



THE OUTPOST

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COMMISSIONER OF POLICE

EDITOR: H. G. BALDWIN
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Editor's Notes



"The absurd man is he who never changes."

During the thirty-nine years of its existence the Corps' magazine has undergone a few changes. From the first green covered edition of March, 1911, it has changed in turn to red, grey, light blue and dark blue whilst the last war brought into being the white cover. Throughout the years however, it has retained those features that have established its reputation within the Colony and overseas, and in presenting the first edition of *The Outpost* in its latest form we hope that it is judged to be worthy of that reputation.

Economic considerations caused the familiar foolscap size to be abandoned in favour of the present shape, which is more in keeping with modern practice, and this afforded us the opportunity to introduce a new cover design which had been under consideration for some time. Opinions on the final outcome of our efforts will doubtless be varied, but we look forward with much interest to receiving them.

To change the shape of a magazine without causing inconvenience or annoyance to either advertisers or readers is no easy matter. To our printers, The Rhodesian Printing and Publishing Company, we therefore offer our grateful thanks for their advice and co-operation in effecting the change. Our thanks also go to the photographers of the Public Relations Department for their patience and help in producing the photograph on the cover and to the horseman who sat on no less than three occasions before we were satisfied. We believe that their patience was justified.

* * * *

A few months ago we announced the introduction of prize competitions, the second of which has recently been held. Although the standard

of the entries has been well up to expectations, we have been disappointed at their small numbers and hope that the September competition will attract more entries from new contributors. The subjects offered enable most readers to participate, whether they are serving members or civilians.

The other announcement made at that time, whereby contributors of photographs and drawings would receive payment for their work has also not produced the results we had anticipated. Instead of an increase in the number of photographic contributions, they have become fewer. We therefore remind all photographers that payment will be made for anything that is published in this magazine, whether of general or special interest.

* * *

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Nongqai.

International Criminal Police Review.

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London Calling.

New Rhodesia.

Rhodesia Monthly Review.

Field Sports.

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Police News, Ontario.

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Saddler Inspector Makins



On 24th July, 1950, Saddler Inspector R. N. Makins went on leave pending discharge after thirty years' service.

Shortly after the outbreak of the First World War, Mr. Makins joined the Royal Field Artillery and served with his Regiment in France and Germany until 1919 when he was demobilised. A year later he came to Rhodesia and attested in the B.S.A. Police; his first ten years of service were spent in the Umtali and Fort Victoria Districts whilst the last twenty were in Depot. He was promoted to his present rank in 1944.

The Saddler's Shop, where he was in charge for many years, rose to the occasion whenever necessary and proved the versatility of his craft. From saddles to chin-straps, from despatch cases to boots, he met all demands, although for years during the last war he was without European assistance.

Known to all as "Waxie," he was one of the most popular members of the Depot Staff and his genial smile and ready wit will be missed by many.

We wish him and Mrs. Makins a very long and happy retirement.

"Circumstances compel me to decline a matrimonial arrangement with a man of no pecuniary resources."

"I don't get you."

"That's what I'm telling you!"

CAPTAIN RAWLINGS DUMARESQ

News has been received of the death of Captain R. Dumaresq in Guernsey, after a lengthy illness, at the age of 81.

Captain Dumaresq joined the B.S.A. Police on 11th April, 1897, and for the greater part of his service he was attached to the Medical Staff of the Police. He was promoted to commissioned rank in 1915 before being seconded for active service in East Africa. After the Great War he returned for Police duties and retired from the Force in 1921 with the rank of Captain.

We extend our sympathy to his relatives in their loss.

ARTHUR RICHARD MONTAGU COCKERTON (Ex-No. 1519)

After a very long illness, Mr. A. R. M. Cockerton died in Salisbury on 26th June, 1950.

Born at Soham, Cambridgeshire, in 1890, he was educated at Soham Grammar, Taunton and Cambridge County Schools. He came to Rhodesia to join the B.S.A. Police on 28th October, 1911, and after serving for two years was transferred to the Civil Service. He retired in 1948.

During the first World War he served with the 1st Rhodesia Regiment in South-West Africa and transferred to the Royal Field Artillery in 1915. In 1916 he was posted to the 1st Division of the British Expeditionary Force in France. Two years later he was awarded the Military Cross and was Mentioned in Despatches. At the end of the War he held the rank of Acting Major and was in command of the 39th Brigade, R.F.A. in the Army of Occupation in Germany.

Since 1922 he was a steward and honorary Judge in the Mashonaland Turf Club. He was also a member of the Royal Salisbury Golf Club and Past Master of the Rhodesia United Services Lodge.

The Corps offers its deepest sympathy to his wife and son in their loss.

Do you know the circumstances which first brought the rule of the road to Britain in 1722? There was so much disorderly driving of carts, coaches and other carriages over London Bridge that the Court of the Lord Mayor made an order for all traffic crossing the Bridge into London to keep to the West side, and all traffic going out of the City to keep to the East side. And so Britain's traffic laws began.

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OLD COMRADES



The new drawing for the page was shown to me before it was printed and although it is different to those we have been accustomed to seeing I think it is a good one. The artist has shown imagination in not depicting a man wearing uniform of a period of Police history that could immediately be identified. The younger men who left the Corps a few years ago may have felt that they hardly qualified as "Old Comrades" after seeing the uniforms worn by their illustrious representatives. And nobody can deny that the two gentlemen above are most certainly not on parade!

After thirty-two years' service in three Police Forces, Mr. A. Tate, O.B.E., has just retired from the Nyasaland Police, where he was Assistant Commissioner. He joined the B.S.A.P. in 1912 and in 1915 was seconded to the Rhodesia Native Regiment, in which he was commissioned. At the end of the War he transferred to the Northern Rhodesia Police and in 1927 to the Nyasaland Police. During his service he received the King's Police Medal and the O.B.E.

Mr. D. Cracknell, O.B.E. (ex-No. 3855), who until recently was Commissioner of the Somalia Police, is now back in Eritrea as Commissioner, after handing over his command to U.N.O. Others of his vintage are J. B. V. Orr (ex-No. 3843) and Tony Stokes who are now in England with the famous old firm of Tickler and Co., together with W. A. Tickler (ex-No. 3865) to whose family the business owes its name.

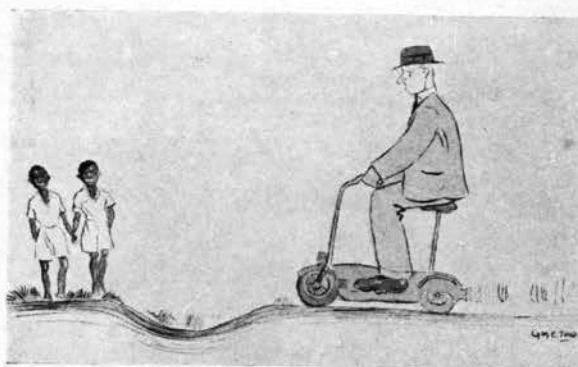
L. A. Heatlie (ex-No. 2564) of the Immigration Department, Livingstone, is a new subscriber to *The Outpost*. The Editor has also received the following new subscribers from Mr. A. (Pronto) Barrett, Secretary of the Home Branch of the Regimental Association. E. S. Richards-Everett, "Beggars Roost," Lime Walk, Willow-

bank, Denham, Bucks, and E. M. Burton, c/o. Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China, 38 Bishopsgate, London, E.C. 2.

Mr. Barrett also informs me that the annual Re-union Dinner of the Home Branch will be held at the Charing Cross Hotel, Strand, London, W.C., in October next but the exact date is not yet known, when all past and present members will be welcomed. He would like to have applications for tickets as early as possible in order that the necessary arrangements may be made.

On 6th October, 1950, is the Annual Police Ball, to be held in Salisbury this year at the Princes Hall. I have no information concerning other centres in the Colony and hope that local Secretaries of the Association will co-operate early and let me know of any arrangements well in advance, so that the Editor may publish them. *The Outpost* is the medium concerning social functions in the Police and the assistance of all concerned will be greatly appreciated by him.

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RHODESIA RAILWAYS

How Constable Braithwaite Got His Commendation

by
Stanley Edwards

CONSTABLE BRAITHWAITE was flustered. He read the radio message again: "Police Mafungwe. R.231/50. Re. McKenzie house-breaking. Police dogs arriving to-day. Dispol."

Three days on the station after posting from Depot, the Sergeant and the senior Trooper away on patrol, and a serious house-breaking reported!

At 4 a.m. that morning Constable Braithwaite had been called from his bed to take a telephone message from a distant farmer who had reported that his house had been broken into and jewellery and cash to the value of nearly £100 stolen. He had arrived at the farm at sunrise and found distinct spoor from the house. Returning to the station he had telephoned details to the sub-district officer, breakfasted, and sat back to await instructions. Then the radio message came over on the daily broadcast from H.Q.

Constable Braithwaite went to his room and turned up the notes which he had taken during the lectures given by the Law and Police Duties instructor in Depot but could find nothing on the Handling and Care of Police Dogs at Scene of Crime. A search through the office records proved equally fruitless. He turned up "Dogs" in the Police Instruction Book and found that this section gave explicit instructions for dealing with canines suffering from rabies and, in addition, the information that any person delivering the skin of a wild dog to a Native Commissioner would receive a bounty of £2.

The telephone rang. It was the local station-master.

"Good morning. There's a dog here for Police. Can you come down and collect it?"

Braithwaite gave an assent, but while his opinion of District Headquarters soared at this demonstration of efficiency, he felt that events were moving a little too rapidly. Nevertheless, he went to the railway station in the truck and was there shown a dog. His first impression was one of disappointment for this canine did not resemble at all Constable Braithwaite's conception of a Police dog. It was a large animal with a shaggy coat and an extraordinarily long tail. Moreover, it was fatter than Braithwaite thought a Police dog should be. It was tied to a post in the Goods shed by a piece of rope attached to its collar and from the collar hung a piece of cardboard with the inscription "Police Mafungwe."

"Not exactly my idea of a Police dog," he said to the Goods clerk.

"Let's hope he's got more brains than you'd think by looking at him," said that official, and went off about his business, adding when he was out of earshot—"and that don't only apply to Police dogs, neither."

To his great relief, Constable Braithwaite found his temporary addition to the Mafungwe Police establishment a friendly animal. In fact when he patted him on the head and called him "Good dog!" he jumped up and planted his forepaws on the unready Constable's chest with such exuberance that the minion of the law executed a neat "about face"!

However, with the dog safely in the back of the truck Constable Braithwaite returned to the Police station, called an African Constable and at once set out for the scene of the crime. It was after lunch time when he arrived at the farm to find McKenzie away in the lands. He lost no time in getting on the trail. Holding the dog by his lead he led him to the footprints in a flower bed.

"Good dog, Fido, good dog!" Fido, accepting this new name with equanimity, wagged his tail



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helpfully, sat down on the footprint and scratched himself vigorously.

"Fido! Good dog! Seize him!" Constable Braithwaite pushed Fido's nose into the footprint. This appeared to have the desired effect for Fido jumped up and scratched feverishly at the footprint, sniffed loudly, and sneezed. "Good dog! Seize him!"

With this further encouragement, Fido careered madly round the flower beds with his nose to the ground, dragging Constable Braithwaite after him.

"Find him, Fido!" Thereupon the sleuthhound set off at a gallop with Braithwaite flying behind and the African Constable lying a good third.

There was a marked increase in Fido's enthusiasm when the party got away from the homestead into the bush. Constable Braithwaite noted with satisfaction how his canine colleague left no stone, tree or hole unsearched. He would put his nose down all spring hare burrows and sniff so searchingly that Braithwaite expected to see the stolen jewellery brought out by suction.

At a large ant-bear hole Fido showed great excitement, barking furiously and refusing to approach the mouth of the burrow. Braithwaite peered down the hole but could see nothing. The African Constable was here called into service and, persuasion failing, he took off his helmet and tunic and crawled down the hole in obedience to Braithwaite's direct order. This unexpected support encouraged Fido and he worried the African's boots, which by this time were the only visible portion of that member. After the Constable had surfaced and made a negative report, the party set off again with Fido's enthusiasm now at its peak. Constable Braithwaite noticed that the dog did not appear to be following the direction indicated by the visible spoor at the homestead but thought that, after all, a Police dog should know what he is about.

The thief had certainly followed a most erratic course. Fido's trail led them over kopjes, through vleis and the tallest grass and the thorniest scrub. When they came to the river Braithwaite thought that he had come to the end of the trail for Fido, after sniffing along the river bank, crossed a muddy quagmire and took to the water and swam out to a small island covered with dense vegetation. Here he entered the bush and there ensued a great scuffling and the dog could be heard giving tongue.

Braithwaite and the African Constable decided to approach the island from each end and they ploughed through the quagmire to the water.



Braithwaite did not relish wading through the muddy creek where crocodiles might be lurking, but duty called, so slinging his boots around his neck, he waded in. Fortunately the water was not as deep as he had thought and came only waist-high. Seeing that the African Constable had reached the island, Braithwaite gave the signal to advance and plunged into the undergrowth where Fido could be heard still barking loudly. "Hold him, Fido!" cried Braithwaite, and rushed in to the attack.

There was no sign of a criminal, but there was Fido dancing round the foot of a tree from which a party of monkeys were pelting him with pieces of dead branch and bark. For a moment Braithwaite's faith in the hound faltered, but being a tolerant young man and realising that even the best of us make mistakes at times, he tied the rope on Fido's collar again and dragged the disappointed hound back to the river bank. However, Fido was not one to sulk and he set off again with his nose to the ground at a great pace.

