



THE OUTPOST

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Editor's Notes



Psychology and the African

It does not take long for the average newcomer to this Colony to realise that he is faced with a new problem when he wishes to convey his ideas to an African; or conversely, when he wishes to obtain information from that person. He soon learns that he is dealing with a mentality that is different from his own and this is brought home forcibly to junior members of the Force when carrying out investigation duties. The solution to this problem undoubtedly lies in a knowledge of the local native language and customs of the people encountered, coupled with a successful method of applying such knowledge.

This is a subject full of complexities and very little has been written on it. We were very pleased, therefore, when one entrant in our last literary competition chose this as "An aspect of police work in Africa." Although as we say, little has been written on the subject, it frequently forms the basis of discussion or argument amongst those who perform investigation duties and the theories that are sometimes advanced are as interesting as they are unique. Nevertheless, it shows that there is a real interest in this branch of Police work which can so easily become a monotonous routine.

The article in question, written by a member of the Force who has made a study of the African and his language, is published this month and we strongly recommend it to all investigating officers—and others. It contains points of view that may be new to some and even the "die-hard" type who has his own tried and proved methods of investigation may find a new angle from which to approach this difficult subject.

The views of others who are interested in this matter would be of interest and we look forward to receiving any comment that may be aroused.

Fiction

The type of fiction that should be published in *The Outpost* has often been a subject for controversy. One school supports the contention that such stories should be woven around life in the

"Good-it's a Gold Leaf"



Gold Leaf

HONEY  DEW



Blended from exactly-ripened leaf, from finer tobaccos

Corps, whilst the other takes the opposite view and contends that too much of one thing can become a little dull. Be that as it may, we are pleased to number among our new contributors, one who has broken new ground. Whilst maintaining the Police interest he takes us to South America where some clever investigations are carried out amidst a colourful background.

King's Gold Medal Essay Competition

We draw the attention of all readers to the notice published on page 6 concerning this year's Gold Medal Essay Competition which is organised by the Home Office in Whitehall. The subject offered this year is not an easy one, but anyone who enters has not only the opportunity of gaining a worth-while prize, but will also have the satisfaction of knowing that he is in good company in his efforts. Last year, fifty-four entries were received, of which seventeen were from members of Forces outside the United Kingdom.

In passing we mention that three years ago a member of the B.S.A. Police was awarded a special commendation on his entry in this competition.

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Matabeleland Province Police	25	0	0
J. W. Neavis	1	1	0
Figtree Rec. Club	1	1	0
Major Price	2	2	0
D. M. Walter	1	1	0
Banket Rec. Club	1	0	0

Total at 15.10.51 £242 12 6

Cheques should be crossed and made payable to the B.S.A.P. Memorial Fund and addressed to The Editor, *The Outpost*, P.O. Box 803, Salisbury.

NOTICE

Willys Jeep, leaving for England, overland, at the beginning of March, 1952. Two seats are still available; any Member interested and prepared to share costs please contact J. Berry or W. J. Hollington of Police Bikita and Gutu respectively for further information. The trip will take about six weeks.

PSYCHOLOGY - CAN IT WORK WITH AFRICANS?

By Det. Sub-Inspector K. D. Leaver

The majority of Europeans in Southern Africa look upon the Bantu as a type, and not a character. Habits, propensities and idiosyncrasies are all dismissed as being "typical of the native." Little effort is made to probe and fathom his mind. What is not understood adds up to the so-called Native problem. Psychology used as a science is the investigator's greatest aid. This useful weapon is, more often than not, in possession of the African. The writer considers it is incumbent and a sacred trust for Europeans to master one of the Bantu languages. Only by knowing what people say can you know what they think and correctly assess his background.

A TREATISE on the knowledge of human character, teaching how really to know men, has never yet been written. It is doubtful whether such an exposition will ever reach the publisher's press despite the fact it would simplify the work of the policeman, lawyer and journalist.

The fact that psychology is to the masses something positive yet mysterious is amply illustrated by the preponderance of articles touching on the vagaries, propensities and strange mechanics of the human mind, found in the popular magazines and journals. Any journalist will aver the psychological article is creative whereas the informative article is purely imitative, the art of dressing old facts in new clothes. Psychology is therefore something which is original and individual.

One of the most important attributes of an investigating officer, is a profound knowledge of men. This to a large extent, we all attain hereditarily. It comes to us early in the home; the baby can sense when its mother anticipates nursing him. In later years we subconsciously acquire greater knowledge from environment. We can all sum up fairly quickly the character of those we come into contact with, and for this, we take advantage of much which transpires in our private life.

A police officer working among his own people is therefore in a much more favourable position than one who goes to the Colonies, working with and among people whose mind is not even revealed to him by the language medium. It is perhaps for this reason Colonial Police Forces lay such great emphasis on the necessity to master a native language.

Two Distinct Groups.

From the investigating officer's angle in Southern Rhodesia we have two different groups of people to contend with. There are the rural

or pastoral people who are in the majority—approximately 95 per cent. of our Bantu population, and the urbanised minority.

The latter present a problem. They are the imitative people, those who possess a veneer of Europeanisation, not civilisation. They try to align themselves on our side psychologically yet they live in an un-natural atmosphere. It is perhaps fortunate that our dealings with them are limited to more or less petty crime and cases which need little investigation.

It is the majority, however, who present to us our greatest problem. We have so little opportunity of seeing these people in their own environment, to see how they manage and solve their own problems, to note their every reaction in debates and study their various methods of expression. When we see them in the course of duty, the atmosphere is unnatural on both sides, and this explains perhaps the oft repeated saying "A native's mind is unfathomable." It accounts also for the many so-called "errors of judgment" pronounced by Commissions of Enquiry delving into the cause of some disturbance. A scapegoat must always be found; one judged from the psychological angle can never dispute his responsibility or alleged mistakes—there are no authorities to quote.

The Language Medium

It is from the interchange of ideas, the quoting of analogies, the recitation of background, habits, hobbies, fears, hopes and beliefs, we are able to see partly into the mind of man. Encouraging people to talk about themselves paves the way to a successful interrogation. The detective uses every chance utterance, action, aspiration, item of conduct, glance and gesture to size up his man, comparing them with the concise statement eventually obtained. His first quest is character; the type is always obvious. Character, the basis of

psychology, is individual. Type is collective. We may say "A" is honest, straightforward and loyal, expressing an excellent character. He is, we think, an ideal policeman, his individual virtues and traits make him so.

On the other hand, we may see a body of well-built men heartily laughing, wearing big boots, and say they are typical policemen—the obvious makes them so. No pre-acquired knowledge is necessary to typify them, you need not even speak to them in fact. In the same way many people when referring to Bantu failings will say "that is typical of the native." Their type is obvious; we seldom think of them as possessing characters, and therefore make little effort to place them psychologically.

The foregoing makes it abundantly clear that to obtain the best results from our vocation, a profound knowledge of a Bantu language is necessary. No interrogation can be complete using an interpreter owing to the unnatural atmosphere obtaining. The "go between" is trying to adjust himself to two mental groups, possessing only a superficial veneer of one—the European.

Language supplies the key to the innermost thoughts of a man's soul. The African is fully aware of our psychological weakness: that is why he talks so much in riddles, never answers a question or states the obvious until directly asked and always goes round a subject. He is using the weapon we should possess, against us.

When faced by an inquisitive policeman, he may mutter "a burnt child dreads fire." The investigator may rest assured he can count on a long interrogation if using an interpreter. If he had been able to recognise the mental attitude, he could have dispelled the psychological state by countering, "the crime draws open the blanket and sleeps with the perpetrator" (Sindebele proverb)—nothing can take a crime away from a person—not even lies.

As the Cockney Bobby humours his witness to a friendly helpful outlook, so can the African be humoured. An interpreter, however, cannot do this; our humour is lost on him, and as psychology is only a latent sub-conscious mechanism in the natives' mind, being unknown as a science it cannot be successfully taken advantage of. This latter statement is proved by the fact that you never see a psychological article appearing in the Bantu Press or magazines.

It is well to remember here, that we ourselves have only come to recognise it since the first World War. We have to thank George Newnes for bringing it home to the public—it occurred to him as new journalism while watching people on buses and trains.

Missionaries realised from the very early days the value of psychology with Africans—every Bible and religious book was translated into the vernacular; they perhaps know more of the African mind than any other group in Southern Rhodesia.

A knowledge of a Bantu language permits the investigating officer to study his fellowmen daily, for in the Colony we must look upon the African as such to obtain best results. Impressions gained in shops, at cattle sales, in kraal schools, at propitiation ceremonies, in times of grief, danger, happiness, all add up helping to disperse wrong and wild ideas. He will find the motives for lying are childish and often foolish, and will be able to show a witness emphatically that he sees a lie. To get the best and fullest information, you encourage as many people who have the necessary knowledge to talk; you listen, and get the full tale.

Looking in from the Outside.

Not considering the urbanised African, the main motive for lying is "fear of lying." The European reciting what he saw will give his full version of the event regardless of what other witnesses say.

Should three African witness an occurrence, the first man interrogated will go so far, then request you to ask "so and so," who will give his version. This second man will refer you to numbers One and Three. When tales are compared and found to differ, further interrogation usually results in the African being psychologically "on top," for nine times out of ten we give ourselves away by the confronting process—a grave weakness and a dangerous and weak procedure.

Each man must give his full account in its entirety. Discrepancies must be discovered and checked by facts, and facts alone must induce the witness to speak the truth. The African usually lies to discover what the others are going to say, so he can tell the "truth" as he sees it, that is, all accounts must agree so that lies—perjury, a crime practically unknown in Bantu Law shall not be committed before the Courts.

It must be remembered wrong statements made to us are not looked upon as lies. What is said in court, however, is a very different matter. Perjury is a serious offence; everybody must therefore tell the same story be it true or false.

The foregoing is vividly illustrated by the number of times our learned judges are compelled to disbelieve three or four witnesses telling almost identical tales, and discharge the accused "Not Guilty." We, as Investigating Officers had a far better opportunity of ascertaining the truth at the initial interrogation.

It is well to open an interrogation in serious complex cases affecting Africans only by a levelling down process. Get to know the man. Find a common ground for discussion. You can only do this if you know all about his life, customs and habits.

Africans will lie on account of tribal taboos. In a serious case you should get to know the isibongo (tribal name) of each witness. Find out what you should not touch upon. In a Game case a witness swore he had seen a kudu shot, which was vermin in the area concerned, when the crime concerned an eland ('mpofu). The witness was *not* trying to protect the accused. On getting him to describe the buck, it was obviously an eland, and when pressed, the man said "How can I say I saw my brother killed?" His isibongo (tribal name) was "mpofu."

"The African," many people say, "is a born liar." He was not some years ago. Rhodes was able to negotiate in the Matopos and Selous always got the protection given by Lobengula.

Europeans when interrogated and found to be lying will respond to the correct psychological treatment. The motive for the lie must, however, be ascertained first.

Perhaps the African is so prone to lying to-day because many Europeans try and force him to admit some petty thing he has not done. (I am not referring to Police here, but to the public at large). A book or money is mislaid—the boy is blamed. A machine goes wrong—the boy is at fault—we have heard it all so often.

The translation of the word "compelled" in our cautioned statement reveals the attitude and outlook. The nearest we get to the true meaning is "manikidzwa" or "ka u banjwa"—forced, and not forced, meaning physical force. It would perhaps be far better when telling a man he is not compelled to make a statement to use the word "qapelisa"—"beware, be careful, of making a statement, etc."

It is always preferable to get full tales from witnesses recorded in serious cases, then check for discrepancies with facts. This gives you the psychological weapon to search and probe out the patent lies.

Often when variations are detected the interrogator will recall a pause in the tale, or agitation. He may find, and this is often the case, that what appeared to be a contradiction now fits perfectly with the facts. It does happen—the impossible becomes true.

Some Illustrations.

"A," an African living in the Matopos came to the Charge Office and told how stones fell from heaven before his kraal was set fire to. "B,"

who lived in the same kraal alleged "A" was lying and slightly deranged. Statements were recorded from both. A psychological sum up indicated "A's" tale might be correct, fantastic as it seemed.

A check was made into both persons background. It was found at the local Native Commissioner's office that "A" had been granted custody of a boy child some years back and that "B" was respondent. Observations were commenced unbeknown to both parties at the new kraal.

The stones did fall, from a nearby high kopje. The observing Police Officer did not act, but waited. When "A" ran out of the kraal with his family in fear, "B" was apprehended about to set fire to the kraal. He wanted the child's mother to flee with the youngster to his ("B's") parents' kraal.

An African soldier was murdered at Enkel-doorn (so people said) and his body thrown into the Umniati River, carried there on a rude stretcher made of branches at night. Thirty odd statements were recorded over a period of two weeks. The psychology of all concerned was fully assessed. It was found:—

(a) The murder rumour started by a youth's statement to his grandmother that he did not want to chop firewood for her as there was something nasty in the veld. (He wanted to go to a beer drink instead).

(b) The grandmother warned people "not to take a certain path which passed the spot."

(c) A demobbed African soldier's photo was found in a girl's hut.



Witness for the Prosecution.

(d) The soldier had, it seemed, been in the area, but nobody admitted accommodating him.

(e) The dead soldier was eventually found working at Lusaka.

In theft cases large amounts of money are often alleged stolen as the old Bantu law of compensation predominates.

Common Level.

An overbearing air of superiority antagonises the African witness resulting in wrong tales. This can rapidly be stopped with a knowledge of the language. We must remember human nature is the same the whole world over, but character is formed by environment. A frontal attack is seldom the best method. The side door must be sought and interrogation directed through it. A common level between interrogator and witness can always be found. Let him see by quoting analogies, imaginary if necessary, that other cases have occurred similar to the one he is involved in.

It is because so few of us really make a study of African psychology so many misunderstandings occur. To endeavour to see behind the screen, work harmoniously and get the truth from African witnesses with the legal wastage of man-power hours, it is essential to master one of the languages. Only then can his customs, folklore, habits, proverbs and riddles contribute to a knowledge of his character.

It is a long-standing anachronism to look upon the African as "typical" of his race, instead of individual characters to probe and fathom.

