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EDITOR: H. G. BALDWIN

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In this Issue.

Features

Early Days

Incidents that took place in the early days in this Colony, too few of which have been recorded, are a constant source of interest to most of the present generation. To the older generation, who represent the living history of this young country, these incidents hold more than ordinary interest: they are part of their own lives and it is not surprising therefore that when such case as the Killarney Gold Robbery was mentioned in a recent article, comment upon it has been received from several different sources. The article published in September which was a reprint of some reminiscences by Mr. E. A. Banning, a well-known figure in mining circles for many years, has resulted in a further contribution from him this month. Whether or not any of the details previously published are open to correction —and we feel sure that Mr. Banning was careful to avoid any discrepancies when he examined the original records—is not of great importance. The purport of the article lies in the fact that it was the one and only armed hold-up of this nature in the history of the Colony, which is so closely bound up with the history of this Corps. Pioneer days of any country throw up its famous characters, and Phelan was undoubtedly one of these. Similar characters were also known in Rhodesia in those times, but it is one of the oddities of our short history that so little has been written about and around them. Here is good material for the novelist and the short story writer.

Cloisters Memorial Fund

The subscription list to the Cathedral Cloisters Fund has now exceeded £250, which was the original estimated cost of the Bay to be allocated to the Police. That sum was calculated a year or two ago, but in keeping with the continued rise in the cost of commodities, it has been found that this sum is now inadequate to meet the final cost of building. Further, the Book of Remembrance in which will be inscribed the names of deceased members and ex-members of the Corps together with other small items to

be included in the Police Bay, will involve increased additional expenditure, and we appeal once more to all serving and ex-members, the public and, if necessary, corporate bodies to help in raising the final amount required. At the moment, the exact amount is not known, but at the present rate of subscription, it will be many months before the sum required is obtained.

It is appropriate to mention here the fine effort made by many of the Recreation Clubs on both large and small stations. The amounts received have gone a long way to bringing the total to its present figure. We believe, however, that many possible sources of donations have not yet been approached.

Members of the B.S.A. Police who were seconded for duty in Bechuanaland earlier this year will learn with pleasure that Inspector Bill Whitsitt, of the Bechuanaland Police, has been awarded the Colonial Police Medal for Conspicuous Gallantry, during the rioting that took place a few months ago. We offer him our heartiest congratulations.

Obituary

LIEUT. MAX FREDERIC BAILEY

(Ex. Tpr. No. 4286)

We regret to record the death of Lieutenant M. F. Bailey, of the R.E.M.E., as a result of wounds received whilst on duty in the Suez Canal Zone in Egypt, on 8th November, 1951.

Lieut. Bailey was born in England in 1925, and in 1944 was commissioned in the British Army and attached to the 16th Paratroop Group. Four years later he attested in the B.S.A. Police and served in the Umtali and Bulawayo districts before being posted for duty at the Police Paymaster's Office, in Salisbury. Wherever he was stationed Max Bailey was always popular with his comrades and he will be mourned by them all.

He was keenly interested in engineering and on completing his three years' service in the B.S.A. Police he decided to return to R.E.M.E. in England. He did so in June, 1951, and was again attached to the 16th Paratroop Group, with which unit he went to Cyprus and thence to Egypt, where he received fatal wounds whilst moving Army trucks from Port Said.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to his mother in her bereavement.

"TOWER '41"

By K. A. P. MASKELL

"FIVE pounds or in default one month imprisonment with Hard Labour." A nod of the head, and a hardly audible "Mambo" came from the old native standing in the dock, as the sentence was translated to him by the Interpreter.

"That concludes the Roll your Worship . . . Silence in Court," and the morning's tiring session of petty offences came to a close. The Prosecutor, who was the Sergeant in charge of the Police on this isolated out-station, wiped the damp beads of perspiration from his brow, drew together his papers, and left the Court-house to join the Native Commissioner in a much delayed and very welcome cup of tea.

Later, the native messenger whose job it was that evening to tidy up the little Court-house, picked up the old muzzle-loader, the subject of the last case in the morning's Court sessions, and placed it, together with many others, in a dusty corner of the store-room.

"Tower, 1841," was just discernible beneath the coat of grime and rust adhering to the once bright metal underneath the heavy hammer. Heavy and cumbersome it looked, its once smooth barrel being pitted with rust and choked up inside with an accumulation of the grime and dirt of many years neglected exposure. The wood-work, now pitted with the ravages of termites, scarred, chipped, and bound in three places with encircling bands of finely-plaited wire-work, had often been cuddled in that death-like grip of men, who facing battle, know of only two consequences . . . to kill, or be killed. How many times had that capacious muzzle gazed upon scenes of carnage and of battle, of epochs unrecorded in the history of a faster-moving civilisation beyond How many times had it belched forth with ponderous ear-shattering roar, to achieve death, mutilation; to fulfil ambitions, satisfy greed, and to record in blood, the hopes, the history of a mankind dwelling in the then savage fastness of black Africa. Verily, that old weapon had been nurtured on, and was seeped in, the history of Darkest Africa. History of great magnitude in relation to the life and death struggles of a mankind bound by ignorance, greed and witchcraft.

"Exhibit A, One Tower muzzle-loader" had first seen the light of Africa on being landed and opened on the coast of sweltering Portuguese Mocambique, some few years after its birthmark and date had been impressed onto its steely side. Destined for trading purposes with the natives of that Portuguese possession, and with the occupants of the little-known country to the West, it had travelled away from the coast amongst the stock of a half-caste Portuguese ivory-trader, who one night, in a drunken stupour, violated the daughter of a local Chieftain. Retribution had been swift, and descended in the form of a sudden rush, a stab, a cry, and a greedy pillaging of the unfortunate trader's goods. A grasping blood-soaked hand had descended out of a melee of snarling humanity, and the "gun" was lost for ever amongst the savage fastnesses of the African Continent. Lost entirely? No, but for many, many years.

Its new owner, a Chikunda native of Chazika's country, seemingly had had a small acquaintance with crude firearms, and after ramming down a measure of coarse black trade-powder, had unerringly taken shot at a wandering M'Tawara, with the surprising result of having actually hit and killed the man. However, the "gun," in its ecstasy of self-expression for the first time, managed to smash the face and shoulder of its too impatient owner, thus acquiring an aura of respect levied to it by all subsequent owners, a respect still more enhanced upon the death of the unfortunate owner. Nevertheless, the gun was taken over by the heir, and spent the next few years doing good service to its master in numerous marauding forays amongst the neighbouring tribes, until one day, when a raid miscarried, and the gun found a new owner in a Munyika tribesman from Mutassa's country, who carried it back to his kraal in the Nyatande River country. At this time, a state of continuous warfare was being carried out between the Manyika and Maungwe tribesmen, under their Chiefs Mutassa and Makoni.

It was at this period, that the gun was well blooded in both Maungwe and Manyika blood, and acquired quite a few of its many cuts and scars. By now, however, its kick was not so great, as black powder was not too easily obtainable and what little there was, was mixed with a home-made powder compounded out of "dassie"-droppings and charcoal. Nevertheless, its roars, if not so lethal, were still as awe-inspiring and woe betide the unfortunate owner, who, not having confidence, or being frightened, neglected to take a firm grip.

Its original Manyika owner having been hacked to pieces during an isolated foray, it had passed into the hands of a Muungwe, and was used by him to good effect until again, it was recaptured and taken possession of. At this stage, appeared the split on the butt, which later necessitated the binding round with brass wire. A particularly hard Munyika head had gone down under its crushing weight, yielded with the ferocity of a man expecting, and giving, no quarter in a bloody hand-to-hand struggle in the Nhamburo Hill country of Makoni. By now looking rather the worse for wear, it had been taken back to its finder's kraal, where a peddling Munjanja from south of Makoni's country, effected repairs by plaiting the now lustreless girdle of brasswork around the small of the butt. Eventually, the Munjaja, a noted iron-worker, bartered some of his wares in exchange for the gun, and thus its first legitimate exchange of ownership took place. Together with a small "gona" of powder and a few luckily-acquired percussion caps, the old gun found itself proceeding south-westwards to a less turbulent country, now the area lying under Nyashanu in the Buhera District.

However, within a few days' walk from his kraal, the proud owner chanced to tarry awhile at a particularly convivial beer-drink, and there happened to meet a distant relative of his, from Munyaradze's country among the Vagumbo of Gutu. Thereafter, during the course of the beer-drink, any person who had keenly watched the two relatives, would have noticed a look of intense longing in the eyes of the Munyaradze MuShaba whenever talk was concerning the recently-acquired firearm, of which indeed, the Munjanja was exceedingly proud. Again, a close watcher would also have observed, that whereas the Munjanja was heartily, too heartily as it turned out, partaking of the well-brewed beer, Maramba from Munyaradze's country was drinking with well-disguised restraint, and it is of no wonder, that on the following morning when the Munjanja regained possession of his faculties, that he found himself minus his prized possession. Anguish followed, and an avowal of retribution in the most dire form upon the person responsible for the dastardly act. This avowal of retribution, however, was almost instantly retracted when it became aware to the Munjanja's befuzzled senses, that it was probably Maramba who had taken the weapon. After all, he was a relative, of the same mutupo, and as likely as not had taken it only for a short time and would return it in the not distant future. It was known that the Matabele had been heard of recently near Gutu's country bent on one of their periodical raiding forays. In fact, but for that, the Munjanja would have proceeded straight away to Maramba's kraal. It might not be wise to go there now. He was not of a fighting inclination and preferred the less dangerous occupation of a "smith."

As the Munjanja had surmised, Maramba was hastening with quickening steps towards his kraal adjacent to Mount Rasa, upon whose slopes it was the practice for the people to take refuge and defence during the sporadic Matabele raids. Upon arrival at his kraal, he found already large numbers of people from the surrounding country, were congregating amongst the caves and rugged fastnesses of this natural stronghold towering over the flat Gutu area. Cattle had been driven into lower caves and bouldered up, whilst supplies of grain had been collected and stored in the many clay "zitura" built in the caves. Maramba was one amongst many who possessed firearms, but whereas his was in tolerably good condition, many of the others were in extreme stages of disrepair, and in fact, had their owners realised it, were exceedingly dangerous to fire. Still, as long as plenty of noise was produced, perhaps the Matabele would go away and leave them in peace for a time.

The Matabele came, burnt all kraals that lay in their path, drove off any stray or loose cattle they came across, fought and overpowered small groups of isolated people unfortunate enough to have been endowed with rather more courage than the majority of the Vagumbo, and finally laid siege to Mount Rasa, but without any measure of success in so far as capturing it and its occupants. A fleeing Chitsa chief was caught and killed on his way to Rasa, and on both sides, casualties commensurate with a typical Matabele raid, were suffered, including three persons killed by their own firearms.

"Tower '41," meanwhile, had reached the stage where a little less usage would have been effected by any person with any small knowledge of firearms, and with consideration for his own safety. Deep grooves had been torn along the inside of the fouled barrel caused by the angular missiles of all shapes and sizes which had been used throughout its active service. From the muzzle end, one side of the barrel was markedly worn and thinner than the rest of the circumference, a peculiarity of most muzzle-loaders. The woodwork, too, was beginning to come away from the loosening screws and misfires were now more common. The hammer, however, was still sharp and decisive in answer to pressure on the trigger.

A year or two afterwards, word was passed around the kraals, that many White men . . . the Varungu, with many large wagons and horses, had passed through the country, heading in a northwards direction towards Musana's country, later to be included as part of Salisbury district. The then reigning Chief Gutu, was "friendly," and no trouble took place, although the event was much discussed in every kraal "dare."

During the next few years, Maramba did not make so much use of his gun as of former days. He preferred, however, to carry it about with him to give him some status, although, as he was now getting on in years and was the senior male of the various "chimana" forming the kraal, he was accorded the respect due to all "vakuru," now unfortunately not so much in evidence. The gun was now a "family possession," to be passed on to his son, little Munere, recently promoted to cattle-herd status. Ere six cold seasons had passed envious eyes were again being cast in the direction of the old firearm. Rumour was rife of an uprising against the Varungu (1896) who were taking control of the country, and usurping many of the Chief's former powers. The young men as usual, were full of hot air, always ready to show off in front of the many unattached girls. Maramba was not really interested. He was getting old, and to him, the Varungu were only people such as were contained in verbal reports delivered at the kraal "dare." The Paramount Chief Gutu advised all people in his area that they should take no part in the rebellion. The Makaranga people as a whole, did not participate in the rebellion, and were therefore allowed to retain their firearms as "family possessions" provided they were kept inside the huts of the owners.

Old Maramba did not live long after this, and soon the old gun was inherited by the eldest son and heir, Munere, who later when permits became necessary, neglected to take one out, simply in opposition to the order. It lay hidden in an adjacent kopje for many years, only partly covered, with the result that rust cast its thickening mantle over the already pitted steelwork. At intervals Munere had scraped off some of the grime and rust, and patiently stalked some unsuspecting small buck, but with invariably no large measure of success due to constant misfires.

Of late, he had been in the habit of occasionally carrying it about with him on his visits to friends in the more outlying kraals, where there were not likely to be any young "mapurisa" diligently looking for offenders such as he. The young men nowadays showed none, or very little, of the respect formerly accorded to the older generation, and Munere found, that by possessing such a firearm he did acquire in a small way, a certain amount of grudging respect. It was on such an occasion, that a young "mapurisa" had found him in possession of the firearm, and within a few days old Munere found himself standing before "Mashumba," whose acquaintance he had formerly made when applying to be exempted from paying his yearly tax. Munere didn't quite understand the proceedings. The Varungu spoke in their foreign language, and the Interpreter spoke about statements from where he was standing, that were different from statements made from where the young "mapurisa" had spoken from. His gun, he saw was lying on a table, with a piece of red string, and white paper tied to it.

Sentence passed, Court adjourned, and now, slung into a dark corner, the old "Tower" was foredoomed for destruction. Born on the shores of sweltering Mocambique, its zenith reached during the turbulent Makoni-Mutassa wars, and its senility spent neath the reaching heights of Gutu's Rasa mountains, it had served its purpose, and, like all of man's creations, must pass to dust, taking with it, that little part of an Africa never again likely to be seen on the face of this earth.

