh? Cut through to the cervical vertebrae, which protruded from the shoulders, and the base of the skull, like the backbone of a fish. No signs of violence on him, but crows have cleaned his eyes out. Anything in his pockets? What is this? A snuff tin, and R.C., a padlock, and a tin of "Brilliantine"! Take his sandals off. That seems to be all. I climb down from the tree and tell them to bury the body.

I find the tyre on the back wheel flat, examine it and find the head of a nail buried, level with the treads. Take the back wheel off and there is the puncture. Now—what do I use for a patch? Have a look in the huts. Phew! Dirt, smoke, and stinking humanity! Nothing in there! Try the next. Nothing I can use as a patch in any of them, nobody with a push bike in the kraal, either. Hullo! That piccannin has a catapult. It is made of unperished rubber. An idea flowers briefly . . . The howling piccannin is relieved of his catapult, and I cut a length off it. The patch is a bit small and I hope it will hold. Now,

on with the back wheel bolts, and pump her up. Good, it's holding! Strange that they never taught me how to mend a puncture on a motor-cycle. I learnt that from watching A/C.'s! But there is not much in the trade, that you can learn from lectures, it is all experience and practical work. Time to go! I give the piccannin a ticky, and watch him stop bawling. Kick her into action, and its Home James!

Five o'clock, and nearly home. Sunburnt to blazes, and covered with dust from head to foot. Not worth opening that tin of stew, although I am hungry, but no harm in having a swig of water. Ugh! It tastes pretty grim. Visions of an iced lager, and a cool stone verandah, potted palms and a view of the sea.

Six o'clock, and it is getting dark, better put the headlight on. Damn it! There is a short. The light goes on and off, as I jounce through pot holes and sand pits. Romance, Adventure!

Only a mile from Nuanetsi, and it is pitch dark, the headlight is functioning for quite long spells, and the moon is up. It is full and serene, grinning intermittently through the clouds.

Camp at last! Damn! I forget the loose sand outside the Charge Office again. The bike yaws for the last time as I rocket through it, and on to the Stable/Garage. I enter the Stable and the roar of the bike makes the tin vibrate. Carnoy, the horse, eyes the bike balefully, and fitfully throws some straw in the air, a protest at my cacaphony.

Into the Troops' Quarters, where our solitary storm lantern, draped on a pair of buffalo horns, throws a flickering light over the verandah. Bill and Basil are sitting with a bottle before them. Basil says, "You've been a long time. Did you fix everything up?" I reply in the affirmative. Then Bill asks me if I would like a spot, I say yes. I can see Basil peering into his glass, thinking.

Then he says, "By the way, I want you to leave first thing to-morrow and fix up a sudden death in the Matibi 2 Reserve."



"Put that man in 53."

Culled from Force Orders

ATTESTATIONS

For the Duty Branch for three years on dates as stated:—

11.5.50: No. 4613, Const. Kenneth James Blake; No. 4164, Const. Alastair Blacklock Bulman; No. 4615, Const. Derek William Stephen Gale; No. 4616, Const. Samuel Gibney; 4617, Const. George James William Harvey; No. 4618, Const. Victor Roger Jarvis; No. 4619, Const. Jack Stanley Charles Jose; No. 4620, Const. John Desmond Lennett; No. 4621, Const. John Harold Martin MacKeown; No. 4622, Const. Derek Edward Mallon; No. 4623, Const. Maurice Ernest Roffey; No. 4624, Const. Christopher Brian Wright; No. 4625, Const. Michael Trevor Skien. 13.5.50: No. 4626, Const. Raymond William Frederick Peddie; No. 4627, Const. Peter Quinton; No. 4628, Const. Donald Gilmour; No. 4629, Const. Arthur Bevan Whitechurch. 22.5.50: No. 4630, Const. Lennard Barrett Ball; No. 4631, Const. Alexander Anderson Blair; No. 4632, Const. Kenneth Coward; No. 4633, Const. Edward Barry Popkess; No. 4634, Const. Michael Charles Owen Errington Wales; No. 4635, Const. Brian Wright. 26.5.50: No. 4636, Const. Patrick Michael Rogers.

RETIREMENT.

Major E. W. Richens, M.B.E., Salisbury Urban, 30.4.50

DISCHARGES.

No. 3198, Sub-Insp. Duller, Go. D.(Tn.), Retirement on pension, 12.5.50; No. 4387, Const. Earley, Salisbury Urban, by purchase, 12.5.50; No. 3911, S/Insp. Cordell, "Q" Branch, Retirement on pension, 7.5.50; No. 694, 2/Sgt. Tolley, Depot, 23.5.50; No. 3000, S/Insp. Harding, Depot, Retirement on pension,

29.5.50; L/Sgt. Robinson, Salisbury Urban, 31.5.50; No. 3185, Tpr. Thompson, Umt. D., Time expired, 30.5.50.

S.R.W.P.S.

The undermentioned was attested for three years on 2.5.50, and posted to Go. D.: No. 5, W/Const. Helen Parker Allan.

POLICE RESERVE

DISCHARGES.

No. 2137, Const. Riddle, Sby., S.N.L.A., 1.5.50; No. 2831, Const. Maccoy, Sby., S.N.L.A., 1.5.50; No. 2687, Const. Noakes, Sby., S.N.L.A., 1.5.50; No. 2707, Const. Campbell, Sby., S.N.L.A., 15.5.50; No. 2766, Const. Dugdale, Byo., S.N.L.A., 28.5.50; No. 939, Const. Sayers, Byo., S.N.L.A., 22.5.50; No. 2567, Const. Brockbank, Gatooma, O.R., 22.5.50; No. 2649, Const. Burke, Filabusi, S.N.L.A., 1.5.50.

ATTESTATIONS.

No. 2841, Const. Jackson, P.L.G., Byo., 8.5.50; No. 2842, Const. Karassellos, P. J., Byo., 12.5.50; No. 2843, Const. McBean, G. H., Byo., 18.5.50; No. 2844, Const. Stainer, S. C., Umniati, 10.5.50; No. 2845, Const. Ward, J., Gatooma, 19.5.50; No. 2846, Const. Hirst, H. S., Gatooma, 19.5.50; No. 2847, Const. McCubbin, H. W. A., Gatooma, 19.5.50; No. 2848, Const. Whitehead, J., Gatooma, 19.5.50; No. 2849, Const. Moyes, R. E., Salisbury, 8.5.50; No. 2850, Const. Rayner, L. K., 12.5.50; No. 2851, Const. Bash-Salisbury, 18.5.50; No. 2854, Const. Phillips, V. H., ton, W., Salisbury, 16.5.50; No. 2853, Login, R. H., ford, P. J., Salisbury, 13.5.50; No. 2852, Const. Johns-Salisbury, 22.5.50; No. 2855, Const. Noble, J. M., Salisbury, 22.5.50; No. 2856, Const. Coussens, C., Salisbury, 26.5.50.



"A taxidermist owed me a lot of money."