For this reason so many of us name him as unfathomable.

THE KING'S POLICE GOLD MEDAL ESSAY COMPETITION

Subject and Rules for the 1951 Competition

1. The Competition shall be held annually and shall be open to serving members of regular Police Force within the Commonwealth, including trust territories; and members of Police Corps in occupied territories in Europe who will rejoin a recognised police force within the Commonwealth, including trust territories, on expiry of their secondment. Any question as to the eligibility of any competitor shall be determined by the Committee of the Competition.

2. (1) The following prizes according to order of merit may be awarded:—

- (a) As a first prize, His Majesty's Gold Medal, and subject as hereinafter provided, a cash prize of twenty guineas.
- (b) A second prize of fifteen guineas.
- (c) A third prize of ten guineas.

(2) In awarding prizes, the Committee shall have regard to a general standard of competence and merit, and, subject thereto, may in their discretion withhold the award of the Gold Medal while awarding a first prize of twenty guineas or may withhold altogether the award of a first prize and award only the second and third prizes above mentioned; the Committee may in their discretion divide any of the cash prizes.

3. (a) Essays must be the original work of the competitor.

(b) Essays must be submitted in triplicate. Essays must not exceed 5,000 words in length; and must be typewritten (with double spacing) on one side only of the paper, with 1½ inches margin space on the left-hand side.

(c) Where a reference is made to any published work the title must be quoted in a footnote.

4. (a) Essays must be submitted *anonymously* by registered post.

(b) Each essay must be submitted under a pen name or motto which must appear at the top of the first page of the essay and on the outside of a sealed envelope accompanying the essay. The sealed envelope must contain the competitor's name, and rank and the official address of the force to which he belongs. *The name of the competitor must not appear on the essay itself or on any document other than that contained in the sealed envelope.*

5. The Committee shall as they think fit appoint such persons not being members of the Committee to act as Referees or Judges of the essays under such conditions as they may prescribe.

6. The award of the Committee shall be made public in such manner as the Committee shall think fit; and any essays submitted for the Competition and adjudged of sufficient merit may be published by the Committee.

Subject of the Essay for 1951.

"The organisation, functions, and duties of police forces under conditions of modern war."

Essays must be submitted on or before the 1st December, 1951 to:

The Secretary to the Committee of the King's

Police Gold Medal Essay Competition,

Room 111,

Home Office,

Whitehall,

London, S.W. 1.



HOME BRANCH

Seventy members and guests whose names appear below attended the Annual Dinner at the Charing Cross Hotel on Friday, 21st September, 1951.

The Chairman, Sir Percy Sillitoe, K.B.E., D.L., welcomed Brigadier J. Appleby, Commissioner, B.S.A. Police; Sir Harold Scott, K.C.B., K.B.E., Commissioner, Metropolitan Police; and Mr. R. M. Howe, C.V.O., M.C., Assistant Commissioner, C.I.D., Scotland Yard.

The High Commissioner, Mr. K. M. Goodenough, C.M.G., M.C., and Mr. J. B. Ross, Official Secretary, were unavoidably late because of official duties, but were able to join members at dinner. The Chairman read out the following telegram: "Acting President and members all Branches in Rhodesia send best wishes occasion your annual Re-union Dinner," which was much applauded.

Sir Michael Bruce, Bart., proposed the toast of the B.S.A.P. Police and Regimental Association, and said that it was a matter of much regret that Lt.-Col. A. R. Bare, D.S.O., M.C., could not be at the Dinner. In reply Brigadier Appleby said how very pleased he was to be with Home Branch members in such a pleasing atmosphere. The B.S.A. Police was most conscious of the high standard set by the old hands. Rhodesia had a unique history, for it had grown up around its Police forces, and in the Colony there were ex-Policemen in every walk of life. There was now young material, and the character training of this was a vital matter to ensure that the attitude of the public would be one of co-operation. The funds of the Association had been used extensively to benefit families of ex-members. Brigadier Appleby concluded by congratulating the Home Branch on its social activities.

"Southern Rhodesia" was proposed by Sir Harold Scott, who said it was always a pleasure to be with Police officers. He had noted what Brigadier Appleby had said about the importance of getting the support of the public, and that is what he had been striving for at Scotland Yard. The very word "Rhodesia" could not fail to stir any of his generation. He concluded

by saying at Home a contribution was being made to the Dominions and the Colonies. Mr. W. T. Smith, O.B.E., ex-Magistrate, from Salisbury, said he was grateful to the toast of Sir Harold Scott. He was proud of Southern Rhodesia, which had a "lot of hay in its fork." The Colony had changed in character recently, as 50 per cent. of its white population had not been there five years ago, but stood "Four Square behind the United Kingdom." He then greatly amused the company with an untrue story of two ex-B.S.A. Policemen who were out with each other on Christmas Eve.

Captain J. Green, a member of the Home Branch Committee, proposed the health of "The Guests." Mr. R. M. Howe in his reply thanked Captain Green on behalf of himself and the other guests, and in his inimitable way told two amusing Police stories. Many old friendships were renewed, whilst it was a great pleasure to have Captain Streeter and Trooper Diprose at this gathering.

Unfortunately, it was not possible to obtain a photograph of the gathering, as the lights failed just as we were sitting down to dinner. Sir Percy Sillitoe observed that this was not a security measure, but due to a faulty fuse, for he liked to see what he was eating. I think it was Scotland Yard's C.I.D. Chief, Mr. R. M. Howe, who called out "Mind your wallets!" Then lighted candles were brought in.

Brigadier J. Appleby, B. Atkinson, Esq., L. A. Barrett (Hon. Secretary), F. C. Bonny, J. A. Bernie, Captain E. F. Boultege, Captain H. Gordon Bennett, Sir Michael Bruce, Bart. (committee), W. V. Bond (Vice-President), Wing Commander Lionel Cohen, D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., Major C. D. Cowper, V.D., J.P., G. Dawkins, M. Diprose, R. W. Dyer, Captain A. F. Davis, Captain G. M. Edmonds, F. C. J. Elliott, T. H. Grimmett, Captain J. Green (Committee), E. C. Goldsmith, K. M. Goodenough, C.M.G., M.C. (High Commissioner), Major H. Collier Gates, Captain D. G. F. Hall, Major E. Hare, M.C., J. W. Hughes, W. Howlett, Captain H. Killick, T. W. M. Kennedy, R. Lee, Captain H. Lancaster, F. Le Sueur, C. E. Lewis, E. H. Miller, H. F. Martin, L. A. McDade (Committee), C. H. Parsons, A. Penley, Captain A. A. Poole, J. C. Quorn, C. V. Quinion (Committee), J. G. Richards, A. C. Raffin, J. Swinfen-Cottrell, W. C. Southcliffe, H. Shaul, Sir Percy Sillitoe, K.B.E., D.L., Captain E. S. Streeter, R. Sillitoe, G. H. Wiltshire (Committee), H. W. Wright, W. W. White, F. W. Walker, E. J. K. Walter, J. B. Ross.
L. A. B.

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THE OUTPOST, OCTOBER, 1951

News of Old Comrades

Many will be interested to learn that ex-Inspector W. Hughes-Halls who was responsible for the formation of a Rhodesian Troop of the Legion of Frontiersmen, of which he is Commandant, has now been promoted to the rank of Captain. I gave some details of the Legion some time ago on this page.

Mr. Jack Seaward has changed his address recently and is now at P.O. Box 208, Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia.

An interesting letter has been received from H. G. Tugwell (ex-2/Sgt.), who is in the Northern Rhodesia Police. He gives news of many Old Comrades and I shall ask the Editor to publish the letter next month.

The recent comments on the Killarney Gold Robbery in *The Outpost* has brought a letter from Mr. A. P. Marriott, ex No. 559, who writes from the Crested Crane Hotel (of which he is the proprietor), Mpika, Northern Rhodesia. He mentions that after the Killarney Case, Phelan and his partner, Friend, left for the Caprivi Strip and en route they camped at a place called Tjetje-Gumba, about twenty miles north of Matesi. Mr. Marriott was stationed at Matesi at the time, having transferred from the Police to the Native Department, and he arrested Phelan whilst at their camp, on a charge of theft in Bulawayo. Phelan was discharged but subpoenaed to give evidence against Friend on a similar charge; he returned to Tjetje-Gumba again, however, without giving the required evidence and was re-arrested and charged with contempt of court, for which he was fined £5.

I end with a story concerning the Mtoko district many years ago, recently sent to me.

Hut tax was collected by the N.C. at his office once a year when Chiefs and Headmen were ordered to bring in their people who gathered in the vicinity of his office in their hundreds. Tax paid was in sterling and this was packed in ammunition boxes and escorted by two Troopers and Native Police to Salisbury. Two Troopers well known to the writer had the job of escorting the tax into Salisbury. They got to within a few hours' journey of Mrewa and, when passing a large kraal, discovered a beer-drink in progress. It was their duty to taste the beer and give an opinion on the brew, which they found excellent. This led to further tastings and eventually, overcome by such hospitality, they succumbed to happy dreams. In the meantime the Native Police continued on with their journey to Salisbury and

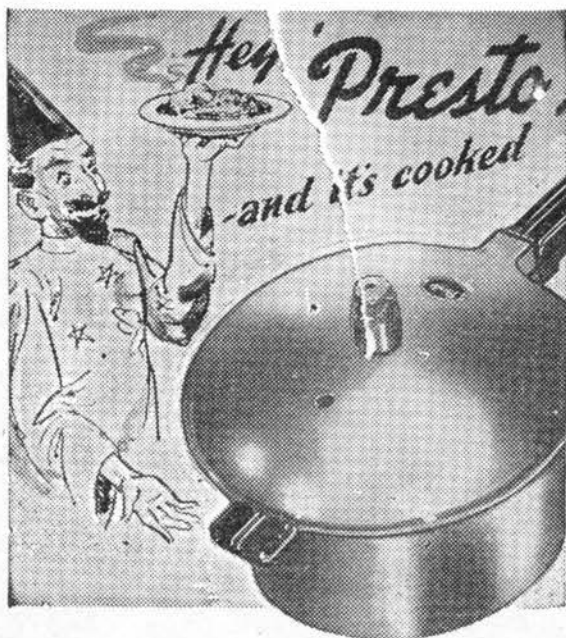
many hours had elapsed before the Troopers woke up and wondered what they were doing at the kraal. Apparently still under the influence of the beer they decided to return to Mtoko and at the Nyadiri River they had sobered up sufficiently to bathe. It then occurred to them that they were supposed to be escorting the tax to Salisbury and hastily dressing, they started back towards Mrewa. On arrival there they found no tax had passed through under escort. Tim Cole, the Sergeant in charge suggested a drink—what a noble fellow he must have been—and they remained there that night. Much befogged, they continued their journey to Salisbury and on arrival at the Police Camp were confronted by Jimmy Blatherwick, who asked them what they were doing in Salisbury. In explanation they stated that they were escort for tax from Mtoko—but, where was the tax? After swallowing a few times, Jimmy ordered them to dismount and escorted them to the guardroom where the tax was under lock and key and where these two happy-go-lucky Troopers spent several days before being charged with neglecting duty. The O.C., always a good sport, ordered them back to Mtoko and hoped that they would find their last resting place there!



Fifty-pound Black Stenbras caught on 3/0 hook, Kidds Beach, by Mr. H. Lightfoot.

Housewives !

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- WHY SPEND HOURS OVER A HOT STOVE IN THIS HOT WEATHER ?
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THE OUTPOST, OCTOBER, 1951

Obituary

No. 4410, TROOPER WILLIAM HECTOR NIXON

The death of Trooper Nixon occurred at Enkeldoorn on the 8th October, 1951.

Trooper Nixon was born in Co. Kilkenny, Eire, on the 12th May, 1929, and attested in the Police on the 7th March, 1949.

He had been stationed at Enkeldoorn for the past ten months. Before that his service had been in the Victoria District.

He had proved himself a keen and resourceful investigator and with an abounding energy and persistence he produced very successful results in the cases he investigated.

He was a good comrade and his loss is felt deeply by the members of the Police with whom he served.

The sincerest sympathy is felt for his mother in her bereavement.

Trooper Nixon was buried with Military Honours on the 8th October, 1951, at the Enkeldoorn Cemetery. The service at the graveside was conducted by the Rev. R. H. Clark, Church of England Minister from Daramombe Mission. The chief mourners were Lieut-Colonel Spurling, Officer Commanding Midlands Province, Lieutenant Goodall, Officer Commanding Gwelo District, and Inspector Dufton, Member in Charge, Police, Enkeldoorn. Members of the Police from Enkeldoorn, Umvuma and Buhera acted as pall-bearers. The firing party from B.S.A. Police Depot was under the command of Inspector de Lorme and a trumpeter sounded the Last Post and Cavalry Reveille.

Members of the public at Enkeldoorn were well represented at the graveside.

Floral tributes included the following:

Mother; Commissioner, Officers and Members of the B.S.A. Police; Officers and Members of the B.S.A. Police, Midlands Province; All Ranks, B.S.A. Police, Enkeldoorn; President and Members, B.S.A. Police Regimental Association; Chairman and Members, B.S.A. Police Regimental Association, Gwelo Branch; Civil Commissioner and Staff, Enkeldoorn; Doctor and Mrs. McDowell; Matron and Sisters, Enkeldoorn Hospital; Enkeldoorn Gaol Staff; Frank and Gwen Dufton; Mr. and Mrs. Buchner and family; Engelbrecht family; Mr. and Mrs. du Toit; Claudine and Susie; N. Bhika and family.

F.D.

LIEUT. WILLIAM OWEN LEGH DE LEGH

News has been received of the the death at Exeter on 26th August, 1951, of Lieutenant W. O. L. de Legh.

Mr. de Legh was born in England in 1871 and joined the Bechuanaland Border Police in August, 1893. Three years later he transferred to the Matabeleland Relief Force and saw service in the 1896 Rebellion.

On 1st November, 1896, he transferred to the B.S.A. Police with the rank of Corporal and served in the Filabusi and Gwanda districts for many years. He was promoted to First Class Sergeant in 1900, Sub-Inspector in 1913 and on 1st November, 1914, was promoted to commissioned rank.