The Editor,
The Outpost.

Dear Sir,

I have read your reprint of the account of the Killarney Gold Robbery incident culled from my reminiscences published in *The Outpost* of May, 1938, and it occurs to me that as new members of the Corps have not previously been introduced to all the personalities mentioned in the article they ought to know who the Yarde-Buller appearing therein was, and what he was doing there.

He was Lieut. the Hon. Walter Yarde-Buller, O.C. Police of Filabusi, Fort Rixon and Belingwe, at the time of the robbery, and stationed at Filabusi. Incidentally he was the uncle of the Hon. John Yarde-Buller, heir to the then Lord Churston and one of the first of the English nobility to marry a star of the footlights, Miss Denise Orme, a famous actress in the early part of this century being the lady of his choice. Until this marriage our Yarde-Buller was in direct line for the Earldom. He was one of the most popular officers in the Corps.

Pat Phelan was the O.C.'s particular curly-headed boy and there was almost a father-and-son-like attachment between the two men, both of whom could and did, albeit for quite different qualities, command respect and affection from their comrades.

Your other recent article by Charles Wilson and letter from A. G. Chalmers have also been shown to me with the suggestion that I might possibly like to comment on them. With your permission I would rather like to. Mr. Wilson's assessment of Phelan rings very true and he is certainly correct in his surmise that that likeable reprobate did not fire at the white escort of the gold coach for at that distance (about 20 feet) one could hardly have missed the target. Phelan, who could knock over a running duiker at a hundred yards in five shots out of six, could have been relied upon not to miss the escort had he wanted to get him. Phelan's one ambition at that time appeared to be easy money quickly made, but he was no murderer.

Various and contradictory tales of his depredations in the Caprivi Strip filtered through from time to time, but those recorded in my Reminiscences may, I think, be taken as authentic. One other story I believe to be true was that told to me in 1914 by Mr. Max Krominsky, a cattle trader who had operated for some time in the Caprivi Strip and adjoining territories. He said that he had actually met Pat Phelan and his outlaw pal, Johnny Cook, in no-man's land (in 1907 or 1908—I forget which) and that there were two other white men in the same gang. This gang had been rustling cattle quite successfully and easily for some time past from the local natives who were, owing to their geographical position, unable to get any police protection. After a while the natives decided to take the law, such as it was, into their own hands and thereupon exacted a terrible revenge upon the rustlers for three out of the four of them were captured one night and promptly burnt alive at the stake after a few minor adjustments to their anatomy had previously been made without the use of anaesthetics. Kominsky actually saw the remains of the burning two or three days afterwards and was able to identify one of the bodies as Cook's. He was told Phelan had escaped.

With regard to Mr. Chalmers' letter, the facts do not quite tally with the official records I examined in the Filabusi Charge Office. The Killarney gold was usually sent in by the mine Cape-cart, but not always. On the occasion of the robbery it was carried by the mine secretary as a passenger on Zeederberg's "coach" (a term always used in those days when referring to Zeederberg's mule-drawn passenger-carrying vehicles, regardless of the type and number of wheels), a Cape-cart drawn by six mules. I photographed the actual vehicle used a few months after the robbery and this picture appeared in your issue of May, 1938.

The only shooting reported there was one of the two leading mules—quite enough to stop the coach very effectively, anyway It is incredible that Phelan fired at the native driver even once, let alone twice, for he was a deadly shot. He might possibly have fired in the air to scare the boy away, but I will never believe that he aimed at him. Also it was never mentioned in the records.

It is true that the gold was eventually found by Mr. J. P. Richardson, but it was some time after the robbery. Had Phelan's small-worker confederate carried out his part of the job and collected the gold from its pre-arranged hiding place and put it through his mill as he was supposed to do, the booty would probably never have been found. In the event, however, this man funked the job and allowed Richardson and his trackers to locate the gold some days after the robbery.

Hoping that the above will be of some interest to members of my old Corps.

Yours faithfully,

E. A. BANNING,
(Ex-Trooper No. 888).

As mentioned last month, the Editor received a long and interesting letter from ex-Sergeant H. G. Tugwell who is now in the Northern Rhodesia Police. Mr. Tugwell finds, however, that police work in that force tends to keep him in the towns so he intends leaving the N.R.P. soon to become a Technical Officer in the International Locust Control Service, whose H.Q. are at Abercorn. His letter contains so many references to Old Comrades and others well known to serving members, that I have decided to hold it over until next month, as the Christmas Number usually permits longer articles, It will also be appropriate to read of old friends at the festive season.

This month's notes will therefore be short, but I may mention those from whom I have heard during the past few weeks. At a recent Sundowner in London, H. Lancaster (1477) and A. E. Bolton met for the first time after forty years. They were in the same draft which sailed in the Durham Castle from Southampton in 1911.

R. H. (Tim) Tigar's address is now c/o Captain Morgan, 11 Furzedown Road, Highfield, Southampton.

Captain A. F. Davis has changed his address to Lambert Cottage, Lewknor, Oxon. He mentions the enjoyable Dinner held recently in London.

E. Gandolfo (3347) who until recently was in Alexandria, is now c/o B.O.A.C., Nassau, New Providence, Bahamas, B.W.I.

David McDowell (3891) will be remembered by some who were serving about ten years ago. He has written from 3385 Radcliffe Avenue, West Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, and has become a subscriber to *The Outpost* once more. He mentions that he is writing an article on the B.S.A.P. for one of the leading American national magazines and promises to keep in touch with the old Corps in future. I believe he has done a good deal of travelling since he left Southern Rhodesia, and in his letter he refers to the occasion when he was shipwrecked off the British Columbia coast in 1945. I look forward to more news.

Before ending this month's rather brief jottings, I draw the attention of all Old Comrades to the Editor's reference to the Cathedral Cloisters Fund.

THE CHRONICLER.

B. S. A. P. Memorial Fund

	£.	s.	d.
Previously acknowledged	242	12	6
G. Sturrock	1	1	0
Rec. Club, Sipililo	1	0	0
Captain H. Lancaster	2	2	0
Sergeant D. O'Donnell	1	1	0
Captain Lennox	2	2	0
Police Reserve Canteen, Salisbury	1	7	6
Umtali Rec. Club	10	10	0
Captain W. Lawrence	1	1	0
N. St. Quintin	2	2	0
Total at 13.11.51.	£264	19	0

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

An African Police Trumpeter sounding the Mess Call at the B.S.A. Police Regimental Association Dinner at Bulawayo on 2nd November, 1951.

Obituary

AUGUST ALBERT WERELIUS

Mr. A. A. Werelius, who was known in Rhodesia for over half a century, died in Salisbury, on 1st November, 1951, at the age of 83.

Born in Sweden, he worked as a young man in Germany and other Baltic countries, and later, in the United States and Canada. At the end of the last century he came to Rhodesia and joined the B.S.A. Police on 28th March, 1898, and served for three years.

In the first world war he served with the Rhodesian Forces in Nyasaland and German East Africa, and on his return to Rhodesia he went into business in Salisbury, where he remained until he was nearly eighty years old.

He was popular with all who knew him and was a member of the Salisbury Angling Club at the time of his death.

Mr. Werelius leaves one son, Mr. Cecil Werelius, who is living in Salisbury, to whom we offer our condolences.

MAJOR C. G. H. COLLIER GATES

News has been received of the death of Major C. G. H. Collier Gates, in London, on 31st October, 1951.

Although no records are available, we understand that Major Collier Gates was in Rhodesia shortly after the occupation and served in the 1893 Rebellion. He was closely associated with the B.S.A.C. Police in the early days. He left Rhodesia after the Rebellion and went to Canada where he served in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police for many years.

Up to the time of his death he was Quartermaster of the Legion of Frontiersmen, at their Headquarters in London, and was a very keen supporter of the B.S.A. Police Regimental Association functions there.

SOUTH AFRICAN BRAIN OPERATION REPEATED IN LONDON

The first surgical operation to remove half of the human brain as a possible cure for epilepsy and other mental disorders in children occurred in South Africa. Now British surgeons have followed and the first 11 such operations in Britain have been performed at the National Hospital in London.

This was disclosed by Mr. O. L. Zangwill when he addressed the Psychology Section of the British Association. He said it had been thought that the removal of part of the brain produced a lesser degree of intelligence, but these operations had shown this to be incorrect. In fact, patients' intellectual level had risen.

The following is a copy of the "Rules of the Road" that were issued to the general public in Japan about forty years ago when motor vehicles began to make their appearance on the roads:—

At the rise of the hand of Policeman, stop rapidly. Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him.

When a passenger of the foot hove in sight, tootle the horn trumpet to him melodiously at first. If he still obstacles your passage, tootle him with vigour and express by word of the mouth the warning "Hi! Hi!" Beware of the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him. Do not explode the exhaust box at him. Go soothingly by, or stop by the roadside till he pass away.

Give big space to festive dog that make sport in the roadway. Avoid entanglement of dog with your wheel-spokes.

Go soothingly on the grease-mud, as there lurk the skid demon. Press the brake of the foot as you roll round the corner to save the collapse and tie up.

"Say, Bud—what's the time?"

A Question of Colour

By ROY PEARSON

GEORGE HANCOCK turned from the macadamised apron onto the bushveld road. It curled away over the sun-drenched veld to vanish in thick Mopani bush and granite outcrops. Far away in the distance he glimpsed the confused blue bulk of Itunjwa.

It was nearly six months since George had sat in the mess of the Police camp below the hill. Itunjwa will never be the same, he thought, swerving to avoid a pot-hole, without old Alan Hyde to visit, across the Rungesi. Sad that the old man had died just after he sailed. And strange that he had known so little about Alan's early life until this last leave. For many years he had regularly visited him for a nip and a yarn. Alan had been very much alone on the South side of the river: his wife had died long before George came to Itunjwa.

He slowed down to cross the low level bridge spanning the Mbuti. The thatched red brick Kaffir store on the far bank recalled to him that other house in Kent. Even Sara Ndube, lolling on the stoep in her long Victorian-style dress, lashed his memory.

Again he saw the fragile old lady, her albescent crinkled face peering at him from the sombre shadows of the half opened door. The dusty aroma of deep pile carpets and tapestries assailed his nostrils, he visualised the old-fashioned furniture, the heavy lace curtains and the dark velvet curtain which hung on the inside of the front door which seemed to make impossible the roseate beauty of the red house's exterior.

What a blessing he had Miss Hyde's address with him when he sailed. He had always promised Alan he would call and visit his sister on his next leave if anything happened to him. A queer antiquity, Alan had been. That he had come from good stock was obvious, but he had never spoken of his early life. All that could be said of him was, that he was one of the first ten thousand to come to Rhodesia.

George visualised the old chap again as he glimpsed the Rwenji range to the West. He could see him crouched on the edge of the chair he loved, his face burned and crinkled by years of exposure to the sun, clenching his short-stocked pipe in the corner of his mouth.

"I've only got Emily, my sister," he used to say, "she and I never hit it off together."

"One thing I want you to promise, George," he said earnestly one evening as they sat by the open doorway overlooking the vista of rolling hills and broken hilltops. "Should anything happen to me—I die, for example—got to die some day, can't go on forever," he smiled prophetically, "go and see Emily when you next go Home. Tell her I often thought of her although I never wrote. Say I've lived the life I wanted—tell her I bear no grudges. Don't forget that bit—most important she knows."

He had sat on the chair's edge thoughtfully surveying his pipe. "I don't want you to tell her anything else about me, George," he jerked out after a moment's thought. "You can answer questions—as you think fit—you're a policeman—you know what's what."

A cold shiver had shaken the old man's frame as a hyena gave vent to its raucous laugh in the darkening valley below. He glanced furtively round at the houseboy to see his reaction. Well he knew of their superstition—witchcraft if the mocking howl was heard before sunset.

It was near Las Palmas, homeward bound, that the curt cable had come from Smithers, "Alan died peacefully in sleep."

It took George through the green slopes of Kent, along the ridge of the North Downs as it felt its way to the Forelands, through valleys brilliant with primrose and larkspur, then down to the marshland and creeks of the estuary.

Everybody knew of Emily Hyde in the village. "The Red House, mate?" a labourer had said, "just up the lane past the Cross, you'll see it on the left, back from the road."

He was struck by the primitive loneliness of the place, the tangled privet hedge, the exposed bulbs which flanked the weed strewn path. Before she slowly opened the heavy door to his knock to peer out at him through old-fashioned spectacles, he knew she would look like Alan.

"I'm from Rhodesia," he announced, "Alan asked me to call." "Come in," she had whispered. Closing the door she had drawn the dark voluminous curtain adjusting the bow-knotted cords. She led him into her drawing room. The place was depressing. Old furniture, heavy brassware, ancient portraits, dusty books and china ornaments seemed perfectly at home with the fusty, earthy smell of the declining interior which surrounded Emily Hyde, with her thick dark hair, greying at the sides, and that narrow

curving mouth which seemed to hang suspended on the pallid face.

Quietly he broke the news to her of Alan's death. She pulled a ball of lace from the folds of her calico dress and dabbed her crinkled eyes.

After a minute she spoke. "He never wrote to me, Mr. Hancock." Slowly she placed her spectacles on a small side table.

"I suppose he *never* forgave me—Oh, it was so long ago," she sobbed.

"He particularly asked me to tell you he bore no grudge," George said quickly.

She brightened. "Did he really say that?" "Yes, they were his exact words. I'm stationed a few miles from where he lived—we were both out in the blue, few other white men nearby, and I saw quite a lot of him. It was his express wish that I call and see you."

"Let me get you some tea," she said.

While she was away George looked round the room. He noticed two photographs of Alan, one on the overmantel, where he was dressed in sailor's uniform, and another on a bureau, wearing a bush hat with a military badge clamping the side. Emily Hyde came into the room while he was examining the latter. "That's the last communication I had from Alan," she said, "he sent me that from the Cape shortly after he landed, in the Boer War."