By this time Braithwaite and the African Constable were becoming weary, for it was getting late in the afternoon, but there was no restraining Fido. With nose down he dragged the unfortunate Constable over hills and vleis. Then he stopped dead in his tracks, sniffed in the grass and broke away from Braithwaite, giving tongue vociferously.

On the trail at last! The Constable, with the energy of renewed hope, set off after the dog. A hard spurt brought him breathless and sweating



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to the top of a rise from where he could see Fido running like a greyhound, vanishing into the bush on the opposite side of the valley below. He followed, but arriving in the valley found no sign of the dog. In vain he whistled and called. Tired, hungry and dispirited, he and the African Constable sat on a rock to await the return of the wanderer.

It was half an hour later that a triumphant Fido bounded up to Braithwaite with a rabbit in his mouth, and placed it at his feet. This turn of events considerably cheered the African Constable who had shortly before come to the conclusion that the expedition would prove fruitless.

Braithwaite, disillusioned, decided to return to camp. Here a problem arose, for by this time Fido was feeling the effects of the run and seemed content to follow behind Braithwaite with tongue out and tail down. Braithwaite and the Constable conferred and came to the conclusion that they were lost. The sun was sinking and the thought of spending a night in the bush with no blankets and one rabbit as their only victuals gave strength to their tired bodies.

Darkness had set in, when, from high ground, the weary trio saw the light of kraal fires ahead. They were greeted by a pack of Kaffir dogs as they entered and the kraal inhabitants stared when they saw the mud-caked policemen. After a conversation with one of the elders the African Constable told Braithwaite that they were but half-an-hour's walk from McKenzie's farm. At this

Constable Braithwaite turned to find the perpetrator of this day's wild goose chase, but the delinquent was nowhere to be seen. Braithwaite's first impulse was to leave it to be torn to shreds by the Kaffir dogs or to lose itself permanently in the bush but, realising that some enquiries by the authorities might follow were a Police dog to be abandoned in the veld, he retraced his steps through the kraal in search of Fido.

He located the animal by hearing its bark and saw Fido in front of the closed door of one of the huts. He was barking excitedly and scratching at the door. As Braithwaite approached, the infamous creature sat up and begged! The Constable seized the dog by the collar but it refused to budge. Curbing his natural feelings, Braithwaite coaxed the animal, but without success. Seeing that the dog had to be humoured, the Constable knocked timidly at the door. There was no reply. Fido stood expectantly on the threshold. Braithwaite pushed open the door and Fido bounced inside. There was a fire in the hut and by its light Braithwaite saw a native sitting in the corner. Fido, however, showed no interest in human beings. On lines in the roof of the hut were hung strips of meat and that ill-mannered cur leaped and pulled down one of the lines before Braithwaite could stop him.

Now Braithwaite was a courteous youth and such an intrusion was entirely foreign to his nature. He seized the dog as it ravenously devoured the last piece of meat. He approached the figure in the hut.



"No thanks, Bud. I've still got the piece you gave me at New York."

The Radios with the Opera Grand Performance—

1950

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"I must apologise—I was unable to stop him . . ." he started, but Fido, overcome with gratitude, bounced on the native and licked him.

As he did so, a figure appeared in the doorway, European voices were heard outside, and a sleek black and tan dog entered the hut. Without hesitation it went up to the native and placed its forepaws on the man's shoulders as the Police dogmaster and a uniformed policeman entered the hut.

How they stared when they saw Braithwaite! But our hero was staring at the trim dog standing guard over the frightened native while understanding dawned in his eyes.

"Snakes alive!" If it isn't Braithwaite!" said the uniformed man. "And he's beaten us to it. That's excellent work, my boy, and . . ."

"But I can't really claim credit, Sergeant. You see . . ."



"Not another word, Braithwaite. This is no time for modesty. But let's see what we have here."

The dogmaster had already handcuffed the native from whose pocket he produced some of the missing jewellery. Braithwaite's Constable arrived and a search of the hut revealed the stolen money.

Fido, meanwhile, had not been idle, and with his customary diligence was assisting in the search, sniffing in every nook and cranny with noisy insistence. He was rudely interrupted by the dogmaster.

"Voetsak, you Kaffir tyke!"

"Excuse me, sir, that's my dog," said Braithwaite.

"Your dog! Who off-loaded that mongrel on you?"

"It was sent me by . . . by Providence!"

"Well, every man to his taste. Let's get this bird back to camp."

Later that night, in the Mafungwe Camp, Constable Braithwaite was sitting in his room trying to piece together the occurrences of that day. Fido was curled up on the floor. The telephone rang.

"Is that Mafungwe Police? This is Barnwell, of Mafungwe Ranch. I sent a stray dog down to you by rail to-day. It's been on the ranch for nearly a week and I've been looking after it. Did you receive it? I thought you might be able to find it a good home."

Constable Braithwaite looked thoughtfully at the quondam Police dog. "Yes, thank you, I received it all right. It's got a good home already—with me."

(1st Prize June Competition)

DOMESTIC NOTES

BIRTHS

BEVINGTON.—To Detective Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Bevington at the Umtali Nursing Home on 14th June, 1950, a daughter (Colleen Jayne).

CHADWICK.—To Constable and Mrs. Chadwick at the Umtali Nursing Home on 22nd May, 1950, a son (Lawrence Malcolm).

ROBINSON.—To Sergeant and Mrs. Robinson at the Queen Mary Maternity Home, Gatooma, on 1st July, a son (Edward John Goodwin).

MARRIAGES

ALLUM—THOROGOOD.—Sergeant Allum to Miss Joycelyn Stella Thorogood at the Catholic Cathedral, Salisbury, on 29th April, 1950.

BENBOW—BODINGTON.—Constable Benbow to Miss Elaine Bodington at the Methodist Church, Bulawayo, on 17th June, 1950.

JONES—QUINN.—Sergeant Jones to Miss Annie Teresa Quinn at the Catholic Cathedral, Salisbury, on 2nd May, 1950.

WRIGHT—MARTIN.—Sergeant Wright to Miss Margaret Mary Martin at the Catholic Cathedral, Salisbury, on 6th June, 1950.

ENGAGEMENT

LLOYD—SOWTER.—The engagement is announced between Cynthia Nel, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Lloyd, Sea Point, Cape Town, and 2/Sergeant, C. J. Sowter, of Fort Victoria.

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THE OUTPOST, JULY, 1950

The Living Chain



I am writing this article as an attempt to enlighten those who have time and again heard of the Living Chain, in discussing the baboon and its class, but have not been fortunate enough to witness it.

The blue monkey or black-faced monkey, commonly known among the natives as Nfene, is far more at home in the trees than the ordinary dog-faced baboon, and as far as I know and have seen, it is the blue monkey which crosses a river or ravine by means of a living chain, and not the baboon. If a baboon cannot cross a river by stones, a fallen tree, or vegetation, he prefers to remain where he is.

It was in 1920, on a farm in Swaziland, 90 miles north of Piet Retief, Transvaal, that I witnessed monkeys actually engineer and utilise this living bridge to ford a river.

On the northern portion of the farm we were bordered by the Limbombo range of mountains, which was a home of the blue monkeys and baboon. Cutting through this range was the Assegai or Mkondou River, which ran along the southern portion of the farm, and was infested with crocodile and vermin.

It was about 11.30 one Sunday morning, while I was inspecting the lands along the river, that I heard a great deal of noise and chattering; knowing the noise to be monkeys, I proceeded very stealthily to where the argument, as it seemed, was going on. I made my way very steadily through the mealies along the banks of the river, and eventually came upon the cause of all the disturbance.

There, not a hundred yards from where I was, were hundreds of blue monkeys, and, to my surprise, the majority were on the ground, which was very unusual when so near a river bank. I could not make out what they were doing, but, knowing that they were always up to some trick or other, I concealed myself and watched.

Imagine my surprise when I saw that they were linking themselves together in the fashion of a chain. One monkey caught hold of the bottom boughs of a tall tree which grew at the edge of the bank, the next gripped the waist of the first, and so on, until there was a chain of about eighty to a hundred all ready for action.

Having formed the chain, the leader, or rather the first, made a chattering noise and gradually began to ascend the tree, the others doing likewise as they reached the tree in turn. All the monkeys except the last twenty or so were now on the tree, when suddenly the whole chain moved back to its full length, and those on the ground started to run forward in the direction of the water; at the same time the monkeys on the tree that formed the first portion of the chain now loosened their grip, leaving only the tree top ones to keep a very firm hold on the boughs to which they clung.

The result was that the monkeys that had just let go their grip from the tree were pulled into space by those on the ground and that the whole chain was flung across to the opposite bank; the last two monkeys more than reached the boughs safely, which were quite twenty feet away. Directly the last two secured their hold on the opposite trees, they quickly made for the top boughs to raise the middle of the chain, which was at the time barely six inches above the surface of the water. It was a clever idea, I thought, as a lurking crocodile could very easily have broken the chain by taking a middle link from it.

When the chain was pulled sufficiently tight as to be quite safe, all the females, as I presume they were, and the young crossed on it to the other side of the river. All this, strange to say, was done in silence.

The females and young having got across, the supporting monkeys on the attained side climbed as high as was possible, while those on the other side did likewise, and the chain was pulled up until almost horizontal. This apparently was to ensure sufficient clearance over the water while the remainder swung across.

Within less time than it takes to write, the chain was broken up and the monkeys were on their way on the opposite side of the river.

From what I can remember, the whole affair took only a matter of ten minutes.

I sincerely hope that, after reading this article, those for whom it was intended will realise that the Living Chain is no fiction, but an actual method of traversing obstructions practised by monkeys and is not used by baboons.

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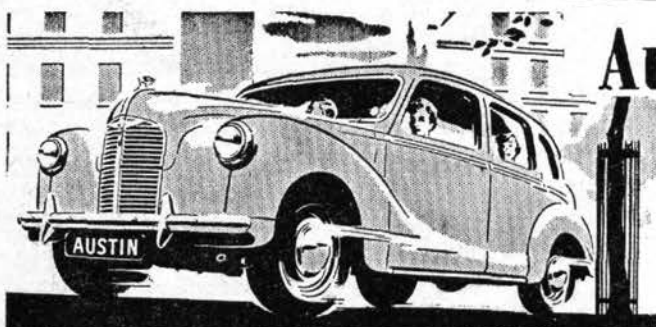
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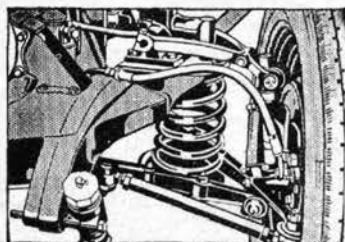
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Station Notes

FORT VICTORIA

The rumour that foot-and-mouth disease had broken out amongst cattle on the Triangle Sugar Estates in the Zaka area was confirmed on the 13th June and arrangements were made immediately to combat it. Speed in getting a cordon organised was essential and by the 17th June the cordon was in operation. In that time S.A.C.'s had been medically examined, attested, posted for duty, camp sites erected, and equipment, sent direct from Salisbury, on the spot. The supervision of the S.A.C.'s by both European and African Members attached to the cordon has been very effective and at the time of writing no instances had been reported of infected cattle crossing the demarcation divisions. Sergeant Sowter is in charge, assisted by Constable Runney and a number of African Constables.

The High Court session in Fort Victoria was concluded on the evening of Friday the 30th June, when the Judge, Mr. Justice Thomas, passed the following remarks: "Before the Court rises, we should like to pay tribute to the work of the Police. The arrangements for and the conduct of these sessions went smoothly, and without hitch. All cases brought to trial, even from the remotest out-station, testify to careful and thorough investigation. The usual high standard of efficiency appears to have been maintained."

Congratulations this month go to Trooper Jarvis who was married at the Anglican Cathedral, Salisbury on the 8th July. By the time these notes are read he and his wife will be in England where they hope to spend three months on leave. Our best wishes are extended for their future happiness. Trooper Jarvis was presented with a silver coffee set by his comrades before leaving the District.

Congratulations also to Troopers Cox and Hallam, from Chilimanzi and Nuanetsi, who spent a few days in Beira on leave recently. Both returned to their stations full of enthusiasm and romantic tales of Portuguese life.



Sergeant Atkinson has been on the move in recent weeks. On the 7th June he joined us in Victoria attached to S.T.O.C.S. on permanent transfer from Bikita where he was in charge for the past six months. Then at the end of the month he left us again, together with Constable Sheppard and Troopers Murgatroyd and Nixon for Depot, for heavy vehicle driving instruction.

Headquarters was very short of men during the month owing to the exigencies mentioned, but the situation should improve when reinforcements arrive from Salisbury. Then we shall be able to organise tennis and golf, as well as snooker, in a big way again.

At the end of last month 1/Sergeant Finch, of Mashaba, was admitted to the local hospital, and we trust he will soon be fit again. We offer our sympathies to 1/Sergeant Whitehead of Section who lost his father during the past month.

Sergeant "Dodger" Green, in charge of Town Police, had a spell in the local hospital during the month but he is now back on duty. Another Member attached to Town Police, Constable Sudlow, very narrowly escaped serious injury when his car overturned near the Popotekwe Bridge on the Umtali Road. The car itself was a complete wreck but Sudlow escaped with a few superficial scratches.

Visitors to the Town during the past month have included Sergeant Arthur Weston from Shabani who popped into our canteen to say "Hello," and Sergeant Knight from Belingwe. During annual musketry we saw Sergeant Dave Holt from Chibi who scored a marksman's total this year.

CARURO.