At the end of 1919, Mr. de Legh retired on pension and returned to England where he lived until his death.

We extend our deepest sympathy to his widow in her bereavement.

FREDERICK HACKNEY (Ex Regt. No. 1683)

The death occurred at Gwelo Hospital on 13th October, of Mr. F. Hackney, who was a well known ex-member of the Force.

Born in Sheffield, England, sixty years ago, Mr. Hackney attested in the B.S.A. Police on 27th May, 1913, and served in many districts. He was seconded to the Rhodesia Native Regiment in 1917 and returned to duty in the Police in 1919. He took his discharge from the Force at the end of 1925 with the rank of Staff Sergeant and went into business in Gwelo.

He founded the firm of Hackneys and in the succeeding years his business interests expanded resulting in his becoming one of the best-known figures in commercial and industrial circles in the Midlands. He was President of the Midlands Chamber of Industries, a past vice-president of the Master Builders Association and had served on the National Industrial Council of the building industry.

At the outbreak of the Second World War, Mr. Hackney joined the B.S.A. Police Reserve and at the time of his death held the rank of Sub-Inspector. He was a keen and enthusiastic member of the Regimental Association and of the M.O.T.H.S.

Mr. Hackney, whose only son was killed in 1942 whilst serving with the Royal Air Force, is survived by his widow and two adopted daughters, to whom we tender our sincere condolences in their sad loss.

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My First Two Years

IN early 1919 unemployment in Great Britain was acute; half the British Army seemed to be walking round London looking for a job and finally going on the dole. When I was about to follow their melancholy example I happened to read in a newspaper that the B.S.A. Company needed recruits for its Police.

Rhodesia was then only twenty-eight years old and its light was hidden under a very efficient bushel; to be quite honest I did not know where it was and began my search on the map near British Columbia. Then to the Company's office in London Wall where Brigadier-General Bodle was interviewing applicants. He was a squarely built man with grey hair and a bulldog chin and was a retired Commissioner of the B.S.A. Police. He gave me a chit to the doctor across the street, who was quite a character. After enquiring as to my past medical history he asked me what were the colours in the carpet. The carpet was of old age and very dirty and rendered a somewhat neutral hue. However, we sorted out the colours and I passed the test which, in other respects, was fairly strict.

At the end of March I joined forty other adventurers at Tilbury where we embarked on the Llanstephan Castle, which carried us to Cape Town for £11 a head, steerage. The ship being very full, some of our hammocks were slung over the tables in the saloon, and late risers were apt to put one or both their feet in the sugar if they failed to keep a good look-out. I "roosted" between Hampton and Long and enjoyed the former's pithy comments on the topics of the day. The leader of the draft was the late F. J. Kemplen, M.C., who took his discharge after a year or two and was reported to have died of blackwater soon afterwards whilst prospecting in Lomagundi.

The inevitable scrimmage took place at Madeira and we were taken to see the usual sights and also some that were comparatively uncommon. We spent a few days at Maitland and joined the train there for Salisbury where the faithful William conveyed us to Depot, on his mule wagon. Salisbury appeared to be a quiet little township with a few good shops and a pleasant residential area. What is now Greenwood Park was open fields.

We attested on April 26th, 1919, and then drew kit and saddlery. Recruits pay was five

shillings a day, less a shilling deferred for three years, with a special ration allowance of two shillings a day. Messing cost roughly five pounds a month. Salisbury Depot, which was also Salisbury District Headquarters, was a peaceful spot at this time, its only occupants being at the time two recruits and a handful of permanent boarders in the clerical, ordinance and other staff. The Commissioner, Major General Edwards gave us a kindly welcome. Captain New was O.C. Depot and Chalmers the R.S.M. The Corps being very much under strength our training was pushed on as rapidly as was possible and consisted mainly of foot drill, troop drill, stables, lectures on animal management by Henry Ashwin under a shady tree—very pleasant; Law and Police duties in the billiard room by Corporal Cochrane, and Medical Lectures at the camp hospital by Rawlings Dumersq, alias Dummy. Visits to the rifle range completed a fairly strenuous programme.

The messing which was let on contract was more or less adequate but not over generous, and had to be eked out by slabs of bread and cheese at the canteen which was run by the same contractor. The cook was a Goanese and it was alleged that the native waiters used the kitchen as a dormitory and on cold nights slept with their feet in the oven. Beer and stout in the canteen was, I think, eightpence. In the camp bathroom which had no light or hot water, the baths were coffins of either brick or concrete. If a hot bath was required, a native servant would rush in with a paraffin tin of hot water, taken from a fire near by, which barely covered the bottom of the bath. One servant was allowed to every four recruits.

On Saturday nights those who could raise or had any cash hied them down to the town in rickshas to one of the hotels. The Langham, one of the favourites, put on a very good dinner at this period and the duck and the green peas made the Goanese gentleman rather second rate. With a skinful of assorted liquor before and after the banquet, a hearty thumping on the untuned piano, with vocal accompaniment, and a fight or two for the more truculent brethren, a good time was had by all until closing time. Some weary, some languid, and some unconscious, we mounted

or were thrown into our rickshas and steamed back to camp; and so to bed, after a heated discussion about the fare. Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen would have enjoyed these outings.

After about six weeks we were passed out and posted to the districts. I got Salisbury and was sent to Mazoe on the train, which had a dining car and took nearly all day to do the eighty-seven miles to Shamva. Getting off at Jumbo I was handed a horse by a Native Constable and rode to camp about five miles away. I found Corporal Sutton with one Trooper, the proper strength of the station being a sergeant and four men. The late Alfred Drew was Magistrate and Native Commissioner. He had been in Rhodesia from the beginning and did not believe in too much solemnity in his court. He and the interpreter, J. D. Gusha, could on occasion put over a high class display of cross talk. The inhabitants of the Mazoe Valley were mainly occupied in raising maize, tobacco and cattle and writing to the Police about their labour, of whose efforts they appeared to take a dim view. How the Police can make inefficient labour efficient defeated me then and still does. Most of the stores were run by members of the Jewish or Greek community, and it was not until Meikles opened at Concession that the Banks and Braes challenged the Mediterranean. Sutton and Maskall left soon after my arrival and the station was brought up to strength. The most outstanding N.C.O. in my two years at Mazoe was S. W. Phillips, always known as Old Dan. He had been in Burma and was a man of wide knowledge and about the most capable prosecutor in the Corps at that time.

Mazoe was a large area covering four patrol areas and the Chiweshe Reserve, we were also the first line of defence and I sometimes wondered who were the last line. We were kept fully occupied and in the wet season the absence of bridges and proper roads made travel fairly strenuous. Pack donkeys were a nuisance when rivers were up and the small patrol tent was all right if you found a dry place to pitch it on. Some of our duties were rather trivial: one cold night I had to ride twenty-four miles to Glendale and back to collect 8s. 6d. entertainment tax from Boswell's Circus. Once a month we took two horses to Salisbury for shoeing. A pleasant outing was with George Schlachter and his mule wagons to prepare a camp for the Administrator west of the Umvukwes and as two Troopers turned up for duty from Sinoia, we had a pleasant week. Our native police had no boots, bicycles, bus service or note books and were

totally illiterate, went everywhere on foot and for faithful service were in no way inferior to their successors to-day.

Inspections by District Officers were a somewhat stereotyped business and each had his own idea. One liked plenty of white wash, another plenty of red ink, another would insist on a detachment storming a kopje or on drilling a detachment on the square, which was almost as funny.

As the country began to develop after the 14-18 war, the legal and court side of the work assumed a greater importance than the militia or border police side which had to be modified somewhat as motor transport and flying became general. Storming kopjes was all very well in its way, but was of little use to a policeman prosecuting a defended case. Brave news came over the grapevine whilst I was at Mazoe. It was rumoured that a draft from England had just arrived, one of whose members was a sea lawyer, had refused to attest on reaching Salisbury unless the pay was made more attractive. This caused quite a stir and not long afterwards the pay was approximately doubled, the increase being made retrospective for some months, passage money was refunded, and other benefits granted. I never had so much money before.

A promotion examination was held in 1921 and I decided to have a go. We had besides Law and Police duties, Topography, Field Engineering, Sanitation, Veterinary, written or oral musketry, and drilling a squad. I got half a mark for topography and scrambled through the Law and Police about three from the bottom.

Promotion came through in June, so I bade farewell to Mazoe Valley and rode away to Sipolilo, after two years of interesting work with good companions and a pleasant and hospitable community.

LLANSTEPHAN.



Taking the jump in the V.C. Race at the Annual Sports.

THE ARGENT TRAIL

By "MEESTER ANTONIO"

AUGUSTO Alvarez Sequeira del Granado Benavides, detective of the plain-clothes branch of the Peruvian Police sighed contentedly as he tilted his straw hat over his eyes to keep out the rays of the warm afternoon sun. He bit the end off a cheap cigar and searched in the pockets of his blue jean trousers for a book of matches. He was lying on his back, head propped against a convenient quinilla tree, in the Exposition Gardens of Lima just in front of La Cabana, a favourite afternoon tea resort of the Lima townsfolk. Had you asked him what he was doing he would have replied "observing," and so he was, although it was more often in the direction of the dark-eyed belles entering and leaving the restaurant than with a view to detecting any criminals.

Benavides, belying his grand string of names—the which he could roll off his tongue like the cadences of a mighty symphony if the occasion arose—was at first sight an insignificant little man. Below average height even for a South American, he was very dark, traces of the Quechua Indian stock which he inherited from his grandmother coarsening the Castillian blood which was in his veins in the greater quantity.

As the Cathedral clock chimed four in the distance he sighed again, and rising, made his way down the tree-bordered avenida which led towards Police Headquarters, ambling down the pavement with his hands deep in his pockets and cigar clamped between teeth. His cigar was still in his mouth when he slouched into the office of his chief with a murmured "tarde, Senor."

"Ah, Benavides," said Colonel Quesada, a tall man greying about the temples, "I have been waiting for you. We have at last obtained some information on the silver by-product which is being smuggled from the copper smelting works at Cerro de Pasco," and he went on to explain how, on the body of an Indian labourer who had been killed in a fall of earth, a letter had been found mentioning a man named Sanchez, a Spaniard, who was arriving on the morrow from Chli on the coaster "Don Francesca."

"It appears that this Sanchez is not at the head of the organisation, but only collects the silver and takes it to his superior, believed to reside in Bolivia. You are to contact Sanchez and follow him until he leads you to the man behind the organisation. Your investigations may lead

you into Bolivia. In that case you will receive any aid you may require from the Bolivian Police. I have already been on the phone to La Paz. Any questions?" he concluded with an abruptness which was characteristic of him.

For a few minutes longer they discussed the finer points of the case, until eventually Benavides left, drawing a roll of notes to cover his expenses before melting into the crowd on the sunlit street outside, to become once more an indistinguishable part of the afternoon panorama of the city which has been described as the fairest gem on the shores of the Pacific.

He made his way to the electric tram terminus which faces the Plaza San Martin, and within half an hour was eight miles away in the port of Callao which serves Lima.

Early the next morning, soon after sunrise, a loafer could be seen leaning against the open doors of the customs shed watching the few passengers descending the gangway from the "Don Francesca". His straw hat was tilted over his eyes and now and then he removed a cheap cigar from his mouth to expectorate with adroitness into a drain some feet away. The passengers passed by him into the shed and one of them, a tall, dark man in a palm beach suit, moved to the bench under the letter "S." The eyes of the loafer gleamed. That is my man, he thought. After a very cursory examination of his luggage by the blue kepi-ed customs officer, the tall man passed out and into a taxi, the words "La estacion, Lima," floating to the ears of the loafer as the taxi drove off.

Benavides unfurled himself from the doorpost and, jumping into a second taxi, followed the other cab into Lima. On the Central Railway Station he saw Sanchez purchase a ticket to Cerro de Pasco, and as the train did not leave for an hour, went quickly to his lodgings and changed into a lounge suit, returning to the station with a small suitcase, for all the world a clerk from one of the mine offices: In the train he sat in the next compartment to Sanchez, and when they arrived at Cerro de Pasco that evening, after a journey in the foothills of the Andes, zig-zagging up steep hillsides and over high bridges through scenes of breathtaking beauty, he caught a glimpse of the lettering on a black wooden box which proclaimed Sanchez as a traveller of the Espana Tool Works of Valparaiso.

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Sanchez went straight to the Hotel Bolivar and booked a room. Benavides, following him there, did likewise. After dinner Sanchez wandered out to the street and went to a cafe frequented by workers from the mines, interspersed with a few negro drivers and Chinese traders. Sanchez sat down and ordered a glass of beer, clearly expecting someone, but when, after half an hour, his glass was empty and no one had turned up, he left and returned to the hotel, sitting in the bar until he went up to his room. Probably expecting the Indian who was killed, surmised Benavides.

The next day after dinner he repeated his visit to the cafe. The detective took up an unobtrusive position in a corner, and saw a large dark man, with vestiges of both Indian and negro ancestry showing in his features, obviously a foreman, sit down at Sanchez's table and immediately fall into animated discussion with him. At length the Spaniard got up and went to the cigarette counter and gave an order. The attendant shook her head and he returned to his seat, saying something to the other. The mastizo drew a large packet of cigarettes from his pocket and tended it to Sanchez who shook his head at first but took the packet as the other continued to proffer it. He put a two sol piece on the table and left the cafe.

Now I wonder, thought Benavides, watching. What a good way to pass something from one to the other, silver, for instance, by accepting a box apparently containing a brand of cigarettes which they do not stock at the counter. And he, too, left the cafe, musing.

The next morning Sanchez left on the Lima train, Benavides still on his trail, and on arrival in the capital he put the wooden box in the luggage office before going to the airline booking bureau. The detective, sidling into the airline office after Sanchez had left, showed his badge and quickly found that the man had booked a seat on a plane leaving for La Paz in two days' time. Benavides went to the manager's office at the back and spoke with him for several minutes.

The following day when a cargo plane carrying gold amalgam left for La Paz it carried, besides its load of precious metal, a small dark man in a brown palm beach suit, looking rather like a cattle farmer on holiday, who continually smoked cheap cigars and made fatuous jokes to the annoyance of the pilot.

