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In this Issue—

Features—

We present our Christmas Number with the hope that it reaches the majority of our readers during the festive season. In order that this may be so, a special effort has been made by the printers, to whom we offer our thanks for their willing co-operation in producing it before the normal date: in these days of high-pressure working, this is not easily done, more especially as the magazine is nearly twice the normal size. We also offer our thanks to those who found time to send contributions which have helped to maintain the standard of previous years.

* * *

The year just ending has seen the enactment of a good deal of legislation, but little of this has directly affected the Police. All departments of the Force have to deal with a steady increase in work, whilst recruiting has scarcely kept pace with our requirements. We look forward to the coming year with the hope that there may be some increase in the number of men accepted for service in the Force.

Once again the B.S.A. Police were called upon to assist in the maintenance of law and order outside the Colony and the official appreciation of our services on that occasion shows that the members of the contingent who were called upon to perform this duty upheld the reputation of the Force.

Outside our own sphere, there has been much to occupy our thoughts. The Victoria Falls Conference in September which had offered hopes of bringing about closer co-operation between the Northern territories and Southern Rhodesia appears to have achieved very little other than the conviction that such co-operation will be even more difficult to achieve than had been anticipated.

The international situation has resulted in the continued re-armament amongst the Great Powers, whilst at the time of writing we learn that there is a prospect of an Armistice in Korea before the end of the year. Events in the Middle East have caused much concern to the British Government and repercussions from that area have already been felt within the Colony itself. A unit of the

Rhodesian African Rifles is to be sent to the Suez Canal Zone to assist Great Britain in the performance of her Treaty obligations there. With Rhodesian Scouts still operating in Malaya and the establishment of a permanent Air Force, the Colony is doing all that can be expected of her at the present time, in the defence of the Commonwealth.

* * *

We take this opportunity of acknowledging with thanks the receipt of the many publications that regularly arrive in this office from all parts of the world and trust that the reciprocal despatch of *The Outpost* gives equal pleasure to its recipients.

The Committee, Editor and Staff of "The Outpost" send their Good Wishes to all readers and advertisers for A Merry Christmas, Prosperity and Happiness in the New Year

Obituary

EDMUND MERCERON BURTON

(Ex. Regtl. No. 1805)

News has been received of the recent death of Mr. E. M. Burton, who was a member of the U.K. Branch of the Regimental Association.

Born at Twickenham, Mr. Burton was educated at Cranleigh School, Surrey. He held a post in the Bank of England after leaving school, but later left for British Columbia, where he worked for over two years on a farm, before coming to Southern Rhodesia to join the B.S.A. Police in February, 1914. He remained on Police duties in the Colony throughout the Great War, and in 1919 took his discharge from the Force, returning to England. Little is known of his movements since then, but it is known that in the 'thirties he was in Manchukuo.

We offer our sympathy to his relatives in their loss.

In the October edition the Obituary notice of the late Mr. F. Hackney referred to his two small daughters. We have since been informed by Mrs. Hackney that this was not correct, as Mr. Hackney left twin children, a boy and a girl, aged eight and a half years.

A Christmas Message

from His Excellency the Governor,
Major-General Sir John Kennedy,
K.C.V.O., K.B.E., C.B., M.C.

It is with pleasure that my wife and I send a message to the British South Africa Police for the Christmas number of The Outpost.

Another year has passed in which the Force has maintained unimpaired its high traditions of efficiency and discipline, and I send you my congratulations upon the good work you have done.

Once again I would express to you all my thanks for your willing and courteous services to my wife and myself, on so many occasions, all over the country.

We send you our best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

J. N. Kennedy

A Christmas Message from The Minister of Justice

MY very best wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all members of the Force, the Police Reserve and the Regimental Association.

In the year 1951, as in other years, the Force was called on to render help to a neighbouring territory. This is a tribute to the Force and the movements were carried out with the efficiency associated with the B.S.A.P.

The standards of past years have been well maintained and I am glad to acknowledge the loyalty and efficiency of all ranks.

J. M. GREENFIELD.

Christmas Message from The Commissioner

ONCE again I am very pleased to have the opportunity of sending my Best Wishes for Christmas and the New Year to the Editor, his staff and all readers of "The Outpost," wherever they may be.

The Christmas Tree

By L'ami du Pecheur

The great glaring sun beat down on the profound stillness of the Sahara, its heat turning the rolling yellow dunes into shimmering tapestries where they met the edges of the heaven's vault. Fort Quaggarouf stood silent and brooding in the dry, crumbling hotness of the afternoon, the tricolour on the mast on its central tower hanging as motionless as the dead who lay in contortions round the walls, surrounded by rifles and empty cartridge cases.

A movement came from one of the barrack rooms under the parapet and a grimy figure emerged from the low door, flinching as the glare and heat struck him with an intensity that was almost audible. Slowly he went up the steps to the parapet and looked out over the desert before allowing his gaze to rest on his dead comrades.

What is it that all this reminds me of, he thought. Something to do with childhood or schooldays. Then, as he looked up at the tricolour, he remembered. Of course, Beau Geste, that's what it is, except that now the uniforms are of drab khaki and the kepis, too, the only thing remaining unchanged being the grinning skull on the cap badge, the badge of all those foreigners and outcasts who defend France's empire in the great barren hinterland south of the Atlas Mountains.

Alfred Smith was not his real name, but it was the name he had given on that far-off day in Marseilles when, having crossed England and France to escape the consequences of a smash and grab raid planned in a drunken moment, he had in desperation thrown in his lot with the lilies of France.

Suddenly another thought struck him. It's Christmas Eve; Christmas Eve and the sun as hot as hell and not a leaf of holly within two thousand miles. His thoughts strayed to his home in the South Midlands, and the well-known, well-beloved Christmas routine. First the breakfast—the pink ham and soft fried eggs—then the present-giving after breakfast, his mother excited and laughing, his father sitting by the fire pretending to be above it all, yet enjoying every minute of it. Soon after that the neighbours would come along and be entertained with sherry, specially bought for the occasion, and cakes, leaving before the huge Christmas dinner which always started dead on half-past twelve. His father always presided at dinner, taking off his jacket and carving the turkey solemnly, with great ceremony and flourish. Then the rest of the day would pass in a haze of mellowness—the doze in front of the fire, the intimacy of the King's speech over the wireless, and the carol singing in the evening.

"What are you thinking of, my friend?"

A man who had ascended the parapet unseen spoke in English with a soft, guttural accent.

"Is there any sign of the Arabs?"

The Englishman said, "They have all gone. Kurt, it is Christmas Day to-morrow."

The German glanced at him. "And you were thinking of your home. It is natural at Christmas time. I, too, have been thinking of my home. Yes, even we Germans have tender thoughts."

He smiled sadly. "I have been thinking of the falling snow, and the sledging on the hill, and the singing in the Rathaus. In Germany we put Christmas trees along the streets and light them with little lights. You cannot think how beautiful it is, the lights and the snowflakes in the dark and the singing. I think, too, of a girl who married another one Christmas day, and the pain which was so bitter that I had to bring it here to boil and rot and fester in the desert sun. Ach, but this will likely enough be our last Christmas." And he went and leaned on the wall, singing Schubert's Serenade softly to himself—"Leise flehen meine Lieder, durch die nacht zu dir . . . "

After a while he turned round. "Let us go and see da Sousa."

The two went down into the well of the fort and then up the iron stairs of the tall central tower. At the top, staring out over the desert, was a small, tubby Portuguese, a black cigarette hanging from his mouth, his kepi at a rakish

angle over one eye. He was the only one of the three survivors in Fort Quaggarouf who had joined the Legion for adventure. One bright morning in Lisbon, having kissed his fat wife and equally fat children good-bye, he had left for his work at a bank. On the way he had stopped to look at a poster advertising a film about the Foreign Legion, and within a week he was a Legionnaire himself and enjoying every minute of it, even the long, gruelling marches and arduous guard duties.

"Is there any sign of the Arabs?" Alfred Smith asked, using the bastard French spoken throughout the ranks, for da Sousa spoke no English.

"No sign at all, Alfredo. 'Allo, Kurt. Well, what is the next move. The Arabs will attack to-morrow morning at dawn again."

The trio discussed at some length what they would do, and eventually agreed that they would leave the fort after blowing up the magazine. "For," said the Portuguese, "we three cannot hold it against the Arabs, and we can carry the news of what has happened to the garrison at Wadi Amarnat. It is of no use staying here to be killed."

The German relieved him as lookout, and he and Smith went below to look over the two lorries which were posted at the fort.

One would not start at all, and they soon found that the carburettor had been smashed by a stray bullet in the battle of that morning. The other seemed in good order except that the battery was flat, and after a small push the engine roared into life. Smith quickly switched it off.

"I heard the driver telling Lieutenant Dupont that there was only enough petrol for one lorry to get to Wadi Amarnat," he told da Sousa, "so we cannot run the engine to charge the battery. We will have to wait until to-morrow before we start. The lights would not be good enough running off the engine to travel at night. The road is faint in the daytime, and it will be dark in an hour. We will have to travel on Christmas Day, I am afraid. It will take us most of the day to do the three hundred kilometres to the Wadi. It will be impossible to drive fast in the heat."

Da Sousa grinned. "A good soldier must be prepared for small hardships. Let us go and tell Riesl about the lorry."

They went up the tower again and further discussed their plans, and then, whilst Smith put a box of platoon rations and a medical chest in the lorry, the German, who knew something about military engineering, collected all the rifles and machine guns from round the fort and stacked them in the magazine before preparing a charge and fuze to blow it up before they left on the morrow.

They slept up the tower that night, taking turns at guard, and an hour before the false dawn, in the light of a wan moon that sent ghostly shadows across the desert, now at its coldest, they rose.

It was Smith who first remembered the day and gave Christmas greetings to the others. Kurt did not answer. The reminder brought back the poignant memories of the little Christmas trees lit up in the falling snow. Da Sousa was cheerful.

"Here's to Christmas, my friends, and wine and song in Wadi Amarnat this evening."

The lorry started on the first push. Whilst da Sousa and Riesl quietly unbarred the great outer gate, Smith re-ascended the tower and hauled down the tricolour, taking the flag and putting it, rolled up, into the lorry. Then they went into Lieutenant Dupont's quarters where he had been lain after an Arab bullet had penetrated his brain as he stood on the battlements encouraging his garrison. The German saluted stiffly, and Alfred Smith followed suit, feeling slightly embarrassed with the formality of it. Da Sousa bent over and patted the cold head.

As they went towards the lorry a bullet struck the tower and whined away shrilly. In the distance came the dreaded high-pitched shout which they knew so well, "*La illah il illaha, la illah il illaha, il illah il illaha,*" and they ran for the lorry, Riesl pulling the fuze to blow up the magazine as they ran.

Smith jumped in the driver's seat and they shot through the gate. They had a confused vision of white-clad figures rushing towards the fort with their dreadful battle cry; of bullets whistling dangerously near to the lorry; of an agonizing second when the lorry floundered off the road into the sand. Then they were clear, and a low, dull explosion told them that the magazine had gone up.

For twenty kilometres they cruised along without speaking, Smith breaking the silence with an oath as a front tyre went flat with a hiss. The sun, which by now was twice its own diameter above the horizon, was hot by the time they had changed the wheel, and all three perspired freely.

Then they drove on. Before the middle of the morning Smith became aware that something was wrong with the engine. The other two did not seem to notice it so he kept quiet, desperately hoping it would pick up. Then it gave a cough and petered out altogether. The Englishman discovered that it was a petrol blockage, but was unable to locate it with the insufficient tools they found in the lorry.

The day became a nightmare. Smith, the only one of the trio who could drive, tried to take his thoughts off the present by dreaming again of Christmas in England. Every few miles the lorry stopped and they blew down the petrol tank until it started in a fusillade of backfiring, the starter turning slowly with the small charge the battery had accumulated since they had left the fort.

Once, in the distance, long-legged in the heat haze, they saw three camels. Ships of the desert, thought Alfred Smith, and swore as he found himself singing—"I saw three ships come sailing in, come sailing in, come sailing in . . . " Da Sousa, sitting at his side, whistled a mournful Portuguese love song, the descending cadences which ended in a sobbing waver seeming to reflect the torrid desolation of the eternal desert through which their lorry spluttered and jerked. Riesl slumbered in the back, the dust which rose in clouds settling thickly on the prespiration which streamed on his face and arms.

Just before sunset, the lorry reached the deserted oasis of El Nagar. Smith drew up and switched off the engine, turning to the tubby Portuguese.

"It will not be possible to go further to-night. The battery is flat again with using the starter so much and the lights are very dim."