Funny, Alan had never spoken of these early exploits of his, thought George. She poured the tea. "It was all over a woman," Emily Hyde burst out as she handed George a cup. "I was a fool—an utter fool," she exclaimed vehemently. "I drove him from her and he found out—he wanted to marry her."

Some sheep bleated out on the flats as though in sympathy with the old lady.

"He met her when he was at sea, he was so young in those days—a mere boy. Our father died when I was twenty-three and I felt it was my duty to look after Alan. You know what elder sisters are like, he had nobody else, you see. Alan lived here when his ship was in port. The girl though, was a woman of colour —Chinese blood, I think. I waited until his ship sailed one trip—he was away for three months on the Cape mail run. I lied, I told the girl he would never be back, that he had settled in South Africa. She never came here again. I don't believe Alan ever saw her after that."

Emily Hyde relaxed into the frayed armchair, passing a light veined hand across her furrowed brow.

"You can't interfere in things like that, Mr. Hancock, I have since learned, especially when you do a despicable thing like I did."

Her lips hardened. "The Boer War came shortly afterwards. I had the one letter from Alan—containing that photo." She waved towards the bureau. Some boys passed by in the lane outside, laughing and shouting happily. The old lady smiled. "I wish he had come home to see me though," she whispered.

"Did he eventually marry out there?"

George hesitated for a fraction of a second before replying, remembering Alan's caution.

"Yes, his wife died years ago. I never met her."

"Any children?"

"Two—a boy and a girl."

"How old are they now?"

"One is about twenty, the other is eighteen —that's the girl."

"What was he doing?"

"Farming."

"In a big way?" She adjusted her dress. "I should imagine Alan did quite well, he was always so determined."

"He had quite a sizeable stretch of land— from East Rolling to here I should say."

"I suppose the children keep it going now," she speculated.

George nodded.

Emily Hyde pulled her skirts from under the chair. She stood up, gathered herself together, then moved tiredly over to the bureau. She picked up the silver-framed photograph of Alan, lightly dusting the glass with her hand. For a few minutes she looked at it intently.

"Would you take back some things for his children, Mr. Hancock?" she asked.

"Why, of course," said George, "only too pleased to."

"Give me the date your ship leaves, I will have them crated and delivered on board—it will only be a small crate—some things Alan brought back from China with him for me—they are no use to me any longer, his children might just as well have them."

George wrote the ship's name and the date it sailed on the reverse side of a card, then picked up his hat.

"It's been awfully kind of you to come and see me," Emily Hyde said softly. She gripped his outstretched hand between her frail fingers as though not eager to see him leave.

He noted the tear trickling down the wrinkled face towards the corner of her mouth.

"Not at all, Miss Hyde, it's been pleasant meeting you, and after all, George and I were friends."

She let him out into the darkening lane.

By now a cold mist was sweeping in from the estuary, shrouding the flats. When he reached the crest of the hill making for London, the Red House was completely obscured. Above the mist which crept over the lowlands, he could see the faint glimmer of lights on the Essex coast.

* * *

George swerved to avoid a herd of cattle. A small band of native roadworkers, carrying wood and shovels, were making their way back to their camp. The stark bulk of Itunjwa, a solid mass of grey granite was before him. Slowly he eased the car down the boulder-strewn bank of the Rungesi. I'll get rid of the crate, he thought, before going to the camp. There was little water in the river-bed. Bull frogs were commencing their evening tirade in the deep pools under the tawny banks. Carefully he manoeuvred the car up the steep slope, past the cattle-dipping tank perched on solid ground above the wasted eroded decline and on, into the shadows of the Umkombo trees.

He sped along the sandy track between the lofty trunks, then out to the vlei towards the small kopje where Alan's house stood. He halted by the big tree. The country rolled away below him, thousands of acres of virgin bush, broken by occasional patches of cultivated land where dried brown stalks of maize stood gaunt and desolate, their withered leaves pointing recklessly in all directions.

Two natives came from the brick house to greet him.

"Hullo, John—hullo, Amos—how are you?"

"Sa li bonane inkosi," they responded.

Cheerful laughter came from the house.

"Quick," said George, "help me get this box into the house."

They helped him with the wooden crate. As they reached the stoep, two figures came running from the interior to greet him. They stopped short when they saw the box.

"This is for you," George said huskily, "your Dad's sister sent it from England."

He watched them eagerly prising open the lid of the crate, full of excitement. They pulled out some leather bound volumes bearing Chinese hieroglyphics, then some Eastern ornaments, and lastly a large figurine made from the finest china.

The two youngsters gave a shriek of joy.

George watched the slanting eyes lighting up. The evening sun caught the green and gold glints of happiness. He passed his swarthy hand across his eyes as he watched the happy, smiling yellow faces.

Why did she choose to send those, he wondered, could she have known all the time?

Corporal's Log

By *Llanstephan*

Sipolilo in 1921. A drowsy contentment fills the pleasant air. Away to the north-east Nyarasuswe rears in its bulk, and near at hand is the Nyamanje with the Dande River near by, flowing on its way to join the Hunyani. Everything is in slow motion, including the mail, which walks up once a week from Banket . . . .

The camp stood on rising ground with comfortable quarters and office, the station strength being a Corporal and two Troopers. Four miles away from the camp was a small mine worked by an optimist who forgot that trained mine labourers do not care overmuch for remote areas. Being of a hasty disposition, his relations with those who operated the concern were apt to generate friction.

The only other European citizens were at Birkdale, but below the camp was the Native Department, presided over by the late F. A. Marr as Assistant Native Commissioner, and his clerk. His house was passable, but as Office and Court House, he had inherited two leaky huts with pot-holes in the floor. The Chartered Company was a careful concern and if nobody said anything a temporary building had a queer knack of becoming a permanent one.

Marr, who was a remarkable man, decided that this state of affairs had to cease, so he proceeded to bake countless bricks and with his own hands put up a building of simple but dignified design. One day I went down to watch operations and high up on a scaffolding was Marr in his building rig, covered in clay from head to foot and wearing a stable hat, the brim of which rested on his shoulders. His energy, however, resulted in a greatly improved layout.

The Police ran the Post Office, including a temperamental telephone to Banket. Northern Rhodesia runners came through regularly for the Feira mail. Carriers were used to fetch the mess groceries in 50lb. loads from Banket Station, which was always referred to by the natives as "Station Blanket."

J. W. Hardisty, a North Countryman, was Sub-Inspector-in-Charge of the Lomagundi sub-district at Sinoia. Major Addison commanded Salisbury district.

Occasional visitors were queer old boys always described for some reason as "prospectors," the most entertaining of whom was known as "Traction Engine." They could talk nicely about prospecting and told us what Pony Moore said to Nobby Clark in '96; happy in freedom from

responsibility and the necessity of working they dreamed the time away.

Near the camp was a rationing depot of the Rhodesia Native Labour Bureau run by Reuben Ziwa. The function of the R.N.L.B. was to import labour from Northern Rhodesia (where apparently there was very little doing) in a state of nudity and malnutrition, and to distribute it to the farms and mines. Some of these recruits were so primitive and spoke such an outlandish tongue that nobody could understand what they said and one wondered how their efforts could advance the farming and mining industries. If a long-suffering farmer lost control and gave one a buffet, the next morning would find the buffetee and 20 of his brethren sitting in pathetic silence outside the Charge Office. Sometimes they would walk to Salisbury to lodge a complaint with the R.N.L.B. As the capitation fee was at this time I think about £3 per boy, I came to the conclusion that there is no such thing as cheap labour.

After a year at Sipolilo I went on leave, being fairly sure I should not have the luck to return to such a pleasant spot. This station first gave me a liking for the long grass which has never departed. For those not greatly attracted by Urban areas it has many advantages.

Returning from leave in October, 1922, I was posted to Hartley district and was stationed at Gatooma in the section. This was my first experience in a small town and I found it a bit grim. District strength was a Sergeant, a Corporal, and three Troopers; Town Police, a Sergeant and four Constables, two C.I.D., an Officer being in charge of the sub-District.

There were many gold mines around and about, varying in size from the Cam and Motor to one-stamp outfits designed and run by Heath Robinson. The system in vogue for eradicating crime was sometimes interesting. The C.I.D. would raid the Cam and Motor compound for trespassers at the week-end, sometimes capturing 40 or more. On Monday all would be fined 2s. 6d., would pay their fines, and presumably return to their hosts at the compound. As this mine

was outside the city walls it was my tedious duty to enter these cases in the district charge book.

One morning the Auditor turned up to inspect the books, but on entering the Town Police Charge Office was firmly refused access thereto by the Constable on duty (not long from Depot) who was far from satisfied as to his identity. This official's terse comments on his treatment were unavailing, and not until the Sergeant returned from Court was he able to carry out his inspection. We had pleasant cricket matches against Cam and Motor Mine, Golden Valley and other opponents, and full use was made of the camp tennis court.

Early in 1923 I was transferred to Battlefields, this was a good station, the strength being a Corporal and two Troopers. There were more than 20 working mines in the section, including one on the edge of the camp square. East of the railway was Elephant Hill, a section of the Rhodesdale Estate, then in charge of Ashmead-Bartlett. On the Umniati lived several prospectors, each in a grass hut, with few visible means of support, and not very much to eat except mealie meal.

In 1923 I passed the Civil Service examination in Chishona. This meant an addition of £2 per month for the rest of one's service without further examination, a useful incentive. For the Police exam. one got £8 but had to qualify every year.

After a time I got tired of outside life and as there was a vacancy on the Paymaster's Staff, in Salisbury, I soon found myself a Staff Wallah. The Office was a cottage in Baker Avenue, opposite the Salisbury Club; everything went with a streamlined ease and I had evidently reached a land of beauty and tranquillity. Captain Fox, the Paymaster, became Secretary to the Treasury in due course. Thomas, the Sub-Inspector, had a good voice and was in demand in choirs. Taylor, the Sergeant, instructed me in my duties in a friendly manner. He was Paymaster, Permanent Forces, in the last war. A lady typist and myself completed the establishment. Every morning, at 11 a.m., the baker's boy turned up with a large assortment of cakes for sale; these went well with the morning tea. Also in Baker Avenue, was an establishment offering an excellent cold lunch for 1s. 6d. Single men lived in Depot and rode bicycles to their offices.

At this time, there was re-introduced a feature known as the Staff Parade. Once a month all clerical and other Staff assembled in Depot to be drilled on the square by R.S.M. Douglas, and this entertainment was worth seeing. Elderly married men emerged from Avondale and Rhodesville who were unknown to most of us, and who had certainly, not handled a rifle for quite a time. The rest of us being also rusty, the result can be imagined.

The Police Rugby team won the Edwards Cup in 1924; the first league, with only four teams, was somewhat of a "closed shop," but we had some enjoyable games in spite of the absence of any grass pitches. Camp-fire concerts outside the Guard Room were good fun, at least for the performers, and though the standard was not very high, each and all certainly did their utmost.

Whilst on the Staff I experienced the only approach to a riot in nine years' service. One evening on returning to Depot from our labours, we were paraded with rifle and bayonet, and marched down to the old Gaol. The Depot was empty as all recruits were out on a training Column. The late Major Henry Bugler was in charge, and served out five rounds per man, on the way down. It appeared that a farmer, outside Salisbury, had had a dispute with one of his labourers who wished to be discharged. The employer had refused this request for some reason and the native, brooding over the matter, had gone crazy, killed his master's children and disappeared. He was arrested shortly afterwards and lodged in Salisbury gaol. This affair caused quite a sensation, and some citizens threatened to lynch the native.

On arriving at the gaol we took post at the gates and awaited results, with fixed bayonets. A large bonfire was burning close by, and a crowd of citizens was being harangued by one of their number. When the bioscopes emptied, a procession of cars arrived "to see the lynching," according to their drivers. These were persuaded to go home, and as the bonfire went out soon afterwards, the leading spirits apparently thought better of it. A guard was left at the gaol and we went back to Depot somewhat relieved not to hear the sound of empty bottles and other missiles cleaving through the night air.

With all the week-end and Public holidays free, and eked out by occasional leave, it was possible to get around on a bicycle, and I made trips to Sipolilo, Mrewa, Goromonzi, and other places, either alone or with a friend. When motoring became more general, a cycle was looked on as slightly vulgar, but the cyclist often got home as soon as some of the 1923 model cars.

After a time the office in Baker Avenue was given up and the Police and the Defence Staff concentrated at Charter House, a pleasant bungalow, complete with lawns. As life became more painless than ever, I applied to return to duty and was posted to Gwanda in December, 1924.

Station Notes

C.I.D., SALISBURY

While browsing through back numbers of *The Outpost* I decided that notes from this hub were very conspicuous by their absence. Of course we are normally too busy to attend to such matters as this but, having a few minutes to spare, I decided to try my hand.

Firstly, I would like to draw attention to the Town Police v. C.I.D. cricket match played the night after the Police Ball. Whether it was a case of the day after the night before or not I cannot say, but certain persons had difficulty in seeing the ball. It might have been a lot more pleasant for Bill Hobley if a tennis ball had been used; try stopping the ball with your hands in future, Bill.

Another highlight this month was our pistol shoot. Lummy Smith, in his Alpine trousers, did remarkably well, only dropping two shots off the possible; of course, others made up their scores by counting unpatched-up marks. One person even tried to get a ricochet counted, didn't he, Grossmith?

To get round to the business side, for the uninitiated, the C.R.O. here is very ably run by Ted Colbourne, assisted by Duff Gen Davidson. How many counts was it, D.G.?

Jerry Martin is obviously in training for the day when he retires. He has started to smoke cigars and struts round like a company director or film magnate.

George Light is busy trying to train B. G. Robinson to be an efficient chief clerk, prior to his going on leave. Have a good leave, George; that is, of course, if you get through the customs O.K.

On the social side, I would like to draw attention again to Bill Hobley, who has not put up the pots yet, to mark the occasion of his marriage and his promotion. Come on, Bill!

I have prattled long enough now, so until I see what this looks like in print, I will not promise anything in the future. Of course, after this is published, I may be found out, so help me.