And it so happened that two days later when the plane from Lima landed at Alto, the airport on the heights overlooking the hilly Bolivian capital, the little farmer was apparently enjoying the view over the distant snow-capped peaks from near where the disembarking passengers came through the barrier. He watched whilst Sanchez



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shook hands with an elderly man whom he called Dr. Santos and another younger man to whom he referred as Manuel. He was near enough to hear Dr. Santos's words as they walked to the car park, words to the effect that they would book a room at a small hotel just off the Avenida 16 de Julio, have some food and then adjourn to the room and talk business.

The little man waited for some minutes, watching the setting sun turn the snowy head of Huanya-Potosi into a delicate pink night cap before getting into his hired car and driving slowly down the side of the canyon to the city below. He drew up outside the hotel mentioned by Dr. Santos and went inside. A little breathlessly, for he had not yet overcome the scantiness of breath which affects coastal dwellers when they come up into the Andean peaks of Bolivia, he asked el propietario for a room. The manager took him to the register. Benavides shot a glance at the register and noted that the last entry was room 53, booked in the name of Santos. He turned to the man hovering near him.

"Senor, once before when I was with the Senora, my late wife, I stayed in your hotel in room 53. Would it be possible for me again to occupy the same room. I am a sentimental man," he added with a sad smile.

"I am sorry, Senor, the room has just been taken. Had you arrived a few minutes earlier . . ."

"Perhaps the next room to it, then," said Benavides.

"That is luckily disengaged, Senor," murmured el propietario, "sign here if you please."

As soon as he was alone in the room Benavides looked around and noticed a door on the wall between his room and Room 53. It was locked, and he bent and peered through the keyhole. It was empty, and he could see right through. It seemed that the two rooms had once been part of the same suite but were now locked off as separate rooms. He settled down on the floor with his ear near the keyhole, restraining himself with difficulty from smoking a cigar. After a cramped half hour he heard the door in the next room open and Dr. Santos's voice saying: "Well, here we are my friends. Now we can discuss our plans without fear of being overheard."

Sanchez said that he had got some silver ready for collection already, and had left it in Lima, and went on to explain how he had made arrangements to meet the mestizo foreman in Cerro de Pasco in three days' time to collect some more, "for," he said, using a colourful Spanish idiom, "it is by going to the well many times and carrying away a little water each time that I can work best. If I bring a large bucket away all in one journey

some water may spill, and then my tracks could be followed."

At last they agreed that he would meet them both in La Paz in ten days, bringing the silver with him.

"And I am to remain in La Paz and complete the arrangements for selling the silver," said the man called Manuel.

"That is right," replied Dr. Santos, "and meanwhile I will depart to my ranch to-morrow and Sanchez to Peru. Should you deem it necessary that we alter our arrangements for meeting again you can send a telegram to me at my ranch and to Sanchez poste restante at the Lima post office."

Benavides, behind the door, heard them leave the room and got up and eased his stiff limbs.

The next morning he was ambling along the hilly Avenida on the way to the police headquarters when a thought struck him. Why should he let the Bolivian police make the arrest? Without doubt they would take all the glory for the case if he put the facts before them. No, there was a better way than that. He strolled into the Plaza Murillo and sat under the trees thinking and smoking, and when he went back to the hotel for lunch there was a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

For the next two days he did nothing but sit in the pleasant park of the Murillo smoking innumerable cigars. On the third day he went to his hotel manager and announced that he was leaving, and asked for a word with him in private before he left. When they emerged from the little office behind the reception desk the manager's eyes were wide with astonishment and he gesticulated angrily.

"Gracias muchacho, Senor," he said. "Gracias muchacho. I shall take steps immediately."

As Benavides signed off in the register he made a mental note of Santos's address—a ranch in the rich agricultural district of Cochabamba, some three hundred miles away. Before he left for the airport on the heights above the town he called in at the post office, and he still had the mischievous gleam in his eyes as he climbed into the Lima plane.

Six days later, outside the Hotel Leuro in the Lima suburb of Miraflores, a disreputable peon in a straw hat and smoking a cheap cigar leaned against the wall watching the cars pass on their way into the city. As a taxi drew up and Sanchez got out he threw away his cigar stub and tilted his hat over his eyes, as if in protection against the rays of the sun. The Spaniard was carrying his small wooden sample box.

A minute after he had entered the hotel four men moved across the road from a large car which had been waiting opposite and, Benavides joining them, went into the hotel and examined the register. Five minutes later they emerged, with Dr. Santos and Sanchez handcuffed together and Benavides carrying the wooden sample box.

Later, in Colonel Quesada's office, he opened the box and after some handling of the small pieces of machine tool fittings which were inside, grunted as a small cavity opened on one. The cavity was full of silver. Examination of the other tools quickly revealed that they were similarly filled.

"That was the only thing which was worrying me, Senor Colonel," he said, "the manner in which Sanchez would have got the silver past the customs into Bolivia."

"There are two points about which I am wondering, Benavides," said the Colonel. "The first is this. How was it that Santos met his agent in Lima instead of La Paz? Secondly, what happened that their fence, Manuel, did not turn up? We must find what happened to him and notify the police in La Paz so that he does not go unpunished."

"I can explain those two things, Senor," murmured the small man with a deprecating gesture of his hands. "I did not think it right that the Bolivian police should arrest Santos, the organising genius of the silver smuggling, after our brave police"—here he threw out his chest a little—"had done all the work. The night before I left La Paz I took some of the hotel silver plate from the pantry and planted it in Manuel's room whilst he slept. Just before I left a discreet word in the ear of el propietario did the rest. It was necessary to have Manuel disposed of, you understand, Senor. I also took the liberty of sending

telegrams to Santos and Sanchez purporting to come from Manuel saying that due to unforeseen circumstances their meeting was to take place in the Hotel Leuro to-day, where Sanchez should hand over the goods to Santos, and he, Manuel, would meet them there on the next day.

"You may be pleased to hear, Senor Colonel," he continued with a slight smile, "that I saw in the Bolivian papers this morning that one Manuel Lopez had been sentenced in La Paz to six months in prison for stealing silver plate from an hotel."

Some time later Benavides was wandering down under the trees of the Paseo de la Republica, hands deep in the pockets of his blue jean trousers, cigar hanging from the corner of his mouth on his way to the Exposicion Gardens. He looked a typical member of the working class of Lima taking a late afternoon stroll under trees that rustled with the city in passing from the blue Pacific to the blue Andes beyond the eastern walls. And none of the passing townfolk would have believed you, had you pointed him out as one of the best detectives which the city police had, and the man who had just broken the back of the illicit smuggling organisation which had been removing silver stolen from the mines out of the country, to the great concern of the Government.

DOMESTIC NOTES

BIRTHS

ANDREW.—To 1/Sergeant and Mrs. Andrew, at the Maternity Home, Fort Victoria, on 3rd July, 1951, a daughter (Victoria Vivian Jane).

JONES.—To Sergeant and Mrs. Howard Jones, at Salisbury, on the 6.7.51, a daughter, Susan Margaret.

MARRIAGES

HOBLEY-CUMMING.—D/2/Sgt. C. A. Hobley to Miss P. M. Cumming, on the 7th July, 1951, at the Presbyterian Church, Bulawayo.

DICK-WEBSTER.—2/Sergeant R. A. Dick to Miss A. A. Webster, on the 11th August, 1951, at the Cathedral, Salisbury.

MILLET-ARMSTRONG.—2/Sergeant C. J. Millet to Miss S. M. Armstrong, on the 8th September, 1951, at the Cathedral, Salisbury.

DYER-HOBBS.—Trooper N. A. Dyer to Miss M. J. Hobbs, on the 22nd September at Marandellas Church.

WALTERS-GENTLEMAN.—Trooper D. W. Walters to Miss B. A. Gentleman, on the 6th October, 1951, at the Presbyterian Church, Salisbury.



Station Notes



DARWENDALE

Our congratulations go out to Sergeant and Mrs. John Cannon who were married last month at Pretoria and are now on long leave at the coast, also to Sergeant and Mrs. Wright who have increased their family strength by a baby daughter.

Constable Shepherd arrived from Chirundu to take the place of Sergeant Cannon, and after a false alarm, in which he packed to go to Penhalonga, has now left for Salisbury Hospital, where he is having treatment for an old leg injury (he still wishes that he had not tried to jump over a motor cycle in last year's display). We hear now that he is to be posted to Concession when he is fit.

During the month we had a short visit from Constable Hollingworth, who stayed only for a few days and then went to Depot, where he is a driving instructor. Somehow between Salisbury and Darwendale he lost his car, but as that is a very sore point with Don Hollingworth, no more need be said.

1/Sergeant Jock Gilmour arrived to relieve Sergeant Doug. Wright while the latter went on leave to Inyanga. On the first night that he was here he was up until 2 a.m. looking for a dead body, which when found was very much alive. I think that he was very glad when he was told that he was going to Miami and not returning to Darwendale.

Constable Fall, ex Avondale and Miami, arrived complete with kilt. It is now rumoured that he will shortly be teaching the African Police Highland dancing as he is unable to find another Scotsman in the district.

DEPOT

Once again there is a peaceful hush in the air of Depot. No more do we see tandem-riders, trick riders, and the rest, trotting to and from the sports field; no more music-while-you-work from the Band whilst it played at Display rehearsals; and no more packing and unpacking, and hustling and bustling between the Railway Station and Depot. The Show Season and Sports are over and I'm sure that enough has been said already about them.

No sooner were the Sports over, however, when preparations had to be made for the Annual Ball. Strictly speaking, this was a matter for Salisbury District, but certain artistic members of Depot staff were seen wielding the tools of their craft at odd intervals and the results were really worth all the efforts that were made. The decorations at the Princes Hall were most appropriate, with a newly designed backdrop to the stage. As usual, the Band—our own—was excellent, as were the weather and arrangements generally. Among the many guests present were H. E. The Governor and Lady Kennedy.

Cricket has started already and we seem to have a goodly number of players this year. Whilst on the sporting note, I should like to comment on the good performance of our Rugby Team during the past season. They were runners-up in the Demos Cup (2nd League) and generally acquitted themselves well. Unfortunately, the Soccer teams lost their sting towards the end of the season, due to the customary causes, and the wonderful array of cups they collected last season have now departed elsewhere.

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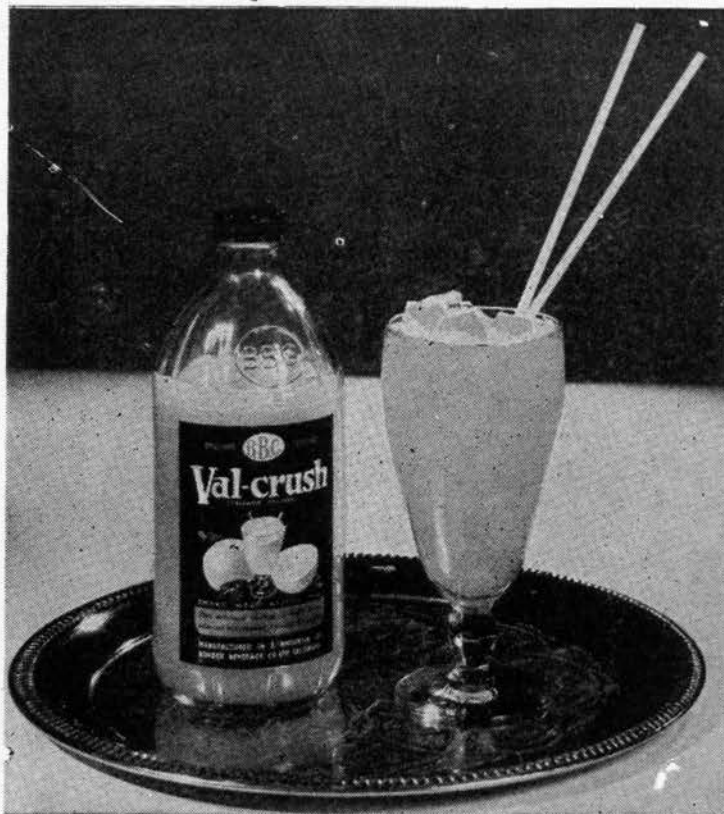
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Another squad of recruits were passed out early in October and the Display Team have left for district stations, where they will be able to enjoy the thrills of our country roads on a P.M.C. in the rains (perhaps).

In spite of many rumours, the Pay Office and Salisbury District Headquarters are still with us. So is water rationing, and now we are getting the first spell of really hot weather to remind us that the rains cannot be far off.

The Annual Conference brought twenty-five delegates to Depot, where they conferred for two or three days on matters that, I am assured, were of the greatest importance. I gather that some of the Matabeleland representatives were somewhat surprised to learn what goes on in Salisbury district these days.

Chief Inspector Vowles has been in hospital recently, but I am glad to say he is now on duty. Attached to General Headquarters is Chief Inspector Plummer who has also been on the sick list.

Sergeant Peter Hoyle left for the U.K. during the month for another spell of long leave.

NDAIVEPO.

UMTALI

"WELL!" as Trooper Godfrey said when replying to the toast of the afternoon on the occasion of his marriage; and one had to hear that "WELL" to realise just what meaning can be put into so small a word. Congratulations Ann and "Tod."! May you enjoy many years of happiness together and may the contents of your larder always meet your requirements.

As mentioned previously, the Umtali Camp is taking on a new look as Sergeant Maguire and Trooper Hanley continue the good work of erecting new buildings and altering existing ones, thus providing us with additional comfort.

The District Inspector at last has an office that is an office and not a room serving the purpose of office-cum-telephone exchange-cum-lecture room, cum several other things.

Sergeant Maguire and Trooper Morgan each had a spell in hospital during the month, but we are glad to report that both are fit again and we hope Morgan will suffer no ill effects from his fall.

We welcome to the district Mr. Redfern, of the C.I.D., who has taken over during the absence on leave of Mr. Elliott and we hope he will enjoy his stay in Umtali. Sergeant Norman has been transferred to Penhalonga from Inyazura, Sergeant Galloway has gone from Odzi to take over at Inyazura and Trooper Shield, who returned from leave looking very fit and having put on twenty-odd pounds in weight, has gone to Odzi.