They got out and woke the German.

He said, "At least we can have our Christmas dinner. We have a full platoon's rations," and he opened the box. Apart from a packet of biscuits and a bundle of candles it was empty. He looked at Smith.

"The box of rations which you put in the lorry is empty."

Smith went and looked in the box.

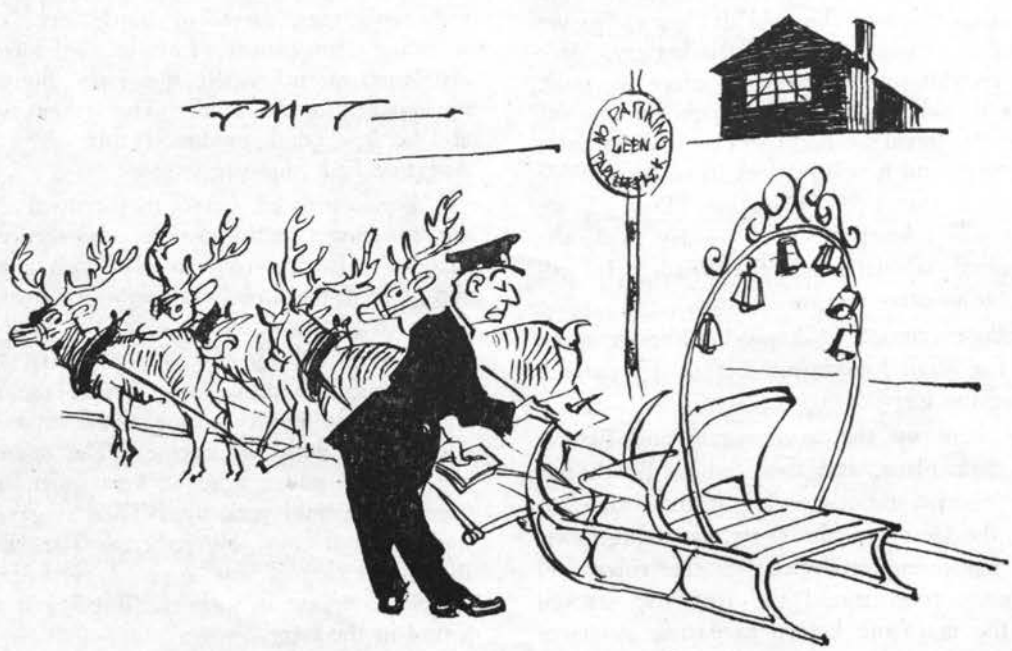
"Never mind, my friends." Da Sousa held up two bottles of French brandy. "We have the medical chest."

They sat down and opened one of the bottles, passing it round and drinking the raw spirit straight from the bottle, for they had no cups. They had had no food all day, and the brandy had a quick effect on their empty stomachs. They sat in silence until it was dark. Then Kurt's face lit up, and he took the candles from the ration box. Looking around he saw a small bush in the velvet night near the truck and walked over to it.

There was no wind at all, and the dozen candles burned steadily as if they were on an altar, making, the Englishman thought, a hideous travesty of a Christmas tree out there in the desert, lighting a few feet only, and throwing the vast measureless expanse into impenetrable darkness. But the German, who was slightly more drunk than the other two, was delighted and examined it from all angles.

Then they passed the bottle round again. So the evening passed, and by nine o'clock da Sousa had fallen asleep. Soon after, Smith dozed off as he sat leaning against the back wheel of the lorry. Kurt walked, swaying, round the tree once more. "Just like the trees in the streets at home, just like them," he murmured to himself, and he, too, lay down and slept.

The two empty brandy bottles shone in the light from the guttering candles, and there was no sound except the steady drip, drip of the melted



wax from the candles falling on to the sand under the tree. And soon this ceased as the candles, one by one, flickered and burned out.

In the early light of the dawn the three sleepers stirred and awakened.

Kurt Riesl said, "Ach, my head feels as if it were splitting. But it was a fine Christmas party, and a fine Christmas tree."

As they climbed into the lorry da Sousa shouted, "Look," pointing at the desert, "the Arabs."

Smith felt a sickening wave of fear gripping his stomach as he saw the white-clad hordes runnning over the dunes.

He yelled, "Quick, under the lorry with your rifles," as the first bullets from the long guns of the Arabs started falling in the sand round them, throwing up little spurts.

Then the fearful yelling rose in the still dawn—*la illah il illaha*—and the three men fired hopelessly at the charging Arabs. A tall man who had been behind the running white wave shouted an order and the Arabs lay down on the sand, still firing at the lorry.

Alfred Smith gave a choking moan and his head fell on to the butt of his rifle, blood oozing from a hole in his forehead. Then Kurt Riesl groaned and rolled out from under the lorry, lying on his back, eyes closed. The Portuguese heard him murmur "Liebchen, komm zu mir," and his head, too, dropped limply. Petrol gushed from the tank on the lorry, which had been pierced by a bullet.

Da Sousa looked round at his two dead comrades and then at the Christmas tree.

He crawled from under the lorry and fumbled for his matches. He found them and threw a lighted match to where the petrol was falling to the ground. With a roar the lorry went up in flames.

Da Sousa hitched up his trousers, and with a yell ran towards the Arabs, stopping every few yards to fire. He had accounted for three of them before he stopped and whirled round, his hand diving inside his tunic for the crucifix round his neck. He fell spread-eagled, and the triumphant Arabs swept on and past the burning lorry and then away to where their camels were hobbled behind the sweeping dunes.

Once again the desert was still, the drums of heat beating down on the osasis, the palms bowing their fronds in orison over the dead who lay there; the dead and the smouldering wreck of the lorry and the Christmas tree nearby; above all the Christmas tree, keeping its silent watch in a land over which shines the moon of Islam.

The Editor,
The Outpost.

Falcon Hotel,
Umvuma.

Dear Mr. Editor,

It interested me to read "My First Two Years" in last October's issue of *The Outpost*, written by "Llanstephan," as I was in the same draft. I also happened to be one of the Troopers sent up for duty from Sinoia, the other was "Draughty" Morris, No. 2019; perhaps "Llanstephan" may remember this. I recollect I had to wait on some cross roads at George Peak's place, Umvukwe Ranch, to meet the Administrator and his party. I was riding a lovely grey horse at the time, and we were well polished up; I then went by myself to the camp near the Umvukwes.

Yes, we had a wonderful week and were all introduced to the Administrator. I daresay "Llanstephan" recollects the hospitality of the Administrator's staff who saw that we did not want for anything. I was sorry when that camp broke up.

They were happy days at that period, with the strange and interesting life and long patrols. I do not regret one day of my twenty years and 9 months service. I wish I was the same age now and getting the pay and allowances of a present-day Trooper; I'd have nothing to grumble about.

Sinoia at that time was commanded by Inspector S. H. Edwards, who is still going strong in England, I see (he must be about 83 now), and Cpl. John Merry, who was i/c Section and prosecutor.

J. JACKSON.
Ex-No. 2024.
(The Colonel).

Allan Wilson Memorial, Shangani Reserve.

OLD COMRADES

A Happy Christmas to all Old Comrades, and the best of good luck in the New Year!

Just in case some may wonder why the Trooper in the drawing on this page is sitting crossed-legged, instead of astride, may I remind them that in my days we used to ride with a saddle roll on front and rear arches. It's the silhouette that gives the camel-like effect, but it is a good drawing.

The rest of this month's chatter comes, as promised, from "Tug" Tugwell (Ex-Sergeant), writing from the Police Mobile Mess, Kitwe, in Northern Rhodesia, so here it is, as taken from his letter.

"I saw Bevan in Nairobi early in 1947, when he was down from Somaliland. That was in the Queens Hotel, where last year, I think it was, I met Jock Oliphant, also arrived from Somalia. He had then completed his duties there, and was off to U.K. on leave, and I have heard that he went to Malaya since. In Nairobi I met Mr. Stone, ex-B.S.A.P., who is in charge of the Information Bureau there, and he lent me a few "Outposts" to read.

There are many ex-B.S.A. Policemen up here, in the N.R.P. I believe Asst. Supt. J. Espey, who is now Officer i/c. Mufulira, on the Copperbelt, served until 1935, and Supt. C. M. Breen, of the Mobile Unit served in the District Branch, after service in the Royal Ulster Constabulary, before joining here. I met Taunton and Williams in Lusaka, and Slater is here; he was in C.I.D. and then went tobacco farming. Bob Armstrong, too, is running the small Mounted Unit in Lusaka, and has recently got married.

The Unit is stationed seven miles from Ndola, well in the bush. The Penal Settlement, housing some 100 African prisoners, is nearby, commanded by two European Prison Officers. A battalion of the Northern Rhodesia Regiment is stationed a mile away, and this is the only habitation. At present there are five platoons, of 30 men each, at Mobile Unit, undergoing training in riot drill, squad and arms drill, musketry, law and police, etc., and English education. Instruction in riot drill is the main thing, and the training given here is in addition to that given at the Training School at Livingstone. Tear gas and batons are the chief weapons of offence. Transport consists of nine Bedford 3-ton Troop Carriers, each capable of carrying one Platoon, with equipment. There is also a mobile canteen for cooking food, and this also carries tents.

About seven miles away is the Sunken Lake, a sight well worth seeing, and within easy reach of Ndola by car. In the middle of the bush is this vast hole in the ground, some 100 feet deep to water level, the cliffs very steep, and the lake about ¼-mile across. Volcanic action is supposed to have been responsible for its existence. The water is quite clear and no pests live in it. I have swum in it. An African there told me one day, that many years ago an African committed suicide by jumping off one of the cliffs. His body was found two days later, at another surface lake some two miles distant. The theory is that the lakes are connected underground by a watercourse. There is a definite "drag" by currents at one point in the lake. The second lake, Isiku, supplies the Camp with water. Both lakes are supposed to be very deep, and have never been sounded below 280 feet.

At present the N.R. Police Band, some 58 strong, under Bandmaster Jackson, A.R.C.M., and

late Royal West Kent Regiment, is stationed at Bwana Mkubwa. Their turnout is very smart, their repertoire increasing day by day, and will soon be rivalling the B.S.A.P. Band! A Dance Band Section is also in the process of formation.

I remember seeing several well-known names under the badge of the B.S.A.P. on the walls of the bar, at the Mbeya Hotel, when I was in those parts of Tanganyika, in 1947-48. The badge was one of many of units that had passed through Mbeya, when the hotel was used as a Transit Camp. I don't know if the badges are still there.

Ken Menzies built the Mbeya and Chunya Hotels, in the early 1920's, when the gold field was opened up on the Lupa River. He served in the B.S.A.P., years before this. He is now farming in the area to which I shall be returning, in Locust Control.

One who put me in touch with the Locust Control Service was Mr. Dave Cracknell, Commissioner of Police in Eritrea, to whom I wrote, and received a reply in Port Sudan, in January, this year, whilst on the way out here. He said that Eritrea was in the process of closing down, prior to handing over the administration, during the course of the next year or so.

Lieut.-Col. Trevaskis, O.B.E., whom those who were in Eritrea will remember as a member of the Administration of Eritrea, from the beginning of the British adminstration, in 1941, has recently returned to Northern Rhodesia as a District Commissioner, and is stationed at Ndola. He came out to the Mobile Unit for the occasion of the farewell parade and sundowner for the retiring Commissioner of Police, Colonel Workman, in July. I was stationed with Mr. Trevaskis for 15 months at Keren, 1941-42. Colonel Workman was succeeded by Mr. J. J. Fforde, late of the Palestine Police and West Africa, who inspected the Mobile Unit on his arrival. Also at Police Headquarters now, is Supt. Halse, as Headquarters Superintendent, who was one-time Superintendent Asmara District in Eritrea. He commanded the Mobile Unit up to April this year.

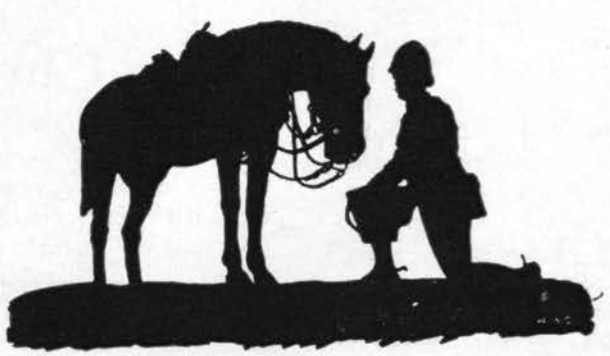
I was glad to meet many chaps when I arrived, in February, and would like to give regards to all, including those I didn't see, especially "Saint" Jorre, and Arthur Glanville, who I hope are still going strong."