DEPOT

The 'flu epidemic put many of the Staff off duty during the month, and this, coupled with the news that in future we are to receive our pay on 26th of the month instead of the last day, meant that

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some of the offices have been hard pressed. Getting pay a few days earlier will mean, I suppose, that it won't go quite so far as it used to—or will it? In spite of the never failing insufficiency of a Trooper's pay, a number of them have recently acquired cars of various vintages; and they all seem to go!

Training by the Display team continues daily, and steady improvement is taking place. Watching the rehearsals by men dressed in nondescript clothing riding motor-cycles carrying a large red "L" (the same machines are used for training recruits) amidst clouds of dust, often without the Band to accompany them, is a very different picture to the show the public will see in different parts of the Colony. Anyone who has taken part in the rehearsals for this type of event will know how boring it becomes after a time, and they all have my sympathy.

The Bisley Meeting was held over the Rhodes and Founders holiday when Sub-Inspector Cooke distinguished himself with some excellent shooting. In the preliminary of the King's Medal Shoot he returned a score of 171—only seven short of the record. In the Bisley Snap at 300 yards he scored eight central and two "remainder"—ten hits in all. Whilst on the subject of "snap" shooting I think it worthy of interest to record that one competitor in this event scored ten "hits" on the wooden pole. Although the result was a washout, it was nevertheless very consistent aiming.

The Team Captain for the Police was Lieutenant Parry, whom we welcomed to Depot during the month as Assistant Commandant.

Sport is definitely to the fore this month and our Soccer teams have already received much publicity and praise in the Press for their achievements. The Rugger team, too, has been playing much better lately and have struck the form they should have shown some time ago.

In preparation for the coming successful seasons (we hope), bulldozers have been working continuously on the levelling of the sports fields and before long we anticipate seeing the foundations of the new Club House.

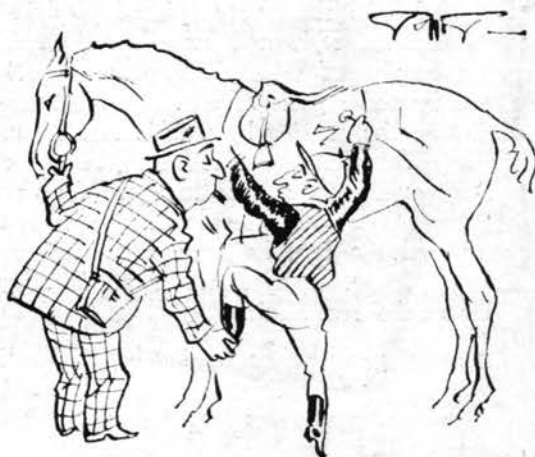
Congratulations or otherwise are non-existent this month, but if I have omitted any where due, I offer my apologies and as an excuse the fact that 'flu has impaired my memory.

NDAIVEPO.

UMTALI

Our usual contributor, Ngiti, is, unfortunately, seriously ill in hospital. He was sick for some days with what was thought to be "flu" but it was afterwards found that he had a severe bout of malaria and was admitted to hospital. At the time of writing his condition is reported to be improved and we hope that we shall see him back with us soon.

In Umtali for the last few weeks, the accent has been very definitely on sport. A new tennis court has just been brought into use and another one is under construction. When this is finished we shall have three first-class courts. With the coming into service of the new court, tennis here has taken on a new lease of life and it is quite common for a certain member of the Force, who claims to have a strained back, to be seen bound-



ing across the tennis court at high speed, emulating Fred Perry at his best. While we are on the subject, we would like to offer our thanks to the same certain member's wife, for her kindness in providing such delectable tea and cakes.

We are hoping to run a cricket team in the coming season and Sergeant Mason has been charged with the job of making enquiries with a view to getting some equipment together. As we have not previously had a team here we shall have to start off with a completely new set of equipment and it looks as though we may be hard put to it to buy all that we require. If any stations have any old balls, or other kit suitable for practice, to spare, we would be most grateful if they would let us know.

Soccer is still going strong and we now have a first and a second team and are actually managing to win occasionally. Recently we were entertained in P.E.A. by the local team at Vila de Manica. Despite some very spirited play in the best continental style and some equally spirited remarks on the off side rule by our centre half, we lost by three goals to one. The match was followed in the evening by a table tennis tournament and a dance. At table tennis, as at soccer, the Portuguese were a little too good for us and we did not do as well as we had hoped. Everyone enjoyed the fun, however, and perhaps the next match, to be played at Umtali in August, will have a different result.

The latest game before writing brought us into the headlines with the words "Police in Cup Final" splashed across the local paper. We managed to beat the Railways by one goal to nil in the semi-final of the Rezende Cup. We were a trifle lucky to win and certainly would not have done so if it had not been for the efforts of "Sandy" McCall-Smith, who substituted for our regular first team goalkeeper and managed to save two penalties.

Congratulations to Ron Warren on being picked to represent Manicaland at soccer in the recent match against Beira Dynamos, and to Peter Shields on being picked to represent Manicaland at hockey.

Whilst on the subject of congratulations, we have to congratulate Detective Sub-Inspector Bevington on his becoming the proud father of a girl. The event was marked by the usual ceremony in the canteen and to judge from the amount consumed, Colleen Jayne, as the new arrival is to be called, will never be able to complain that she was not well and truly launched into the world. The latest report on her progress is "No sleepless

nights," so she is definitely no ordinary baby. We wish her all the best of luck.

Inspector "Jock" Christie returned from his leave early in the month. He was looking very fit, but is firmly convinced that vacation leave plays havoc with the "bawbees."

Sergeant Podmore has gone on leave from Sakubva for a few weeks, and Sergeant Harry Mason has been sent over from the Rural section to the short grass to take over while he is away. Harry was doing fine until a mysterious stranger phoned to report that "The niggers is riz." Since then he hasn't been the same man and when last seen was going around setting himself on fire by the rather ingenious method of putting a lighted cigarette in his pocket.

Trooper Bremner has recently come to the Big City from Chipinga and is now part of the Rural section. His place at Chipinga has been taken by Trooper Beach from Melsetter, who in turn, has been relieved by Trooper Sutherland from the Rural section.

Members from outside stations continue to visit us for annual musketry and we are pleased to be able to record that out of the last batch, Sergeants Hodges and Baker qualified as marksmen and it is a long time since we had a candidate that was not at least a first-class shot.

Sergeants Jouning and Robertson have been going around lately talking glibly of "rehearsals" and it is feared that a J. Arthur Rank or C. B. Cochran has discovered some hidden talent. Maybe they just want to be like Sergeant Mason and hit the headlines described as "Brilliant newcomers to Umtali stage." It is reported that "Robbie" is to take the part of a rather pompous and very innocent lawyer who doesn't know anything about women and who couldn't care less. All that we can say is that either "Robbie" is a better actor than we think, or that the producer of this thrilling drama doesn't know much about casting.

Sergeant Owen and Trooper Aldred are off in the near future on a motor cycle trip to Durban for a week or so's leave. Most of the arrangements have been made, but there seems to be some doubt about whether they will be able to get from Umtali to Pietermaritzburg in the first twelve hours. Trooper Aldred, by the way, tested out his "Thunderbird" a week or so ago and managed to get a hundred and ten miles per hour out of it. We should have thought that that was a good enough speed for anyone. But not Trooper

Aldred; we hear now that he is saving up for a real bike so that he can go really fast.

In response to requests from certain members of the mess for more potatoes, more sweets, and some cake, Sergeant Owen and Trooper Aldred got together, borrowed a copy of "Mrs. Beeton" from the public library and produced a very excellent fruit cake. Everyone was a bit dubious about it at first, but suffice it to say that it only lasted one day. After it was all gone we found that the recipe contained 18 eggs, 3½lb. margarine, 5 lb. of fruit, 2lb. of cherries and so on. We rather suspect that Owen and Aldred are making their trip to the coast so as to be out of the way by the time the cost of the month's messing gets around.

In conclusion we take our hats off to:—

The centre half back at a recent soccer game who, on learning that a goal his side had scored was disallowed because a player was off side, said in a voice loud enough for all the spectators to hear, "Offside my ——— foot."

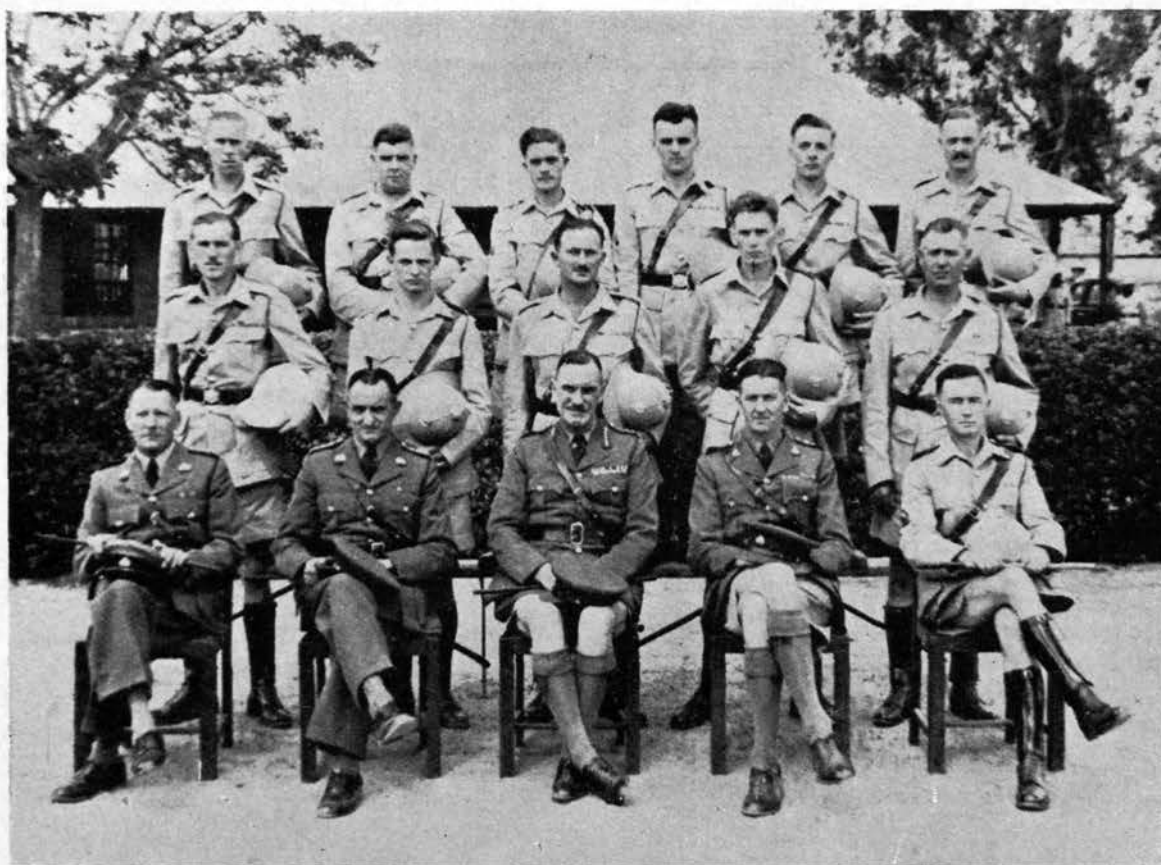
The District Trooper who, describing his actions at the scene of a housebreaking, noted in the investigation diary, "From these clues I deduced that entry was made from outside."

The Town Police Constable who recorded on a statistical crime form, "Theft reported in terms of the Act."

And finally, the Town Police Constable who braved the mess wearing a kilt and was turned upside down to see if it was true about what Scotsmen wore under their kilts. It was!

MUFAMBI.

RETIRING COMMISSIONER'S INSPECTION
FORT VICTORIA, MAY, 1950.



Front Row: Inspector C. W. AUST; Captain E. S. STREETER; Brigadier J. E. ROSS, C.V.O., C.B.E.; Major J. FROST; 1/Sgt. J. V. WHITEHEAD.
Second Row: Constable J. SUDLOW; Trooper W. MUIR; 2/Sgt. B. E. KELLY; Constable B. SHEPPARD; 2/Sgt. D. GREEN.
Back Row: Constable G. RUMNEY; Trooper E. J. SAYER; 2/Sgt. H. SCHOLLES; 2/Sgt. J. BARRATT; Trooper W. MURGATROYD; Trooper J. BRETT.

Co-Pilot



by Badmash

I OPENED my eyes to surroundings unreal.

There was an excruciating stabbing pain in my head, which the throbbing roar of the engines intensified. I made to raise my gauntleted hands from the controls to clasp my pain-racked temples, but found that I could not; they seemed bound to the bars. I moaned and blinked.

I knew that I was still in the bomber, but at what point in the star-spangled heavens I knew not, nor did I seem to care, for a great lassitude enveloped my whole being, body and mind.

Then my brain commenced to clear. I remembered making the run in, the brightness of the flack which, bursting around, turned the interior of the aircraft into a miniature Dante's Inferno. The final devastating crash which shook the aircraft until I thought it would drop to pieces, and the figure of my co-pilot, standing with outflung arms, then falling an inert mass, fortunately clear of the controls. Then I remembered my crew and wondered what had happened to them, cut off as they were from me except by the inter-com. I struggled to free my hands so as to discover what had happened, but again, in spite of my struggles, I could not free them from their grasp.

Well, I knew that there were dangerous mountains to cross before the comparatively easy course to my base, but where I was at the moment I had not the vaguest idea. My glance flashed to the instrument board, and tensed as it saw the instruments shattered and broken, and the glass of the compass starred and useless. Vaguely in my clouded mind I wondered how it was that I could make out objects around me, for the electric installation had been ruined when the explosion had come, but the cabin was enveloped in a dim green light, sufficient for one to make out the devastation the shells had wrought.