The Police Ball this year was held in the Drill Hall and there appears to be little doubt that it was a great success. The Police Band was in attendance and the music was even better than usual. Our thanks are due to all those who worked so hard on decorations and the many other jobs of work so necessary to the success of these occasions. It was most unfortunate that our Officer Commanding was laid low by a back injury and could do no more than look on at the proceedings. We hope he will soon be quite fit again and we look forward to seeing him on the tennis courts again in the near future.

The visit of the Police Football team from Salisbury was quite an event and although they lost to Umtali Town Rangers and drew their game against the Manicaland Selected XI—a team containing several of the Umtali Police team—we saw some very good football. We were disappointed, however, at the "finishing" of the Police forward line. We sincerely hope the lads enjoyed their short stay in Umtali and hope that this will be the first of many games between B.S.A.P. Salisbury and teams in Umtali; the writer would like to see this become an annual event. (Mr. Thompson please note).

Sub-Inspector Godwin is doing temporary duty at Umtali and we are very sorry that the reason for this is the illness of Mrs. Godwin; we hope she will soon be restored to full health.

Overheard in the Canteen. Sgt. A: Cecil Rhodes died of Cirrhosis. Sgt. B: Don't be silly, he never worked in a mine.

I hope to have some news of our cricket team for next month. They have already played one or two matches, but at the moment I have no details. Don't hide your light, you cricket fans.

Refresher squads still come and go, but we must be getting near the end now and after seeing six squads, we are perhaps in a position to say that the experiment has been a success and not only is the Officer Commanding pleased with results, but the troops appear to have enjoyed the courses and in most cases hope they will be continued next year.

A beer is calling me, so Cheerio. NGITI.

NOTICE

Articles, short stories and verse will be received with pleasure and published whenever possible. Photographs and sketches of Police interest are always required and payment will be made for any that are published.

Literary competitions are held quarterly and notice of these is published from time to time.

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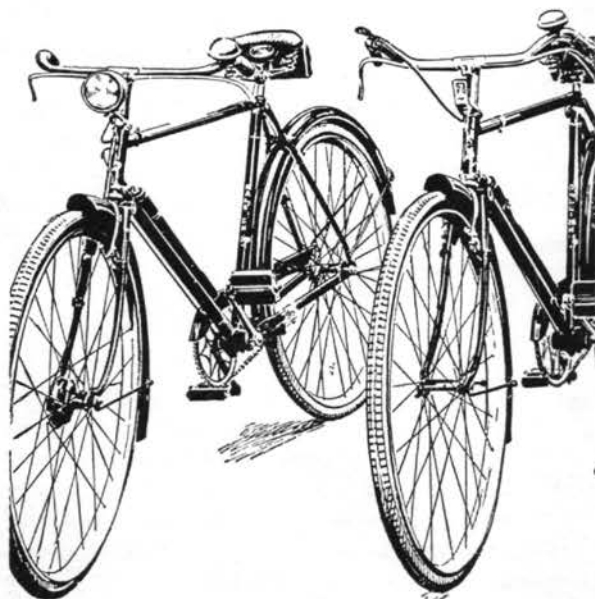
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GWELO (RURAL)

Following the honour bestowed on Gwelo in having its jottings published first in Station Notes a month or so ago we again claim five minutes of your attention.

In the absence of a scribe representing the Urban section we say on behalf of one all farewell to Sub-Inspector MacCall-Smith and wish him Good Luck in Salisbury. The promotion board permitting, a few of us at least may enjoy (?) a free trip your way next year. Replacing him, we welcome Sub-Inspector Horner from Que Que.

A few transfers have taken place in the section. Trooper Gilbert of Lalapanzi has changed places with Constable Simmonds of the Section. Constable Roffey recently transferred to the District branch. Having just got used to going into the Rural office door instead of the Urban, he was suddenly transferred to Buhera. That'll larn 'im.

Trooper Oldcorn having just taken the matrimonial plunge is now finding how interesting Quartermaster's Instructions are, before moving off to Chibi. He will be there by the time these notes appear. Give the lamp another pump, Mike, it's yourself you're reading about.

The Show and its contagious fever are over for another year. Sergeant Dickson, after having had £6,000 worth of trophies in his care, is no doubt very relieved. Now he can get back to worrying about this and that docket, some of which it seems can be just as much trouble. Gone for another year, too, is the Annual Re-Union Dinner which took place on the same night as the Home Branch's in London.

Police sport in Gwelo is coming to the fore. Three soccer matches were played resulting in three wins for Police. At the next meeting of the Recreation club it will be proposed that a sum of money be set aside in case Salisbury put one of their team up for transfer. Joking aside, we have not much money, but as a result of our pleas a box of cricket gear arrived and already Gwelo Police have won their first match. The sporting editor might write it up one day.

Before closing we must take our hats off to . . . the troop who killed a bandit cobra—we trust it was not one of the red and white ringed variety . . . and to the troop who, the Native Commissioner assures us, was unable to administer the oath to a witness in court. Apparently he had done this before—but WHERE?

In conclusion we congratulate ex-Trooper and Mrs. John Dale on the arrival of a daughter.

John is in hospital at the moment after an unfortunate cricketing accident. He is now found to have bilharzia. Better get out before they find something else wrong with you, Mr. Dale!

CRANDOB.

QUE QUE

First place in our notes this month must without doubt go to the Gwelo Regimental Association Dinner which was held during September. General opinion was that it was the finest dinner for many years. This was no doubt due to the fact that this year there were no lengthy speeches. The four speeches made were all short, crisp, to the point and well delivered. This was borne out by the genuine applause accorded each speech. In this respect we must add that all voted the speech by Lieut. Goodall as the finest for many a year at a Police Dinner. Many Old Comrades who served in the Force in the past were present, including such well-known characters as "Colonel" (Ginger) Jackson.

At the moment we are being slowly baked by the sun whilst storm clouds gather and then quickly disperse again before a drop of rain has fallen to cool the atmosphere. However, we hope it won't be long before we smell the good, damp earth again.

We must not dwell too long on these notes as we have some very important work to do this evening; that is, the lifting of a large beer mug. We are going to drink 1/Sgt. George Atkinson's health in the canteen for the last time as a bachelor. He starts leave to-morrow and gets married on Saturday, so we take this opportunity of wishing him and his bride all the best.

With these thoughts in mind and following the example of the speeches quoted above, we will be brief and say farewell until next time.

"MANDEBVU."

C.I.D., BULAWAYO

The tennis match between C.I.D. and the Bulawayo Chronicle was played on the local camp courts on Sunday, 23rd September, and resulted in a C.I.D. victory. The Department was represented by the following:—Det./Inspector G. S. Digweed (Captain) and Mrs. Kelly; Det./Sub-Inspector F. Drysdale and Mrs. Digweed; Det./Sub-Inspector H. S. Hodges and Mrs. Harris; Detective E. J. Sayer and Miss N. During; Detective J. S. A. Balchin and Mrs. Hayes. Final scores were C.I.D. 170 points, the Chronicle 51 points. Although our opponents were overwhelmed at one stage, it must be mentioned that two of their outstanding players were absent

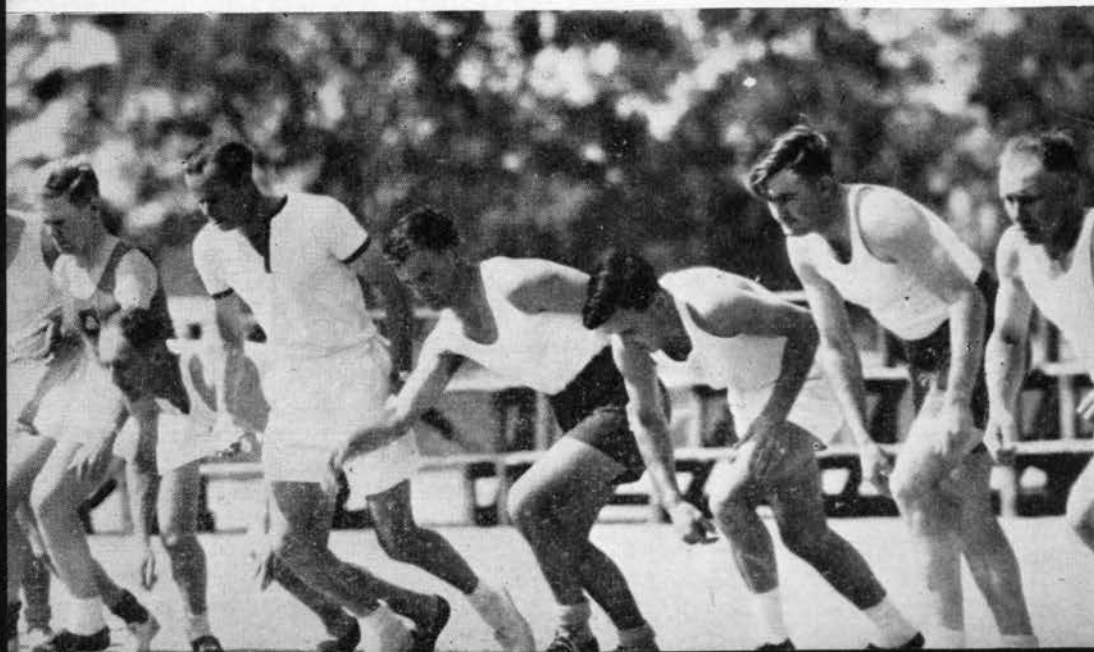
Police *19*



Above: A competitor in the High Jump.

Top Centre: Chief Inspector Lardant and Sgt. Stephens winning the Half-Section Jumping

Bottom: The start of the half-mile races.



Sports 51



Above: Chief Inspector Lardant takes his peg.

Below: The V.C. Race.

Bottom Centre: Mrs. J. W. Greenfield presenting the prizes.



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during the match. Matches arranged for the future will be against the Hillside Tennis Club and a return game with the Chronicle team.

The final of the White Cup snooker tournament was held on the evening of 2nd October, when Det./1/Sergeant met Constable D. Smith. Three straight games resulted in Constable Smith being presented with the White Cup by the Officer Commanding, Matabeleland Province, Lieutenant Colonel J. B. Lombard, in the place of the donor of the cup, Mr. White, who was unavoidably absent. Smith won the first game, 61 points to 25, whilst Ogle regained the initiative in the second by taking the game, 45 points to 24. The third and final game was undoubtedly Smith's, who made a break of 27 and completed his score at 63, as against Ogle's 51. The match was held in the Town Police recreation room and was well attended.

Recent visitors to the Department have been Det./Sergeants Jimmie Dunbar, from Beit Bridge, and John Stanyon, from the Victoria Falls. Det./Sub-Inspector W. Blythe, Det./1/Sergeant G. G. Lee and Detective Rees were our representatives at this year's Police Conference in Depot.

Det./Sub-Inspectors Hall and Schollum resumed duties during the past month, after long leave. The former is now in the N.F.I.B., whilst Schollum is with the Photographic Department. We envied Det./Inspector S. V. Barfoot and Det./1/Sergeant Barrowman who left on vacation leave recently. It's far better to be on holiday than working in the sweltering heat to which Bulawayo has been subjected recently.

Cheerio.

CARURO.

GATOOMA

The Annual Police Ball, held at the Grand Hotel, Gatooma, on September 21st, was the great success that everyone has now come to expect from this function, due largely to the good work of Inspector Sparks and his merry men.

A recent arrival from Salisbury is Constable Gillson, and once again there is no truth in the rumour that on arrival he took one look at the "Hub of the Midlands" and asked where his Golden Flash was parked; whereupon he was introduced to our solitary Government bicycle, pushing, one, constables, on beat, for the use of.

Trooper Smith, ex Hartley, was very soon ex Gatooma when he left to take over Eiffel Flats Police Post from Lofty Nayling, who transferred to Town Police. Constable Ball transferred from Town to District and can now be seen, dust permitting, travelling along our country roads, corrugations and sand inclusive, on the trusty (?) P.M.C.

In the latest Dalny Mine-Gatooma Police cricket match, Dalny took the honours despite sterling bowling by Smith, who at one stage had taken five for sixteen. It is a fact that Tonkin, the demon bowler of the Dalny, was seen to blanch when Smithy came on to bowl to him. Smithy grumbles a lot about lack of bowling practice; the truth is that no one dare go into the nets to face the balls that he slings down.

On September 29th, Police played in the first match of the Saturday Afternoon Cricket League, against Jameson School. The last ball of the last over of the day bowled to the last man of the Jameson team resulted in a catch held by D/S/I Bryer. The proverbial pin could have been heard dropping from the time the "dollie" left the bat until caught.

Recent departures are those of Rusty Cargill to Norton and Brian Lovell to Salisbury Town.

Old hands may be sorry to hear of the removal from the Section Office of the telephone exchange. T/A Paradza now has a little office all to himself, next to the C.I.D. offices. He has not yet decided whether this is promotion or demotion.

A tennis party held at the Police Camp on Occupation Day was well attended in spite of a temperature of about ninety-odd degrees. The strains of "Mad Dogs and Englishmen" were definitely heard coming from the Single Quarters. Nevertheless, a good time was had by all.

The Powers That Be recently presented a full-size carpet for the Single Quarters Lounge, for which we are thankful. We now await a new floor to lay the carpet on.

X.



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Hussar of the Line, by Francis Hereward Maitland (Hurst and Blackett) is a book that will warm the hearts of every Serviceman who knew the days before the mechanisation of the mounted man, and will deeply and variously interest every type of uniformed man of to-day.

Mr. Hereward Maitland is not only an ex-cavalryman, but one who knows the life from the only angle that really counts, that of the man in the ranks. That is more emphatically so in the case of the Service life of yesterday, when the difference in the economic position and the Service conditions between commissioned and non-commissioned rank was not a gap but a crevasse. The author, it should be said, is not merely a die-hard, but a hard-boiled one. Spit and polish, the old type of trooper, the low standard of education in the ranks of those days compared to these, all that is of the old days: he defends them against the changes; maintains the former days were in all respects best. But that does not matter. It is the picture he gives of the old mounted days, its detail, vivid and accurate, that counts and makes the book. As an account of the mounted life of a departed time, this is the best book I have yet come across.