Gatooma Police Camp, 1922.

B.S.A.P. Memorial Fund

	£.	s.	d.
Previously acknowledged	264	19	0
Major E. W. Richens	1	1	0
Sub-Inspector G. C. Lyon	1	10	0
Sub-Inspector H. K. A. Gaitskell	1	1	0
Inspector R. Bellamy	1	1	0
E. H. Jalland	2	2	0
S. A. Lambe	1	1	0
G. V. Von Klemperer	1	1	0
R. L. Brooking	1	1	0
E. A. Cordell	1	1	0
A. M. Bentley	1	1	0
C. C. W. Smeeton	1	0	0
R. H. Rees	1	1	0
R. de Bude	1	1	0
W. Rose	1	0	0
G. G. Hull		10	0
G. McN. Paterson	2	10	0
E. E. MacPherson		10	0
M. Payne	1	1	0
S. E. Lassman	1	0	0
J. M. Hennessey	1	1	0
J. F. de Beer	1	0	0
D. E. Hawkins	1	0	0
Inspector D. P. Willshire	2	2	0
B.S.A.P. Rec. Club, Gwanda	1	1	0
Sub-Inspector J. Wordsworth	1	0	0
B.S.A.P. Rec. Club, Filabusi	1	0	0
Det. Sub-Inspector H. S. Hodges		10	6
Anonymous	1	0	0
I. P. Carpenter	1	1	0
R. Forsyth	1	1	0
F. Sheppard	2	2	0
A. J. Miller	1	0	0
Captain H. B. Blowers	1	1	0
L. H. Cumberland	2	2	0
W. R. Benzies	1	1	0
M. G. Fleming	2	2	0
G. Mathews	1	1	0
R. T. Bailey	1	1	0
C. H. Berger		5	0
Chief Inspector S. G. Kilborn	1	0	0
K. M. Smith	2	2	0
J. C. Tebbit		10	6
J. O. MacBrayne	1	0	0
D. H. Sanderson		10	0
P. G. Marshall	2	2	0
Lieut.-Colonel J. B. Lombard	3	12	0
Total at 6.12.51.	£321	0	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.



The Decline and Fall of Trooper Brownbow

By . . . . . Roy Pearson

Christmas and "Creature comforts" meant little to Trooper Brownbow. Even the Witch Doctor who told his fortune could not foresee the strange turn events would take.

How the powers that be can honestly believe a Trooper on a horse has a good psychological effect on the native population when they send you out on a thing little better than a rocking horse, is more than I can understand, thought Trooper Brownbow, as he eyed the neck rhythmically rising and falling before him.

Curling his way along a tortuous kaffir path, he felt the horse's back would snap in two any moment. Why don't they give us something powerful, like Carter Paterson's nags, is more than I can fathom, he ruminated. This thing—Dopey, they appropriately named it, should be in a nursery.

Such were Trooper Brownbow's thoughts as he patrolled the Matemonzi Reserve. Strong men like him dwelt on the material and creative aspects of life, thinking little of the festive season fast approaching. He was no epicure, drink had never been his master, and women—bah—they were for the weak, the fools, who allowed themselves to be carried away by fair faces and flattery.

No. He was most definitely a superior type, a man in every sense of the word, who could stand up to the temptations of mere creature comforts.

Trooper Brownbow eyed a gathering of jumping, squawking youths making a hideous row outside a kraal to the accompaniment of tom toms. Fuzzy hair full of grass-seeds, protruding foreheads, sunken eyes, hanging jaws and swinging limbs. Their main object in life seemed to be chanting "Yah—si bona baloney" or something like that, in high falsetto voices before their contemporaries. It was like some silly race one indulged in as a child, thought Brownbow, running home in a panic, trying to beat the moon to the front gate at risk of dire calamity, if you failed.

"I presume," said Trooper Brownbow to A.C. Mhlobo clumping along at his side, "these people, after very careful consideration, were not in favour of Federation."

The A.C. looked at him with a blank and pitiful expression on his face. Dopey, however, raised his head a little more than usual.

"That man under tree," said Mhlobo, "is Sikati, the great witchdoctor."

"Indeed," said Brownbow, "this looks interesting, perhaps we'll stop and view his credentials."

Dopey, as though reading his thoughts, had already halted near the tree. Brownbow swung from the saddle.

He eyed the fortune teller and prophet. The leopard skin hanging from his loins was the most interesting part of him.

"He can tell you the future," added Mhlobo, "he's very good and clever. He told Trooper Barnsby's future, and it all came true right up to his marriage," said Mhlobo hopefully, as a woman came forward with a gourd of bubbling beer.

Brownbow sniffed as he saw the catch—creature comforts again, but you couldn't expect much more from an A.C. Barnsby should have known better letting such a man influence his future.

"I don't believe in the supernatural, second sight, fortune telling, or the necromancers," he said disdainfully, "neither am I superstitious, but, if it gives you any satisfaction, I will permit this individual to throw the bones with a view to foreseeing my future. It obviously gives you, Mhlobo, and him for that matter, a certain amount of pleasure which I would not deny you—but," he added quickly, "I will not tolerate the naming of anybody as a witch or wizard—not even the Warrant Officer who sent me out on this rocking horse," he concluded under his breath.

"He," said Mhlobo, lowering the calabash and coming up for a brief second, "has never been

arrested—he is the fortune telling type—not the bad doctor.

Sikati eyed Mhlobo like the drummer of a band, eyes eagerly searching for his cue from the leader before commencing a mad fandango with the sticks.

Mhlobo spoke in the mysterious tongue which resulted in the doctor producing eight pieces of wood bearing the strange burnt devices. He spoke.

"You want the future?" Mhlobo interpreted. Brownbow nodded. "Do you want to go into the town instead of the district work?" Mhlobo continued after Sikati had addressed him.

"He's telling me my fortune," Brownbow replied, "I'm not giving him any clues."

With a magical flourish the bones commenced their vaulting, spinning in an arc over the doctor's head. They fell clacking to the hard earth. The doctor rattled away in his strange tongue.

"Girlhood," translated Mhlobo.

"What on earth does *that* mean?" asked Brownbow.

Mhlobo held out his two palms, obviously nonplussed himself. The doctor gathered the bones and threw them again.

"Kwami," he said.

"Womanhood and maternity," announced Mhlobo triumphantly.

"Never," roared Brownbow. Before he could fully express his disgust the doctor had another throw.

"Chitokwadzima," he muttered.

"Manhood, joy and pleasure," said Mhlobo with great jubilation, as he drowned his face in the calabash.

"Good God," said Brownbow, as he swung on to Dopey, "what a lot of utter rot. I hate women. Pleasure is for the weak, and joy is all around us—come—tell him to cease fire— he is a blight upon my character."

The patrol reached its furthermost point, turned about and headed for camp. As they passed the bus stop some two miles below Sikati's kraal, Brownbow observed a well dressed man standing in the group waiting to proceed to Salisbury. It was the phoney doctor.

"Where does he acquire his wealth, dressing so much better than I?" queried Brownbow.

"That," said Mhlobo, "is peculiar to us Africans also, but, of course, we cannot doubt too much such a clever man. Perhaps he makes his own money whilst riding on his hyena at night."

If Trooper Brownbow had been wearing a white shirt and shorts those within hearing might have thought he was playing tennis, so terse was his answering comment . . . .

* * *

"Christmas is somehow very different out here—the atmosphere isn't the same, no matter how tight you get," propounded Trooper Whales, as he helped himself to another brandy.

"Kitchen—how's skoff?" the third man on the stoep roared along its shadowy length.

Trooper Brownbow raised his head from a study of Roget's Thesaurus. "Christmas," he said solemnly, "is the same all the world over—merely a festival our particular society adopts. The Jews have their festivals and I believe even primitive society have theirs. It is a test we have to face up to when we should erase from our minds the temptations of creature comforts—our success or failure decides whether we are merely animal or something better."

The 'phone broke into what promised to be a lengthy argument. Whales jumped to the receiver.

"Yes," he said, "I'll put you through." He twiddled the small indicator over to the Warrant Officer's house.

"Dash it," he murmured, "I thought it was Elaine."

"Creature comforts," hissed Brownbow, as he buried his head in the book of words and phrases.

All eyes were raised expectantly towards the gauze door as the heavy crunch of the Warrant Officer's feet approached.

"A job, I'll bet," said Whales.

"Erikson should have been strangled with his own telephone wire," added the third man.

"One of those tests, Brownbow," tittered Whales.

The door swung back to permit the majestic entry of the Warrant Officer.

"Nearly finished your Christmas pilfering yet, old man?"

"Brownbow," he said, "you are to proceed on 719 and report to the C.I.D. by eight a.m. to-morrow—a special job for you, and," he added, "you will be away from your station for Christmas—a good break for you—the feast in Salisbury."

"That, sir," responded Brownbow, "raises no undue feeling of joy within me. The duty part is a privilege, but creature . . . "

The Warrant Officer had gone. The others were in the mess. "I'll carve the ——— thing," heard Brownbow from the feeding cage . . . .

It was December the 24th when Trooper Brownbow reported to the C.I.D. at eight minutes to eight. At the top of the austere staircase he met Stiles who was in his squad. "You got into the C.I.D. quickly, old man," he greeted him. Stiles blushed modestly.

"Come with me. The D/I wants you, Brownie—we want a woman." "What!" ejaculated Brownbow aghast, "you want a woman?"

Stiles led him down the dark and mysterious passage. What was this all about, Brownbow wondered. What does he mean, wants a woman? Surely they know I abhor creature comforts.

A door opened sending a shaft of brightness to the murky corridor. Brownbow was ushered into the presence of the august D.I.

"Morning, Brownbow. We want a woman. No, don't look shocked, it's not what you think," remarked the Inspector.

"For some time past bags have been snatched from young girls going into dances. Happens outside the hotels. A shocking epidemic. To be quite frank with you, it's beginning to stymie us. It's natives, that we know. Their M.O. is to walk quietly along, snatch a lucrative looking bag, and away. They watch beats, know all our A/Ds and choose spots where Police are otherwise busy. There's lots of dances on over Christmas, so we've decided on a few decoys. Can't ask Women Police to do that sort of thing—don't want too many chaps hanging around, so we have selected several strong suitable men whose voices are not too deep, to dress up appropriately and perambulate around outside the hotels as though waiting for their escort. I think you could carry it off, don't you?"

"Most certainly, Sir," said Brownbow emphatically, "but what about clothes?"

"Mrs. Grey will fix that up—she's in the Immigration Office. That's all laid on. You'll have to wear short skirts—might have to run, you know. Everything clear—any questions?"

"No, Sir, I'll do my best."

"There are several chaps doing the same thing, so don't start talking shop if you happen to meet them—remember you're a woman. Detective Stiles will give you further details."

"Girlhood," thought Brownbow, as he recalled the witchdoctor.

"Oh, Brownbow," called the D.I., as he was leaving the room, "I'd shave some of those hairs off your legs if I were you—might ladder your nylons, you know."

Brownbow locked the office door before disrobing. From the delicate pile of feminine frippery he selected a short maroon frock, stockings, shoes, a bag and a wisp of a hat.

Glancing around self-consciously, he saw the window. Well above street level, but you never knew. He extinguished the light; the street lamps were sufficient illumination.

The stockings felt most uncomfortable. They had a nasty habit of sliding down when he walked. He then spotted the dual stretches partly concealed under the remainder of the frocks. Shades of creature comforts, he thought in disgust as he heaved them on.

Which suspender did you fix first? When you secured the back one it slipped off as you adjusted the front. A knock fell upon the door. Discreetly he opened it.

"How are you getting along?" asked Mrs. Grey pushing her way in. She smiled as she saw his dilemma.

"Bend the top of the hose over," she said sweetly, "and they'll hold—and remember—keep your skirt down, don't tuck it up in your corsets."

Mrs. Grey made up his face and adjusted the wig and hat. Twenty minutes later Stiles took him out the back way.

It was while passing the milliners Trooper Brownbow glimpsed a tall, lithe woman, really attractive, gazing at him from a mirror.

What did the doctor say—Maternity? He shuddered.

For fifteen minutes he had stood outside the Luxor exhibiting his bag. A few yards away two girls were animatedly chatting and laughing.

Trooper Brownbow was relieved to feel the cold steel of his whistle hanging at the end of the necklace. If I have to use it, he thought, I must be careful not to pull out the rolled up khaki stockings.

He watched the girls steadfastly. He suddenly found that he didn't want to take his eyes from one of them. Her face is like a heart, he thought. She looks so reliable. What a fragrant scent she uses, and her voice and laughter—just like rose petals falling from the flower.