BYE.

FILABUSI

The last time I wrote, Troopers Brutus, Anthony and Pilate were on a two-months' extended chariot patrol via Naples, and have now been permanently transferred to "Isolated Graves" in the G.R.B. I will therefore bring our personalities up to date.

Our Member-in-charge, Sub-Inspector Jack Wordsworth, was transferred here from Essexvale, having decided that another should take his fair share of investigating reasons why low-level bridges have to be low, and dealing with speeding road hogs.

Next comes 2/Sergeant Monty Isikson, who has traded the Liebig's Meat Factory at West Nicholson for the more stable Filabusi vegetable diet. Our permanent resident still remains, Trooper Dave Drummond, who recently returned per own motor cycle from a tour of exploration amidst the Swaziland mountains, and was heard on his return to remark: "Mind my corrugated back."

We also have Constable Mike Brough who is ex Location Sub-Station, Bulawayo. We know him better as "Michaelovitch" or "The True Red," but we assure you this is only because his moustache appears to have withdrawn strategically from the siege of Stalingrad, supplemented by the colour of his ties.

History repeats itself, Mr. Editor, and although we sadly confess that we have no records of the B.S.A.P. Dick Turpin, i.e. "Joe Phelan," we are pleased to welcome his namesake, Constable Joe Phelan, ex Depot. With the passing to posterity of the Zeederberg gold coach the Killarney Mine hope they have nothing to fear, but little do they know, as yet, that Joe Phelan's son and heir is stationed here. The present Joe Phelan, however, denies all previous knowledge of this notable and historic Filabusi incident.

Fond farewells have been said to our erstwhile Member-in-charge, Lieut. Lomas. On his return from leave, he called in and saw us at Filabusi, leaving for Depot shortly after together with his family and newly acquired sword. We hear that he heads the daily cavalry charge on the early morning ride, which shows that we cannot all be mechanised. In spite of these hasty lines, we wish him the best of luck.

We say good-bye and happy landings to our late departed Dead-End Kid, Trooper Tommy Carritt. The latter, we hear, has decided that the Umgusa speed track is a far safer proposition than the strips with a motor cycle. We hear, however, that he is contemplating the purchase of a four-wheeled vehicle. Shades of paradise !

The Get Rich Quick merchants, alias The Sheelite Kings, have invaded Filabusi in full strength with all the verbal hostility of the Yukon gold rush days, and the Native Department is daily besieged by irate Europeans demanding permits for shooting irons. Although we do not, as yet, expect war to break out in these diggings, we are practising a clean and swift draw just in case.

I'll say so long for now, with the sound of not so distant thunder rumbling over nearby kopjes and Guy Fawkes giving us an encore. Or are we mistaken, and could it be gunfire over in those diggings ?

TEX.

C.I.D., BULAWAYO

On the 29th October a farewell-promotion party was held in the Town canteen to mark the end of twenty years' service in the Corps by Detective Sub-Inspector R. C. M. Annesley, and to celebrate the recent promotions of Detective Inspector W. Blythe and Detective Sub-Inspector G. G. Lee. Most of the C.I.D. were in attendance and Major R. H. Borland, on behalf of the staff, presented a wrist watch and an ice bucket to Mr. Annesley. Major Borland referred to the outstanding character of Mr. Annesley and congratulated him on the good work he had performed during his service, especially during the last few years when he was in charge of our Records Department — or, as Major Borland called it, the "Back room." In reply Mr. Annesley thanked the staff for the presentation and said that it was with mixed feelings that he was leaving. He had always cherished the companionship ever present during his career in the Force, and it was with regret that his retirement would mean that he would not see so many of his friends. At the end of the speeches each member wished Mr. Annesley every success in his new employment with the Customs and Excise Department. Our congratulations go to Inspector Blythe and Sub-Inspector G. Lee on their promotion, with thanks for the happy time we had together at the party.

On the morning of Sunday, 14th October, our C.I.D. cricket team met the Town Police team at the Russel House Sports Field. The bowlers of each side were in deadly form, note that our highest scorer was Mike O'Connor with 14 runs, whilst Constable Walker of the Town Police team took the honours of the day by scoring 25. It was with the latter's help that the uniform branch won the match by 55 runs to our 45. We hope for a return match when the weather in Matabeleland clears up.

Recent visitors have been ex-Detective Sub-Inspector P. W. Barnes (No. 2906) now with the Alien Immigrants Selection Board in Salisbury, who passed on news concerning Detective Inspector C. D. Simpson and ex-Detective Sub-Inspector Tubby Carr, who are now with the Native Labour Board. Sergeant P. P. Berry of the District branch called in to let us know that he was now the proud father of a son born at the Lady Rodwell Nursing Home in Bulawayo. Congratulations !

Owing to the early rains in Bulawayo, tennis matches with local teams have to be postponed, but we hope to have more to say on this topic next month. So it's cheerio once again from Bulawayo.

CARURO.

UMTALI

October this year proved to be one of the wettest for many years and it is the earnest hope of all of us that this good start to the wet season will continue and that we are really in for one of the best seasons for many years.

We welcome to the district Constables Jannerway, Jacques, Savage, Chasewell and Elway. Jannerway has been posted to Rusapi and Chasewell to Headlands; the others are stationed at D.H.Q.

Sub-Inspector Kirkwood and Sergeant Norman have each had a spell in hospital. Sergeant Norman is at present on sick leave, but Sub-Inspector Kirkwood is still in hospital at the time of writing. He is making good progress after an operation to his knee and we hope to see him about again very soon.

Our congratulations to Sergeant Davey on his recent promotion; we hope this step up will not mean a transfer from the district.

Colonel A. S. Hickman M.B.E., Deputy Commissioner, presenting the St. John Ambulance Service Medal to Lieut. McFadden after the Annual Inspection at Bulawayo of the St. John Ambulance Brigade (B.S.A. Police).

The Pioneers are still with us, doing a good job of work, and we hope we shall soon be having a house-warming. We are also wondering whether it will be possible to keep Sergeant Maguire and Trooper Hanley with us until next football season (I can hear the Quartermaster smiling.)

The cricket team has played a couple of matches during the month and although we were beaten on each occasion the games were much enjoyed and we hope to do better in future. Our cricket field is out of play at present as it is being levelled. When complete this will be a big improvement, but it will be some time before we are able to use it again, and in the meantime we will have to play all away matches.

Another improvement we are all looking forward to is a swimming bath. Work has commenced on this project and all details are showing their keenness by turning out after 5 p.m. to do a bit of pick and shovel work. Later we may have the chance to show our versatility when it comes to laying bricks and pipes. Our hope is that the keenness displayed at the opening stages will not wane as time goes on.

On Sunday, 28th October, 1951, at the motor cycle and car race meeting at Umtali, Lieut. Brewer put the Police in the limelight in this sport. In his famous "Super-Sampan," constructed by himself, he was successful in winning one race and obtaining third place in another, a jolly good effort for the first attempt, and says much for his ability as a motor mechanic. The "Super-Sampan" may not have the elegant lines of some racing models, but it can go, and remained whole. Lieut. Brewer, complete with red crash helmet, looked the seasoned racing man as he sped round the wet and tricky track at a speed something less than one hundred miles per hour. We feel sure extra speed was added by the lusty cheers of members of the Force. Well done, Sir, and we hope to see you win again next time.

I have an idea that this is the first time that a member of the Force has won a motor race in Southern Rhodesia. Perhaps you can tell us, Mr. Editor?

On 27th October the Police Reserve paraded at the Umtali Camp for an inspection by Lieut.-Col. Fleming and for the presentation of Long Service Medals. Unfortunately, the turn-out was not as good as one would have liked to see; as is usually the case on these occasions it is left to the willing few, and we can only hope that there will be a better turn-out next time.

Sergeant Whitehead called in to see us a few days ago, on his way to Beira. He was looking very fit, and we were pleased to see him and hear some first-hand news of the Victoria District. We were not altogether surprised to hear that the D.H.Q. Camp was much as it has been for the past fifty-odd years. No doubt in due course it will get its deserts, and will be declared an Ancient Monument.

We notice our C.O. is spending more time on his car and there is something in his look that tells us that he can already hear the waves breaking on the seashore and picture himself pulling in a beautiful fish, the one he has been dreaming about for the past few years. Let us hope it turns out to be even larger than that.

In case the Christmas number does not reach you before the festive season we wish you all a very happy Xmas, free from crime and full of good cheer.

Cheerio,

NGITI.

DEPOT

In the absence of Depot "Scribe" I have been deputed to inform those of you who are interested, and those of you who are not, of the comings and goings in the Depot in the last month.

In the latter part of the month a great movement was in progress, and Salisbury District Headquarters left for their new offices at the New Station in Railway Avenue. A three-ton lorry was used to transport the records and books, but I have been informed that no Records of Service were lost. Visiting the Office last week everybody seems to have settled down, the only moan being that one has to get up early in the morning to get to the Office by 8 a.m.

As soon as D.H.Q. had settled in, the Pay Office conducted a similar operation and they have now left the Depot, and are in the same building.

There have been a large number of arrivals and departures. First, we welcome Lieut. Lomas, who has shortly arrived back from leave, and we wish him a very pleasant stay with us. Sergeants Gilmour and Pestell, along with Troopers Cave, Haselhurst, Wall and Henderson, have been trying their luck on the range, two of them qualified to shoot in the King's Medal, which was shot off on the 5th November, but poor conditions did not allow any good results.

Squads 6 and 7 of 1951 passed out and are now trying their luck in the bush, or is it the Town Police? To take their place a new squad from the United Kingdom have arrived, and by the time this goes to press they should have settled down.

DOMESTIC NOTES

Marriages

GODFREY-WALLIS.—Trooper J. N. Godfrey to Miss L. A. Wallis in the Church of St. John Baptist, Umtali, on 6th October, 1951.

COLLINS-REED.—2/Sergeant T. J. Collins to Miss J. M. Reed, in the Church of Ascension, Hillside, Bulawayo, on 7th July, 1951.

MURGATROYD-CAMPBELL. — 2/Sergeant F. W. Murgatroyd to Miss Bernice Campbell, at the Church of St. Michaels and All Angels, Fort Victoria, on 22nd September, 1951.

Engagement

BESSANT-CORMACK.—Constable D. G. Bessant to Miss Marjorie Cormack, of Bulawayo.

Births

BARTHORPE.—To Constable and Mrs. A. J. Barthorpe at Umtali on 9th October, 1951, a son, Anthony Graham.

BRINK.—To 2/Sergeant and Mrs. I. D. Brink at Enkeldoorn on 30th September, 1951, a son, David.

HORNER.—To Sub-Inspector and Mrs. A. J. Horner at Gwelo on 17th October, 1951, a daughter, Patricia Mary.

VALUABLE WORK OF THE B.S.A. POLICE RESERVE

"IN a young and developing country such as Southern Rhodesia, the field of service towards our fellow citizens is wide open and the measure of the vigour, vitality, and leadership of the Colony, rests upon the response which people make in that field," Lieutenant-Colonel M. Fleming, Officer Commanding the B.S.A. Police Reserve, said at a medal parade in the Umtali Police Camp, on the afternoon of the 27th October, 1951.

"The British South Africa Police Reserve has a very brief history, and in the few years of its existence, it has made an outstanding contribution in the field of volunteer services.

"I doubt the necessity for me to tell you of the fundamental need of an assurance to be able to cope with varying emergencies, in a country where two groups of people live as disproportionate in development as they are in numbers.

"The reputation of the B.S.A. Police has gained much renown by its versatility and ability to deal with the various emergencies, but we would be foolish to shut our eyes to the facts which make us aware that at times our front line of defence needs support.

"It is this need that the Reserve supplies, and those of you who served through the war and in various disturbances afterwards, know how effective that support can be."

Lt.-Colonel Fleming said the needs of the Colony required an establishment of 1,250 men, of which 75 were needed in Umtali, but a total of only 965 volunteers had come forward, 58 of whom were from Umtali.

"My special request to you, therefore, is to undertake to bring your division up to strength, and with any contacts you make with possible volunteers, to stress the urgency of this duty.

"To be an effective movement, members must be trained to deal with emergencies during riots and a variety of other work, which is associated with the keeping of law and order."

Expressing appreciation of their service, Lt.-Colonel Fleming said that in doing so, he did not forget the wives of members who, by forgoing their leisure hours, enabled the head of the house to take part in Reserve activities.

Lt.-Colonel Fleming presented the Special Constabulary Long Service Medal to 1/Sergeant H. Marshall (eight years, 183 days), and to 2/Sergeant H. J. Theron (eight years, 181 days).

The parade ended with a display of riot drill, carried out by the B.S.A. Police Reserve.

—from "UMTALI POST."

Lone Land of Grenfell

By RICHARD C. STONE

STRANGE are the turns of Fortune's wheel. That heroic pioneer, Sir Wilfred Grenfell, selflessly sacrificed the greater part of his life to the gallant people of Labrador, praised its virtues and endeavoured to attract travellers and visitors to it.

Yet when he died its vast territories of 120,000 square miles (almost four times the area of Ireland) were populated by a handful of people only—a mere 5,000.

It took a world war, unhappily, to put Labrador upon the map permanently. Sir Wilfred Grenfell was a man of peace; by an irony of fate, conflict has been the means of bringing unprecedented prosperity to this rock-bound outpost of the North Atlantic.

During the recent war it became desperately necessary to establish a great airport, capable of handling the largest bombers, on the western shores of the Atlantic, so that from it the mighty air fleets that America was building up could fly from there to Europe.

One day, about a year and a half after the outbreak of war, a plane roared over the gaunt, toothed mountains of the huge plateau, and came down on the edge of a vast sandy plain—a remarkable phenomenon, in the midst of tens of thousands of square miles of forest, bog and lake. There was room here for the mightiest airport ever conceived by man, one capable of possessing runways three miles long if necessary. And there, nearly a thousand miles from any road, wire, or rail, and hundreds from any village worth the name, one of the world's vastest airports did arise.