I closed my eyes, and seemed to pass into a coma, but for how long I could not tell, but when I opened them again, it seemed strange in an abstract way that I was still flying, and the bomber had not crashed to the ground. The pain was not so bad and, pulling my wavering senses together I glanced towards the co-pilot's seat beside me to starboard, wondering if by any chance my companion had recovered and had taken over con-

trol. I sighed with relief, for I saw no huddled body, but a muffled figure at the controls; all was well; I lay back and relaxed. The bomber thundered on through the night. I knew that I had been hit, but how badly I had no idea, for my whole body seemed paralysed, and I was filled with lassitude, but . . . with a sense of well-being.

I turned my head slowly toward my companion, and as if sensing my glance he looked round, and releasing the controls lifted his gauntleted hands, closed his fists and jerked his extended thumbs up and down. His lips were parted in a happy grin, so all was well. Good old Toby; we had trained together all through and had been on the same "wings" parade at Waterkloof. He was my best pal, and one of the best.

I frowned, for something in my mind seemed to tell me that all was not as it should be. Toby Good and I never flew together for he captained his own aircraft; also on leaving on the raid I felt certain that Ralph Jennings had been my co-pilot, but this could not be, for, peering again I



was reassured, and it was old Toby who sat complacently beside me a few feet away.

In my semi-conscious state I dreamt on. I noticed that clouds had darkened, the stars and lightning flickered about the wings. I had no means of discovering where we were, nor did I care particularly, so long as Toby was with me—good old Toby. I sighed. Rain spattered on the starred windows and the bomber bumped heavily. She seemed to be held in the merciless grasp of the demon storm. She swayed and fell, rose for a few hundred feet, then dropped like a stone, to recover, and fly on for a while on an even keel. I watched Toby crouched tensely over his controls, and wondered how in heaven he was plotting his course, for like mine, his instruments were a mass of splintered glass.

The storm passed, and the stars came out, we thrummed on through the velvet of the night. I felt secure and happy, and even the worrying thoughts about my crew vanished. I struggled to keep awake, for something was clutching my heart, as if squeezing it in an iron grasp. I seemed to be fading into oblivion, and fought against the weird sensation, which I conquered for a while.

There had been no flack since I regained consciousness, and I hoped we were well out of the line of hostile night fighters, but *that* was Toby's concern now, not mine—a fact for which I was grateful—although I idly hoped that the gunner was at his post just in case.

Time passed and I sat unable to move, in a drowsy apathy, while Toby flew, on a crouched statuesque figure over his controls. Still, a vague something still worried me about my friend's presence, for although I felt no fear, there was an inner qualm that *something* was not quite as it should be. But we were alive, and on our way home.

Peering idly downwards I made out flickering lights, the engines ceased their powerful voices and I felt the nose of the bomber dip. Home, home at last—good old Toby. With a sigh of relief I closed my eyes and knew no more.

From a great distance I heard the murmur of voices. I listened idly to the sound. I felt completely at ease and in comfort. I opened my eyes and saw that I was in a small bed in a white-walled room. I tried to raise my hands but could

not, and then made out that they were swathed in bandages and were stretched before me suspended in a kind of netting cradle. I frowned in perplexity. Nor, I found, could I raise my legs. I tried to speak but could not even manage a croak. I noticed that there were three people in the room, one a woman in nurse's uniform, a white-coated man and my Squadron Commander. I did not know the nurse, but the man in the white coat was a doctor I knew, and I was on friendly terms with the Colonel, so all was well, and Toby had done his job—good old Toby. I wondered what had happened to my crew and tried to ask, but it was in vain.

I felt my eyes closing, and as if in a dream I heard the conversation close by. My C.O. was speaking. "Remarkable, Doc.; thank God you say he is only temporarily paralysed and that the fractures are not too bad."

"That's so, sir, and the rest of the chaps, although bad, will get over it. How he ever flew home, let alone landing the blessed aircraft in the state he was, is beyond me."

"Shot to bits," broke in the Colonel. "He'll get the V.C. for that effort and well he deserves it. But it's quite beyond me. If I were a religious man I'd say that some heavenly guidance had brought him home."

I struggled to speak. I wanted to know about Toby, for he had not been wounded. I deserved nothing; it was all Toby. With a final effort I heard my voice croaking and at the sound the others swung round. The doctor bent over my bed and stared at me.

"How is Toby?" I gasped. "Toby brought us home, not me. I could not move. Where is Toby; I *must* know."

I felt myself drifting, a white wispy veil came before my eyes, from the middle of which I saw Toby's face smiling into mine, so I knew that all was well with him. As I faded into unconsciousness I heard the Colonel saying, "Poor chap, he must be wandering. Toby Good was his best pal, Doc.; poor devil was reported missing from a raid a week ago. Bill, here, would never believe it, but we received confirmation to-day that Toby and all but one of his crew were killed."

I smiled as I heard the words, for I knew differently, and that Toby and I would meet again.



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The Rev. Michael Scott Presents His Case

I WRITE this in England; but I also write it as a former member of the B.S.A.P., with first-hand knowledge of Africans, as, too, a former commander of an African column in warfare, and finally as one who spent a long time travelling in many parts of Africa.

So that, in reviewing *In Face of Fear: Michael Scott's Challenge to South Africa*, by Freda Troup (Faber), I have some experience behind me, in particular, experience of the people of whom he chiefly writes, the Hereros of South West Africa, where I have trekked and campaigned.

This book, which tells the life story of Mr. Scott, presents, at the hands of Freda Troup, a South African friend who has had access to all his papers, Mr. Scott's case against the South African treatment of African and Coloured people in general, and, in the light (in Mr. Scott's view) of South Africa's outlook on the racial question, his special case against the South African claim to incorporate as a fifth province of the Union the Mandated Territory of South West Africa, home of the Hereros. Incidentally, because of the neighbourly link and long association between the Hereros and Bamangwato of Bechuanaland, the latter, so much in the public eye recently through the Khama mixed marriage, figure largely in the book.

Mr. Scott, it will be recalled, succeeded in getting a personal hearing for his case before the United Nations, when the question of South West Africa's future came before it.

Is Mr. Scott a fanatic? The fanatic is a person who achieves his ends by the burning heat of his beliefs; but fanaticism as such is the foe of that reason through which alone, I submit, humanity has the hope of development. The facts here set forth (and they are a challenge to me and to you and to all of us whose minds are not closed against reason) are difficult to controvert: and (a purely personal view) it is to the credit of my immediate readers that their native policy basically differs (a fact that folk in England should firmly grasp) from that of those whom Mr. Scott indicts. That said, I would add two things; the case as here presented would gain by being

pitched on a slightly lower note; and the book, of enormous interest, is one which should be read by everyone directly concerned with that racialism which is one of the most difficult problems of our age.

A break to a lighter subject. *Beards*, by Reginald Reynolds (Allen and Unwin), is a unique book; unclassable; full of the most astonishing information and incidental laughs. It covers the subject of man's most famous but now obsolescent facial adornment from the earliest to the present times. Antick Beards, Barbars and Barbarians, the Peril of Shaving Beards, Beards and Bigotry, Prayers for Shaving, The False Beards of the Assyrians, the Romantic Beard and Scandal of Whiskers, Pogonology Throughout the Ages, Beavers: all, all are covered. This might indeed be described the Bible and Apocrypha of Covered Faces. Mr. Reynolds is a wit and a pundit; also a joy.

With conditions at this side steadily improving for travel, many of you I gather look towards Europe for long leave and holiday once more. So let me hasten to recommend without reserve *Switzerland*, by John Russell (Batsford). There is small point this time of day in stressing what the imprint "Batsford" means in a book about a country or an area of Britain; it is a guarantee of quality. In this volume Mr. Russell, traveller, man of letters and of the world, gives us a book of unsurpassed merit on one of the world's favourite holiday grounds. There is nothing of the guide book except the accuracy of information: instead, the author in charming prose and beautiful picture spreads before us a panorama entrancing in variety and richness. The production, as usual with these publishers, is of the very highest class.

Have you "literary aspirations"? Many have. If so, make a note, I suggest, of *Memory Bay*, by John Frederic Gibson (Longmans). Mr. Gibson is a young man who, with literary aspirations early, had the good fortune to be told by a country friend in Cornwall to see the world first, and not try writing for another ten years. He acted on



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the advice with a vengeance; went to Lapland, more than once rounded the Horn by windjammer to Australia, and in this book, after a hard struggle in London, and acceptance of his first novel, went back to Cornwall, and here gives us his story. The root of the matter was certainly in him from the first; for he writes with vividness and ease of his wandering and adventurous days; has a sense of character and of drama. The result is a book of quite exceptional entertainment interest. Do not miss it.

I come now to a book which, by reason of both subject and author, is sure to be in immense demand; indeed, a second impression was called for before publication. It is *Northcliffe in History: An Intimate Study in Press Power*, by Tom Clarke (Hutchinson).

Mr. Clarke is, in his own right, an authority on Lord Northcliffe. His "My Northcliffe Diary," published just on 20 years ago, is by far the best study of Northcliffe that has yet appeared: incidentally, with "Front Everywhere," by the incomparable J. M. N. Jeffries, the Daily Mail star correspondent, it furnishes the finest of all pictures of modern daily journalism at its peak period. *Northcliffe in History* is not only a text-work on the development of the newspaper press, but, as well, a biography of Northcliffe from his beginnings, with much entirely new material given by Northcliffe's brothers to the author for the purpose; material which, by the way, corrects many widely held and foolish misconceptions of the revolution of journalism.

It has been the lot of the present reviewer to have worked on the Daily Mail, and to have met a number of the men who were closely in touch with Lord Northcliffe: among them one, and himself famous, who is a personal friend, and was seen last for a long chat only the other day.

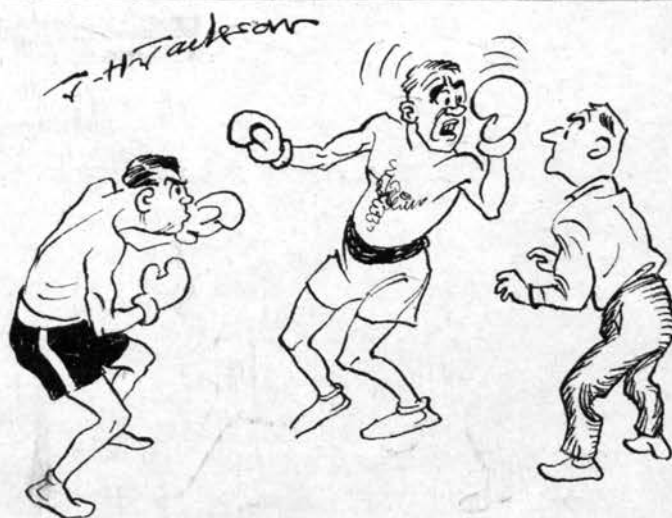
To newspaper men, past and present, and not to them alone, the personality of Northcliffe is of perpetual and fascinating interest. What is his authentic claim to eminence? He was autocratic, puckish, at times ruthless: and much else. He rose from comparative poverty and obscurity to be the friend, even the sought, of the eminent up to Royalty itself. But his claim to abiding greatness is based on one thing and one alone. He was the greatest reporter who ever lived, with, to the end of newsgathering, an initiative and resource so marvellous that it amounted to genius. His understanding of news, what was news, and how to handle it was exact and as infallible as that of anything human can be. Foolish people and jealous rivals accused him of "sensationalism" and wild-

ness. They confused sensationalism with brightness—the opposite of that dullness which has killed many a newspaper and has still that power. The Northcliffe standard of reporting and (even more) of sub-editing, that is, the preparation of a news "story" for press, was the highest and most accurate in Fleet Street. It was his understanding of the full meaning of news and how to handle it that with the coming of the rejuvenated "Evening News" and the launching of the Daily Mail shook Fleet Street to its foundations. So far reaching was his influence that you cannot anywhere in the world to-day open a newspaper without seeing that influence, from plain and simple English or other tongue, to the headline (unless the subs have been allowed to slack off) that tells the story, usually with an active verb, present or implied.

Mr. Clarke, one of Northcliffe's favourites (and, in his prime, Northcliffe favoured a man only for good reason), was one of the Daily Mail's most brilliant news editors—that key newspaper position the most exhausting in its demands. Mr. Clarke is, in short, a master of his craft, learnt under the greatest master. His new book reflects that from beginning to end. It is, alike to initiate and to layman, an absorbing work.

The latest fiction has variety and much of it is highly readable and entertaining.

I start with a first novel of particular "regional" appeal to you. It is *The Grass in Singing*, by Doris Lessing (Joseph); a story with Rhodesian background. It is the tale of a young woman humbly reared, who marries a Rhodesian farmer, and as a result of loneliness in the bundu, hard times and the climate breaks down mentally. Now,



"Quick! Do you mind scratching my nose?"

no seasoned reviewer will go in for slashing, and with a first novel least of all. Let it be said therefore that the author can write, and in the professional sense of that term. Her descriptions of backveld life and the veld have the authentic ring. She has, too, a sense of character; for example, the portrait of Moses, the native.

But, I ask myself, and I ask you: are the texture and approach of this novel genuine realism: or is the story but a form (and to-day a popular form) of that many-sided foe of genuine art—sentimentality? Is its morbidness realism; is it controlled; or is it a contrived or forced mental attitude? For answer, take (among other things) the author's description of her heroine's mental reactions to the native, and the causes of her abhorrence, from their colour to the rest. Many of us have spent long periods in close touch with natives (some, in soldiering with them; one at least who owes his life to their bravery and faithfulness). How do the heroine's reactions react on us? That, inherent in this unusual first novel, is the test.