He pulled himself up quickly. I am compelled to watch them, he assured himself firmly—it is not a question of creature comforts.

It happened suddenly. The native came from behind the two girls snatching the bag from "heart face."

Trooper Brownbow felt a strong protective urge possess him. A Goliath, he sprung forward bringing the accused down. A quick struggle followed in the course of which he suffered a minor scratch above the eye, a bitten finger and a lost wig.

A car drew up at the kerbside.

"Good show," said Stiles, as he bounced them in asking "heart face" to come along as well.

Trooper Brownbow found himself pressed close to her. For a few moments he sat very erect, looking rigidly ahead. With a handkerchief he cleaned the make-up from his face.

"Why were you watching me?" he heard a sweet scared voice at beside him.

"I just happened to be there," he replied non-committally.

"It was wonderful of you," she said with a sigh.

"Was it?"

Brownbow relaxed a little. Stiles coughed. The accused next to him in the front wriggled in the seat.

"My name is Valerie," the girl beside him volunteered.

"I knew it would be something like that," he replied, "mine is Montagu Brownbow."

They pulled up in the yard of the station. She seemed still scared and shocked. Brownbow found he was still holding her hand as they walked into Stiles' office. It was there that he saw the accused properly for the first time.

"Sikati," he exclaimed, "the doctor—the fortune teller."

The doctor looked at his face in amazement, then at his attire.

Stiles cautioned him. "Is there anything you wish to say?"

Sikati turned to Brownbow and the African detective interpreted, looking painfully surprised.

"He says, he foresaw girlhood, womanhood, maternity, joy and pleasure, and thinks one of the women should have a King."

Brownbow turned to Valerie.

"What does he mean?" she asked.

"I am going to change," he said, "then if I may take you to the dance I'll tell you all about it."

"I'd *love* to go with *you*," she whispered . . .

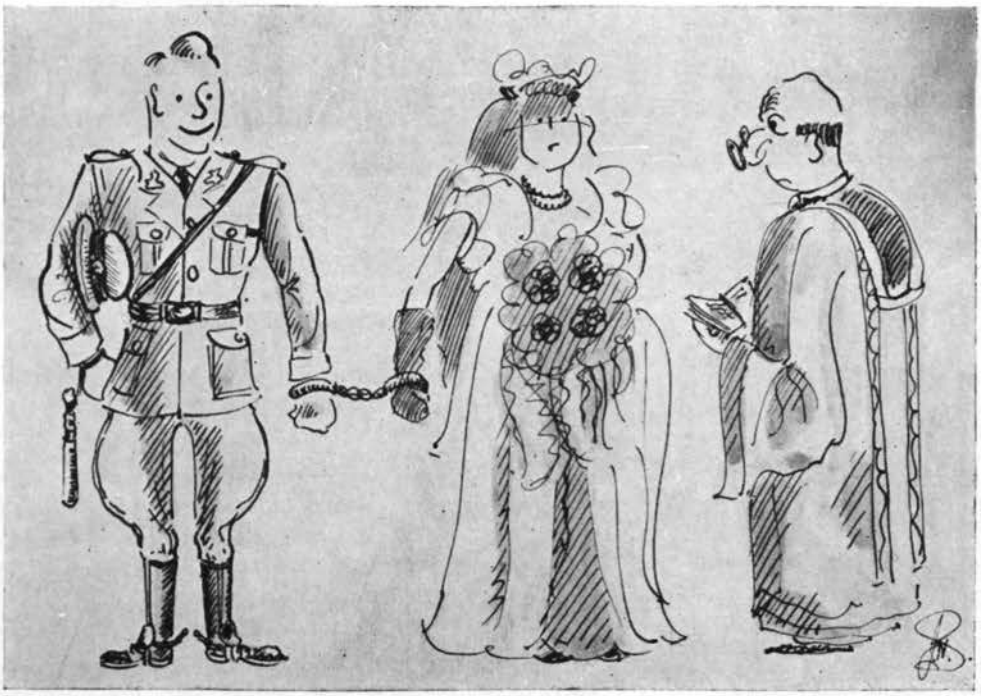
From the street below a brass band was playing. As Brownbow slid out of his roll-ons, it ceased abruptly. A didactic voice intoned, "I have a message."

Brownbow listened, one leg in and the other leg out.

"At Christmas," the voice sonorously commenced, "creature comforts engulf mankind, blinding him to the realities of life."

A pair of pink broche corselettes hurtled down from a building landing fairly and squarely over the head of the man with a message.

"You see what I mean," heard Brownbow, "now the poor girl, for instance, who has just lost these . . . . "



Meet The General

By "Kabvuta"

Dave was very well-known in British Somaliland and, indeed, throughout the Command. He was C.O. of an Armoured Car Squadron which, under his inspired leadership, struck real terror into the hearts of the Shifta, those roving bands of ruthless gangsters who operated along the Somaliland-Ethiopian frontier. On duty, Dave was a tiger for work and discipline. Off duty, he gave free rein to a joyous predilection for practical jokes, leg-pulls and other manifestations of an abounding sense of fun.

In the amazing variety of pranks concocted by his inventive mind, he was enthusiastically aided and abetted by his three youthful Troop Commanders, who were apt to find life somewhat dull whilst in camp, between patrols.

When I was posted to Dave's unit, I knew I should have to watch my step if I were not to fall victim to the impish humour of the Squadron's officers. I had met Dave only once, at Headquarters, but I had heard many tales of his exploits.

I arrived at a little past noon one day, hot and thirsty after six hours on the dusty road and made my way to the Squadron offices. A Somali sentry saluted smartly and informed me that the Sahibs had just left. He directed me to the Mess bungalow.

Dave and his three subalterns were in earnest converse, seated round a table on which stood four large pink gins. As I mounted the steps to the verandah, Dave came forward to greet me.

"Welcome, my friend—Ali, double pink gin—meet Jock, Peter and Chris—boys, this is the new Second-in-Command and I hope he'll shake you up—sit down and make yourself at home." Dave rattled all this off and lowered his impressive bulk back into his chair.

The three young officers shook hands with me, expressed their pleasure at my arrival, and called me "sir." My drink arrived. I needed it.

"Cheers, sir," I said to Dave. "Cheers, gentlemen." Five glasses were lifted and five throats were lubricated.

"All right," said Dave. "You've done your stuff. No more sir-ing in Mess."

There was a silence and I found all four of them regarding me openly and speculatively. I supposed it was natural for them to be particularly interested in a newcomer to their small community. Somaliland is a difficult country at the best of times for white men to work in and it will be appreciated that a man who does not "fit in" on a small station can be the cause of adding to the various brands of unpleasantness which afflict one in that territory. Wherefore I bore their scrutiny in silence.

"Well?" said Dave at last, looking at the other three.

"Bit on the lean side," commented Peter, "but we can fix that."

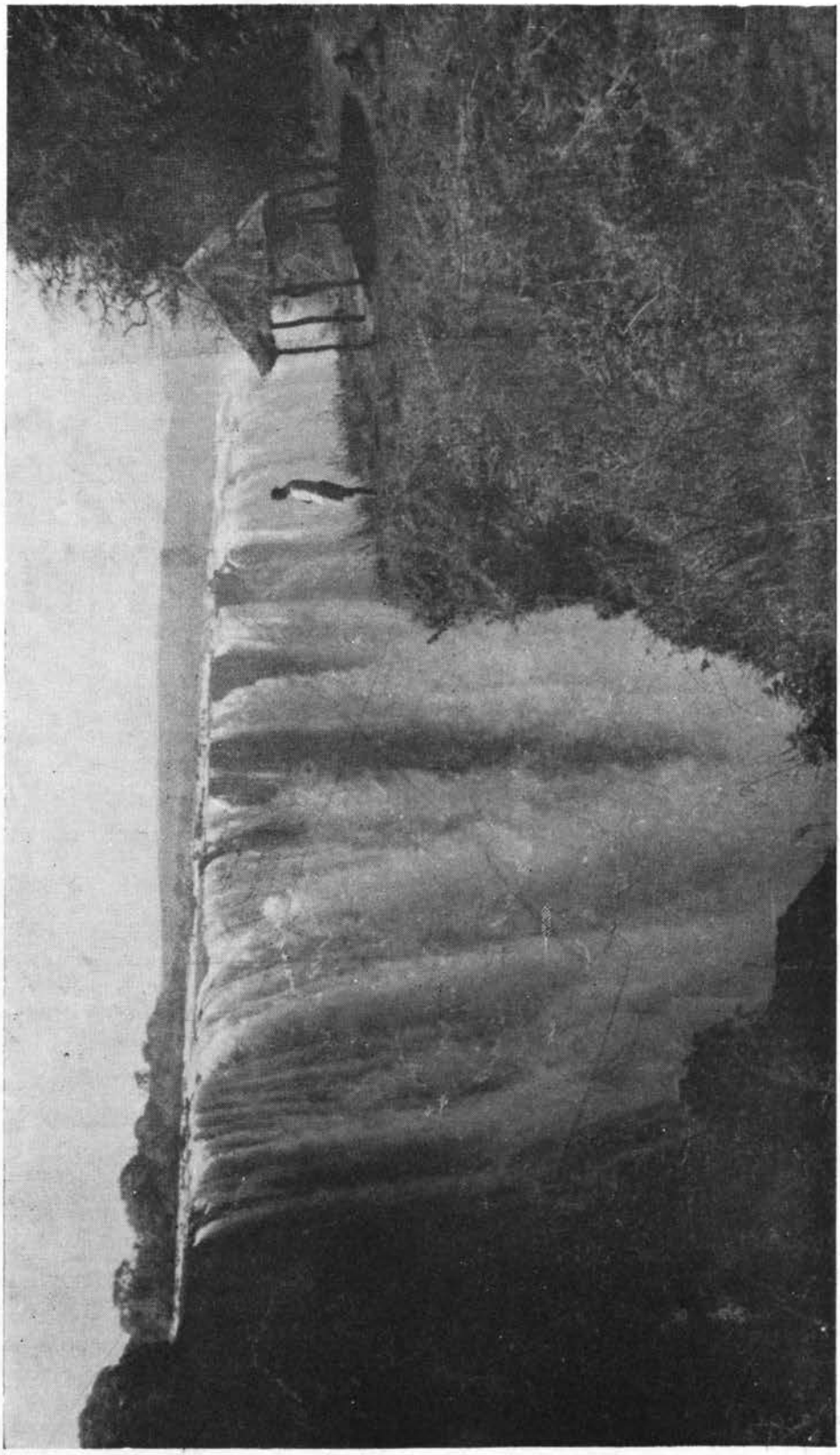
"Natural moustache which will lend itself to expansion," said Chris, regarding critically the adornment on my upper lip.

"An' a verra nice, expensive sorr-t of complexion into the barr-gain," was Jock's contribution.

"Look here . . . " I began, slightly annoyed by these personal remarks.

"Ali!" shouted Dave. "Five double pink gins. Now, listen, old boy," he said to me, his blue eyes bright with laughter, "you have arrived in the very nick of time. You are the answer to our prayers. Nobody knows you here, do they?" I shook my head. "Well, you are in for some rapid promotion. To-morrow you shall be a Lieutenant-General. Shan't he, children?" he chuckled to his junior officers.

"Now, listen carefully," Dave went on. "To-morrow, the new G.O.C.-in-C. is due to arrive here. You probably noticed the whitewash all over the place as you came in. He is expected about twelve noon. In fact, he will arrive an hour earlier—**you** will, rather. We'll rig you out and do things to your face and the beauty of it is that nobody here has seen the new General. He has only recently come out from Home. We'll take you along to the D.C.



VICTORIA FALLS

and to the Police Camp. You can inspect the Guard of Honour, dish out a few raspberries and then enjoy yourself in drinking the free gin which will be offered to you. Make sure that we share it, though. Now boys, we'll have to get busy. Come on!"

I protested feebly. "I say, the penalty for impersonating a General can't be anything less than being shot at dawn. And it's a hell of a way for me to start off friendly relations with the District Commissioner and the Police Superintendent—even if I could get away with it, which I am sure I could not."

"Don't worry, old boy. I'll see that you are not court-martialled or anything like that. Why, I remember once," said Dave reminiscently, "when I spent a wonderful morning in Nairobi, as a Colonial Governor. Nothing happened to me, except that I got a bit lit-up on all the free drinks handed out to me. I admit, though," he conceded, "that I left for Cairo by 'plane immediately after lunch."

"But I'm not leaving for anywhere by 'plane after this business," I protested.