We Shared an Island, by Guy Morrison (Phoenix House), is a book of outstanding interest of quite another kind. Mr. Morrison, now a Fleet Street journalist, is an Australian who, with his wife, and two young children, was, while working in Brisbane, overtaken (after a chat with an artist who lived on one) with a desire to shake off civilisation and go and live on an island of the Great Barrier Reef; its name Moan-Ahra.

This book is a faithful account of their experience extending over 12 months. It is a study, with nothing left out, of disillusion; of storm, hurricane, intrigue among the handful of white men in the tiny community, deception, and, on the part of the artist, the revelation of a feeble character behind charm, and of velvet-footed treachery. In short, the island-life-with-world-forgotten did not pan out, for human nature remains the same wherever you may be. Mr. Morrison writes without bitterness. He sets

things down as he found them, on the whole excusing where he cannot, conduct of others towards himself and his family. It is these things, and the fresh vividness of his writing, that make the book of deep and genuine interest, and one quite out of the common. I strongly recommend the volume; which, incidentally, is beautifully produced and illustrated with lovely woodcuts by Alan Jessett.

Where the English countryside and the open air are concerned, the name of Monica M. Hutchings is a guarantee of quality writing and authentic atmosphere. In her new book, *The Special Smile* (Hodder and Stoughton) she deals with the West Country: the three counties of Dorset, Wiltshire and Somerset. Few folk now writing can so effortlessly convey to the reader both charm of subject and a rich amount of information, blended both with studies in rustic humanity.

By way of variety this book includes the author's experiences when one of the party engaged on the film, "The New Face of Britain," and during a holiday in Southern Ireland. It is delightful work, all; a publication which must make for exile as for stay-at-home an ideal bed-book, as well as a browsing one.

American satire does not appeal to everyone. But *The Form Divine*, by Hildegard Dolson (Hammond, Hammond) stands out as one of the most brilliant things of recent times in that line. It has also, first and foremost, feminine appeal. It is, in summary, the story, in fiction form, of an ordinary, happy married woman in her thirties who, through a conversation with another woman, decided to take a special Beauty and Rejuvenation Course, and (until results were to hand) to hide the fact, and the cost of the thing, from her kindly and ordinary husband.

The strength of the book lies in the account of what went on at the "Beautiful-You" establishment. It is to the life. It is devastating in its humour; you laugh and gasp alternately. Miss Dolson is a journalist who writes, with "star" appeal, for a number of noted and prosperous United States magazines. My only wonder, knowing the proportion of the female beauty aids

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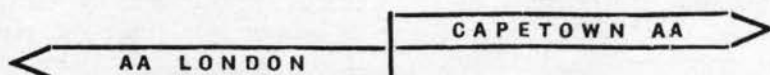
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and the like that buttress the advertising revenue of such publications, is that the author has dared to publish such a book. Be that as it may, every woman, and a great company of men, too, will find rich diversion in "The Form Divine."

William Blake, whose "The World is Mine," brought him notability, in *The Angel* (Cassell) gives us, on a full-scale canvas, a historical novel with as chief figure, the strange personality of Alexander I, Czar of Russia, to history known best for his dealings with Napoleon. The novel, distinguished for its full and dramatic background, and a rare vigour of writing, is in essence a study in split personality, with, as interest for the reader, the author's explanation of the cause of this in Alexander. Mr. Drake brings his chief figure to live across the years (no small feat), and grips one through his gift as a story teller. A strong and tragic study, quite above the usual calibre of such fiction, with a crisis both worthy of it, and moving.

Shelley continues to hold the attention of writers: a character so baffling, a genius so genuine, must so continue. In *Poet Pursued*, by Nerina Shute (Jarrolds), another of the successful "Georgian Lady" (Fanny Burney, who became Madame Darblay), gives us a fictional biographical study, the outstanding merits of which are, as in her previous book, a rare blend of sympathetic handling, and a total absence of mere whitewash romance. The main human interest of Shelley, outside his fame as poet, centres on his relations with women, and has tangle, folly, idealism, and callousness in regard to the two who became his wives, Harriet Westbrook and the more famous Mary Godwin. Miss Shute, with apt art, sterilises through a constant humour any tendency to deal self-righteously with Shelley the preposterous husband, yet gives us a live and illuminating picture of a man in the grip of the demon of genius. The book is real entertainment from first to last.

Stubborn Earth, by Adelaide Phillpotts (Rich and Cowan) is a study, set in the English West Country, of a woman of immense and rugged force of character who, with her heart in the soil, compels both husband and then son to a calling for which they are not fitted. The clash and drama of a well-told tale come with the woman the son marries, the solution of all being convincingly handled. This is a richly human novel.

In *Port of Call*, by John Morrison (Cassell), the author, who deeply understands the sea, gives us the story of a young seaman who, with all the illusions about the sea as a dog's life

compared to the lot of the landsman, deserts his ship in Australia, and goes through experiences which in some degree considerably modify his outlook. The book is full of incident and event, all clearly at first hand, and handled with a fine freshness and skill.

Young Scar, by Charles Lowrie (Ward Lock) is historical romance in light vein; period, the Monmouth Rebellion; central figure, a girl who, to save her brother, assumes a double disguise. Probability is stretched, but not too heavily, to provide a stirring story neatly written.

Thrillers.—If only because of its stylistic resemblance to the work of the late and lamented Peter Cheyney, I lead this month with *Killers Must Eat*, by Manning O'Brine (Hammond Hammond), the pen-name of a new writer who knows both his post-war Europe, and the way to handle swift action and violence. Background: Italy; theme: a terrorist plot to wreck the British Embassy in Rome; hero: a journalist and man of action, hard-boiled, with many "lady friends," who sets on the track of the would-be wreckers—a decision that leads to a spate of event and a stirring crisis. Read: and note Manning O'Brine. *Mr. Blessington's Plot*, by John Sherwood (Hodder & Stoughton): post-war intrigue, event and mystery, by the author of the big first success, "Disappearance of Dr. Bruderstein"; and quite up to the level of its first-class predecessor. *Ducats in Her Coffin*, by Thurman Warriner (Hodder & Stoughton): The author of "Method in His Murder" hit, in a further and first-class mystery solved by that new-type trio, Archdeacon Toft, Agent Scotter and friend Mabo. Three stars. *Death Within the Vault*, by Lee Thayer (Hurst & Blackett): Queerest of bank robberies, with murder, and Peter Clancy and Wiggam on the trail. Lee Thayer seldom fails us, and does not do so in his latest quack-mover. *Earl's End*, by Lord Gorrell (Ward, Lock): Death mystery of peer who suddenly dies in the House of Lords. Authentic atmosphere; smooth writing; well-kept mystery all in one.

New Pan-Books for special note: *Seven Short Plays for Acting*, chosen by A. H. Wharrier, including the famous "Still Life," by Noel Coward, Houseman's "Possession," Rubinstein's "Johnson Was No Gentleman," and "The Man Born to be Hanged," by Richard Hughes; Hugh Walpole's creeper, *The Sea Tower*; the world famous mystery thriller, *The Maltese Falcon*, by America's outstanding whodunit writer, Dashiell Hammett, Each 2s., and rare value.

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The Human-Arch Jump at Umtali Show, 1939. (Referred to on page 21 of last month's issue).

The Editor,
The Outpost.

Dear Sir,

Several articles have appeared recently in *The Outpost* regarding Rhodesia's one and only "hold-up" known variously as the Great Killarney Robbery or the Pat Phelan Affair.

Unfortunately, the writers of these articles do not appear to have verified their information, with the result that certain important details are inaccurate.

The person best qualified to know the full and true story should be, without doubt, the Police Officer who made the investigations and subsequent arrests, and I have a written account of the affair from this gentleman who now lives in retirement in Rhodesia.

In order to correct what may be an erroneous conception of this famous crime committed so many years ago, it would be of interest to your readers, I think, to give very briefly the authentic major points of the crime as revealed by the Police investigations made at the time.

In the early part of 1905, one Plaistow, who

was the Secretary of the Killarney Gold Mine at Filabusi, burst into the Charge Office at the Police Camp and reported that a masked and armed bandit had held up the Cape cart in which he had been escorting the gold output of the Killarney Mine to the railway siding at Balla Balla, shooting ONE of the mules and firing several shots at the coloured driver as the terrified man ran away into the veld.

After making his statement, Plaistow collapsed, and it was later found that his mind had become unhinged. He died in Bulawayo a few years later without recovering his sanity.

A few days after the robbery, the coloured driver made his appearance in Camp from where he had been hiding in the veld, fully convinced that the bandit was searching for him in order to destroy the only evidence against him, as the driver was under the impression that the Mine Secretary had been killed.

It is doubtful if the coloured driver was quite *compos mentis* after his experience, a fact which vitally affected the result of the trial, bearing in mind that Plaistow himself was in an even worse state of mind.

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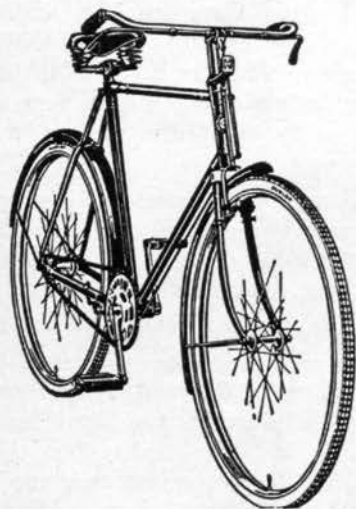
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Police investigations gave rise to the belief that Trooper Pat Phelan (NOT Joe), a serving member of the B.S.A.P., also stationed at Filabusi, was implicated in the crime, together with his boom pal Jack Friend, the owner of a small gold mine situated not far from the scene of the hold-up.

Both these men were arrested and charged in due course, but convictions were not secured against them.

The search for the missing bars of gold was organised and conducted by the Police, some of the gold being recovered but not all the bars. It was believed that the intention of the robber was to have the gold put through the mill on Jack Friend's mine, but the plan miscarried.

Some years later, I think in 1910, there was a rumour that the missing bars of gold were being offered for sale to one or two small mines in the Belingwe District. I investigated this report myself, but could get no confirmation as to its truth. So far as I am aware, this gold has not been found to this day.

Pat Phelan was discharged at his SECOND trial, the jury having disagreed at the first. It was after the case was over and Phelan was leaving the High Court that he came face to face with Trooper Page, who had given evidence against him at both trials. Phelan assaulted Page rather badly and was arrested by the very same policeman who had arrested him for the gold robbery. Charged and found guilty of assault, Phelan was at once dismissed from the B.S.A. Police by order of the Commissioner, and remained in Rhodesia as a civilian for some time. Then he vanished and was next heard of in the Caprivi Zipfel, or as it is better known, the Caprivi Strip.

From here on nothing is definitely known as to the ultimate fate of this colourful character. I have it on the authority of the first Superintendent of the Caprivi Strip that having known Phelan well whilst in the Police and therefore being interested in his end, enquiries were made amongst the older Natives of the Territory which revealed with almost positive certainty that Phelan had been shot and killed by either one of two "outlaws" living in the Strip at that time. One was the famous Ben Johnson, the other the lesser known Moody. It seems pretty certain that one or other of these "bad men" killed Pat Phelan, and the Superintendent was pointed out a spot near the remains of the burnt-out huts of the late Ben Johnson where Phelan was supposed to have been buried.

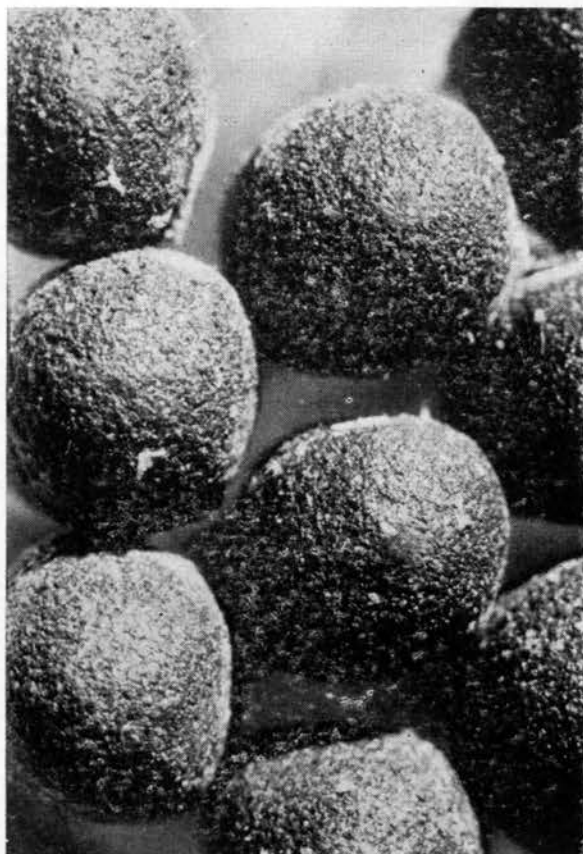
There have been a number of reports of Phelan having been seen in different places, some people even going so far as to say they had

actually spoken to him, but there has never been any proof that such was really the case. Had Phelan still been alive, it is certain that such a reckless and brave man, as he undoubtedly was, would have made news headlines once more, and it is, of course, quite possible that he did so—under another name! There are some doubts still that his real name was Pat Phelan at all and his past life was shrouded in a mystery that still remains.

Bearing in mind that much has been written in *The Outpost* lately on the subject of the Kil-larney Gold Robbery and Pat Phelan, I have confined myself to a recital of the known facts without any attempt to give the record of the lengthy Police investigations which led up to Phelan's arrest and trial. The great West is not alone in producing the devil-may-care type, reckless, quick on the trigger, and as cold and deadly as the Black Mamba . . . and just as dangerous! When the story of the Caprivi Strip "outlaws" is written, Ben Johnson, "Billy-the-Greek" Moody, and others will take their place in the annals of the Dark Continent, Africa the Mysterious, whose many secrets have still to be revealed.

Yours faithfully,

CECIL NAPIER.