It lies on the "great circle route" to Europe, and, unlike many parts of this area of the earth's surface, is not subject to fog that blankets out the landscape for days on end. Something like £4,000,000 was expended on the field during the war; it was equipped with the most modern devices for aiding navigation; it had huge hangars and workshops; a fully-equipped hospital, and up-to-date barracks. Through it passed numbers of giant bombers and transport planes, running into five figures.

Inevitably, this unprecedented development must have a profound effect on the future prosperity of Labrador. Without a doubt, one of the chief reasons for its backwardness before the war, was lack of communications. Roads were non-existent outside the few sizeable settlements. That these reckoned their populations in dozens only, is proved by the total quoted for the whole country.

Labrador still is, in the main, unexplored and unsurveyed, and continues to be the townless and roadless home of the fisherman and trapper. Yet, there is not the slightest doubt, that the time is now quickly approaching, when Labrador will yield up its treasures—in metals, timber, fur and fish.

Sir Wilfred Grenfell's mission, still at work though he has passed on, has worked marvels in Newfoundland and Labrador. Yet Sir William himself always disdained any honour, reserving his hero-worship for the lowly fishermen and their families. Before he went to work among these hardy and brave people, Labrador was hardly known to the outside world.

The old map-maker summed up the country in this terse fashion: "Labrador was discovered by the English. There is nothing in it of any value." And when Cartier, the famous French explorer, landed on its shores, he cried—having regard to its bleak and inhospitable appearance—"Here, without doubt, is the land God gave to Cain."

Three centuries later, that still seems to have been the opinion of the world. Sir William voyaged there as a young man, in 1892, and when he arrived, no one knew who owned the country, and no one seemed envious about its proprietorship. It had been tossed about, to and fro, between the United States, Canada, Newfoundland and France.

Even its boundaries were a mystery, and in this connection, Sir Wilfred used to tell an amusing story of a preacher, who got into difficulties. He said, "Thou knowest, O Lord, this great and needy land, bounded on the east by the North Atlantic Ocean, on the south by the mighty St. Lawrence, on the north by the frigid waters of Hudson Bay, and on the west by—by—O Lord, Thou knowest . . ."

It was in 1892 that, after service among the deep-sea fishermen in the North Sea, Sir Wilfred Grenfell, a qualified doctor and a certificated master mariner too, sailed to St. John's, Newfoundland, where he investigated the conditions under which the fishermen there worked.

Coming home, he reported the desperate need for aid. The fishermen, whose work took them to the cold waters north of the "Roaring Forties," had mountainous, icy seas, gigantic icebergs, and shrieking blizzards, as their daily companions.

There was not a single island, harbour, reef or cape, with a lighthouse to mark it, and therefore, it was not to be wondered at, that the wrecks of vessels strewed the rocky coast, During one terrible storm no fewer than 41 vessels were lost.

On land things were just as bad. The people gained a hard living from fishing, trapping, and hunting. Their environment made them a sturdy, fearless, and resourceful race, who faced all difficulties with surprising cheerfulness—but that was only one side of the picture. In the scattered villages there was ignorance of the deepest kind, and superstition ruled the people's lives.

Drunkenness was rife, and this must not be condemned too strongly, for the men drank in order to drown the monotony of life. Diseases such as rickets, scurvy, and tuberculosis were rife, and little was done to check them. One out of every three babies born, fell victim to infantile mortality.

Life will never be easy there, because of the forbidding climate and the grim landscape, but that the worst features of the bad old days are gone, is due in immense measure to Sir Wilfred's almost unexampled endurance, patience, and skill, and indomitable daring, always cheerfully undertaken, in the spirit of the Good Samaritan.

Yet, with his innate modesty, he always disclaimed any lofty motive for cutting himself off from an easy life, in an old civilisation, to spend half a century in hard service, for his fellows in an untamed land.

He said, "I have always believed that the Good Samaritan went across the road to the wounded man, just because he wanted to . . . There is everything about such a venture as sailing to Labrador to attract my type of mind, and making preparations for the long voyage was an unmitigated delight."

His fate was settled for him when he reached the chilly waters of the desolate coast: "Mysterious fjords, which wound out of sight into the fastnesses of unknown mountains, and which were entirely uncharted, fairly shouted an invitation to enter and discover what was round the next corner. Islands by the hundred, hitherto never placed upon any map, challenged my hydrographic skill. Families of strange birds which came swinging seawards . . ."

That, of course, was only one aspect of the venture. Sir Wilfred never dwelt on the heroic, self-sacrificing work he and his devoted bands of assistants did, and which, the latter are still carrying on in his memory. Hospitals, with nursing stations in between, have been established, and the nucleus of the orphanages consisted of five children whose mother Grenfell found dead, and the father dying on the floor.

In addition there are schools; the students return to their villages as nurses, teachers, mechanical and electrical engineers, domestic science instructors, and craftsmen of many kinds. Thus, the good news and benefits of education and medical science are disseminated. Wireless stations are now dotted along the coasts and mail steamers call regularly.

One cannot but be thrilled, and admire the men and women, who, in the line of Grenfell, are serving the people of Labrador, when one reads of dog-team journeys over hundreds of miles of ice and snow, of rescue races across cracking floes, of shipwrecks and blizzards, unknown heroes, lonely lives, and of patience and endurance, under the buffets of nature at her wildest.

They prove that, even in this mechanised twentieth century, the spirit of heroism and adventure is not dead in the English race. What is more, here truly is "practical Christianity," or "Christianity in action."

"Here! Cash my cheque!"

GOING SPARE

By W.J.

SWEATING, mouthing strange oaths, and croaking unheeded words of command from a dust-parched throat, the remount rider is dragged round and round, on his end of the rope, in vicious circles by a recalcitrant and unrelenting young horse—to wit, one remount. Neither, it would appear from the look of things, is prepared to give up the Gargantuan struggle, for the rider is determined that eventually this obdurate animal will come to heel, as it were, and the horse, by the same token, is equally determined in the matter, only more literally so.

The business with which these two are concerning themselves is called, in horseman's jargon "longeing," which briefly defined, is the art of persuading a horse, attached to a length of rope (by means of a head-collar, and not as some would have it, the poor creature's ear) which is held firmly in the "longer's" hand, to proceed round in circles until it eventually becomes either so dizzy or exhausted that it feels bound to do what it is told, i.e., to walk, trot, canter or halt, in order to earn a much needed rest. All this is to teach the animal obedience to its master.

To return to our duellists, the horse, which on every conceivable occasion has been endeavouring to break away, but has so far been forestalled by its antagonist, at last fulfils its ambition. With a final mocking buck, and "donning his most truculent sneer," it careers off towards the riding-school gate, towing behind it our luckless, but still game hero, who is now flat on his stomach consuming with astounding rapidity a compulsory diet of dust, twigs, leaves and anything else his mouth takes in en route to the gate. Seeing the horse is set on leaping the said gate he, with accurate logic, decides he would be better off if he didn't accompany the horse, so he lets go. Over the gate scrambles the wayward moke (and to judge by what his "master" is saying, it seems to have a very poor, not to say immoral, set of ancestors) our hero wearily scrapes himself off the floor, and, with a shrug of resignation, sets off in pursuit, wondering what curious whim it was that made him volunteer to be a remount rider.

The chase, of course, couldn't lead anywhere else but onto the Depot green square. They never do. When our rider arrives he sees the horse peacefully grazing right in front of the Depot Office. This is indeed defiance for, in his haste on leaving the school our disillusioned man omitted to put on his cap. Nothing loath, he marches onto that hallowed square and "shoo's" the horse towards the stables but, just as he is leaving the green a Voice thunders at him asking why the h— he's not wearing his cap in front of the office. People just don't understand . . . At last the horse is recaptured and, having duly been shown that it isn't worth misbehaving from anybody's point of view, he is led back to the school for a further dose.

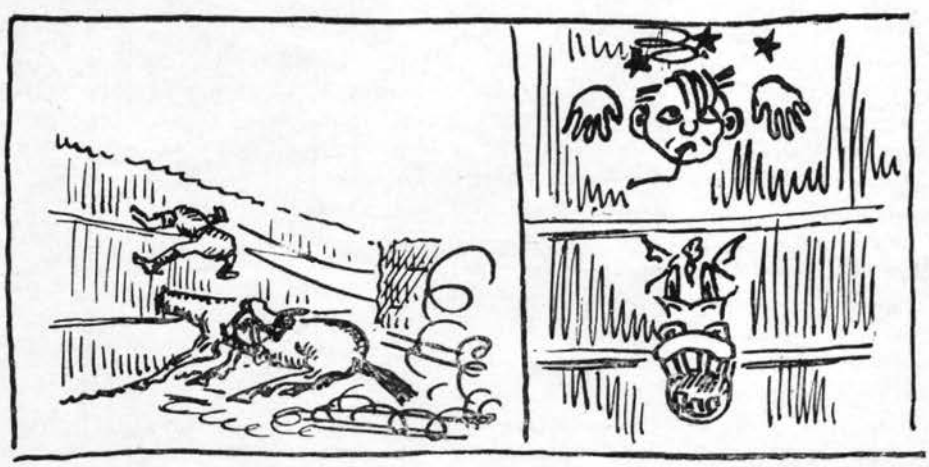
This small incident is just one of many that occurred during the earlier days of this year's remount riders. To the chap involved it was, at the time, tedious; for those who watched it was, I fear, funny, and it was the laughter of the watchers that angered the wretched sufferer rather than the actual incident itself. However, every one of us came in for a spot of similar treatment one way or another, so what we lost in our own misfortunes was amply compensated for in those of the others. Rather brutish humour, one might think, but that's how things go. One laughs possibly because one thinks "There, but for the grace of God . . . ." Maybe it's just a laugh of relief.

Readers of last February's *Outpost* will probably recall the article on Remounts under the title of "Independently Mount." This article gave a very accurate picture of procedure with remounts, and "Broken Spur" evidently knows his stuff, so I will not spend time repeating all that he said. Life on Remount Staff is very much to a pattern every year, and varies only in detail, i.e., in the different misfortunes of different riders. I will always remember the time, for example, when the remounts were in a more advanced stage of their training, and had just been "backed." I was carefully saddling up mine and was gingerly tightening the girth when Geoff Francis blithely bowled into the stall (the horse's head was towards the manger) and playfully slapped that already overwrought and harassed creature on the belly. With one terrified snort the animal leaped forward and landed, somehow, in the manger, where he remained for a few startling seconds until he realised what a fool he looked there.

Then there was the time when Bert Selley had us all weak and helpless in our saddles as he rendered a superb, if unintentional, demonstration of riding horizontal at the trot, belly downwards, and feet dangling over the very bony quarters of a very bony horse, thus giving the impression of a man experiencing, to judge from the expression of unrelieved agony on his face, a singularly uncomfortable and bumpy toboggan ride. The horse, however, finally settled matters by depositing him safe, unhurt and grateful upon the ground. Ralph Hider, his mount and a lot of non-drawing room language used to disappear quite frequently from the ride into the middle-distance, on some quest.

Vin Lovegrove and his obstinate beast provided a dash of colour by disappearing half-way through the fence of the school every now and then, and thus remaining for a time, showing to us inside but a pair of indignant posteriors, and to those outside who could bear to look a couple of faintly surprised faces and a pair of hands. Lovegrove also distinguished himself one day whilst jumping, for his horse was evidently not in any mood to jump, while he was. Thus, on approaching a jump, the animal was about to go over when it suddenly decided not to after all. In this way it deceived Lovegrove, who carried on as if nothing had happened, and somehow continued to end up astride the jump, with the reins still in his grasp. He must have been under the wrong impression at this point for, when he saw us laughing callously at his plight, he indignantly proclaimed for all to hear, "I'm *still on!* I'm *still on!*"

Unfortunately, there is not enough space left for me to relate the numerous other trials and tribulations we experienced in this sphere, for we also had to cope with working up a Display Team at the same time, on which I have already dwelt on in a previous edition.



Tales From The Border

By G. W. PEIRCE

ON one occasion whilst on patrol I had to wait at one of the Portuguese posts while the Commandant sent runners for certain information which would take a fortnight to collect. He was very hospitable and offered to accommodate me and my party during the wait, but seemed a bit relieved when I told him that I wished to do some shooting. He gave me permission to go anywhere and shoot anything, reserving elephant, which he said he liked shooting himself. He went on to say that when he wanted tusks he always sent six askari, who were armed with 6.9 mm. rifles, to get a good pair. As he had never fired a rifle in his life, I don't blame him. There were two of us and we put in a very pleasant fortnight. Camped on a big waterhole which was full of fish, we shot and fished to our heart's content. In addition to other specie of game, there were quite a lot of nyala of which we bagged several. Unfortunately most of the skins were spoilt by the weather, but I was very pleased to get a couple of heads with very nearly record horns. I am not a good fisherman but it was ordinary to get 50 to 60 sizeable fish—some really large— in a couple of hours. There were no lions in that part at that time, though there had been some months previously. Near the water, there were remains of kills every ten yards but none of recent origin, that is less than three months. While we were there we did not hear a lion. Hyenas were a nuisance and everything had to be put into trees at night. We shot a couple in the early mornings and poisoned a good many.

One hears a lot about the native's sense of direction and very little of the European's sense of direction, but a good deal about the lack of it. However, I have been "lost" twice through depending on a native. I say "lost," though I was not and the native was! Out one afternoon in flat country—mopani—I shot a pig, which, incidentally, was wounded by the first bullet and turned and came at me, until stopped with a second shot, and I told the boy to go and bring assistance from the camp to carry the pig. I stayed thinking that, being in lion country, I might get a shot. The boy seemed uncertain of the direction of the camp and I was careful to give him detailed instructions. I stayed and except for a honey-bear saw and heard nothing. It was then about 4 p.m. and at dusk there was no sign of my boy. I made a nice fire under the trunk of a fallen tree and waited. After a couple of hours, I decided to leave the pig and go back and, after covering it up with branches did so. It was only two miles to my camp and I found that the boy had not yet arrived. He arrived about 9 a.m. next day, saying that he had been lost! And on top of that I had to go out and show them where the pig was left.