Unheeding, Dave went on: "As for upsetting the D.C., you don't have to worry about that. Old Pongo is a rare sport. He'll thoroughly enjoy the joke against him and he'll make a capital story out of it which he will tell for years to come. And Pincham, the Police Superintendent—well, we can always explain that we thought his Guard of Honour should have had a dress rehearsal."

I hadn't a chance with Dave and his youthful accomplices and I submitted resignedly, doing my best to stifle my apprehension.

Their staff-work was first-class. At 10.30 a.m. the next day, I hardly recognised my reflection in a mirror. My dark moustache had been cleverly transformed into a bushier, grey one. A monocle dangled from the lapel of my bush-shirt, below an extraordinary array of medal ribbons, some of which were unknown in military or civil records of any country in the world. Cloth badges of rank had been contrived, which would pass any but the closest examination.

Dave's staff car had had the Squadron badge and number painted out and a plain, red pennant fluttered above the radiator. Jock and Peter, in their best battle-dress and wearing goggles, were ready to act as out-riders on motor-cycles.

Dave scribbled a note to the D.C., informing him that the General was at the Squadron camp, having arrived earlier than was expected and that he, Dave, would try to hold him for twenty minutes, to give the Police Guard of Honour time to fall in, before bringing him over to the bungalow.

While we waited, Dave and the others coached me in the part I was to play, making outrageous suggestions as to possible reprimands I might hand out. I was not feeling very happy when I got into the car, with Dave beside me, Chris in the driving seat and the other two starting up the engines of their Harleys.

As we approached the D.C.'s bungalow, a Somali police scout signalled down the road before presenting arms as we passed him. Uneasily, I put my hand to the peak of my cap and returned the compliment to which I, as a three-pipper, was not entitled.

Near the bungalow the out-riders brought their machines to a halt, shut off the engines and sat to attention, looking straight to their front. The car stopped and Chris leapt out, opened the door on my side and stood rigidly by it while I de-bussed. There was a barked order and the Guard of Honour did a really fine "Present Arms."

The D.C. came forward and saluted me smartly. Returning the salute, I shook hands with him and he led me forward to meet the Guard Commander. I indicated my desire to inspect the Guard. He brought them to the "Slope" and we formed a procession. Dave and the D.C. paced, slowly, two steps ahead of the Policeman and myself. An Assistant Superintendent of Police paired off with the A.D.O. Behind them came a Somali Police Inspector and the D.C.'s head *Illalo*.

As instructed earlier by Dave, I stuck the monocle in my eye and surveyed each man critically, pausing occasionally to ask a question or to make a comment. I confess that I lacked the courage to make even the slightest adverse criticism. The solemn inspection completed, I complimented the Guard on their turn-out, in a few well-chosen words which I hoped struck the right note. There was another crisp order, followed by the smack of hands on rifle butts and magazines in another salute.

The Superintendent of Police handed over the parade to the Somali Inspector and, coming forward, excused himself to me and spoke softly to the D.C.

"Eh?" the D.C. ejaculated and whipped round to stare at me.

"Well, what is it?" I snapped in what I fondly hoped was the irritable voice which a thirsty General might use.

"Major Pincham has just drawn my attention, sir, to the fact that you have several ribbons wrongly set out," the D.C. said apologetically.

"Your D.S.O., sir, is on the wrong side of the C.V.O. and the Zulu War ribbon should come before the Africa Star," the Policeman informed me in a suspicious voice.

From behind me, I heard a strangled cough from Jock. He it was who had prepared the four rows of ribbons for my bush-shirt. I cast a brief glance at him, over my shoulder. He had a handkerchief to his mouth and his eyes were watering. I knew that he was nearly choking with laughter.

Dave spoke up, addressing me.

"I'm dreadfully sorry, sir. It is my fault. When you asked me to have your bush-shirt pressed quickly, when you arrived, I am afraid my batman must have removed your ribbons and put them back the wrong way about. Please accept my sincere apologies, sir!"

I gave him a grateful look. What I wanted more than anything else was a drink. I could see bottles and glasses set out on the verandah of the bungalow.

Appropriately enough, the D.C. said: "I expect you'd like a drink, sir. Let us go in."

We moved up the path, Dave and his fellow-criminals hard on our heels. I could almost hear them smacking their lips. The D.C. led the way up the steps to the verandah. I followed and suddenly stepped back heavily on to Dave's feet. Dave yelped but my whole shocked attention was on the figure which had risen from a chair in the corner.

There was an unholy gleam of joy in the D.C.'s eyes as he said gravely to me: "Let me introduce you to General Blankton, sir, the new G.O.C.-in-C." Turning to the other, he said: "Meet General Blankton, sir, our new G.O.C.-in-C."

There was a complete and awful silence. I goggled at the real General in a state of stricken paralysis of brain and muscle. After what seemed like ages to me, Dave burst out: "Pongo, you cunning devil! How the deuce . . ."

"Gentlemen!" cut in the real General, quietly and with a smile, "allow me to congratulate you on the excellent show you have put on. I am weak with bottled-up laughter. I nearly ruined the whole thing when Major Pincham became concerned about your medal ribbons — er — General."

I blushed furiously and looked round at the grinning faces of the D.C., his Assistant and the two Police officers. They were in striking contrast to the worried expressions of the three Squadron subalterns. Dave, however, laughed with delight.

"Stung, by cripes!" he chortled. "Stung, good and proper! I shan't forget this, Pongo! Look out for counter-attacks on a wide front." To the General he explained respectfully that it had been entirely his own idea and he hoped that the General would not take too serious a view of the matter.

The General's eyes twinkled as he told Dave that he was well aware of the strange ways in which the Commanding Officer of the Armoured Car Squadron kept up the morale of the unit, both in the field and in camp. He went on to say that full marks must be awarded to the D.C., the A.D.O. and the Police officers for keeping straight faces throughout the proceedings, when they knew he had arrived earlier and was an interested spectator from the shelter of the verandah. He informed Dave that the story was too rich not to be told and set off against all the stories of Dave's successful leg-pulls; and that he could expect it to be a subject for hilarity in every Mess throughout the command, in almost no time.

Dave grinned cheerfully and indicated that he could take it.

The General then suggested that we all deserved a drink and this met with general approbation, mixed on my part with a great relief.

The General departed on the following day. After we had seen him off, I walked from my bungalow to the Mess. Dave and his three subalterns were in earnest converse, seated round a table on which stood five large pink gins. I stopped in my tracks and turned to make a stealthy retreat. I recognised and feared the tableau. But Dave had seen me.

"Hi, General!" he called. "Come and sit in on this! If we don't fix Pongo for yesterday's effort, I'll eat my beret, badge an' all!"

Just in case a housewife who goes round the corner for 1lb. of potatoes for dinner thinks she is being overcharged, here is the simple formula for working out the controlled price under the Potatoes Prices Amendment Order, 1951 (*No.*1).

"In sales by a dealer of a quantity of less than 25lb. there may be added 33⅓ per centum to a price which bears the same proportion to the appropriate maximum price per bag for sales of two bags and over as the quantity bears to 150lb., the price per bag for sales of two bags and over being 40s."

Reminiscences of Early Rhodesia

Related by——————Mr. E. E. F. Blackwell

Mr. E. E. F. Blackwell arrived in the Colony in 1902 to join the Mines Department, retiring as Mining Commissioner, Midlands, in 1929. He has given a few reminiscences for publication in The Outpost. **It would be interesting to know where some of the "old timers" he mentions are to-day. Perhaps Mr. Blackwell's reflections may induce them to add a few pages to the history of the early days which appears from time to time in this magazine.**

A few straggling wood and iron stores standing desolate on dusty lots, each with its door closed, bearing the injunction, "Closed on account of dust—Please come in."

The Queens, The Commercial—situated where the Grand stands to-day—and the Langham; these were the Hotels, Meccas for the smallworkers and farmers who flocked to the settlement of Salisbury just before Christmas.

The Rebellion was still fresh in people's minds. The only townships the Colony could boast were Salisbury, Bulawayo and Umtali. Gwelo looked promising: there were a few shanties there. Selukwe was a mining area and some thought it would outstrip other centres in importance as the years rolled by.

Such was Southern Rhodesia when Mr. Blackwell arrived at the capital in 1902.

"In those days you travelled to Mashonaland via Beira and Umtali, the rail link between Gwelo and Salisbury was not completed," he reflects. "It was a lazy train journey up, there was no hurry, and no passenger trains. Coaches were attached to freights as inducement offered.

"Umtali was a scattered settlement — the welcome to Rhodesia was good. Mr. Fisher, the Customs Officer quickly found out what I had

to declare, then invited me into his office for a beer. It could only happen in Rhodesia.

"From Salisbury station, a collection of shanties, to the Police Camp was a walk over fields. In those days Colonel Flint was in charge of the Police. It must surely have been Christmas when he held one of his Church parades. With the men lined up before him he opened his Bible. 'And the Lord spake unto Moses—Damn that man who's not standing properly to attention!'

"Another time the Colonel was about to pronounce the Benediction.

"'You can't do that,' interposed Tubby Masterman, the Quartermaster.

"'I can do what I damn well like with my own parade,' hotly retorted the Colonel.

"Travelling in the Colony was an adventure. Lions roamed over the railway track shortly after it was built between Selukwe and Gwelo. Elephant were regularly seen between Battlefields and Hartley and official visits were carried out in the districts on a pedal cycle.

"Hartley was the local capital of the district which bears that name. Gatooma in 1904 was merely a siding. Only a pole and dagga hut stood by the railside where Mr. Godwin lived and acted as agent for the local miners. Elephant came to within three miles of Hartley.

"My typist who lived on a nearby farm arrived late at the office one day. Elephant had surrounded her and she told me she hid behind a tree. I believe this lady eventually married a policeman—Sergeant Major Flockhart.

"When travelling by road, high pressure tyres—seventy pounds—were used. Between Gwelo and Bulawayo herds of Sable and Roan Antelope were frequently encountered on the Somabula flats. Lions came into Hartley township. The G.M.O., Dr. MacKenzie, actually had one on the stoep of his house."

Mr. Blackwell gives an interesting sidelight on the naming of the Cam and Motor Mine.

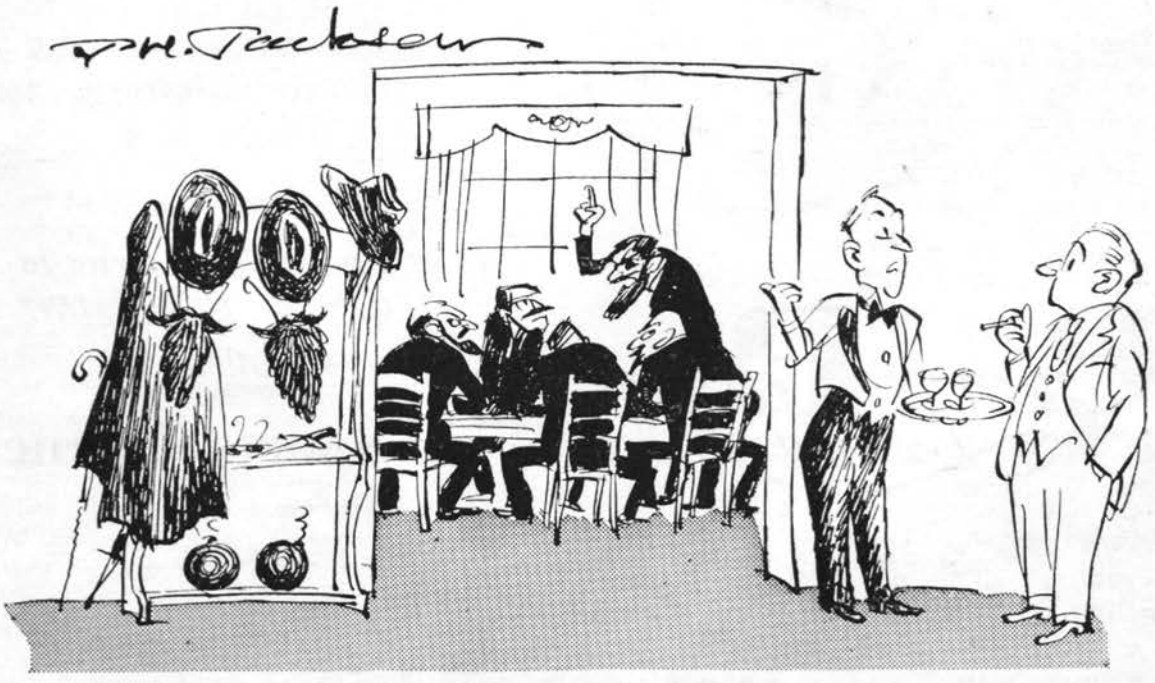
"One day two men came to my office stating they wished to register their claims. On examining their papers I found they had pegged ground originally held by Dr. Starr Jameson. Asked what they would call their mines they said they would leave it to me. The men's names were Cameron and Campion.