In *Answer Yes or No* (The Bodley Head), that clever young writer, John Mortimer, presents in his third novel, and in a legal setting, the problem of a struggling barrister who finds himself briefed in a love-and-divorce case emotionally paralleled

by his own experience at the time. The writing is easy, sparing, exact; the telling, despite some complexity of technique, strongly gripping. Mr. Mortimer should go far. In *The Astrologer* (Longmans), Edward Hyams, who wrote "Not in Our Stars," gives us a satire, based on a young mathematical genius who finds a formula for foretelling the future, and is set up (with all modern trappings) as an oracle. There is much fun, much seriousness and continual entertainment in this latest Hyams. *The Wild Country*, by Louis Bromfield (Cassell), of "The Rains Came" world-fame, is the story, set in the American Mid-West, of a young boy's growth and difficulty in attuning himself to a complex and ever-changing environment, and to the dawning of passion. Disaster more than once threatens him; his salvation, his own basic soundness and the wisdom of his aged grandfather. Mr. Bromfield simply cannot write dully; he engages us here at the outset and holds us. *All Souls*, by Geraldine Symons (Longmans) is a first novel of rare quality and as well of epic sweep. It is the story of generation after generation of the Abercorn family, from pioneering days there to the start of the last war. A large theme, but made vital and engrossing through the remarkable strength and variety of the writing, the naturalness of the characters, and the clever device whereby the fable (if fable it be) is lent



"It's all right, Sir. We've got nothing on you!"

continuity and cohesion. One can hardly grasp that this is indeed a first novel, so finished is the work.

Among lighter novels, *Old Mischief* (Cassell) is, on the contrary, the late Warwick Deeping's last novel, and with its presentation of the title character and those whose destinies he so charmingly influences, a farewell typical of an author who has entertained his millions with his pleasant and polished talent. *This Day*, by Bridget Chetwynd (Hutchinson) is a story of a variety of grouped people of different callings and classes in London, their difficulties, personal problems, loves, illusions and setbacks, all seen through the eyes of a single thoughtful looker-on. The author gets life into her characters by her remarkable gift of dialogue. In every case it is convincing, reveals character and at the same time carries her tale forward. A clever piece of fiction. *The One I Love*, by Dorothy Black (Cassell) is a love-story, period post-war, witty neat twists, much feeling, and accomplished technique, written with that engaging and not too sentimental quality which has for long established the author in the best-seller class.

The Young Dorothea, by Jane-Eliza Hasted (Hutchinson), is an historical novel, with a new slant. The heroine, from girlhood in clover, lives in the early 19th century. She loves, elopes with a glamorous lover, but in her progress to Gretna Green sees so much of the England that is sordid that she turns her mind to serious things. You will like this book; it is gay, grave, dramatic and extremely well handled.

Crime and Thrillers: A rich and varied choice this time. *The Humming Cliff*, by Malcolm Tan-nock (Ward, Lock): Slander, murder and spine-chills in Riviera setting; *Death Below Zero*, by Thomas Muir (Hutchinson): Mysterious murder in the Arctic wastes, with a really novel solution and many riddles as prelude; *Diamonds to Amsterdam*, by Manning Coles (Hodder and Stoughton): Tommy Hambledon again in a complex mystery full of the usual Coles excitement and effortless writing; *A Forest of Eyes*, by Victor Canning (Hodder and Stoughton): Secret Service, Continental politics, and a thriller of the highest standard; in fact, Vintage Victor Canning; *Not Nice People*, by Hugh Clevely (Cassell): the inimitable Maxwell Archer back and back to form in a dual identity, high speed detective-thriller on the latest supercharged Clevely model, moving on all cylinders; *Death Rehearses*, by John Varnam (Hodder and Stoughton): Another newcomer, with a new type of sleuth and a murder mystery that holds its secret to the last page; *So Deep Suspicion*, by Elizabeth Ford (Hurst and Blackett): A genuine

thriller, centring round a mystery house, and told with a rare skill in the handling of suspense.

Finally, for the pocket and for travel, the latest PAN Books, 1s. 6d. each, include such outstanding fare as *Down the Garden Path*, the best seller that made Beverley Nichols his name; Peter Cheyney's fast-mover, *Sorry You've Been Troubled*; Rose Anstey, that novel of abiding charm, by Sir Ronald Fraser; John Brophy's dramatic and human *Waterfront*, the absorbing *The Song of Bernadette*, by Franz Werfel. For the moment farewell—and Good Reading!

Diamond Jubilee Programme

The official programme of the Diamond Jubilee celebrations in the Colony in September has recently been published. Full details of the events organised to take place during the next few months are listed, together with short histories of the main centres of the Colony.

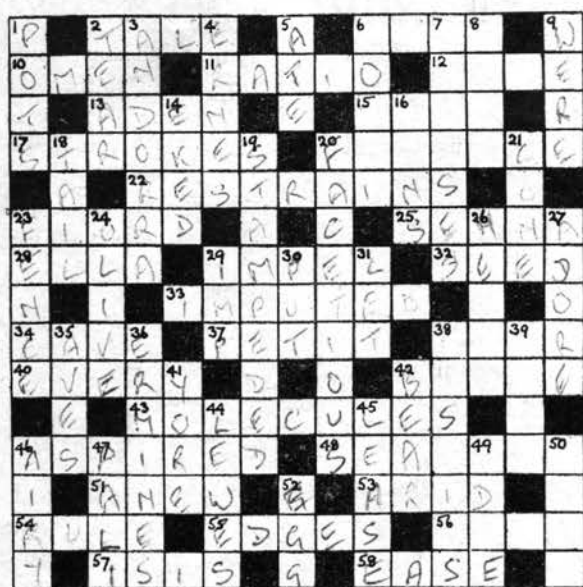
The National celebrations include an Historical Exhibition of the early History of the Colony, which will tour the country between July and September. The exhibits have been brought from all parts of the Colony and from the Africana Museum in Johannesburg. Rhodesia Railways will also provide a specially-equipped van, which, with the De Beers coach in which the body of Cecil Rhodes was brought from Cape Town to Bulawayo for burial, will visit places which can conveniently be reached by rail. Other features include the unveiling of the Pioneer Memorial at Providential Pass, Fort Victoria; Broadcast commentaries on National celebrations and plays, Occupation Day ceremonies; an Historical Pageant to be held in Salisbury on 12th September; and the issue of a special Jubilee Stamp of 2d. denomination will be issued on Occupation Day and will be on sale until the end of the year.

Details of the Agricultural Shows, Sporting Events and Conferences are included in the programme which is sold at 1s.

After the fifteenth naive question, the farmer lost his patience. The townsman said: "Tell me, why do you use such heavy rollers on your potato fields?"

"Well," said the farmer, "strictly between me and you, I'm growing mashed potatoes this year."

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES

Across

2. A story which has a lot to do with beer.
6. It's on the cards that the fish has one spot.
10. Begin to address mankind? It looks portentous.
11. A trio seen in proportion.
12. He gets about from A to Z in a sort of mist!
13. The dean's confusion on reaching the Red Sea.
15. It must be the employer's ruse (he's all there too!).
17. There are two in every Oxford and Cambridge boat race.
20. Fine painted pottery.
22. Holds back.
23. One way into Norway.
25. Purgative dried leaves.
28. She could at least be leal.
29. Urge.
32. Look before it all germinates.
33. Simply put in a broken dime!
34. A hundred come to prayer in the den.
37. Small (to fondle it?).
38. Fruit.
40. One and all.
42. Swell out.
43. Mouse cell. (Anagram.)
46. "What I — to be, And was not, comforts me." (Browning.)
48. Always a healthy side, yet not so healthy now!
51. Again.
53. Break up the raid.
54. A sort of standard lure disguised.
55. Rims.
56. Proves able in reverse.
57. Mother of Horus.
58. Comfort yourself, it's only E.E.

Down

1. Stop up!
2. Rend.
3. Obviously the place to which Dora ran.
4. How birds may sneer.
5. Devoured, and a goddess too.
6. Town that gives its name to a version of the Bible.
7. They are made from curds.
8. Merit may be near.
9. We join the Sappers to show it was past!
14. Lengthened.
16. Commits wrong.
18. Sounds exactly like 2 across when it gets to the end.
19. What wild horses did.
20. It's all jocose, so for a start put a good face on it the other way about.
21. Fruit of the pine.
23. Is often sat upon to see which way the cat jumps.
24. O, continue to exist, emblem of peace!
26. Upright column at the foot of the stairs.
27. Worship.
29. A 37 devil at the head of 33.
30. 33's centrepiece.
31. Permit.
35. Prayers to save, perhaps.
36. Men, sire? No, animals.
38. Cats and kittens.
39. Old.
41. In former times.
42. A beast, but not the beast of burden he sounds.
44. Plenty of sheep in this Sussex town.
45. See 58, add 50, and it will mean 31.
46. "Up the — mountain, Down the rushy glen . . ." (Allingham.)
47. I follow a pal to find a Buddhist language.
49. Lazy.
50. Such dash won't put an end to the antelope!
52. The hen's best-laid scheme.

(Solution on page 31.)



The Lost City of Bechuanaland



THERE is said to be a "lost city" built of stone lying somewhere deep among the sand dunes of Bechuanaland in Seretsi Khama's country; the home perhaps at one time of the Bamangwato people whose royal capital is now only a large collection of mud huts at Serowe, not far from Palapye Road railway station.

The traveller G. A. Farini, in his book, "Through the Kalahari Desert," published in 1886, gives the site of these ruins as latitude $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees south and longitude $21\frac{1}{2}$ degrees east. Therefore this heap of stones is lying within the Bamangwato territory, about 450 miles from Serowe, the present capital.

As all the rivers in the vicinity of these old ruins have been dry for years, it would appear that this once large settlement, built of worked

where Farini had reported seeing it, but this first attempt has not discouraged them, because it was proved years ago that Farini's maps were inaccurate by many miles, both in latitude and longitude.

The second recent attempt was made by two men, D. J. Herholdt and N. J. Daneel. They were convinced by what they saw, that they had got to within four or five miles of the ruin area when they had to turn back. These two men, however, announced their intention to continue their search as soon as funds are available. They were given the locality of the spot by a man, —a relative—who stumbled across the ruins while prospecting eleven years previously. They may be the same.

Meanwhile, have the sands of the Kalahari buried this lost city for ever? A city to which Ruth Khama might have journeyed had not the waters of the rivers in that region dried up, giving way to the cruel sands of the Kalahari desert.

By
W. E. Lansdown

stone, has shared the same fate as so many other places which are now in ruins in different parts of the world. Lack of water had driven the inhabitants to abandon the city.

These ruins have interested many people at times, because it can be claimed that they are, up to now, really lost. So far as is known, they have not been seen for over 70 years. It was Farini who, in 1885, first recorded finding the site when he was searching for diamonds, said by his bushman guide, to exist in the Kalahari.

Stories of a ruined city have filtered through ever since. In 1933, F. R. Faver, a reliable amateur archaeologist from Johannesburg, set out to try to re-discover the site. He was unsuccessful, but still convinced that the story was no mere romantic legend. In his book, "To the Rivers End," Lawrence G. Green, the well known South African writer, tells how in 1936 he also searched for the lost city but was unsuccessful.

Since then, two other recent attempts have been made to re-locate this abandoned settlement. The first was made by an expedition from Cape Town headed by Dr. Van Zyl. They searched over 15,000 square miles of the vicinity by air. They proved at least that the lost city did not exist

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE.

Across		
2. Tale.	25. Senna.	46. Aspired.
6. Dace.	28. Ella.	48. Seaside.
10. Omen.	29. Impel.	51. Anew.
11. Ratio.	32. Seed.	53. Arid.
12. Haze.	33. Imputed.	54. Rule.
13. Aden.	34. Cave.	55. Edges.
15. User.	37. Petit.	56. Elba.
17. Strokes.	38. Pear.	57. Isis.
20. Faience.	40. Every.	58. Ease.
22. Restrains.	42. Bulge.	
23. Fiord.	43. Molecules.	
Down		
1. Pots.	19. Stampeded.	38. Pussies.
2. Tear.	20. Facetious.	39. Aged.
3. Andorra.	21. Cone.	41. Yore.
4. Earnes.	23. Fence.	42. Bear.
5. Ate.	24. Olive.	44. Lewes.
6. Douai.	26. Newel.	45. Lease.
7. Cheeses.	27. Adore.	46. Airy.
8. Earn.	29. Imp.	47. Pali.
9. Were.	30. Put.	49. Idle.
14. Eked.	31. Let.	50. Elan.
16. Sins.	35. Aves.	
18. Tail.	36. Ermines.	52. Egg.

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SPORT



SOCCER

SALISBURY

Police, top of the Senior Zone, are now in the Charity Cup Final, the semi-final of the Challenge Cup and the local final of the Austen Cup—which has never yet been won by us. Despite so many players being selected for representative teams, it seems that we are in a strong position for honours this season. The 2nd XI are holding their own against strong teams in Zone "B," whilst the 3rd XI are top of Zone "D."

FIRST LEAGUE

Police v. Municipals

Played on Police ground on June 10th, this match was the first round of the Austen Cup matches. The Policemen, egged on by our growing band of African supporters, ran out winners by three goals to one. Scorer for the Police was Ryan who secured his "hat-trick."

Police v. Municipals.