Another time, out in the same country, having shot nothing, I turned homewards, i.e., towards my camp. My boy said I was wrong but I persisted and we reached camp soon after dark. To be lost is unpleasant and uncomfortable and extremely dangerous if one loses one's head. It is also very worrying when some member of one's party is lost. It has happened to me several times. Dusk comes and So-and-So is not back. One waits, thinking that he'll be back in a few minutes but he does not come. Perhaps hours go by and big fires are lit and shots fired and there is no physical or mental rest until the missing man turns up. On all occasions when this has happened the missing man has turned up sometimes very late or has been found later. Just luck, because in that flat country one can walk a hundred miles without meeting a soul.

Before the 1914-1918 war a number of men of various nationalities used to make money, and big money at that, by recruiting natives in Portuguese East Africa and Southern Rhodesia, for work on the Rand mines. The recruited natives were conducted across the Limpopo River to a trading-station which was used as a depot. They were handed over to Rand mine agents, outfitted with a hat and pair of trousers and food and taken to the nearest point on the railway. The demand for labour was such that the recruiters were able to obtain £7 per head for natives handed over on the right side of the border.

A simple matter — on the surface — for a recruiter to collect a gang of, say, 50 natives, take or send them to the depot (a 100 miles or so) and hand them over to an agent there. But not quite so simple as it sounds.

The recruiter needed reliable native touts—possibly half a dozen—some of which would precede their employer to the locality selected for

operations. Often local natives would be employed. The actual recruiting was not difficult for the natives in that part were practically all mine workers. Many had worked regularly at the mines, whence they returned periodically to their kraals and after a few months were ready to go back to the Rand. They just waited until a tout turned up, knowing that they would be supplied with food and generally looked after on the journey. Usually they took a new hand or two with them. The recruiters, of course, knew this and acted accordingly. Their touts went from kraal to kraal collecting those who were ready to go and doing their best to persuade others to accompany them by pointing out the advantages of travelling in a band, through vermin-infested and waterless country, with conductors who knew the water-holes.

Neither the European recruiters nor the touts were licensed. Licences were not obtainable and there was a very heavy penalty for illicit recruiting, both in Portuguese territory and Southern Rhodesia. Thus the recruiters had to dodge the police of three countries which was not as difficult as it may sound, for the natives had and have a very useful knowledge of the movement of Government officials. At the same time there was always a risk. Another factor to be borne in mind was that competition was keen among the recruiters, some of whom had taken up their residence along the border for reasons which are obvious. Few of them were bothered with scruples and it was not unknown for a gang of natives to change hands without the consent of the recruiter who had sent them off en route for the border with one or more native touts in charge. An armed European with armed touts would meet the gang, dismiss the native conductors with a few kind words and proceed across the border as quickly as possible and hand over the gang at the depot. This sort of thing could not happen often and the perpetrator would have to clear out or something unpleasant would occur. In one case, murder resulted.

Reliable information was very difficult to obtain from local natives, because they were well paid by the recruiter for information as to movements of the police, etc., and further, they were afraid to give information to officials, knowing that sooner or later the recruiters would get their own back. In one instance, a certain native had given information about illicit recruiting. This came out in the course of the prosecution which followed and at a later date the recruiter concerned arrived at the native's kraal, seized him and tied him to a tree—there were three of them—and they amused themselves by firing shots which were carefully aimed not to hit the native, but were near misses. This went on until the three white men got tired of the "sport" and then they shot and killed the native, left him tied to the tree and went away. This happened on the Portuguese side of the border, but the native was Rhodesian and the matter caused a good deal of activity. No arrests followed, but the Portuguese police did not forget. The man who fired the fatal shot was a German and had a permanent camp within some miles of the junction of the Sabi and Lundi rivers, on the Portuguese side. The Portuguese were to attempt to arrest him at his camp. One day he was out after buffalo and wounded a lone bull, which, just before it dropped dead, managed to gore him, tearing his stomach open with its horns. A native with him ran back to camp 25 miles away, and a friend came out to where the man was still lying. The friend who had a rough idea of surgery, replaced intestines and sewed the man's stomach up with bark from a tree. He then had him carried back to his camp. It sounds almost impossible to believe, but the man's wound healed up completely. Unfortunately for him the Portuguese police heard that he was laid up and raided his camp and arrested him.

Your New Reading

By John Colophon

TRAGEDY BEHIND MODERN NELSON'S TRIUMPH

Admiral Beatty was the greatest British naval figure since Nelson. I have just finished reading his biography, *The Life and Letters of David Beatty, Admiral of the Fleet,* by Rear-Admiral W. S. Chalmers (Hodder & Stoughton), which should be with you when these lines appear.

In all respects it is one of the books of the year; absorbing alike as a record of most brilliant achievement, and the story of a man to whom, as with all men, fate denied fullest happiness. His cross was the ultimate outcome of his marriage. He married a divorced woman, only child of Marshall Field, the Chicago stores millionaire; she brought him riches, beauty, charm; but, used to having her own way, she became exigent, ultimately grew jealous of the Navy, his absorption; terribly worried him; in the end developed serious nervous trouble and melancholia which killed her. His later years were a domestic torment and undoubtedly sapped his strength, of which he was always prodigal.

Admiral Chalmers covers the whole of Beatty's marvellous career; that made him the youngest Captain and Admiral since Nelson's day. It makes, from the Nile Expedition (that gave him the D.S.O. and promotion) to the mighty clash of Jutland, a gripping narrative.

The letters from Beatty to his wife during the First World War (one wishes it had been possible to publish more of them) are of historic importance as well as being most vivid human documents. The Jutland (Jellicoe-Beatty controversy) chapters cast fresh light on the conduct and difficulties of the greatest and last ship-to-ship sea battle of modern times; and one is glad to note, from fresh information and the informed and graphic description of a witness of the action, the author himself, that neither of these great men comes in for any real measure of blame that the German High Seas Fleet was not destroyed: but it will come as a shock to the layman to learn how superior to ours in construction were the German big ships.

The major achievement of this outstanding book is, first and last, to be noted. The popular picture of Beatty as a mere dashing, attack-at-any-price seaman vanishes; we see him in his true stature as one of the most eminent and completely equipped of our long line of great executive seamen.

In connection with the book and its main subject I will indulge in a footnote in an age of radio, radar and whatnot.

Just before lunch in June, 1916, an officer fresh from morning drill, stood lighting a cigarette in the 6th Dragoon Guards Mess at Canterbury. The door opend and the Riding Master, a taciturn hard-bitten cavalryman, walked in. The subaltern greeted him politely, passing a remark about the glorious weather. Replied the Riding Master: "Man. Not a word, but I've heard some serious news . . . Big battle in the North Sea. Our losses have been heavy—battle cruisers Queen Mary, Indefatiguable, Invincible and other smaller ships." "Good gosh! are you sure?" "Yes, definite; though I cannot tell you my source. We will know soon enough."

We did by the papers a few hours later. The Riding Master's statement was entirely correct. The subaltern was the present writer, who from that day to this has never known how his colleague got the information.

In *Everything Has a History* (Allen & Unwin) Professor J. B. S. Haldane has written a series of essays which, almost wholly free of politics, allow for the benefit and enjoyment of the reader, full expanse and play to his remarkable mind. In simplest language he ranges the earth, explaining life of all kinds and much else in its relation to geology, astronomy and zoology. It is a rich book, delightful to read and packed with facts that in sum enlarge one's mental horizons.

A companion book, though of more prophetic calibre, is *New Hopes for a Changing World,* by Bertrand Russell (Allen & Unwin). You may not (indeed neither you nor I need) agree with some of the things that Bertrand Russell says. Yet (and especially of the six famous talks given on the B.B.C. and here printed; subject, the future of man) I will venture the view that no person who reads and ponders the contents of this book but must feel that the author, from the depths of an exceptionally brilliant mind, has man of this tortured age at heart, and with a single purpose devotion for man's future and happiness.

Laughter Incorporated by Bennett Cerf (Hammond) is a book I particularly and heartily recommend—and not least to those whose

job entails any kind of speaking at functions. We know what function speeches so often are? Dull and sombre. Here is a collection of funny stories; fresh, new, occasionally daring; almost all first class. The stories really are funny; they are crisply handled, by an expert. I guarantee laughter from this book; and, as the Serviceman said to his friend when a second little drink was proposed, "Heaven knows we need it to-day." Note this book by the author of "Shake Well Before Using."

I have three star recommendations to make among the latest fiction. *Heart of Fame,* by Giles Playfair (Longmans), son of the famous actor-manager, is the story of a man with the gift of acting, who, driven to exercise that gift at the expense of a contrary urge in his inner nature, achieved immense triumph, yet found each step of his ascent marked by a weakening of his moral fibre. The theme is unusual; difficult; but the author has overcome all difficulties and written an absorbing story. His handling of the central character (but for one perhaps too precipitous touch) is firm and vivid; his sense of drama unerring; and his background graphic. A novel right out of the rut.

With "Odette," Jerrard Tickell scored a big success. His new novel, *Appointment with Venus* (Hodder), though totally different in theme and subject, is quite delightful. Who Venus is, the what, when and where of the appointment I will not disclose, for it would spoil your enjoyment. Without reserve, enjoyment is what you will get from this book, as from the newly-released film.

A Terrace in the Sun by Cecil Roberts (Hodder) is the story of a famous artist who at the peak of his career finds that, through sudden physical misfortune, the loss of wife and child, he has nothing to live for, and is thinking of ending his life himself. A fluke turns him from that purpose; that fluke leads to the story of his past and rise to where he is; and this is the story in the novel. Cecil Roberts writes, as ever, with practised skill, and from the outset to end succeeds in holding the reader—as, can, in the fullest sense, only a limited number of fiction writers of to-day.

The Song of the Valley, by Tom Macdonald (Hurst & Blackett), a Welshman now long resident as pressman in South Africa, is the story of a rich Englishman who through his wealth establishes himself in a Welsh Valley, but not in the hearts of its inhabitants—until swift-moving events and a novel climax completely change the atmosphere. This is a light novel, but done with much competence. *Trumpets in the Dusk,* by Elizabeth Wood (Hurst & Blackett), a romance of Java, tells, with first-hand local knowledge, the life story of a woman born of mixed parentage there. The novel is notable for its neat drama and full-scale pictures of an Eastern scene of the day before yesterday.

For your who-dun-it and thriller list: *Babel Itself,* by Samuel Youd (Cassell)—novel-thriller, full of character and, above all, a sinister character who strangely dominates to evil purposes a London boarding house. Quite unusual. *The Break in the Circle,* by Philip Loraine (Hodder)—A millionaire "buys" a gentleman crook to smuggle a mystery man from Germany and (ultimately), why. Sound story, with mounting thrills and clever climax. *A Corpse in the Coupe,* by Wreford Paddon (Hammond)—Gem theft, blackmail, murder come full circle against a background of filmland, night clubs. Ross Odell, private detective, gets busy. Fast-moving, with spate of thrills. *The Catherine Wheel,* by Patricia Wentworth (Hodder)—Murder following reunion of descendants of shady owner of "The Catherine Wheel," a one-time smugglers' storehouse on a cliff. And Miss Silver steps in. Do not miss; this is the author's best detective story yet.

To note, for the younger folk, with Xmas looming: *Biggles Works it Out,* by Captain W. E. Johns—the latest Biggles on tracks of far-distant gold theft; *Peter Pan,* by J. M. Barrie (Hodder)—original and world-famed story in delightful book form.

PAN-Books, those enterprising volumes that increasingly give us the cream of modern writing in handy, handsome and cheap form, include in their latest batch just to hand, *The Provincial Lady,* being the world-famous "Diary of a Provincial Lady" by E. T. A. Delafield, two volumes edited and made into one by Lorna Lewis. *The Great Impersonation,* the Secret Service novel that marked a maximum achievement in the output of Phillips Oppenheim; and *Serena Blandish,* the great Enid Bagnold success: all at 2s. each.

Constables, the original publishers, announce publication this year of a new and special edition of *God's Stepchildren,* Sarah Gertrude Millin's best-seller, first published more than a quarter of a century ago; tribute surely to the enduring quality of this South African novel.

ABDICATION: *The Windsor Version*

Folk in touch with such matters have for long known that the Duke of Windsor had been at work, mainly while in the United States, on his life story leading up to the drama of his abdication, and that Court circles in Britain were perturbed about the whole thing.

The serialisation of the narrative stilled such tremors. The tone and style of the writing was unexceptional.

Now, just published in Britain, comes the complete book itself, because of subject and authorship, a very major occurrence of the British autumn publishing season.

A King's Story: The Memoirs of H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor (Cassell) is receiving authoritative reviews; most, in tone, like the book, unexceptional. The part upon which the reviewers (such as I have seen, anyway) fasten, is, of course, the Abdication, and what went on behind the scenes: that, and the august author's frank references to Mr. Baldwin, then Prime Minister, and the then Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang.

I respectfully ally myself with famous reviewing names in their tributes to the manner in which the book is written. Beyond that, with very much equal respect for a former Sovereign and, if I may say so, fine sportsman and fellow, I take a different line.

I do so on two grounds: the book itself, not the author's declarations, on whether or not he in fact really wished to come to the Throne, and the story, widely known in circles from which such knowledge cannot be kept, of his life in the 1920's, after his return from his remarkable (and exhausting) series of Empire tours.

The circles to which I refer are Press circles in Fleet Street. The Duke, in the text, states more than once, that he did wish to be king, if a somewhat more up-to-date Sovereign than his predecessors; one more attuned to the age. Against that, as a reading of the book, and much that could be quoted, could show, the Duke was in mind doubtful about his inclinations.