"Look here, Cameron," I said, "we'll take the first syllable of your name and call your mine 'Cam'."

Turning to the other man, I could not do the same so I said: "The first short word we see in the dictionary shall be the name of your mine."

Opening the book I saw Motor, and the Cam and Motor mines were born.

Cameron subsequently sold the Cam to the Yellow Jacket Syndicate for £600, who, in the course of time, got £20,000 for it. Campion who had the Motor Mine, hung on for a time, eventually selling for £50,000.



"It's some secret society holding their meeting."

"Joseph Guiney pegged some ground four miles from Hartley. 'Who found it?' I asked him. 'The Kitchen Boy' he rejoined and that became its name.

"Some time after he came to the office for inspection and said to our clerk, one of Lord Milner's gentlemen, 'I want protection for the Kitchen Boy.'

" 'My dear fellah,' was the reply, 'you want the Native Department, not the Mines Department.'

"Three well-known characters of Chakari—Pat Donoghue, Mick Fogerty and Fred Murphy, were quite understandably fond of whisky, but the local store and innkeeper, Mr. Yodaiken, refused them any further credit. With the supply cut off they had a committee meeting in a pole and dagga hut. It was decided Mick Fogerty was to die. The other two men went back to the store very much down in the dumps.

" 'What's the matter?' asked the storekeeper.

" 'Haven't you heard poor Mick passed away and we have no whisky? We don't know how to hold an Irish Wake without it.'

"After much discussion they managed to get a couple of bottles.

"The local Postmaster overheard the conversation and being suspicious, phoned Captain Addison of the B.S.A.P., Hartley, suggesting there might have been foul play. It was early on a Sunday morning when the Captain, Dr. MacKenzie and a Trooper set off by wagon for Chakari. Nearing their destination they met a man staggering on the road. 'Can you tell us where Mick Fogerty lives?' asked the Captain.

"The man explained.

" 'I hear he's dead,' commented the officer.

" 'Well,' said the stranger in a strong Irish brogue, 'if that be the case, it's a ghost you're talking to, because I'm Mick Fogerty.'

"Beside the railway track at Hunyani stood a store and bar run by a Mr. Clements. One day the train pulled in and there was the usual rush for the bar. Two passengers, Seear and McLeod, when resuming their seats on the train, had an argument over a hat, resulting in McLeod, who was a bit of a boxer, inviting Seear to take his coat off. All passengers left the train, and with the crew they formed a ring in the veld by the track's side. Seear won the fight with a knock-out blow. The train was delayed one hour forty minutes. The journal quite truthfully showed the cause of the delay— 'A hot box.'

"It could only happen in Rhodesia."

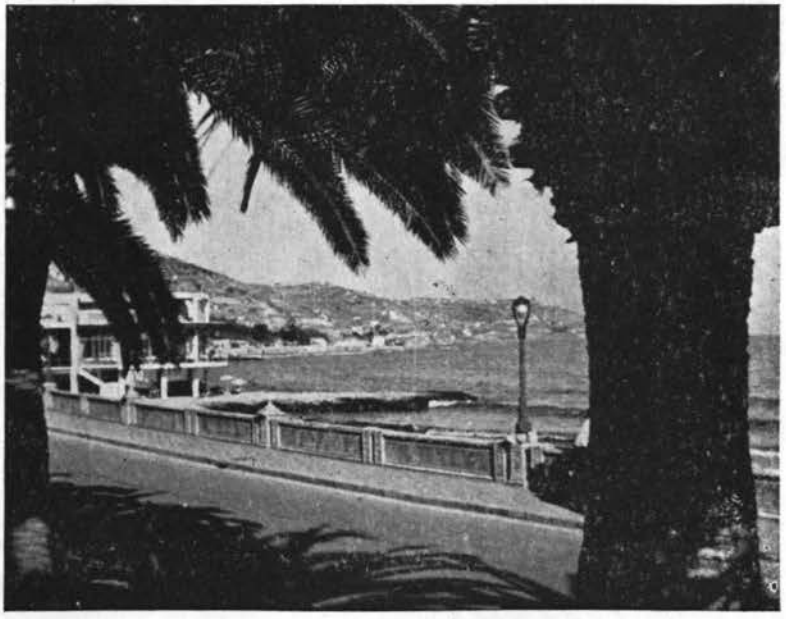
Continental Hitch-hike - France

By
Percy Cleaver

There's a spirit of adventure about hitch-hiking across countries on the Continent, as they undoubtedly offer something very different to the veld of Rhodesia and the grim austere life in Britain. The charm of a foreign country also adds greatly to the pleasure of a holiday, whilst to pack personal belongings into the limited space of a Commando rucksack, complete with ski clothing, primus stove, etc., does indeed inspire the feeling of independence.

My wife and I, with no set plans other than hitch-hiking across four foreign lands in thirty days, embarked at Newhaven on 19th March, 1951, to Dieppe, with only £60 in travellers' cheques at our disposal. The Channel behaved remarkably well and within three hours the over-crowded boat was berthing at Dieppe, the sea-port town that figured prominently in world war news during 1943, when numerous Canadian Commandoes lost their lives in a very gallant attempt to seize important military installations. Stepping ashore amidst a heavy downpour of rain we hastily took advantage of a "special" train that was earmarked for school-children. Luckily two seats at the end of a compartment, reserved for injured ex-servicemen, were unoccupied, and so, amidst the gay chatter of English schoolgirls bound for Paris, we settled down to enjoy the first stage of our journey.

France is a country of contrasts, smooth and rugged mountains tower above its coast and plains. In spite of all the damage done during the war, the Government has managed to maintain a far superior rail service, combined with comfort, to that of Britain; their third class travel is luxurious in comparison. Their roadways, which we later became very familiar with, proved to be outstanding, perhaps the finest in the world. The uniformity of the trunk roads which link the big cities and the judicious distribution of secondary roads, certainly leave no hamlet inaccessible. They are never monotonous, never clash with their natural environment, but become an integral part of their surroundings. Quite often the changing horizon brings into view a small village, a snow-covered mountain top with



The Mediterranean at San Remo.

billowing clouds casting their shadows across the hills, rivers, and swiftly flowing brooks.

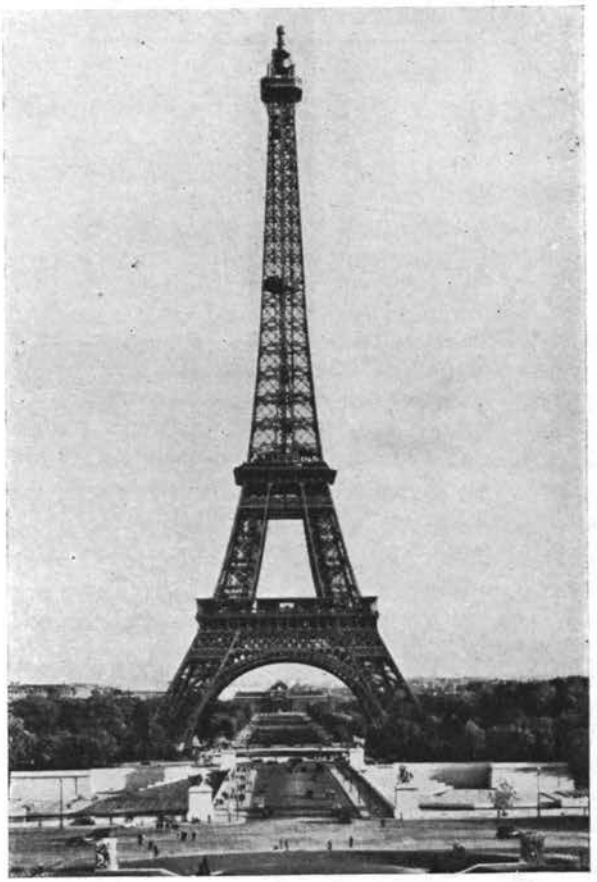
Paris, the city of gaiety. This was not our first impression, however. On our arrival we learnt that a transport and underground strike had almost paralysed the city. With heavy rucksacks we stood outside Gare St. Lazare contemplating how we could possibly get a lift to the French Youth Hostel near Porte d'Orleans which was some distance away, and noticing a few city goers descending the Underground steps, we decided to take a chance. Sure enough, within a few minutes we were rattling along the subway on the only skeleton service of the day—and "gratis" at that.

For those eager to use the Youth Hostels of France, I can only try to dissuade, for the standard of comfort and of sanitary installation falls far below that of the Youth Hostels of Britain and Scotland. There is a lot to be desired, and considering one can easily obtain alternative accommodation at French pensions and hotels for a few more francs, the money saved at the Youth Hostels hardly compensates for the unpleasant atmosphere and unsavoury odour of the "general" Oriental latrine and well-used army type bed blankets.

Paris to-day, is eating well, much better than the cities in England. Choice of restaurants naturally depends on one's pocket and it is advisable to enquire the price of a meal before partaking of it, thus avoiding any annoyance. Many hotels quote a comprehensive price, including service and taxes, and it is just as well to make sure of this beforehand. Homely and well-cooked food can often be found at the more modest restaurants which are usually behind the exclusive hotels.

Even in winter when most other cities are asleep, Paris still offers the visitor attractions: brightly-lit shops, theatres, the famous boulevard cafes, and numerous and historic monuments.

We were impressed with Paris, or as much as one can be with a city. It appeared far cleaner than London, perhaps it was because of its large boulevards on either side of the Champs Elysees, and avenues alongside the Seine. We appreciated the gardens of the Tuileries, but were not unduly inspired by the Arc de Triomphe, and hesitated to cross the Place de la Concorde, for the circular road is a nightmare to tourists. There is no limit to speed as far as the French drivers are concerned. From the Ecole Militaire, that famous Military College where so many of France's gallant leaders have been schooled, we entered beneath the shadow of Eiffel Tower.



Eiffel Tower, Paris.

One cannot help being impressed by this marvellous feat of engineering. Many writers comment on life generally in Paris, but give little space to the man who so rightly deserves credit. Gustave Eiffel was the designer and builder. He started the construction in 1887. The base was completed in 1888, and it was then that the local citizens reacted to it as being a "loathsome shadow of tin construction." A petition was signed to stop this loathsome shadow being projected across the face of their beloved city. They thought the tall, lanky pyramid, with the blaze of iron ladders, would be destroyed in some future riot. They also feared that the structure would collapse at 725 feet. Nevertheless Gustave Eiffel went ahead with construction. The tower rose to its full height of 984 feet in 1889. Within two years sightseers had more than repaid the 7,800,000 francs which the Tower had cost Eiffel and his backers. At night it is a grand sight to visit the Palais de Chaillot and watch the coloured flood and searchlights playing on the foam of the fountains.

Two days in Paris and we felt the urge to "hit the road." A taxi ride hastily took us away

from the hum-drum traffic of Paris and dropped us in the suburban area on the main road to Geneva (Switzerland). This was to be our first attempt at hitch-hiking, and indeed we looked forward to it with a mixed feeling of uncertainty and optimism. A few anxious moments of "thumbing" soon brought a furniture van to a halt. It was an elated feeling to climb aboard knowing that it's to be your first ride. However, all lifts come to an end. This was our lucky day and by four different types of vehicles, ranging from a furniture van to a modern Citroen, we travelled through Fontainebleau, Sens, Auxerre, Avallon, Saulieu to Chalon, a distance of 315 kilometres. At Chalon we remained the night at Restaurant Ravaud, a small but clean hotel, with a charge of only 500 francs for the room. (980 francs to £1 sterling).

Early the following morning we stepped out on to the main road and after an hour managed to get a lift in a small Peugeot; how we crowded into that small vehicle with rucksacks still remains a mystery. I can only offer my thanks to the padre who conveyed us to Bourg. Through Bourg we walked and gazed at the old shops, and at the historic buildings of the old monarchy. Outside Bourg, whilst standing in the teeth of a gale, we obtained a lift, this time by a very congenial type of French businessman, for en route to Nantua he decided to call upon a friend, a wine merchant at Cerdon. We were introduced as South Africans as, even at this stage of our journey we had dropped the idea of mentioning Southern Rhodesia, as it is unknown yet to the ordinary French citizen. At the wine cellar we were well received, one brand of wine succeeded another, and were finally seen off carrying a huge bottle of vintage wine. At Nantua we bid a fond farewell to our host and after purchasing a yard of French bread and stuffing it end up in my rucksack, decided to walk along the Geneva Road.