On June 17th, Police again met Municipals in a League match, and the result was a win for the Corps by 4-2. Police, fielding a sadly weakened team, confounded the critics, and although the standard of football was not so good, some first time tackling and shooting produced results. Scorers were Shaughnessy 2, Marnoch and Jannaway.

Police v. Raylton

On June 25th Police again met Raylton, this time in the local semi-final of the Austen Cup. Raylton had acquired the services of Lewis, the Rhodesian centre forward, and with Blair, the Police 'keeper, crooked, our chances on paper looked slim. However, after a few minutes play Police scored and from that moment Raylton seemed to collapse, although their forwards still battled vainly. The final score of 6-0 to Police was well deserved with Police showing top form. Buchanan (2), Bester (2), Clapham and Ryan scored.

Police v. Alexandra

In what was termed a "preview" of their approaching Austen Cup match, Police met Alex. on the Alex. ground on July 1st in the Charity Cup semi-final. Police did not appear at all happy on the small and uneven ground. A really boisterous game resulted in Police entering the final by two goals to one. Police scorers were Coop and Clapham.

Police v. Callies

On July 2nd Police met Callies on the Depot ground in a League match. Callies, playing a five-back game, broke up all the promising Police raids and had some narrow escapes. It was not until within five minutes from the end that Buchanan scored and gave Police the match.

SECOND LEAGUE

Police II v. Callies II.

On June 11th the 2nd XI met Callies on Police ground in the semi-final of the K.O. Cup. It

was one of those days when everything went wrong, and Police were unlucky to lose by the only goal scored.

Police II v. Forces I.

On June 18th came the match we had been waiting for. Our second team played the only team to beat our first team. At half-time Police astounded everyone by being in the lead by two goals to nil, but Jannaway had been injured and was sent off. Playing with ten men Police battled on until they were 3-2 down. A last minute goal by Shaughnessy evened matters off and the game was drawn. A very fine performance. Banister scored the other two goals for Police.

Police II v. Gatooma.

On July 2nd on Police ground, Gatooma, top of "B" Zone, anticipated an easy win. They were not rewarded however and after a battle managed to force a 1-1 draw. Banister scored the only goal for Police.

THIRD LEAGUE

Zone "D"—

June 11th: Police III v. Alex. Colts. Won 2-1.
June 17th: Police III v. Alex. Colts. Won 4-1.
June 18th: Police III v. C.A.A. H. Won 5-0.
June 25th: Police III v. Ardbennie. Lost 3-1.
July 1st: Police III v. Alex. Colts. Won 2-1.

* * * *

Bob Blair and Paddy Ryan, having been on the injured list, are now back with us fully recovered. Paddy has settled down in his position as centre forward and has been rewarded in his efforts by being selected to play for Rhodesia in that position. I see that both Umtali and Bulawayo are turning out Soccer teams with success, particularly in Bulawayo, I hear. Perhaps we can have some Soccer news from them in these columns?

K.N.R.

BULAWAYO

Our compatriots in Salisbury are certainly putting up a good show in this season's Soccer. Sport in the Matabeleland metropolis, however, has not been entirely confined to the realm of the elbow and quart, and the Bulawayo Police Soccer team are keeping our football halo nicely burnished.

At the moment the gallant eleven are lying second in the Bulawayo League, and now, trained to the last quivering muscle, they are waiting to take the field in the final of the Officers' Mess Cup. The Second and Third Leagues of

Bulawayo competed in this cup, and we entered the final after a dour semi-final struggle against Callies, the present league leaders. This match involved much extra time and only after 95 minutes' play did Alexander, Police inside right, climax some epic liason with a winning goal, giving Police a 2-1 victory.

Our record in the League up to date:—

P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
9	5	3	1	31	16

In addition to the League activities, a friendly team is being played, and so far has achieved three wins and one draw from four fixtures.

It is regretted that Sunter, who showed the "youngsters" just how it should be done, will be going on transfer.

Perhaps next season football enthusiasm will reach a better pitch (literally) if more adequate provisions for practice are made down here. With the lack of proper field facilities at present only the die-hards seem prepared to turn up for practice.

NODEMIN.



RUGBY

Since the last notes appeared our fortunes on the Rugby field have changed considerably. The team is at last playing the Rugger that they have long been capable of. Four of the team—Naested, Reynolds, Graham and Katz—played for a Combined Town XV against a Country Districts team and Naested played for the Mashonaland under 19 XV.

Here are accounts of our last four matches:—

Police v. Umvukwes: Police easily beat this country side due mainly to the fact that the forwards played hard, giving the three's plenty of the ball. A weak defence gave in somewhat and in the second half our line scored almost every time they got the ball. The final score was 39-3.

Police v. Eiffel Flats: The Police team combined well in this match and by superior backing up and good handling won this game 19-0. Pikkie Rey-

nolds played his usual fine game and contributed six points to the Police total with his kicking.

Police v. Old Hararians: The most merited win by the Police team up to date. The Old Boys' forwards played well, winning the majority of line-outs, but in both loose and tight scrums the Police pack got more than their share of the ball. Graham scored a good try for Police and Reynolds made no mistake with a penalty from far out. A dour struggle ended with Police defending desperately and Katz saving the situation time after time with long touch kicks. Score 6-5 to Police.

Police v. Salisbury "A": Against the much vaunted Salisbury team Police showed that in defence they were as good as the best of them. Salisbury saw the majority of the ball from the scrums but in the loose forward play things were evenly matched. The Police three's tackled with tenacity and only once when we were caught on the wrong foot did the Salisbury three's ever look like getting through. For the Police Bulman and Lovegrove scored good tries and Naested put over a long penalty kick. Salisbury's fly-half managed a good drop and a bunch of their forwards scored the remaining points. The score, 9-6 to Police.

The North West Passage



R.C.M.P. Schooner Sets Another Record

The first circumnavigation of North America has just been completed by the R.C.M. Police motor-schooner *St. Roch*, following her double-crossing of the North-West passage a few years ago.

The *St. Roch* was built in 1928 and was used by the R.C.M.P. for routine voyages to Arctic outposts until 1940, when she was authorised to proceed to Halifax on the East coast instead of returning to her base at Vancouver. After two years of hazardous travel, she completed the first West-East crossing of the North-West passage in 1942. The story of previous attempts at the crossing goes back through many centuries and includes such famous names as Sir Humphrey Gilbert, John Davis, Martin Frobisher, Sir Francis Drake, Henry Hudson and William Baffin, to be followed later by Prince Rupert, Captain Cook and Sir John Franklin, all of whom were unsuccessful. It was Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian, who first made the crossing of the Passage, but he travelled from East to West.

After a re-fit at Halifax, the *St. Roch* commenced the return voyage in July, 1944 and arrived in Vancouver eighty-six days later. Amundsen took two years to do this journey.

During the second crossing of the Passage the *St. Roch* was badly battered by ice and was carried eastward to Greenland before she could find a way through the floes. Eskimos who were encountered at new ports found en route explained various ruins found on the coast as being the remains of huts built by the Tunits, a race of pre-history giants. The vessel also visited camps made by the late Sir John Franklin, and found the remains of a yacht left by Sir John Ross in

1850. At one cairn, left by explorers in 1853 they found stores labelled "East India House, London," which were brought back for analysis.

Since then she has been stationed on the West coast and has visited many ports in the United States, Central America and the West Indies before completing the circumnavigation of North America by way of the Panama Canal on 29th May, 1950.

The *St. Roch* is commanded by Inspector K. Hall, of the R.C.M.P., and of the original crew only Sergeant F. S. Farrar has remained with the vessel throughout her journeyings. As *The Times* so picturesquely says: "To him apparently, belongs the honour of being the first policeman to write his name on the roll of the old sea-dogs."

Judge's Tribute to Umtali Police

At the conclusion of the Umtali Criminal Sessions in the High Court, Mr. Justice W. E. Thomas said: "Before the court rises, I should like to acknowledge my appreciation of the praiseworthy work of the Police.

"I am informed that since my last visit the European population of Umtali has doubled itself. There must have been a corresponding increase in the African population.

"It is gratifying to record that the volume of crime has not increased in proportion to this increase in population."—*The Rhodesia Herald*.

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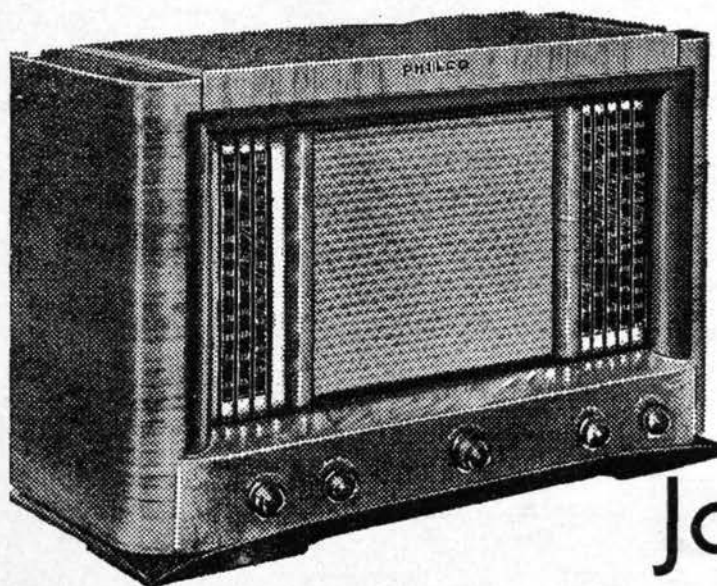
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Those were the Days

PATROLS were worthy of the name. No such things as motor vehicles or motor cycles; our fastest form of single man transport was the horse, and in the more unhealthy localities the mule, which was tougher and more immune to the various diseases attacking equines.

The transport de luxe was the buckboard, a light, four-wheeled buggy drawn by a team of six mules. When used stage coach fashion, with relays of mules at posts along the road, they made very good time. For many years after I joined the Police, Zeederberg's Transport carried the mails and passengers on the main roads away from the railways, using these buckboards, or mail coaches, as they were grandiloquently called. Some stations had pedal cycles on charge; they were old army machines, weighing about a ton, or so it seemed after pushing one through the sand on a hot day. Pack mules or donkeys carried our kit. It was something of a problem to get enough kit and rations for a month on one mule or two donkeys, so we travelled light. We had tents, small things on the lines of a "pup" tent, but they were not really very much use. Personally, I preferred to walk any patrol of more than three or four days' duration, with carriers, who could be hired very cheaply so long as they got some meat. There was then no bother with animals, which could be a nuisance in lion country.

On one occasion I woke with a start one night, to hear some large animal stealthily approaching through the grass. Lions! was my first thought, since the two pack donkeys had been very restless that night, and there were lions in the vicinity. Sitting up quietly, I sensed rather than saw a vague shape in the grass, and although it was too dark to see sights, I pointed the rifle as well as I could at the object, and fired, with my back hair standing on end. There was a snort, and up shot a head decorated with two large ears silhouetted against the night sky. It was one of the confounded donkeys which had somehow got loose. Luckily I had only put a bullet through the extreme tip of one of its ears. However, an "outer" in that light was not bad shooting.

On another occasion M——, one of my troopers, was camped in a clearing when he was awakened by noises, and sat up to see by the moonlight a large lion on top of the pack mule, which was lying down tied to a tree. M—— hurriedly loosed off three or four rounds rapid—he didn't count the number of rounds as he should

By
MUVIMI



have done!—missed every time, and the lion disappeared. In the meantime the African Constable had got up and was going towards the horse, which was plunging about at the end of his rein; the lioness, who had no doubt been waiting for her mate to stampede the animals, came galloping across the clearing, almost colliding with the African Constable, who actually gave her a whack with his knobkerrie as she passed him. The funniest part of the proceedings, according to M—— was the behaviour of a picannin who was batman to the African Constable. He got up carrying the African Constable's greatcoat, and seeing the lioness, squatted down with the greatcoat over him, screaming "Voetsak, voetsak!" The pair of lions had had enough fun by this time, and cleared off, but M—— slept no more that night, and hurried back to camp next day with the mule which was badly clawed on the hindquarters and bitten on the back of the neck. He recovered from his injuries, but was a perfect nuisance ever after, as he was so nervous that he would try to bolt at the slightest sound from the veld.

Most patrols in the remote areas were not much more than huntin', shootin' and fishin' trips as crime was practically non-existent, except for the odd native murder or witchcraft case; patrols were merely to "show the flag." For those who liked the open, it was an ideal life. There were discomforts, of course. Patrolling could be very unpleasant in the wet season; accidents in flooded rivers were not uncommon—there were of course no bridges in those days, except for a few foot bridges suspended on wires across some of the rivers, intended only for foot passengers. Whether records disclose it or not, it certainly seems that rainfall is becoming less as years go by; it never seems to rain for three weeks on end, and I have known that to happen whilst on patrol, when for the whole time one never seemed to get dry.