The causes of that were twofold: his experiences in the First World War (see his letters and extracts from his diary, here quoted, and where he repeatedly expresses disgust, desperation even, over the way in which he was sheltered while his contemporaries and friends were in the front line, where very many were killed. (". . . My generation had a rendezvous with history and my whole being insisted that I share the common destiny . . ." . . . ". . . I was only 21, and I believe I will not be misunderstood if I confess how often I deplored my status at the time: 'Oh! not to be a prince' . . ." ". . . my education was widened in war, not through books, but the experience of living under all kinds of conditions with all manner of men . . . ")

To what do these quotations point? By an experience, abnormal for such as he, they are not the thoughts that induce unquestioning acceptance of the part of constitutional monarchy.

Was it not an Heir Apparent already unsettled in mind, that emerged on the scene of the '20's?

And what a scene for those with position or with money! After his tours, the Prince (and what more natural) took part in the style of living of those of his age with leisure. And then, as in most activities he never did anything half-heartedly. Far more than was published, Fleet Street knew of the kind of life he and his contemporaries led—he, in the intervals of Royal duties, themselves not slight. They went the pace with a bang, that class in that generation; they turned night of West End into day, and on many nights of the week.

It was in 1931, as early as that, that he first met Mrs. Simpson; guests at the same house in the Leicester hunting country. ". . . She had a magnetic attraction for gay, lively and informal company . . ."

The acquaintance ripened slowly; yet, again, long before the Bishop of Bradford lit the fuse, so to speak, with his speech, Fleet Street and half of London knew of the Prince of Wales' infatuation. His Accession only brought matters to a head. The general public were taken back by the speed of events only because of the time-lag in their knowledge through the agreed discretion of the Press. And (it is needful to stress this) well before that time, the Press and those of the public who were fully informed, knew that the Prince was completely determined to marry Mrs. Simpson.

The pathos of the affair dwells mainly in the fact that the Prince, modern-minded, yet brought up as Heir to the Throne, and amid the flattery inevitable in such a position, had let the two things become so out of touch with grim reality as to imagine that, in this age, with the example of the Georgians and their society of the Regency, either Britain or the Commonwealth would, for a moment, consent to a morganatic marriage. That notion killed, Abdication, for

all the appearance of drama and question, was a certainty. The amazing thing is that Baldwin seemed up to the eleventh hour to persuade himself that King Edward VIII might change his mind.

From the personal point of view, the story of the fix in which the King found himself was a tragedy of a man not attuned to his particular world yet through his position, out of touch with hard facts. The one reality is that he loved Mrs. Simpson—and, divorces apart (and of which we have not the details here), that is after all a manly emotion.

The writing (certainly not the Duke's unaided own) is good, the book absorbing as giving existence quite freely, from his exalted viewpoint; an excellent book in short.

And if, as some have said, the references to Prime Minister Baldwin and Archbishop Lang are acid—well, what do you expect? After all, the Duke is human.

Indeed, his humanity is the chief charm of the book.

SHARK HUNTING

SHARK hunting is a pursuit not normally connected with British waters, but that it can be done around the coasts of Britain was revealed by Patrick O'Connor in a B.B.C. broadcast. He spoke of the short shark hunting season enjoyed around the Hebrides, those romantic islands off Scotland's West coast where the hunters' object is the Basking Shark. This fish is over thirty feet in length and, coupled with the great girth of its shoulders, this gives an average weight of six tons.

These sharks surface in the Minch, the strait that lies between the Isle of Skye and the outer islands. Basking Sharks appear elsewhere around Britain, but their main concentration is amongst the Hebridean islands. They muster in April and, so far as O'Connor knew, a definite main shoal moves northwards, dropping off little parties en route. The greatest number come in May and June, when herring fishermen bewail the damage done to their gear, for sharks think nothing of barging through two or three nets at a time. In July seven-foot long baby sharks begin to appear and from that time onwards the number of adults soon begins to decline. But by then shark hunters, provided they are not frightened of long days of work, have a large number of shark carcases fast alongside their boats.

Sharks are hunted for their phenomenal livers, which weigh just under a ton, and render down to seventy or eighty per cent. oil. The shark has other valuable constituents, too, but as O'Connor's friend Harry, used to cry with a blood thirsty yell whenever they closed for the kill, "It's only your liver we're after, mate!" Those who go sharking need a strong boat on which three or four people can live for two or three months on end, a pair of binoculars to spot the shark, a harpoon-gun to get hold of him, a winch to deal with him, and plenty of harpoons, steel wire traces, shackles and rope. They must be good ropes, for even the best, two and half inches in circumference and costing ten pounds a coil, can be relied upon to deal with only five sharks before it is done. O'Connor's boat was a converted ex-Admiralty harbour launch, and the harpoon-gun was mounted in the bows. He saw his first shark between two islands, it showed a single hesitant fin, sank, came up again and then vanished entirely. That was part of the anguish of sharking. Fins showed for a minute and then disappeared for an indefinite period, but at other times the whole Minch was covered with fins. They had an example of that once when a fin showed in front of them, rising and sinking several times. They made full speed towards it and when they got to the spot found that for every shark on the surface there were ten or twenty below, dozens of them cruising around in pairs, in what Harry called the Love Dance. Such was their concentration that they took no notice at all of the boat, but when the time came to shoot one at close range, there was a terrific commotion. It seemed as though the boat would be upset and its crew thrown into a sea thick with sharks. The strangest thing was that although the boat moved about erratically as the harpooned shark dragged it forward none of the others paid much attention. The crew got ten sharks from that shoal in under a week and never caught any others so easily, for shark hunting was a dangerous game. When a fish had been harpooned it had to be hauled within range by every member of the crew heaving at the winch, and the engine might stall, the rope whip off or the shark break away. When he was close in he had to be lassooed by the tail as, held fast by the head, he twisted and turned. "It's a great game," concluded O'Connor. "Next year we propose taking one or two paying guests. But they'll have to be prepared for a rough-house."

Blood Groups and Human Origins

Dr. J. A. Fraser Roberts, who has carried out many researches in medical genetics, spoke recently in the BBC's "Silence Survey" programme about blood groups and their significance. He reminded listeners who were blood donors of the letters O, A or B on their cards; these stand for chemical substances that occur naturally on the surface of the red blood cells and show the group to which the donor belongs. Cards marked AB show that their owners possess both A and B; people of group O have neither A nor B. It is immaterial to which a group a person belongs except in the case of blood transfusions, when the patient must receive blood of the same group. What interested Dr. Roberts was the number of people possessing each type of blood. In Great Britain 47 per cent. of people belong to group O and 42 per cent. to A; 8 per cent. are in B and 3 per cent. in AB. These figures are true for the whole country with important local variations.

Blood groups are determined by heredity and differing proportions of blood groups in different places give information on the history of mankind. Many English people now live on the North Welsh coast, and so two populations, largely separated by tradition, are side by side. Their difference is faithfully mirrored in their blood groups. Further back in history Vikings came to live in South Pembrokeshire and in that area of Wales the A figure was higher than anywhere else in Britain, about the same as it is in Southern Norway which has the highest proportion of A's in Europe.

Dr. Roberts then looked at the world picture, taking group B first. China, parts of India, Java and Central Africa had up to 40 per cent. of B. Radiating from these areas the proportion of B fell steadily to the British figure of 8 per cent., about the lowest in Europe. It seemed likely that B originated in Asia and Africa and spread out wards with the peoples who carried it. Before the coming of Columbus America had no B at ali and nor had Australia before the Europeans arrived. But while this radiation possibly accounted for the bulk of B found in human beings the story was not quite so simple. In the Celtic fringe of the British Isles B rose instead of continuing to fall. In certain remote parts of Wales, the kind of terrain to which people might be driven by invaders, there was evidence of the survival of a palaeolithic physical type and here were "islands" of very high B, from 18 per cent. to 24 per cent., giving indications of people so ancient that they had been almost but not quite submerged. The peoples of the old Stone Age were probably high in B long before the more modern spread of high B from Asia and Africa. The world-wide distribution of A is more complicated but the patterns were informative, too. There were also other groups, such as the well-known Rhesus or Rh system, discovered some ten years ago. Most people had this substance in their red cells and were positive but some were negative. In North Western Europe only eighty-five per cent. of people were Rh positive, but all Pacific Islanders were and all but one per cent. of Chinese, Japanese and American Indians. The most remarkable story came a year or so after the substance was discovered, when Professor Haldane pointed out that amongst the ancestors of modern Europeans there should be some peoples in whom the Rh negative hereditary factor was commoner than the positive. For years no such race was found until it was discovered that the Basques of France and Spain were largely Rh negative.

Eight blood groups are now known, with many sub-divisions. The newest, named Duffy, after the donor through whom it was found, shows particularly wide variations. "Knowledge about blood groups and their distribution is growing very rapidly indeed," concluded Dr. Roberts, "and it is safe to prophesy that within quite a short while a whole flood of new light will be thrown on the history of mankind, both recent and more remote."

"What'sh your's, old man?"

Pirates of the Yellow Seas

By MARINER

CHINESE pirates are again active off the island of Chusan, somewhat off their normal beat. A recent report discloses they attacked and boarded the Panamanian vessel "Taluei," a small ship of the coaster class.

During the early thirties travel on the Chinese coast was a hazardous undertaking despite the fact the British Admiralty voted a considerable sum annually to the suppression of piracy in the China seas.

It was just after Christmas, whilst at Hong Kong that word reached the Master of the liner on which I served that an officer of one of the company's coasters had been taken ashore seriously ill at Swatow, a hundred miles up the coast. It befell me to embark on a large three-masted junk sailing northwards early next day to relieve him as it was imperative the small vessel should connect with us for transhipments on the liner's return from Shanghai.

Bias Bay, the pirates' redoubt, barely twenty-five miles from Hong Kong had been much in the news at that time, as had the countless other small rocky inlets up the formidable coast—dark inhospitable serrations where the lofty hills fell to the sea.

The bespeckled agent of the merchant owning the junk surprised me somewhat as he rapped out the terms of my ticket. "No travel at night—ship he lie up in bay—to-day bad time, New Year always wicked—merchants takee home much money—pirates know, very bad," he said.

The junk was thoroughly searched for weapons by the Police before departure and passengers and crew vetted. It was common practice for one section of a pirate band to ship as passengers or crew on a prospective victim—a fifth column. Eight well-to-do looking gentlemen accompanied the Police ashore for further questioning.

The wind and current at that time of the year bears down from the North inshore, but by sailing some thirty odd miles out to sea, advantage can be taken of the Kuro Siwo a northerly equatorial current, and wind.

At dusk we were some thirty miles from Swatow pulling into one of the many long narrow inlets of the Kwantung Province to lay up for the night under the shadow of the mountains. As we anchored a small high pooped junk was observed pulling out from the estuary of a small river. Slowly she moved towards us until when nearly abreast the main ratten sail clattered down to her decks. This seemed to influence our passengers and crew for I observed them extracting Mauser pistols, quaint guns and highly decorated knives from their persons. A band of desperadoes lined the deck of the approaching junk, yet she glided past us with nothing untoward occurring. As she moved out to sea, a shadow in the ghostly dusk, we heard the sail creaking up her mast again. During the night we thought we heard the sound of fireworks and shots coming from the North.

On arrival next day at Swatow, we heard that a German coaster, one of the typical old reciprocating steam jobs relegated to tramping those coasts from happier seas, had been attacked during the night some ten miles south of the port. It transpired when she limped into port, that the eight gentlemen who had been requested to leave our junk, had shipped on the German vessel immediately the Police released them at Hong Kong. When they spotted the junk we had seen carrying their confederates, they rushed the bridge and engine-room quickly overpowering the crew, whilst one of their number signalled the junk—and the rest of the gang. In an incredibly short time the ship was in the pirates' hands.

Under the threat of arms the coaster's crew were compelled to set a course for a lonely bay where crew valuables and some of the cargo was unloaded into waiting sampans manned by the remainder of the gang. Before leaving the coaster the pirates captured and bound two wealthy Chinese Mandarins—passengers for Amoy, who had no doubt in the past dealt hardly with their fellows. Their fate can well be imagined.

The story is always the same. Only coasters and the larger junks are compelled to sail close inshore. These are the pirates' prey. Radio sets, if such equipment is carried, are quickly destroyed. The whole episode is over in a matter of hours, and while the stricken ship lamely heads for the nearest port the pirates take to the hills where capture is almost impossible.

An old Mandarin at Amoy told me piracy is inherent to the river people who maintain the age-old hatreds against the ruling classes and the foreign devil. "Perhaps," he added, "it goes back

to the early days when Portuguese, Spanish and Dutch traders were only too ready to seize any junk as pirate craft—the Chinese have a long memory, you know."

Last of all the seas to be cleared of pirates—it was only during the last century the Malays were finally tamed—the China coast from the Old Mouth of Hwang Ho to Hainan is perilous sailing.

With the world's navies busy elsewhere the brigands are again overhauling their craft and strongholds, a sign perhaps that life under the Pekin Government has not brought the security and joy anticipated.

SHOP SIGNS OF JAPAN

The following signs were seen in Japan some years before the last war.

Ladies furs made from their own skins.

Ladies washed inside and out.

Horses re-tailed here.

European head cut.

Kind and honest tailor.

Ten sen to have your head cut off.

Razor and Essence.

Extract from hens.

Hen-fruit.

Fresh milk from the ox.

Ripe eggs.

Ladies have fits upstairs.

How much do you want a suit that all admire.

Kids for brightening the home than untold gold.

Shoes that will open your eyes will be sold.

Breed and milk.

The Lazanos ninety and nine Shoe Shop.

Prompt execution and perfect fit guaranteed.

Bacteria milk.

You are cordially invited to be paid the price, of your tickets here.

Inlet and Outlet.

Beef and Pook.

Homogenized milk.

I get to the print of the card in half an hour.

Glees and Auto Accessories.

Paris In.

Motor Spirit (Gov't. Dock).

To order in every style merchant.

CRICKET

SALISBURY

LEAGUE GAMES

The commencement of the league cricket season in Salisbury, on the 14th October, saw the Police team placed in "B" Zone together with Raylton I, Alexandra II, Salisbury III and the Country Districts Summer XI.

The Police, under the popular leadership of Sergeant Tom Bannister have a number of useful newcomers this year besides some of last year's stalwarts. It is not possible to assess the team's strength so early in the season, but whether it gives a good account of itself or not, there is no doubt that an excellent team spirit and great keenness prevail among all members. Win or lose, the true cricketing spirit will be upheld.