It was a beautiful day and about five kilometres beyond the French Forrestry Barracks we found a delightful spot at the foot of a range of snow-capped mountains, lit our primus stove and within a few minutes were enjoying bacon and eggs. How good they smelt in the crisp mountain air.

With a feeling of contentment we slung our rucksacks across our backs and took to the road. Traffic was almost negligible. I was enthralled by the beautiful scenery and did not worry unduly about a lift so early in the afternoon. Fortune was on our side. A new Ford Sedan came to a screeching halt. The driver, a well-dressed person with an exceptionally good command of the English language, peered out of the window and asked if we would like a lift to Geneva. The journey was uneventful apart from the Customs and Immigration check at the French-Swiss border of St. Julien. By 3.50 p.m. we were in Geneva.

Ski tracks.

Geneva, situated on the western extremity of Lake Leman, was internationally renowned as the Headquarters of the League of Nations. The beauty of this attractive Swiss town is enhanced by the intensely blue waters of the lake blending with the dazzling whiteness of the Savoy Alps. The town and its environs has many picturesque features; the stately buildings and fine monuments are full of interest and attractive shops cater for the tourists. Unfortunately the £1 sterling to-day is only worth 12 francs (Swiss) and cost of living has trebled since my last visit in 1948. The Casino, Opera House, theatres and concerts, cafes and restaurants provide varied indoor entertainment. The quays are gay with flowers and bridges span the fast flowing waters of the Rhone.

Having selected a moderate priced hotel for the night we prepared ourselves a meal of bread and sardines, coffee and cakes in our room to offset the fantastic price we would have to pay for an evening meal. That night we made preparations to leave Geneva for Chamonix (France), and reserved two seats on a coach.

It was a very pretty ride from Geneva to Chamonix via the old towns of Annemasse, Cluses and St. Gervais. Shortly before we reached St. Gervais we encountered snow on the road. Chamonix enjoys a sheltered and well chosen situation in the upper valley of the Arve, at an altitude of 3,400 feet, and is in close proximity to the great glaciers. The quaint old streets, modern hotels and casino, provide fascinating contrasts. The town itself nestles in a lovely Alpine Valley at the foot of mightly Mont Blanc, where the ill-fated Constellation Aircraft crashed during Christmas, 1950, with the loss of all lives. The frozen bodies of the occupants, mainly nuns, were still on the mountainside during our visit to Chamonix. Depth of snow and risk of avalanches prevented their removal. According to local opinion there was little hope of removing bodies from the wreckage until August. At the time of the disaster two parties set out to reach the plane which crashed about a thousand feet from the summit, one from the French side led by the most renowned guide of the town, and the other from the Swiss side. The former party met only tragedy when their guide was buried in deep snow. Although buried for four minutes he was dead when extricated. The other party under great hardships, reached the plane, removed all documents of identity from the dead occupants, and returned to base. The risk of removing the occupants would have entailed even greater hardships and no doubt further loss of life.

The fame which Chamonix has achieved, dates from the years 1786-87, when Jacques Balmat succeeded in reaching the summit of Mont Blanc accompanied by H. B. de Saussure, the physician and geologist whose scientific works gave such prominence to the name of Chamonix. To pass the winter at Chamonix has become more than a vogue for many it has become a necessity—even as I write I feel that urge to return—back to the skating rink, the largest in Europe; the magnificent snow fields in the valley, the ski-lifts and the well-trodden ski runs, and the aerial railways carrying you 12,000 feet up to the top of Le Brevent.

For five days we stayed at a pleasant Chalet named La Mormotte, situated near the Casino, and within easy reach of the ski slopes. Skis and ski boots were hired at a reasonable cost of 600 francs per day (two persons).

Our sojourn over Easter introduced us to a variety of weather. Shortly after arrival it commenced to snow and there was every indication of it being a disappointing holiday for the visitors. On Good Friday, however, the miracle occurred, and the sun broke through early, hotly, gloriously, and the whole surrounding view presented a magnificent picture with Mont Blanc standing aloof with a slight plume heading off to the west. The whole of the morning we ski-ed on Brevent slopes and made considerable use of the ski-lift. There were many French and German skiers all enjoying themselves immensely. During the afternoon we took advantage of the fine and sunny weather and ascended by means of aerial cableway the 12,00ft. mountain of Le Brevent. Halfway to the summit there is a restaurant at the midway cableway station of Planpraz. It caters admirably for the thirsty skiers and sight-seers. Here one can lounge around in deck chairs and bask in the lovely Alpine sun. The open verandah looks across towards a vast panorama of well-defined mountains and peaks, beautifully silhouetted against the clear blue sky, and down below, the fascinating town of Chamonix. At the summit of Le Brevent we had the pleasure of watching several proficient skiers take off on a particular steep track down to Planpraz; their skill and superb control whilst manoeuvering at terrific speed over the zig-zag course was an unforgettable sight.

The break in the weather was only temporary and by evening the snow was again falling. Not that it really mattered for we had found a very cosy little Chalet Bar where the beer and cognac had proved a grand antidote to a day's strenuous exercise. It was good to look out from the warmth of a log fire and see the snow falling, light and feathery. On subsequent days we ski-ed, skated and gambled at the Casino in the evenings, not to the extent of the wealthy, but with sums of 100 franc, a mere 2s. It is grand fun in moderation.

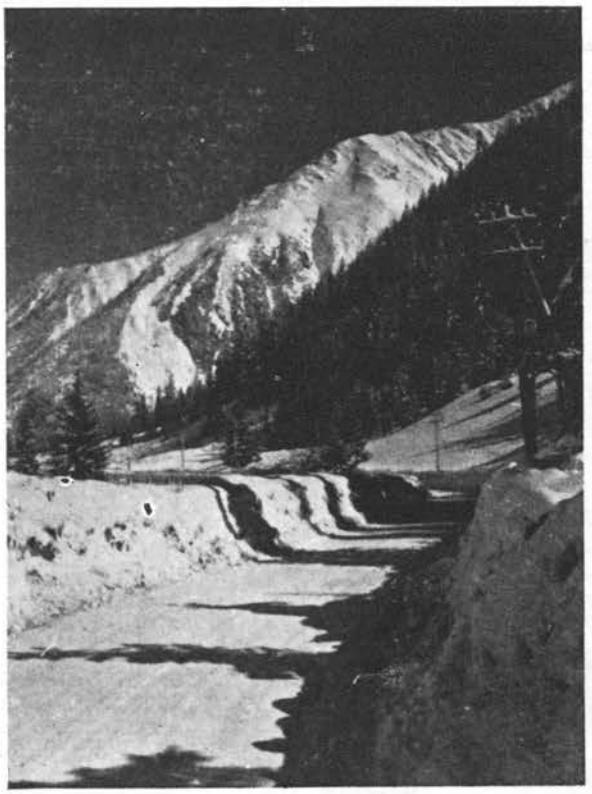
Our last day, not entirely free from snow, we had the pleasure of watching France and Switzerland compete in a ski jump competition, a feat only previously seen at the local cinema. It is a little terrifying to watch at the beginning. Height and speed combined, lend an atmosphere of uncertainty, until one has become accustomed to the ability of the contestant, bearing in mind that he has been trained in the art of jumping for years. It is graceful to say the least. The take off, a slight crouch a few metres from the wall as the skier gains momentum and finally at the brink of the wall "leaps," his position unfolds into that of an inverted swallow dive, there is an audible sound of wind whipping through his baggy ski trousers, there is a hush in the crowd until that dull crack of skis striking the well-trodden slopes of the ski jump, perhaps a little hesitation on the part of the contestant, usually regaining his balance, and then he careers down the snowy slopes below. The marker, an official with a long rod at the side of the slope, has already

announced his distance—43 metres, perhaps a record, perhaps not.

We were sorry to say farewell to Chamonix as it proved such an attractive winter resort. In a very heavy snow storm during the early hours of the morning we walked towards the village of St. Gervais. The fresh snow clogged beneath our nailed boots and the going was hard. Approximately five kilometres from Chamonix, at a very small village named Les Bossons, we obtained a lift with the driver of a Citroen, a Mr. Jean Nechelis, the manager of Peugeot Motors, Paris. I have great admiration for this man. His car was full at the time with passengers and luggage. Apart from the inconvenience and discomfort of standing in the snowstorm arranging our rucksacks on the top of his vehicle, he made every effort that was possible to make us comfortable and would, I am sure, have conveyed us to Paris, but we were only anxious to proceed as far as St. Gervais; our ultimate destination at that stage was Northern Italy.

From St. Gervais we obtained a lift to Grenoble via Megeve, Uqine, Albertville and Montmelan. I am afraid we have not very pleasant memories of Grenoble for it proved to be one of the most difficult towns to get out of. Our entry into Grenoble was in late evening and after several unsuccessful efforts to obtain a lift were obliged to stay the night.

Our intended route to Italy was via les Bourg-d'Oisans, Briancon to Torino (Italy). The following morning after obtaining lifts in commercial vehicles we eventually reached the small industrial town of le Bourg-d'Oisans and had to abandon our attempt to reach Italy owing to avalanches. We retraced our steps to Vizille and in the absence of transport walked to la Mure along the route of Napoleon. It was a bitterly cold day and overcast. Our rucksacks were heavy. As we passed the statue of Napoleon, situated on the first of the three lakes, the thought of his gallant march along this route to Moscow rather inspired us to carry on, and after walking almost 20 kilometres we arrived at Le Mure, tired but pleasantly happy. We entered a small cafe and dined remarkably well on two huge soup bowls of coffee, bread and cheese. It certainly counteracted the pangs of hunger. After lunch we left the cafe with remote hopes of obtaining a lift for there was hardly any traffic on the road. Approximately two kilometres outside La Mure a new Fiat Sedan, brilliant red in colour, pulled up alongside of us. The driver alighted, well-dressed, but unshaven. I immediately surmised that he was Italian, and so, with my fair knowledge of the Italian language asked him as to where he was proceeding. He replied "Nice."



At Chamonix.

Although our intentions were to proceed to Gap, Briancon and Turino, I instantly changed our plans and asked whether we could accompany him to Nice. Our rucksacks placed in the boot of his car, we settled down to an unexpected journey to the South of France, namely the Riviera.

The journey onwards was most interesting, passing through the most fantastic scenery of mountains, valleys and lakes, striking the towns of Gap, Digne, Castellane, Grasse, Cagnes and on to Nice. By 7.45 p.m. we were gazing at the night lights of Nice, the famous holiday playground, the regional capital of the French Riviera, which was a Roman Spa when Britons were savages. It is undoubtedly the largest of the French Riviera resorts, and always popular with overseas visitors. Promenade des Anglais, stretching along the Bay of Angels, is a landmark of beauty and dignity.

Williams Hotel accommodated us for the night at 800 francs for a room. An unfortunate incident occurred that evening when we decided to have an evening meal in the town. At a Jewish restaurant, whose title was obliterated by blazing lights, we were charged 750 francs for a tin of six sardines, bread, butter and cheese.

The Casino, Nice.

The beach of Nice is disappointing. It is poor in comparison to South Africa's great beaches of soft, white sand. It seems incredible that numerous people from Britain and elsewhere come to Nice every year to stagger on tender feet across the cruel pebbles that stretch only a short distance from promenade to the blue waters of the Mediterranean. We did not see any of Nice's scantily-dressed bathing beauties, as it was early in the season. The Promenade des Anglais with its islands of palm trees and multi-coloured and varied flower beds was lovely.

From Nice we travelled by coach along the coastal route to Beaulieu, Cap d'Ail, Monaco, through Monte Carlo, famous the world over for its Casino, beautiful bay and handsome promenade, elegantly set amidst a profusion of palms and tropical flowers, to Mentone, Ventimiglia, Ospedalette and finally the Italian Riviera—San Remo. Once the Riviera coast from Mentone to Hyeres was a winter playground of millionaires. To-day, millionaires have become rare birds and been replaced by the middle classes.

The route throughout is excellent, winding majestically past quaint but beautiful French villas, where roses, carnations, mimosa and jasmine and other blossoms grow in profusion in the gardens. The red-roofed, close packed villas and hotels rise very steeply from the water's edge. The streets are narrow and the large coaches negotiate the sharp bends with a mere hair's breadth to spare.

(To be continued)

CHRISTMAS AT CHIBI, 1911

The whole population (seven) was assembled at the Police Camp at 11 a.m., when an African arrived to report a lion "bottled up" in a cave about eight miles north.