In decent weather, however, nothing could be better than starting off just after dawn, walking till around 10.30 or 11 o'clock, then a whacking breakfast, and a rest for two or three hours: then a

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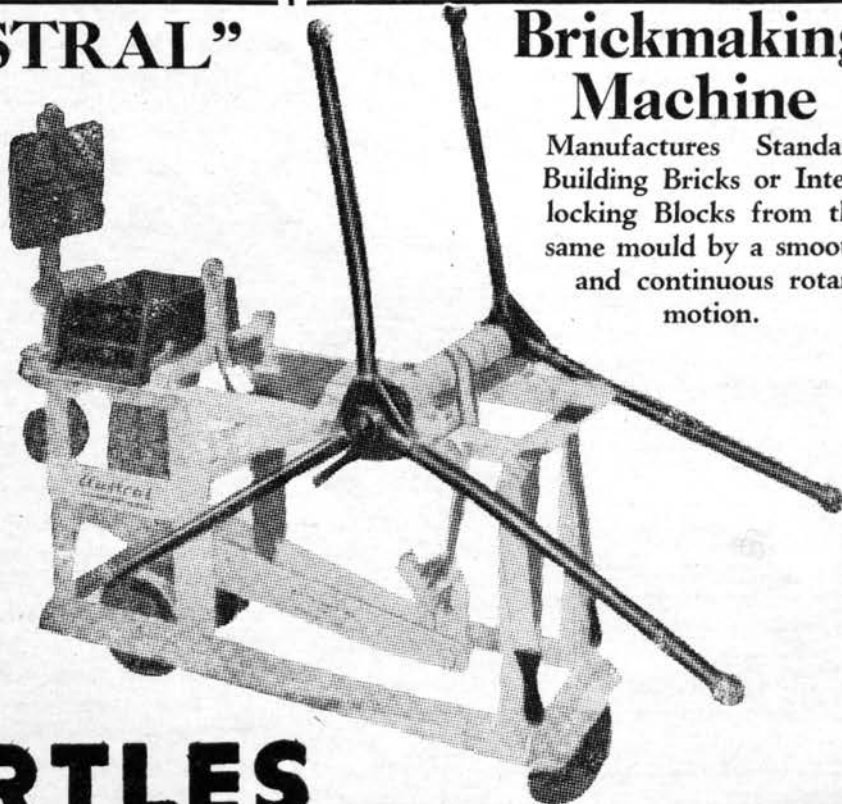
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few more miles before camping for the night. One needed no rocking with a deep bed of grass, the camp fire glinting on the trees, and the quiet sounds from the veld as a lullaby.

It was on one such patrol that the value of knowing a native language was brought home to me. We had been told by some types in Depot that all one needed was "kitchen kaffir" to carry one from the Cape to Cairo. Using a book which at that time could be bought for 1s. 6d., I had soon mastered this form of communication between the two races. However, one day I sent off my African Constable to make camp at a spot where two rivers joined, and went off myself to visit some kraals which lay off the route to this spot, thinking it would be an easy matter to find my way to the camping site. After a few hours, wanting directions to this spot, I found to my horror that not one of the aborigines I spoke to had the foggiest notion of what I was talking about, and it was not until nearly midnight that I eventually made contact with the African Con-

stable, who in the meantime had set out in search of me. I vowed then and there to learn the language, if only to save myself from another such uncomfortable evening.

The powers that be in those days had for a time the idea that man and horse should be inseparable as far as possible, and transfers from one end of the country to another were carried out on horseback. It was a very good idea in theory, but from the troop's point of view not frightfully comfortable in practice, and it did seem a waste of time anyway. My first inter-district transfer took me just over three weeks, and as it was in the middle of the wet season, I had to swim every river on the way, apart from being bogged down continually. Daily mileage can be estimated when it is considered that I only took four days rest in the three weeks, and only covered about 300 miles on the journey. Nor was there any disturbance allowance, patrol allowance, or travelling allowance payable!

(To be continued)

A Lion is my Prisoner

Recently an urban African Constable, mission-educated and with over ten years' satisfactory service to his credit, was brought up on the disciplinary charge of "allowing a prisoner to escape." His explanation was unusual and forms the basis of the following verses.

My prisoner's name is Jerrycan,
A very ordinary man,
Who knows exactly who I am—
A member of the Force called Sam.
And so we travel on our way
Without unauthorised delay
Because I'm taught that loitering
At beer drinks is a wrongful thing
On which my N.C.O. will frown.
We therefore pass both kraal and town
And compound, and the wayside store,
Despite inducements by the score.
My prisoner's held for robbery;
I may not let him wander free
Unless the magistrate shall say
He's innocent, and need not stay
In custody a moment more.
That is the manner of the law.
And so in hand-cuffs Jerrycan
Beside me walks to find a man
He says can clear his curious name.
I think he plays a double game.
He is as docile as can be
And most polite addressing me.

He seeks to rest a little while;
But seems to have no sort of guile.
And so beneath a shady tree
The man who's held for robbery
Bends down, and as he moves his arms
He must be muttering potent charms,
For there before his feet I find
His handcuffs. Now I will not bind
This strong magician; there's a spell
Upon him and I cannot tell
What other magic may befall.
From evil powers preserve us all!
And here I feel I'm doomed to die.
I see a redness in his eye
And hairs are sprouting from his face;
Of human form there is no trace.
A lion is my prisoner now!
If only he had changed to cow
I might have stood my ground, but fear
Is very strong, and no one near.
I leave my prisoner where he is
To carry out such robberies
As he may wish, or prey upon
The public after I have gone.
I need a calabash of beer
To drown the memory of this fear.
A lion who was once a man,
Quite ordinary—Jerrycan—
Becomes a fearsome beast of prey.
I live because I run away.

A. S. HICKMAN.

The Appeal Is Allowed

ON Thursday, 6th February, 1947, Police at Marandellas received a telephone message from Mr. Franz Forrester, of Wilton Farm, to the effect that a native juvenile named Grey had deserted from his service. This report was dealt with in the usual manner. On 15th February Mr. Forrester again phoned and said that Grey, who was about 10-12 years of age, had not returned to work. In answer to this report a Native Constable—Paradzayi—was sent out to make enquiries. During the course of his enquiries he questioned a native juvenile named Mailosi, who was a friend of Grey, and Mailosi told the Constable a story which converted the commonplace desertion of a servant into the alleged cruel murder of a child.

On Wednesday, 6th February, Mailosi, who was the blood brother of one Ajibu, was in the compound of Wilton Farm with Grey when he was approached by Ajibu who said that he wished Mailosi to accompany him to the neighbouring Calne Farm to ask one Chentenje for 4s. which belonged to Ajibu, and a pair of shorts which belong to Jim, a close friend of Ajibu. Mailosi agreed to go with Ajibu later that evening. For some reason which could not be explained by Mailosi, he did not wait for Ajibu, but he and Grey set off for Calne Farm to collect the property mentioned by Ajibu. When they arrived at Calne Farm they found that Chentenje had not yet returned from work so they waited for him. Almost immediately after Chentenje arrived Mailosi was surprised to see his brother Ajibu and Jim come into the hut. Mailosi then told Chentenje his errand in the presence of Ajibu and Jim. Chentenje was surprised at Ajibu's request, and told Ajibu that he had no money belonging to him and no shorts belonging to Jim. Ajibu said that he had only sent Mailosi to ask for the money and shorts as a joke. Ajibu and Jim then asked Mailosi and Grey to return with them to Wilton Farm; the juveniles said that they were tired and they wished to sleep at Calne Farm that night. Thereupon Ajibu and Jim returned to Wilton Farm leaving the two boys at Calne.

Early the next morning, before sunrise, Grey awoke. He told Mailosi that as he had to start his work as a milk boy at sunrise he must leave at once. Mailosi said that he would follow later.

Grey left. This was the last time that Grey was seen alive. Later, Mailosi returned to Wilton Farm and went to work as usual. He did not see Grey during the day, which was unusual, and when he had finished work he searched for him in the compound but could not find him.

In the meantime the head milk boy had reported Grey's absence from work to Mr. Forrester who concluded that Grey had deserted, and advised the Police accordingly.

On Monday, 10th February (this was the date given by Mailosi in his evidence in chief in High Court; under examination from the learned judge he said that it was Saturday, 8th February) during the afternoon Mailosi went down to the river near the farm compound to wash. He was followed by Jim and Ajibu who told him that they had killed Grey by strangulation in order to obtain his heart to make "muti" which would ensure their success at gambling. (Many natives, particularly those of Nyasaland origin who call it "Muchapi," have a strong belief that the most potent charms may be made from parts of the human body.) Jim gave Mailosi three cigarettes and told him not to say anything. They then took Mailosi to an ant-heap about 500 yards from the river where they showed him Grey's body. Mailosi gave evidence that Grey appeared to be dead, the body was lying on its side, and decomposition had set in slightly. Mailosi saw no injuries on the body. The three natives then returned to the farm compound. Mailosi told no-one of the murder because, as he testified, Ajibu had threatened him with death should he do so.

After making this report to the Constable, Mailosi took him to the ant-heap where he had seen the body. Paradzayi said that the grass was flattened as though a body had lain there and also there were tracks of a person leading to the spot.

On Sunday, 16th February, Paradzayi saw Ajibu in the compound and asked him what he knew of the disappearance of Grey. Ajibu then made the following confession to Paradzayi, probably realising that the Constable had obtained information from Mailosi.

"Yes, I know that youth (Grey). I sent him to Calne Farm together with Mailosi, and after

they went Jim and I followed. When we were on the farm we stayed there for some time and at the time we were about to leave Calne Farm I suggested to the two picannins that they must return to their farm. The two picannins told me that they were going to sleep at Calne Farm, and then I told them that I was going back. I then went to my compound (Wilton Farm). Whilst I was on the way I was overtaken by Jim and after we got to our compound we went to Jim's hut and there cooked some porridge, and then went to bed for a little while. We got up after daylight and took the path to Calne Farm and waited on the path. Whilst we were waiting we saw the deceased coming along and when the picannin arrived we said 'Come here!' The deceased picannin came up to us and stood close to us. Then Jim caught the picannin by the throat and I caught hold of him by his arm, pinned his arm against his body, and the picannin died. We removed him from that spot and placed his body in the veld close to the path where we had killed the picannin. Then, after that, Jim told me that I had better go away because he, Jim, was not going to work that day and he remained with the body. Then I returned to the compound and went to work."

(Note: The African Constable did not warn and caution Ajibu. Probably for this reason the prosecuting counsel did not seek to get this con-

fession admitted in evidence, relying on the confessions made to Mailosi and to Sergeant Edwards. Nor at the trial did the prosecuting counsel, presumably for the same reason, lead the evidence of Paradzayi that immediately after Ajibu had made this confession he led Paradzayi to a spot where he alleged he and Jim had murdered Grey and also the spot to which they had thereafter removed the body. It is interesting to note, however, that when Paradzayi was called by the Appeal Court, all this evidence was led and accepted in spite of the absence of a caution. The reason for this may have been that in the light of the memorandum by the Secretary, Department of Justice, which is mentioned later, all the statements and indications made by the accused, taken as a whole, were regarded as exculpatory, that is, tending to show the innocence of the accused, in which case the statements would be admissible even though no caution had been administered.)

The Constable then arrested Ajibu and went in search of Jim. He located Jim and asked him what he knew of the disappearance of Grey. Jim denied all knowledge of Grey's disappearance.

African Constable Paradzayi returned to Marandellas Police station on the night of 17th February, with Jim and Ajibu.

On the following morning each accused made a voluntary statement to Sergeant Edwards after



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being warned and cautioned, in which each unequivocally confessed to their joint murder of Grey.

Sergeant Edwards went the same day to Wilton Farm taking with him the two accused, African Constable Paradzayi and other Police details. The accused then voluntarily indicated again to the Police the spots where the child had been murdered and where the body had been placed immediately after the murder. Mailosi also again showed the Police the ant-heap where he said he saw the body. Accused also volunteered to show the Police a pool into which they said they had thrown the body. The pool was carefully dragged but no body was recovered. During the next three days a large Police party scoured the countryside, but no body was found.

Mr. Forrester said that on 6th February the accused Jim was absent from work during the morning and that on subsequent days he reported sick and did not work although he did not appear to be ill.

The accused were then separately charged with the crime of murder. The accused Jim did not admit the crime, but on the other hand he did not specifically deny it; the accused Ajibu withdrew the confession he had made on 18th February by saying, "I did not kill this child. I admitted it because I was afraid on the first day."

This, then, was the evidence which the Crown tendered to the High Court in Salisbury when Jim and Ajibu were jointly charged with the murder of the child Grey. In his judgment the learned Judge accepted entirely the facts alleged in the Crown case. He remarked that Mailosi gave his evidence in a straightforward and convincing manner. I quote two portions of the judgment which, as will be seen later, were the main factors which decided the Appeal Court to set aside the convictions.

"In the late afternoon of the 5th February last, the accused sent Mailosi and the deceased to Calne Farm . . . It was apparent that the juveniles had been sent on a fool's errand and that their presence there (at Calne Farm) was contrived by false pretences by the accused for some ulterior motive."

"Two or three days later (i.e., after the 6th February, the day on which it is alleged the murder was committed) Mailosi met the accused at the river . . . they took him to an ant-heap nearby and showed him the dead body of the deceased."

The judgment continues: "The case depends largely on the confessions made by the two accused, first to Mailosi and then to Sergeant

Edwards. Because of this, the Court scrutinised the confessions and the manner in which they were made with the greatest care.

"The law provides (section 293 (2) of the Criminal Procedure and Evidence Act, Chapter 28) that the Court may convict a person on his confession provided there is evidence, apart from his confession, either to prove that the crime was actually committed or to confirm the confession. In this case there is no evidence, apart from the accused's confession, to prove that the crime was actually committed, but confirmation of the confessions is to be found in several facts and circumstances, notably, first, in the disappearance on the morning of the 6th February of the deceased, and secondly, in the seeing of his dead body by Mailosi.

"At the trial the accused gave evidence and in the course of it alleged that they had confessed to having killed the deceased because they had been tortured by Native Constable Paradzayi who applied a pair of pincers to their toes. It is noteworthy that this is the first occasion on which they have told this story of torture. They did not complain to Sergeant Edwards of having been assaulted, they said nothing to the Native Commissioner before whom they appeared at Marandellas and neither in the Court below nor in this Court did they cross-examine Paradzayi on this point.