The main weakness to the side is the lack of variety in the bowling, which consists mainly of medium right-arm bowlers. To those responsible for recruiting, an effort to obtain a left-arm spin bowler and a couple of speed merchants would be very much appreciated. The batting has distinct potentialities and the newcomers to the side, Constables Hill and Davidson, should prove invaluable.

The Police drew a bye in the first league matches to be played and had their first game against Raylton on the 21st October.

Raylton v. Police, 21st October, 1951, on Alexandra Ground.

Result: Raylton gain points of First Innings lead.

Scores

Raylton: 1st Innings, 138 (Faasen 41, Smithyman 6 for 24) Second Innings, 141 for 3 dec. (Mather-Pike 55, Faasen 48 not out).

Police: First Innings: 113 (Bannister 25; Jones 24; Faasen 6 for 21). Second Innings, 68 for 2 (Reynolds 43 not out).

Raylton won the toss and batted first.

Smithyman bowled extremely well in this match, and had he been on form with the bat, the chances are that the Police would have had a first innings lead. Tom Bannister played a patient innings, but unfortunately did not receive much assistance from the tail-enders. The Police fielding was generally good although the throwing

into the wicket left something to be desired. Constable Davidson, deputising as wicketkeeper, put up an excellent performance, although it was thought that by standing up to the wicket to one or two of the bowlers he might have been a little more effective. In the second innings Reynolds showed a good mixture of attacking and defensive shots and gave no chances in his 43 not out.

Police Team: Sergeants Bannister and Jones, Constables Smithyman, Hill, Trubi, Shaughnessy, Davidson, Dixon, Wheeler, Reynolds and Bailey.

Salisbury III v. Police, 28th October, 1951, on the Salisbury Ground.

Result: Police gained points on First Innings lead.

Scores

Police: First Innings, 159 (Hill 28, Jones 49, Edwards 3 for 16, Hone 3 for 14). Second Innings, 83 for no wicket dec. (Reynolds 41 not out, Smithyman 34 not out).

Salisbury: First Innings, 126 (Meiring 30, Bannister 4 for 40, Smithyman 4 for 36). Second Innings, 77 for 6 (Smithyman 4 for 28).

Salisbury won the toss and put the Police in to bat.

The Police won this game on their superior fielding abilities. Jones, who scored 49 for the Police, scored most of his runs from badly timed strokes, and from missed catches by the opposing side. Never has a bat had such a fine edge!

Hill, the new opening bat, showed good form, and if he learns to use feet a little more often, he will be a difficult man to dislodge.

In the second innings, Reynolds followed his performance of the week before by obtaining a not out score. Again he did not give a chance and showed his ability at choosing the right ball to hit.

Police v. Alexandra II on Police Ground, 11.11.51

Result: Police gained points on 1st Innings lead.

Scores: Alexandra II, 230 for 8 dec. (Huetler, 82; Forbes, 52 n.o.; Smithyman 2 for 57). Police: 271 (Braes, 59; Bannister, 55; Smithyman, 49; Jones, 29),

Alexandra won the toss and batted first.

This was a high-scoring match with over 500 runs being scored in about five hours.

The fielding on both sides was mediocre and the chances missed were about even on both sides. Smithyman bowled very well for the Police but with very little luck. A newcomer to the side, is Constable Marshall, who appears as though he may be the fast bowler that has been badly needed. He bowls with plenty of hostility, and once he has got used to the climate in this country, should be a decided asset to the team.

A stand of 50 by Smithyman and Jones followed by a century stand between Bannister and Braes paved the way for this victory. All batted well and with enterprise. A number of sixes were hit and those watching were given some good entertainment.

Police Team: Bannister, Braes, Jones, Bennett, Shaughnessy, Trubi, Marshall, Davidson, Smithyman, Hill and Reynolds.

The first round of the league zone system has now been completed, with the result that the police remain in B Zone. Raylton get promoted to A Zone and Salisbury III drop to C Zone.

Final position at the end of the first round in B Zone:—

Team	Matches Played	Win Outr't	Win 1st Inn.	Lose 1st Inn.	Draw	Lose Outr't	Pts.
Raylton	4	1	2	—	1	—	17
Police	4	—	2	1	1	—	15
Alex	4	1	1	1	1	—	15
Summer XI	4	1	—	—	1	2	9
Salisbury	4	—	—	3	—	1	6

Outright win, 6 pts.; win on 1st inn., 4 pts.; draw, 3 pts.; lose on 1st inn., 2 pts.; lose outright, Nil.

Batting and bowling figures at the end of the first round are as follows:—

Batting: (Showing those with an average of 20 runs or over)

Name	No. of Inn.	High. Score	Not Outs	Runs Scored	Aver.
Reynolds	5	43*	2	130	43.3
H. Jones	3	49	—	102	34 0
Braes	2	59	—	65	32.5
Bannister	3	55	—	84	28 0
Smithyman	4	49	1	102	25.5

* Denotes not out.

Bowling: (Showing those who have bowled 10 overs or more)

Name	Overs	Runs	Wkts.	Aver.
Smithyman	38.4	196	18	10 8
Bannister	29	91	5	18.2
Trubi	10	56	3	18.6
Reynolds	44	180	6	30.0
Wheeler	16	35	1	35.0

FRIENDLY LEAGUE

Police v. Alexandra, 13th October, 1951.

This match was played on the Police ground, the Corps winning by five wickets. Scores were: Alexandra 56 (Taylor 5 for 16, Hill 4 for 21). Police 185 for 5 (Hill 50 not out; Osborne 56; Buchanan 51 retired).

Hill, a new member of the Corps who is still undergoing recruits course, shows great promise and has been promoted to the first league side and to the opening bat position.

Police Team: Osborne, Holmes, Taylor, Hider, Taylor, Buchanan, Davenport, Hammond, Fletcher, Lake and Tait.

Police v. Commercials, 20th October, 1951.

This match was played on the Police ground, the Corps losing by 31 runs. Scores: Commercials 132 (Taylor 2 for 24, Buckley 2 for 21). Police 101 (Buckley 20; Osborne 16).

Police tried hard to hold Commercials to a draw, but Buckley, who batted one hour and 15 minutes for his 20, played on in the last over of the day.

Police Team: Osborne, Holmes, Taylor, Hider, Buchanan, Bennett, Buckley (capt.), Hardie, Davenport, Lake and Tait.

Police v. Twenty Club, 27th October, 1951.

Unfortunately this game was cancelled owing to rain after only 30 minutes of play. Twenty Club were 59 for one at the close.

Officers v. Sergeants' Mess

This match took place on Depot ground on the afternoon of 3rd November, 1951.

Teams.—Officers: Major Frost, Lieut. van Niekerk, Major Rolfe, Capt. Shewell (capt.), Lieut. Lomas, Lieut. Stoker, Lieut.-Col. Rowley, Major Walker, Lieut. Thompson, Lieut. Flower and Major Price.

Sergeants: S/I. Mitchell, S/I. Kent, Sergeant Tait, Sergeant McLaughlan, Sergeant Buckley, C/I. Lardant, Sergeant Taylor, Sergeant Bannister (capt.), Sergeant Buchanan, Sergeant James.

Officers won by 10 runs.

Scores: Officers, 178 (Lieut. Stoker 51 and Lieut. Thompson 56). Bowling: Sergeant Buchanan, 4 for 26.

Sergeants: 168 (Sergeant Bannister 62, Sergeant Buchanan 34 and Sergeant Taylor 28). Bowling: Lieut. Lomas 5 for 29, Major Frost 2 for 9.

Features of this match were the happy knocks of Lieutenants Stoker and Thompson, who put on 90 runs between them for the 8th wicket, and the sound innings of Sergeant Bannister, whose 62 was instructional to watch. The game was also somewhat of a personal triumph for Lieut. Lomas who bowled extremely well, as his analysis shows; his catch taken in the deep which dismissed Sergeant Buchanan, was a picture.

L.B.W.

BULAWAYO

Police v. Queens A, at Kumalo, on Sunday, 7th.

Police

Brown l.b.w. Burt	2
LeGuern l.b.w. Burt	9
Allen b. Styles	53
Briault b. Burt	0
Kesby b. Styles	0
Moeran b. Banner	30
Stevens b. Williams	9
Sims l.b.w. Raaf	2
Walker not out	28
Robinson run out	18
Craven b. Freeborn	0
Byes	37
Total	189

Queens A

Freeborn b. Moeran	2
Lister not out	52
Williams b. Moeran	0
Tasker b. Moeran	3
Gosgrave b. Moeran	0
Rauff c. Allen b. Robinson	22
Turley b. Robinson	0
Banner c. Walker b. Robinson	12
Dauber b. Robinson	2
Styles c. Kesby b. Robinson	0
Burt b. Robinson	0
Byes	8
Total	101

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Aver.
Kesby	7	—	29	0	29.0
Moeran	9	—	50	4	10.3
Robinson	3.5	—	9	6	1.2
Briault	1	—	6	0	.6

C.I.D. v. Town Police, at the Russel House Sports Field, on October 14th.

C.I.D.

Drysdale l.b.w. Kesby	3
Craven c. Walker b. Moeran	1
Coulter c. Briault b. Moeran	13
Robinson b. Moeran	0
Schollam b. Moeran	0
Alderson c. Allen b. Kesby	1
O'Connor l.b.w. Briault	14
Borland b. Allen	7
Digweed b. Briault	0
Allum b. Briault	0
Rees not out	0
Bruce b. Briault	3
Byes	3
Total	45

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Aver.
Moeran	5	1	10	4	2.1
Kesby	5	—	15	2	7.1
Allen	2	—	12	1	12.0
Briault	2.1	—	6	4	1.2

Town Police

Rogers b. Drysdale	2
Simms b. Robinson	0
Allan b. Drysdale	1
Moeran c. and b. Robinson	3
Blowers c. O'Connor b. Robinson	0
Briault c. Rees b. Drysdale	11
Walker b. Drysdale	25
Kesby b. Robinson	0
Le Guern c. Alderson b. Robinson	4
Mason b. Drysdale	1
Benbow c. Coulter b. Drysdale	0
Mallon not out	1
Byes	6
Total	55

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Aver.
Drysdale	8.9	1	24	6	4.0
Robinson	8	—	27	5	5.2

CULLED FROM CORPS ORDERS

SPECIAL COMMENDATION

The Acting Commissioner has much pleasure in awarding a Special Commendation to No. 4138, 2/Sgt. Sanderson, Bulawayo District, for intelligent and painstaking work in the investigation of 48 counts of stock theft, resulting in the conviction of 21 accused persons, and the recovery of 77 head of stock out of a total of 87 animals reported stolen.

PROMOTIONS

No. 3091, Det. Inspr. Barfoot, C.I.D., Bulawayo, to Detective Chief Inspector, 21.9.51.

No. 3530, Det. Sub-Inspr. Blyth, C.I.D. Bulawayo, to Detective Inspector, 21.9.51.

No. 3535, Det. 1/Sgt. Lee, C.I.D. Bulawayo, to Detective Sub-Inspector, 21.9.51.

No. 3805, 2/Sgt. Hawke, Bulawayo District, to 1/Sergeant, 21.9.51.

No. 4384, Tpr. Thomas, Bulawayo Diistrict, to 2/Sergeant, 21.9.51.

No. 3924, 2/Sgt. Jones, Salisbury District, to Staff 1/Sergeant, 5.10.51.

No. 4321, Const. Berry, Victoria District, to 2/Sergeant, 22.9.51.

No. 4288, Tpr. Davey, Umtali District, to 2/Sergeant, 5.10.51.

DISCHARGES

No. 3253, 1/Sgt. Finch, Victoria District, "Retirement on Pension," 31.10.51.

No. 4104, 2/Sgt. Dumbrell, Bulawayo District, "At Own Request," 12.10.51.

No. 4078, Staff 2/Sgt. Grice, Pay Branch, Depot, "At Own Request," 10.10.51.

No. 4248, Tpr. de Klerk, Bulawayo District, "On transfer to Permanent Staff Corps," 19.10.51.

ATTESTATIONS

For the Duty Branch for three years at £312 p.a. for the first year, posted to Depot on dates stated:—

No. 4783, Const. Douglas Frederick Walter Percival, 1.10.51.

No. 4784, Const. Jules Maurice Daniel, 2.10.51.

No. 4785, Const. Alan Michael Alford, 22.10.51.

No. 4786, Const. Michael John Batstone.

No. 4787, Const. William Ronald Bowler.

No. 4788, Const. Michael Roderic Lendrem.

No. 4789, Const. Edmundson Matchett.

No. 4790, Const. Cormac Trant McCarthy.

No. 4791, Const. Ronald Thomas Robbins.

No. 4792, Const. Roland James Jones.

No. 4793, Const. Alexander Sauls.

No. 4794, Const. Robert Charles Wynn Young.

No. 4795, Const. Robert Edmund Burrell.

No. 4796, Const. Christopher Andrew Balck Foote.

No. 4797, Const. Robert John Pagett.

No. 4798, Const. Robin Raymond Lambton Stokoe.

No. 4799, Const. Charles Richard Sutton.

No. 4800, Const. Richard John Tucker.

POLICE RESERVE

APPOINTMENTS

His Excellency the Governor-in-Council has been pleased to approve of the following appointments:—

No. 477, Sub-Inspector Henry William Watt, Que Que, and No. 763, 1st/Sergeant Ignatius Jacobus du Toit, Gwelo, to the rank of Assistant Superintendent, with effect from August 28th, 1951.

AWARDS

His Majesty the King has graciously been pleased to award the Special Constabulary Long Service Medals to the undermentioned members of the British South Africa Police Reserve.

No. 950 1st/Sgt. Marshall, Umtali.

No. 951, 1st/Sgt. Theron, Umtali.

No. 952, Const. van Rensburg, Umtali.

No. 959, Const. MacLaren, Umtali.

No. 791, Const. Muggleton (deceased).