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The Southern Rhodesian Press

With Some Remarks on Its Relations with the Police

By A Southern Rhodesian Journalist

IT will be convenient to start by recalling the definition of "news" as "that which surprises," given by a European authority in a recent article in *The Outpost*. How often, nowadays, one has to start an article on an institution, or a theory, or almost anything, by explaining what it is *not*!

The definition looks like a variant of the old "man bites dog" story which no longer raises even a weary smile among journalists in Southern Africa. Admittedly that sort of news has its place in our papers; often there is an odd down-column inch or so still yawning empty after the page has been made up with all the available news of any consequence. It also finds its way into Sunday papers in accord with the Press tradition that most people like a rest once a week from the serious news.

A sub-species of such "surprise" news has some cautionary value in its revelation of the depths of illogical irrelevance to which *homo sapiens* can descend in some modern democracies. A recent example was the story from Argentina of the man who was rolling a barrel for 200 miles, by walking on it, to convince the intelligent and enlightened electorate that Mr. Peron was the only possible choice for President. All democracies need some periodic warning against an increasing tendency to substitute mere publicity-stunts and sympathy-seeking gambits for reasoned argument.

It will be noted that the Press did not comment on the story: it merely related it. If *homo sapiens* is not *sapiens* enough to see the point, then so much the worse for *homo sapiens*.

It is not pretended that futile trivialities never get into our papers, but it is contended that the percentage of space devoted to news that really matters is higher in our papers than it is in many of the papers of some of the countries that could be named. For this one cannot especially praise our Press or especially blame the Press elsewhere. The public of any country gets the kind of Press, as well as the kind of Government, that it deserves. So far we in Southern Rhodesia are fortunate in that the mentally not-so-bright section of the population consists mostly of Natives who are not newspaper readers to any extent and whose tastes therefore have no influence on newspaper policy.

White Rhodesia is still "elite" enough to have an "elite" Press, with higher standards than those of the popular Press in Europe and America. Long may this continue.

Our Press's role as a national institution is well expressed in Mr. E. M. O'Dowd's standard book "South African Newspaper Reporting," compiled from talks given to reporters when he was Chief Sub-Editor of *The Star*, Johannesburg, before the war. He has since edited both *The Rhodesia Herald* and *The Bulawayo Chronicle*. He wrote:

"A newspaper is a property on which a great deal of capital and the livelihoods of many people depend. It is a practical business concern. Its business is to purvey news and, while doing this, to reflect public opinion. To convey news and reflect public opinion is a social service, which means that success depends on serving all the people all the time. You do not attempt to serve only enlightened people, or only ignorant people, but to satisfy all the people along a level that we may call the general common denominator of the public mind. . . ."

Note that point: it links up with what has been written already about a nation getting the Press it deserves.

"All minds come together on one level of curiosity. To every mind life is a mystery. To every mind the future is unknown. Curiosity about the future is a passion. But to read our future, as we all try to do, we must have data. These data consist of events. Hence if at the end of day we do not know those events which are significant to us in the preceding 24 hours we are unprepared for the morrow. For any of us, at any time, this ignorance may prove costly. The short word for all this is news. No mind is closed to news.

"This is the mirror a newspaper holds up to the reader, and in it he must look, for his nature compels him. But we must go further and ask whether the mirror distorts, whether it diminishes or magnifies, or whether it reflects the reader's common sense. His common sense is what he knows to be true of life. Therefore, if you falsify that, you will only weary him and he will certainly search for a better mirror . . .

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good newspaper from a bad one. These qualities distinguish the mirror into which people will look in preference to other mirrors. Hence to maintain and improve them is the practical and insistent aim of the business management of any newspaper."

That word "accuracy" may have brought a smile here and there. "Don't believe all that you read in the newspapers" is a common enough warning. It arises, as often as not, through confusion about the Press's function of reporting, accurately, in its news pages, the sayings and doings of others. A speaker at a public meeting may be talking utter rubbish. If the Press reports this rubbish accurately it is only doing its duty. Much of such rubbish, of course, is not worth reporting and is not reported; but there are occasions when it must be, if only to show that a public speaker who holds or aspires to some public office is "talking through his hat"—whereupon the public can judge whether he is worthy to fill that office or not.

The Press does make mistakes, of course. When one considers the number of hands through which an item of news must pass—reporter, telegraph office, sub-editors' room, printing department, proof readers and again the printers—the miracle is that the Press makes so few. If the rest of

the community made as few, Southern Rhodesia would be an even more progressive, prosperous and happy country than she is.

Mr. O'Dowd did not dilate on the essential role of the Press in helping to maintain a free and reputable democracy. It must be dealt with here because, until very recently, this young Colony, by reason of its small and relatively elite white population, could almost have been described as a glorified club. At any rate its political, economic and social affairs were run by a glorified club, most of whose members knew each other and were personally known in some measure to the people they ruled. It is a rule of club life that one keeps the knowledge and discussion of club affairs within the club's own membership. Some of our Rhodesian "club members" may still think along this line. It will not do in Rhodesia to-day, for our rapid population growth has turned the club into a modern democracy, whose affairs are the concern of all its people and whose political and business leaders and public servants no longer can be known to all its people.

One of the duties of the Press is to see that the people are told of these affairs, so that they can be well informed about them and use their democratic powers and rights intelligently. Any attempt by any member of "the club" to prevent



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the Press from carrying out this public duty in the fullest measure compatible with the preservation of legitimate official secrets (which it is in the public interest to preserve, as Mr. O'Dowd makes clear), will earn for that "club member" the instant, vigilant and not-easily-allayed suspicion of the Press. And while one is on this distasteful subject one must add that journalists are not impressed by the arbitrary "I am So-and-So and I can please myself" attitude that we still meet occasionally in the course of our news-gathering duties.

That sort of attitude merely adds derision to suspicion. Most of us have been doing our jobs for long enough to know, from experience, that even Caesar is human and fallible.

Since, with us, "the public interest" must always come first, we regard all leaders of all sections—official, industrial, commercial, etc.—as servants of the public. In no sense can we agree that any of them are the public's masters—or ours. In extreme cases, if he thinks it necessary in the public interest, an Editor will defy the law of the land itself. This has already happened at least once in Southern Rhodesia, when a court tried to make an Editor divulge the source of certain published information. A newspaper has the same duty to respect the privacy of its informers, should they wish to preserve it, as the C.I.D. has to conceal the identities of its informers under the stock phrase "from information received." Otherwise such sources might dry up, and matters which should be investigated and if necessary ventilated by the Press, in the public interest, would never even come to the knowledge

The British Constitution is a system of checks and balances, lest any single institution become too powerful and suffer the inevitable corruption and degeneration which result from too much power. Parliament and Administration are mutual checks on each other. The judiciary is a check on both. The Press is a check on all three and is itself checked by them. A free Press is just as basic an institution of democratic self-government as the Crown, the Parliament and the courts of the land.

In fulfilling its role as public investigator and public reporter over the whole field of public affairs, the Press must ruthlessly ignore the "club" outlook and appeal. If a leading local citizen tries to drive his car while drunk, the Press has the same duty to report the case as the Police have to bring it to court and the court has to try it in public.

Now to get down to cases, as they affect day-to-day relations between the Press and the Police.

First there is a misapprehension, lingering in some official hearts, which must be cleared up. If somebody criticises or makes allegations against any public institution (including the police) at any public meeting or occasion, the Press must publish the attack in the public interest. Complaints publicly made against a public institution must not be suppressed. What would the public present on the occasion think of the Press if it did suppress the matter? Remember Mr. O'Dowd's "mirror" definition. On the same definition, the Press will gladly print any reply that the public institution may wish to make.

Every journalist numbers police officers and men among his friends and respected acquaintances. But a journalist on duty, like a policeman on duty, cannot allow friendship—or even animosity if it comes to that—to affect the performance of his duty. If he did, he would soon be out of employment. If his paper did it would soon lose the trust of the public.

No public institution is perfect. The Press is well aware of the fine record and living traditions of the B.S.A. Police; but if the Press, out of regard for this, were to make it a rule never to publish anything that might appear to reflect adversely on the Police, the time would surely come—though it might take a generation—when this immunity from criticism would bring some decline in the present high police standards. The effect would be similar to what would happen if police officers themselves, trusting utterly in the smartness, efficiency and integrity of their subordinates, were to cease entirely from inspecting them and their work.

The Press is an "Inspector of Everything," on behalf of the nation itself, as a whole. Apart from the satisfaction of having overcome any temptation to neglect its duty (in consideration of past friendship or in hope of avoiding future animosity), the Press obtains no satisfaction from publishing facts or public opinion which may reflect adversely on any public institution or its members. The Press prefers to publish stories of sound work worthily done for the public good. If the Press contains rather more of the former than the latter, this is a reflection on the whole community and its whole order of civilisation, not on the Press, which must mirror *things as they are*.

The Press does not intrude on anybody's private affairs. If, for instance, there was disciplinary friction within, say, the Police organisation, it would be none of the Press's business to publish the fact—unless the Police's own efforts to put matters right were to fail and the trouble came into the open in some public



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manifestation affecting the public and the public interest. Similarly, if parents fall out or ill-treat their children in the privacy of their home, the matter is private—until or unless it comes out in the divorce court or in a prosecution by the Probation Officer in the Magistrate's Court. Then, because civilisation depends on the maintenance of healthy family life, it is in the public interest that the public should know something of the extent of present-day family and marital troubles, with as much as may be made public of their causes (which could be the current public evil of housing shortage and/or the current public evil of inflation, which is gravely affecting family life by forcing wives to go out to work as well as husbands). The public should also know something of the way the law deals with these matters. But the Press cannot publish them until the law takes cognizance of them.

Accidents in public places, and court cases arising from such accidents, are also reported in the public interest. They may draw attention to dangerous points or conditions on a public road, dangerous practices, important points of the law, or even points suggesting that the law requires amendment. It is probable that many lives and limbs have been saved by the cautionary effect of such reports.

It is part of the Press's service to the public to publish, at the earliest possible moment, the names of persons killed or seriously injured in accidents. Relatives, friends and acquaintances have a right to know. Such reports may also dispose of exaggerated rumours.

Interviewing members of a stricken family is harrowing both to the family and the interviewer. It is the unenviable duty of the police, in any case, to investigate all such happenings. To ensure accuracy and avoid the needless infliction on the family of a second painful enquiry (this writer confesses that he doesn't like it either), the Press prefers to obtain its information from the Police.

The Police regulation which forbids any member of the force below commissioned rank to disclose information to the Press can be particularly irksome here—to both Police and Press—especially outside normal office hours. Routine enquiries of this nature could be answered quite safely—and more quickly—by an N.C.O. on duty at the Police Station, who usually is the first to have the information. As matters stand, an officer (probably off duty) has to be sought out and disturbed. Then, in my experience, he usually has to get the information required from the subordinate—who, if he had been allowed to, could have given it direct to

the Press in the first place, when the reporter first called at the Police Station to ask if there was any occurrence about which he should consult the officer. (At present, a simple "yes" or "no" is the only permissible answer to that question).

A reporter does not like disturbing officers in this way for merely routine information. They have as much right to off-duty privacy, rest and relaxation as anybody else. Nor does the Press like the needless delay involved. It is considered that the relevant regulations could very well be revised—with a clear understanding on both sides that each side is acting throughout in performance of its duty to the public—i.e., a justified understanding by the Press that the Police are not withholding facts for the mere fun of doing so, and a justified understanding by the Police that the Press is not trying to pry into and publish matters that do not concern it, or facts which, if an offence is involved, might, if published, hinder the catching of the offender or prejudice the case. Usually any doubts on such scores, on either side, can be overcome in a couple of minutes' frank talk between the parties concerned. The present writer has often found it so.

That word "frank" must be emphasised. Complete mutual confidence and understanding must be built up. Each side must recognise that the other is just as much a public service as itself, working in the same cause: the creation and maintenance of a lawful, orderly, intelligent, well-informed and therefore efficient and happy community.

We are both striving towards the same ideal—which, incidentally, might involve our own extinction if it were ever attained in full, for an ideal world, of course, would need neither Police nor Press!

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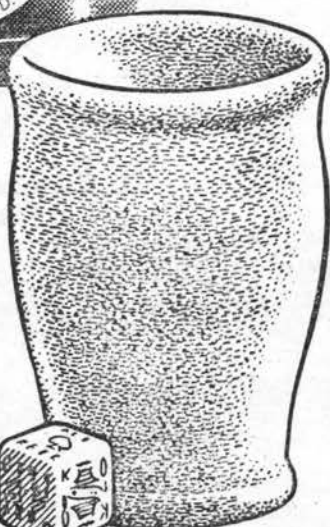
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BRITISH ARMY'S NEW RIFLE

Latest weapon and its famous predecessors

THE British Army has marched a long way since the days of Marlborough and Wellington. when the redoubtable "Brown Bess" musket formed the infantryman's standard small arms weapon. Now, latest in the line of firearms, comes the self-loading .280 rifle.

Always cautious in discarding well-trying equipment, the British Army used the old smooth-bored Brown Bess, with its three-foot-long barrel for over 150 years before the famous Minie eventually took its place.

The first rifle came from the workshop of a Whitechapel gunsmith, Ezekiel Baker, in 1800. Muskets were still in use in 1854.

Among the famous rifles which the British Army has used in its campaigns have been the Brunswick, the Martini-Henry and the Enfields. Now, as revolutionary as the first Baker, the new .280 self-loading E.M.2 has appeared — its rapid rate of fire as impressive as its business-like look.