"Paradzayi, on being re-called by the Court, denied that he had done anything to torture the accused. Furthermore, their demeanour and manner of giving their evidence was evasive, unconvincing and unsatisfactory. Because of this and the intrinsic improbability of their allegation, the Court has no hesitation in rejecting their story as being wholly untrue. It is satisfied that they made their confessions freely and voluntarily and that their confessions represent the truth. Accordingly, it is satisfied that they killed the deceased deliberately and intentionally. It therefore finds both the accused guilty of the crime laid to their charge."

Sentence of death was then passed on both accused. The learned Judge said that he and the Assessors were unable to make any recommendation to mercy.

(To be continued)



A man who claims to be smallest in the world is just under three and a half feet in height. It is said that he receives letters from anglers all over the world asking if he will be photographed holding fish they have caught.

"Right Dress!"

by Major Hugh Mackay

I WAS standing outside the Depot office watching a smart Kavirondo Corporal shepherding a mournful group of Africans along the road towards me. There were about have a dozen of them, blanket-draped, and clay-smeared haired, Kikuyu from Ngong nearby, stalwart Vavirondos from the shores of the Great Lakes, and a fuzzy-haired Abyssinian. They wore an assortment of tattered blankets and dirty skins, and they peered furtively from side to side as if wondering how they came to be where they were.

I knew them to be recruits for the King's African Rifles, and—what a difference to the smart-looking N.C.O. in well-starched khaki dress, and red tarboosh, who, having handed over his charges to a Sergeant, saluted and stood beside me. Corporal Ramadan Hussein was an old friend of mine from Kisumu, whom, incidentally, I had enlisted some two years previously, and I smiled to myself as I remembered what he had looked like at that time when he stood before me answering the usual questions in bad, very bad, Swahili, for although a Mohammedanised Kavirondo, he had had to learn the lingua franca of the land the same as any other raw native from the interior.

As I greeted him, he shook his head mournfully.

"*Watu wao washenzi tu!*" ("Those people are just savages.") "Yes, Mbasha (Corporal)," I replied. "Just like you were two years ago." He grinned. "Not now, Effendi, now I am a Corporal." He drew himself up proudly, and saluting smartly again, swung on his heel and marched away.

"Yes," I muttered, "from a raw native from the wilds, to an N.C.O. in just two years. Marvellous." While I knew that within six months the wretches, frightened, and awe-struck, whom I had seen huddling into the office, would be different men, smart, alert, well disciplined, and clean!

As I strolled towards the Mess I remembered how some time previously when acting as Adjutant I had received a wire from an officer who had been sent up-country on a recruiting campaign. He had visited the land of the Vavirondos, Nandi and even to the borders of Uganda, and, by the

wire, was returning with his harvest of recruits to Headquarters.

The telegram said, "Arriving station sixteen hours fifteenth stop meet with fifty blankets stop." Then came his name.

I wondered what he might need the extra blankets for, as most recruits were clothed in some kind of skins or rags, but all the same I ordered the Quartermaster to have the fifty blankets at the station on time. I decided to meet the party as well.

Natives arriving in the capital were expected under law to wear "some" kind of covering so as not to hurt the susceptibilities of Europeans, who had not seen "Father Africa" naked and unadorned before, but, as a rule, as I have said, most raw Africans wore something.

I arrived at the station on the day and time mentioned, and saw the Q.M. and his minions with the blankets. The station was crowded, for many Europeans turned up just to see the mail train arrive and depart to and from the coast to the North and vice versa.

I saw the recruiting officer peering from a carriage window towards the front of the train, and numerous black heads protruding from windows of the same coach. "Here they are, Bill," I called to the Quartermaster. The train stopped, and the train decanted its passengers. I strode towards the recruits' carriage, when I saw the recruiting officer half running towards me. "Hello, old fellow and all that. Have you brought the blankets?"

"Here they are, old lad, but . . ."

"Good God," he went on hysterically, "I collected this mob of men and women (recruits were allowed to bring one wife each with them) and they don't even know what a string of beads is. I've had the hell of a time the nearer we got here."

I laughed, and the Quartermaster stood grinning beside me, for crowding the platform and gabbering excitedly in spite of terse orders from the recruiting N.C.O.'s there were about thirty huge ebony men, and likewise immense women, making up the tally, and not a stitch of clothing, not even the proverbial string of beads did they have between them, and not a whit did these children of Ham care. They gazed about them with wide eyes and grinning mouths, while the

European crowd left a wide space of the platform to their own devices.

"Sergeant," my newly arrived friend beckoned to his Sergeant, "take those wretched blankets and show those blokes how to knot the corners over the left shoulder; *you know*." The N.C.O. grinned and saluted. "*Aiwa, Effendi*."

"What about a pinter?" said the R.O. "I need it; Suliman will have the lads and lassies dressed when we get back." The Quarter bloke and I agreed and we strolled towards the refreshment room.

"That's better," sighed the R.O. as he put down his empty tumbler. "Whew, *what* a trip."

"Where did you get 'em?" I asked.

"On the outskirts of Kavirondo," he said. "Fine looking people, and recommended by the D.C., but what '*shenzies*'." He gratefully picked up his replenished glass and drank.

"Better get back and have a look at my beauties," he said regretfully.

We trooped out, feeling much better, and made our way through a laughing throng towards where we had left the rookies and their womenfolk.

They were there, and in two lines, men with their wives beside them. They were still chattering excitedly, and seemed to be taking no notice of the shouted threats in Swahili of their sweating Askari mentors. Everything was new and wonderful to these children of the *nyika* (wilderness), and they were thoroughly enjoying the first sweets of their civilisation!

Then the Quarter bloke and I stood, and held our sides, while the R.O. gazed wildly at his parade, and a flow of lurid expressions escaped from his lips. The N.C.O. came up, his face streaming. "Oh, Effendi," he wailed. "With our own hand did we knot the blankets on each man and woman as you ordered, then only did we leave for a moment in search of '*chai*' which we badly needed, and, lo, when we returned, see—Oh, Effendi!" He waved a hand towards his charges who were still on the top of the world.

No doubt the N.C.O. and his men *had* draped the aforesaid blankets about the rookies and their wives as ordered, but they were not so arranged now, for each and every man and woman had their blankets folded neatly and had placed them as loads on their shaven heads, a new ornament they seemed to prize exceedingly, for from time to time one of them would raise an arm and finger the fringe of the folded blanket carefully.

One man I noticed in particular. He was a giant of a fellow, some twenty-four years of age. His face was wreathed in smiles, and he poked one or another of his companions in the ribs while pointing out to them some new sight. He hopped from one foot to the other, and I wondered how he could maintain his blanket on his shaven poll. He hooted with joy as an electric luggage trolley driven by a short Kikuyu whirled past. To him it was the finest "Ballygonie Fair" he had ever participated in.

As I mounted the Mess steps, I grinned and thought what two short years could do, for my prancing friend of the platform was none other than Corporal Ramadan Hussein, now one of the smartest junior N.C.O.'s of the Third Battalion!



"There **MUST** have been a motive!"

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Safes to Protect World's Treasures

Planning Mighty Strongroom Equipment to Detect the Burglar — and Fire

Even the most respectable and law abiding of citizens will confess cheerfully to an interest in crime—or in the methods used to combat it. There are, indeed, few subjects which have such popular appeal as the war which is waged ceaselessly, day and night, between the criminal and the forces of law and order. It is a well matched struggle, and others apart from police and criminals are engaged in it; for the tireless research work done behind the scenes by locksmith or safemaker has its own importance and interest in this unending battle against crime.

The details of the latest safes and strongrooms in which are kept some of the world's treasures make fascinating reading. To Teheran, capital of Persia, for instance, has just gone strongroom equipment for housing the Persian crown jewels and other securities. The main entrance doors (which weigh ten tons each) are secured by two key locks and a combination lock capable of 100,000,000 combinations. There is provision also for a time lock which, when in operation, ensures that the door cannot be opened except at a pre-determined time, even if the other three locks have been opened. Another interesting feature about the strongroom is that concrete walls, floors and roof are reinforced with twisted steel "tangbars." Any burglar so optimistic as to try and break through walls or roof would come across these "tangbars" at different angles and be forced to change tools and angle of approach so constantly as to make his task almost impossible.

And yet even the makers of this piece of equipment do not claim that there is such a thing as a burglar-proof safe. For (they point out) if metal can be melted into a certain shape by certain means in a certain time, it can be melted out of it by the same means in the same time. And so all the safemaker can do—although it is enough—is to sell his customer time, saying in effect, "With the best methods used by burglars to-day, this door could not be cut through in under 24, 48, or 96 hours."

Made Cage to Protect Koh-i-Noor Diamond

The Teheran strongroom was made by a London company of locksmiths and safemakers who made its first lock in 1818, later making the cage which

protected the Koh-i-noor diamond at the 1851 Exhibition in London, and the lock for the first pillar box in the world in 1855. It made, too, the casket of natural oak lined with stainless steel in which Queen Mary's carpet was recently sent to the United States.

Safemakers such as this firm are, naturally enough, security minded. They do not offer minute details of the safes and strongrooms they make, nor where all of them are situated. But I was told at the Company's head office in London of the two or three respectable safebreakers it employs,

By A. K. ASTBURY

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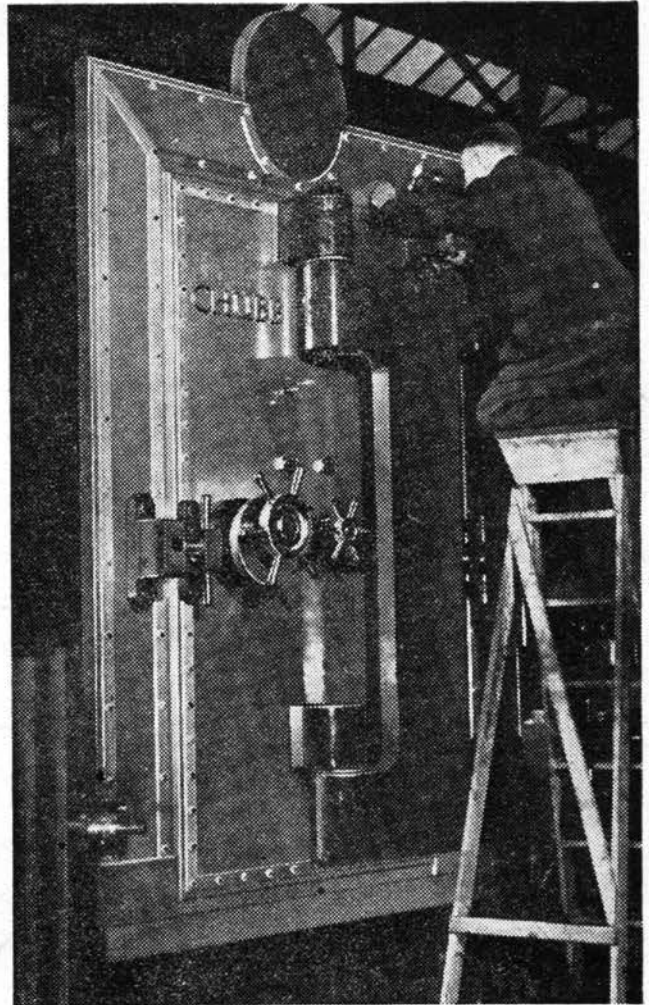
men with more than one generation of honest service to their credit, whose duty it is, as a test, to assault new prototype safes with every weapon known to the underworld; I heard, too, of one of the latest developments in security—the safe door with four independent combination locks which has to be locked and unlocked by four people, each of whom must choose and remember his own combination. The figures on each lock are covered by a magnifying glass and seen only by the person standing immediately in front of it. As a further safeguard the door can, of course, be fitted with a time lock.

Side by side with the development of safes to withstand the cracksman has gone the development of those to withstand fire. For fire is now often enough a greater danger than the burglar. The result is that, as far as business records at least are concerned, the tendency is to make fireproof the files or cupboards in which records are normally kept. If there is a fire alarm all that is necessary is to close the doors of the cabinets; many have sliding doors so balanced that they close at a finger touch.

Spectacular Fire Tests

The company has three almost spectacular fire tests for its cabinets. In a typical high temperature test a cabinet was put in a furnace for over two hours at a temperature of 2,172 degrees Fahrenheit; the contents of the cabinet, books and papers, remained intact. In a typical duration test the temperature of the furnace was raised to 1,770 degrees Fahrenheit, the cabinet remaining in the furnace for five hours, for four of which it was red hot. The paper contents, again, were intact on removal. In a typical fall test the safe was in the furnace for two hours at a temperature of 1,850 degrees Fahrenheit, was picked up as a white hot mass and dropped 20 feet on to the floor below; then replaced in the furnace, raised to a temperature of 1,900 degrees Fahrenheit, cooled with water, and opened to reveal its contents quite unharmed. Such tests are regularly applied to this company's products.

Yet no severer tests could be devised than those which safes suffered during World War II. In office after office which was burned to the ground such fireproof safes were subject to intense heat for days on end, falling through two or three floors to be buried among burning debris in the basement; yet time after time they were dug out with their contents uninjured. It is hardly surprising that literally every country in the world receives from this London firm equipment similar to that which has passed unharmed through the fires of war.



One of the strongroom doors built for the Bank Malli, Teheran, to guard the Peacock Throne and the Crown Jewels of Persia. Each door weighs ten tons, is 20 inches (50 centimetres) thick. Makers are the Chubb and Son's Lock and Safe Company, Ltd., of 68, St. James's Street, London, S.W.1.



"How could we see him? We were wearing dark glasses."

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