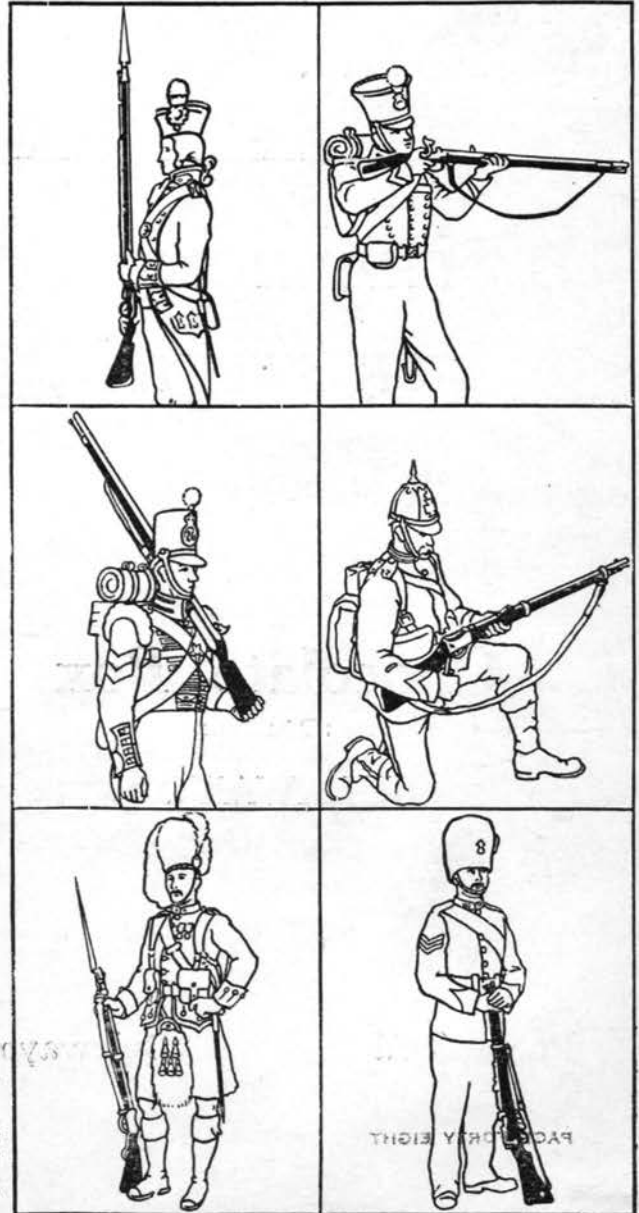


"When I was young . . .", says 85-year-old John Green, as he points out the action of the first breech-loading Snider rifle.



Above: In future the new rifle, on the left, will be known as the 7mm. self-loading E.M.2. Behind is the present No. 4 rifle.

Right: Some famous rifles of the British Army. First to replace the old "Brown Bess" smooth-bored musket (top left) was the Baker; then came the Brunswick (top right), with a percussion lock. The Minie (1850) (centre left) proved its worth at Inkerman in the Crimea; but then came the Martinis (centre right), the Lee-Metford (bottom left), issued to the British Army in 1889, and the Lee-Enfield "short" version (bottom right).



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AFTER DINNER ENTERTAINMENT

Peter Scott, famous ornithologist, painter and lecturer and one of the BBC's most popular broadcasters on natural history, recently appeared in a new guise as a bird imitator. It was at the monthly dinner of the British Ornithologists' Club, offshoot of the British Ornithologists' Union, the society to which so many crack British birdwatchers belong. After each dinner a paper on some aspect of ornithological study is read and on this occasion the speaker was Dr. David Lack. Dr. Lack, who is Director of the Edward Grey Institute at Oxford and considered to be one of the foremost ornithologists in the world, spoke of the studies he and his wife had made on bird migration in the Pyrenees. He stressed the very large number of birds seen migrating in this area and mentioned that amongst the many varieties seen was a skein of grey geese which had been flying too high to be identified with certainty. When question time arrived Peter Scott, a world authority on ducks and geese, asked what kind of noise the birds had made? Lack admitted that his knowledge of goose calls was not so wide as Scott's but he thought it possible that the birds had been Grey Lag Geese. Scott keen as a ferret where geese are concerned, refused to be beaten. Could Dr. Lack imitate the noise the birds made? He would then confirm if they were Grey Lags. Lack refused to be drawn and it seemed as if the matter would drop until the President of the Union, Dr. Landsborough Thomson, proposed that Peter Scott should imitate the noises made by various geese and from them Dr. Lack could identify the one he had heard. Scott, not to be deflected from the chase, obligingly produced the notes made by the Grey Lag when at peace and when alarmed and then gave the cry of the Pink Footed Goose. Other species of geese would not be found in such latitudes, he said, but Whitefronts might conceivably be in the Mediterranean. He looked up with a deprecating smile, for it was a very respectable hotel and another dinner party was in progress in the next room, and said, "I'm afraid the Whitefronts make rather a loud, shrill noise." The members waited expectantly and Scott produced an extraordinary high call, remarkably like that of the White Fronted Goose. Dr. Lack, his composure entirely gone, agreed amongst general laughter that the geese he had heard going over were mostly Grey Lags and Scott sat down, having added further laurels to his crown.

Outpost Christmas Competitions, 1951

Details of this year's competitions are given below:—

1. ESSAYS.

- (a) Five guineas for the best story or article submitted, with a Christmas background, for publication in the Christmas Number of *The Outpost*.
- (b) Two guineas as a second prize.

2. DRAWINGS.

- (a) Five guineas for the best black and white sketch depicting a Christmas-cum-Police scene. Sketches must be in Indian ink on stiff paper and should not be folded.
- (b) Two guineas as a second prize.

3. PHOTOGRAPHS.

- (a) Three guineas for the best photograph portraying any aspect of Police life within the Colony. The subject, rather than the photographic quality, will be the chief factor in determining the award.
- (b) Two guineas as a second prize.

RULES FOR THE COMPETITIONS.

1. The Competitions are open only to subscribers to *The Outpost*.
2. The entries must be the original work of the competitors.
3. The judges for all competitions shall be appointed by the President of *The Outpost* Committee.
4. The Committee reserves the right to reproduce any entries other than the prize-winning entries, without payment.
5. Entries for competitions Nos. 2 and 3 will be received up to and including 3rd November, 1951, and for competition No. 1 up to and including 17th November, 1951.
6. All entries must be clearly marked "Christmas Competition" and addressed to The Editor, *The Outpost*, P.O. Box 803, Salisbury.
N.B.—Articles may be sent, and will be published, under a nom-de-plume, but the Editor must have the names and addresses of all competitors.
7. The Committee reserves the right to withhold the award of either a first or second prize if the standard of merit of the entries is considered to be below the required standard.

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ANNUAL SPORTS

The Annual Athletic and Mounted Sports were held on 21st and 22nd September at Depot and a crowd of approximately 3,000 attended on the Saturday for the Mounted Events.

A good standard of athletics was seen on the previous day, although no records were broken.

The riding was up to the usual standard, although the tent-pegging did not appear to be so good as that seen at Salisbury Show Ground a few weeks before.

Following a press announcement, the *denouement* of Marmaduke, the radio-controlled motorcycle, was awaited with much interest, and the knowing smiles that greeted the appearance of a policeman from the interior of the sidecar, when the lid was lifted, changed quickly to astonishment when the machine moved off again with neither

rider nor hidden man inside. So the mystery remains.

The prizes were presented by Mrs. J. M. Greenfield, wife of the Minister of Justice, after which the ceremonial Retreat Ceremony was performed by the African Police Platoon and Band.

A full list of results are given below:—

MOUNTED EVENTS

Individual Tent Pegging

- 1st Tpr. McNair, *Joker*
- 2nd 2/Sgt. Bester, *Hectic*
- 3rd C/I Lardant, *Job*

½ Section Tent Pegging

- 1st 2/Sgt. Bester, *Hectic*
Tpr. McNair, *Joker*
- 2nd 1/Sgt. Stephents, *Gaylad*
C/I Lardant, *Job*

Open Jumping

- 1st 1/Sgt. Stephens, *Gaylad*
- 2nd C/I Lardant, *Gaiety*
- 3rd F/1/Sgt. Robertson, *Fiction*

Reveille Race—Recruits

- 1st Recruit Buitendag, *Jerry*
- 2nd Recruit Hardie, *Job*
- 3rd Recruit Eddon, *Dido*



B.S.A. POLICE RUGBY XV, 1951.

Back Row: G. Leppan, B. O'Shaughnessy, J. Naested, J. Smithyman, V. Lovegrove.
Centre Row: A. W. Freeman, D. Robinson, D. Hallward, C. Moon, R. Humphreys, C. W. Armstrong, Dixon.
Front Row: P. G. Reynolds (Vice-Capt.), C/I. Lardant, T. W. Engleton (Capt.), Major Frost (Commandant, Depot), R. Irwin (Secretary)
Absent: C. Hulley, J. M. Riddle, A. Duncan, D. Geraghty, Mr. F. J. Wolhuter (Trainer).

Runners-Up: Demos Cup.

Sitting: M. Brookes, W. Jacques.

Mounted Sack Race—Recruits

- 1st Recruit Buitendag, *Jerry*
- 2nd Recruit Day, *Ferdinand*
- 3rd Recruit Robinson, *Minstrel*

Musical Chairs

- 1st Lieut. Parry, *Legion*
- 2nd R. Robinson, *Minstrel*
- 3rd Cst. Hollingworth, *Job*

V. C. Race

- 1st 2/Sgt. Bester, *Ted*
- 2nd 2/Sgt. Graham, *Jasper*
- 3rd C/I Lardant, *Ibex*

Best Turned Out Man and Horse—Recruits

- 1st Recruit Edden, *Imp*
- 2nd Recruit Buitendag, *Emperor*
- 3rd Recruit Stuart, *Jerry*

Best Trained Police Horse

- 1st C/I Lardant, *Flight*
- 2nd 1/Sgt. Stephens, *Gaylad*
- 3rd S/I Kay, *Chainshot*

Best Trained Remount

- 1st Cst. Reynolds, *Maxim*
- 2nd Cst. Savage, *Musketeer*
- 3rd Cst. Trub, *Merrimac*

Lloyd Lindsay

- 1st Instructors Team
 - 1 C/I Lardant, *Foch*
 - 2 1/Sgt. Stephens, *Kentucky*
 - 3 2/Sgt. Bester, *Ferdinand*
 - 4 2/Sgt. Earle, *Emperor*

2nd Remount Team

- 1 Cst. Reynolds, *Maxim*
- 2 Cst. Selley, *Hotspur*
- 3 Cst. Francis, *Job*
- 4 Cst. Jacques, *Frank*

Novice Jumping

- 1st 1/Sgt. Stephens, *Emperor*
- 2nd Tpr. McNair, *Lasso*
- 3rd C/I Lardant, *Kingdom*

Half Section Jumping

- 1st C/I Lardant, *Kingdom*
1/Sgt. Stephens, *Gaylad*
- 2nd F/1/Sgt. Robertson, *Fiction*
Cst. Armstrong, *Emperor*

Intermediate Jumping

- 1st 2/Sgt. Earle, *Jingo*
- 2nd 1/Sgt. Stephens, *Emperor*
- 3rd F/1/Sgt. Robertson, *Fiction*

DISMOUNTED EVENTS

- 3 miles Cross Country—1st, Cst. Coop; 2nd, Tpr. Hancock; 3rd, Rec. Crosby-Jones.
- 100 yards—1st, Cst. Beech; 2nd, Cst. Hilder; 3rd, Cst. Coop.
- 1 mile Recruits—1st, Rec. Burton; 2nd, Rec. Dixon; 3rd, Rec. Crosby-Jones.
- 880 yards—1st, Tpr. Hancock; 2nd, Cst. Brookes; 3rd, S/I Davenport.
- 100 yards Recruits—1st, Rec. Edden; 2nd, Rec. Day; 2nd, Rec. Colquhoun.

Discus (Open)—1st, Sgt. Trangmar; 2nd, Mr. Reinecke; 3rd, Rec. Booyesen.

440 yards (Recruit)—1st, Rec. Hallward; 2nd, Rec. Day; 3rd, Rec. Colquhoun, Rec. Edden.

Shot Putt (Open)—1st, Mr. Reinecke; 2nd, Rec. Booyesen; 3rd, Sgt. Trangmar.

1 mile (Open)—1st, Rec. Dixon; 2nd, Tpr. Hancock; 3rd, Cst. Brookes.

Long Jump—1st, Cst. Jacques; 2nd, Rec. Edden; 3rd, Cst. Vernon.

440 yards Championship—1st, S/I Davenport; 2nd, Tpr. Hancock; 3rd, Cst. Brookes.

Tug-of-War—Pay Office Team.

220 yards Championship—1st, Cst. Beech; 2nd, Tpr. Gethen; 3rd, S/I Davenport.

High Jump—1st, Cst. Savage; 2nd, Cst. Powel; 3rd, Rec. Dillon.

1 mile Medley Race—Remount Team.

Floating Trophies

Victor Ludorum Cup (Recruits in Training)—Rec. Edden.

Dismounted Aggregate Cup—Tpr. Hancock.

Victor Ludorum (Trained Men Mounted)—1/Sgt. Stephens.

Gosling Cup (Best trained Horse)—C/I Lardant.

Novice Horse Jumping—1/Sgt. Stephens.

Intermediate Jumping Cup—Stg. Earle.

Open Jumping Challenge Cup—1/Sgt. Stephens.

V.C. Challenge Cup—Sgt. Bester.

Smart Challenge Cup (Cross Country)—Cst. Coop.

Best Turned Out Man and Horse (Recruit)—Rec. Edden.

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No. 3633, 2/Sgt. Mays, Gwelo District, to 1/Sgt., 4.9.51.

No. 3787, 2/Sgt. Peters, Salisbury District, to 1/Sgt., 5.9.51.

No. 4145, Tpr. Freemantle, Salisbury District, to 2/Sgt., 4.9.51.

No. 4122, Tpr. Wilson, Gwelo District, to 2/Sgt., 5.9.51.

No. 4096, Tpr. Burns, Q Branch, to Staff 2/Sgt., 17.9.51.

No. 4358, Cst. Bryant, Bulawayo Urban, to 2/Sgt., 20.9.51.

ATTESTATIONS

For the Duty Branch for three years on 24.9.51:—

No. 4773, Const. Gerrit Van Deventer.

No. 4774, Const. John Samuel Trevor Fletcher.

No. 4775, Const. Frank Kemmel Hill.

No. 4776, Const. Henry Malcolm Macdonald.

No. 4777, Const. Richard John Hawkeswell Macintosh.

No. 4778, Const. Michael Richard Merrony.

No. 4779, Const. John Charles Price.

No. 4780, Const. Samuel Robert Williams.