I was sent off with a Native Constable to keep it penned in until the balance of the party could arrive, as Frank Barker had to fetch his horse from the Store and Martin, the N.C.'s cousin, was to bring a buckboard and mules for himself and N. H. Wilson. "Tanda" and I rode our Police mules.

When I arrived at the cave I found about 100 Africans and a similar number of dogs. Two entrances to the cave were pointed out to me, one was perpendicular for four feet and then went under a granite boulder, the other was a "V" shaped declivity which could only be negotiated by an animal with pads on its feet. The distance between the two entrances was about 70 yards and the surroundings all broken granite kopje. I left a guard at the latter entrance and sent my dog and others into the first one. There were a couple of roars and out came the dogs in a hurry.

The remainder of the party did not arrive with the lunch and Christmas fare, but I heard shots in the distance towards Camp and fired a couple myself to give them my direction, but still no lunch. I tried to smoke Leo out, but the only result was a few growls.

About 5 p.m. I started for Camp, leaving plenty of natives and fires to keep the lion penned for the night and arrived about 6.30 p.m. to find everyone very mellow. They had come out about four miles, consumed the lunch and Christmas fare, putting the empty bottles up as targets, and then returned.

Early the next morning a native reported that the lion had escaped through a third entrance to the cave which they had not realised existed.

"VUDZI CHENA"

"Th' trouble is most parents don't worry about a daughter till she fails t' show up for breakfast an' then it's too late."

Mules

The amusing rhyme, "Sam and the Mule," which appeared in the June edition of *The Outpost*, has prompted me to submit this article, which, it is hoped, will revive not altogether unpleasant memories among those of us who were compelled to ride Mules—"Bongolas"—owing to the entire absence of any other form of transport at the District Outstation.

Prior to the discovery of a satisfactory form of inoculation against horse sickness, the annual mortality among our horses from this dread disease was such, that horses were maintained at District Headquarters where they could be stabled every night, and incidentally smoked out with evil smelling smudge fires, which seemed to have little beneficial effect; the more hardy mule was maintained at the outstation for patrol duties.

Few of us, in those days, received any instruction in the care of mules, their peculiarities and temperament, and the result was a state of complete ignorance and lack of understanding between the rider on the one hand, and the mule —ever ready to dislodge the crupper and buck rider and saddle over his head at the most unexpected moment.

Though one can hardly look for perfection in the hybrid, there were exceptions to the rule, and it is hoped that the relation of the following incidents will reveal the mule of those days in a reasonably favourable light.

On my arrival at Essexvale station in 1915 on transfer from Wankie, being the junior trooper, it fell to my lot to be detailed the worst mule on the station . . . Jongwe.

Jongwe was a solid looking, shaggy coated mule about twelve hands high, one of his ears perpetually carried at the "Trail," due to an old standing twitch injury. When mounted in Mobilisation Order, with a blue cavalry cloak on the wallets and a rolled blanket on the back of the saddle, there was very little of Jongwe showing fore and aft, and what there was, was unpleasant to look upon and very close to the ground.

In spite of his shortage in stature, what a performer he could be! No crupper adjustment seemed to be able to prevent Jongwe from bucking saddle and rider into any drift sufficiently deep for his liking, an action which resulted in the rider making his squelching way back to Camp, carrying his saddle on his head, prior to catching Jongwe, reading him a portion of the Law, and having another "stab at it."

His good points? None were apparent barring an ability to keep in condition . . . good bucking condition let it be said . . . on a diet of sand and dagga and precious little else.

The ultimate demise of Jongwe was the occasion for a good old "pooch up" by the detachment at the Wood and Iron hotel, presided over by those splendid "Old timers," the late Fatty Russell and "Gungarz" Wakefield.

Sally.—Sally, number 357, was an entirely different proposition to Jongwe. She was an Argentine mule, standing about fourteen hands, bearing a large Argentine brand on her rump and possessing a reasonable mouth.

In reply to a farmer's query: "How do you like your mule's paces?" and not being complimentary in my remarks about the trot—the rather unexpected reply came—"Trot? Of course, she can't trot . . . never been taught to in her days in the Argentine. She probably does the 'Marcha'—stay to lunch and I'll show you."

Believe it or not, with the aid of a bit known as a "Konspeiler," Sally remembered her "Marcha" —a kind of triple, comfortable trot when one got used to it, and a pace which she could keep up hour after hour at a steady five miles an hour. Sally knew the patrols from "A" to "Z," permitted one to shoot from her back with a shot gun—and there were birds to be had in those days before compulsory dipping poisoned the ticks and the ticks poisoned the birds, a contributing factor, in my submission, towards the impoverished state among the game bird life of the veld to-day. A splendid pal on patrol, docile and intelligent.

She knew the dangerous patches of black dagga, merely by sniffing the ground, and seldom became bogged down when crossing vleis in the rainy season. The golden rule was . . . leave it to Sally; she knows.

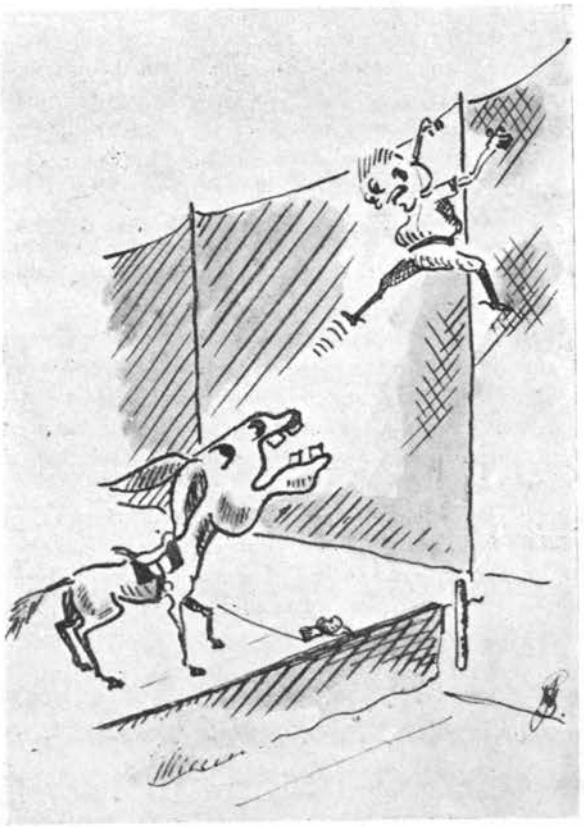
Blue Buck.—Blue Buck was my mount at the Lonely Mine Camp in 1916—the old pole and dagga huts at the back of the Mine Compound. Blue Buck was a blue roan possessing extraordinarily long back legs and standing about fourteen hands at the shoulder. This peculiar conformation caused one to ride with one's legs stuck forward like the shafts of a cart and to adopt the most comfortable pace, a long easy lope. Blue Buck had one peculiarity, he went splendidly on kaffir paths, but was uncertain and hesitant when required to move over the open veld. It was not unnatural, bearing in mind this peculiarity, that when riding him in the Mule Race at an Inyati Gymkhana Meeting, I should make for a kaffir path running along one side of the race track and across the top of the "U," in order to acquire a commanding lead before entering the straight—a trackless (to Blue Buck) three hundred yards. I finished in the lead, to the unbounded joy of the contingent of punters from the Lonely Mine who had backed Blue Buck heavily against the Inyati opposition. Consternation was caused when the Chairman of the Stewards disqualified me for running outside the course in order to take a mean advantage of the kaffir path ! !

Gatzi.—Who can forget Gatzi, a largish mule with the most gentle nature in the world? It was customary, after relieving new recruit arrivals of their civilian kit, with "Pay at the end of the month" promises, to regale them with stories of the fiery steeds they would encounter on their first stable parade. Old Gatzi came within this category.

Gatzi permitted himself to be shoved into a Recruit Barrack Room containing about sixteen beds, while the new arrivals were at the Rat Pit—presided over by Bill Over and Robbie—standing drinks to the "Army sweats," all offering good advice, in return for "Pig's Ear" and Dop and Ginger, on how to preserve one's life on next morning Stable Parade. The general theme was: "For the Lord's sake, boss up for Gatzi!"

A Stable or a Barrack Room was all the same to Gatzi—so long as the troops did not mind him occasionally "dropping his gloves" when he felt like it, and one can imagine the old fellow's feelings when, in the dim candle light, he caught sight of the wide-eyed, rather scared new arrivals fresh from the Rat Pit—some of them very . . . . their pockets bulging with the cigarettes of the period—the POPODOPOULO—and not knowing how to begin to "Break the news to mother."

Good fun eventually, and even old Gatzi seemed to enjoy the joke.



Koffie.—Koffie was a long-legged mule with an enormous head, and standing about 15.3 hands. My first introduction to Koffie was when riding Jongwe, I called at Umzingwane Camp to pick up the Trooper in charge to join the second Sesheke Column in 1915. It was a case of the long and the short of it—six foot one on a 15.3 hands mule against a five foot ten on a horrible looking "bongola" of twelve hands, rigged in Mobilisation Order!

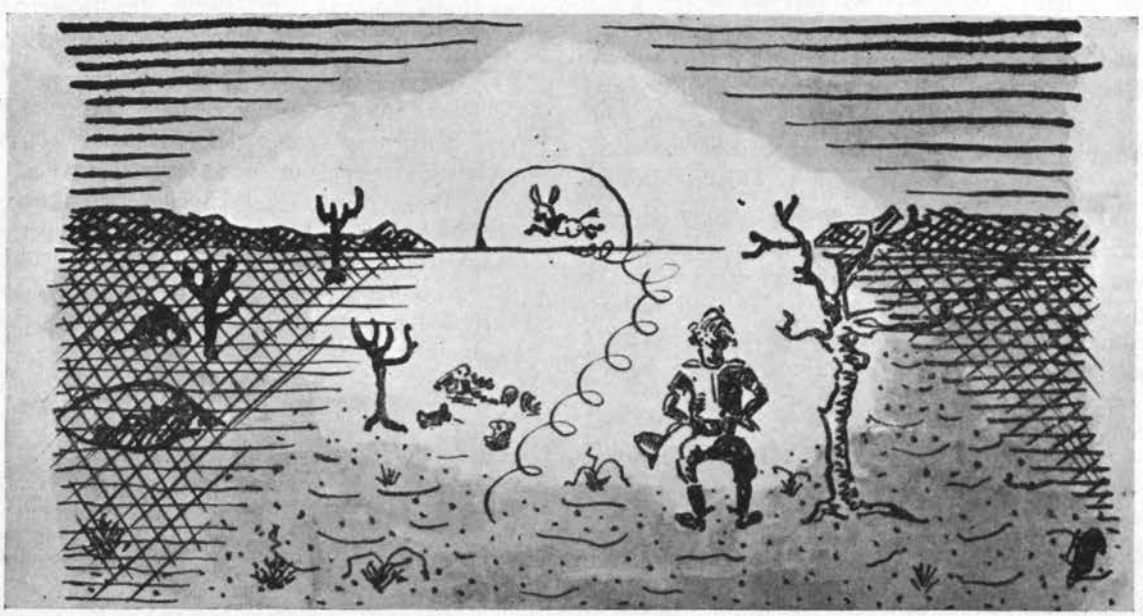
When passing the Queens Hotel — now Meikle's Store at the corner of Abercorn Street and Selborne Avenue, the crowded bar came out to cheer us on our way with shouts of "Now that Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are off to the back of the front . . . we shan't be long!" I am afraid our morale when riding into Bulawayo Camp was very low, particularly when we also earned the jeers of the Troops who should have sympathised with us, the cads!

On our return from the Column "without doing anything," as one Barmaid put it, we handed over our horses, saddled our mules to return to our stations, and then the circus began. Our mules not having been saddled for months saw no sense in a return to toil.

Koffie distinguished himself by pig rooting towards the tennis court and finished his run by shooting the Trooper in charge, Umzingwani, high up the tennis netting where he clung momentarily like a spider in distress. After Koffie had been given "the works" by that fearless rider, Johnny Walker, to take the steam out of him, we finally got going and all was well to within a mile of Umzingwani Camp, Koffie's home station, where we intended to spend the night. Without warning, Koffie fell down—all his length, and on getting up disappeared in the Bulawayo direction in a cloud of dust carrying away two perfectly good bottles of Rynek Dop in the wallets, a despicable action which shows how damned forgetful and unreasonable mules can be.

The composition by Wilfred Bussey, one-time Editor of the old *Police Review*, may be of interest to readers and form a fitting ending to this effort. I quote it from memory.

Oh, Mule!
Thou nondescript disgrace unto the Corps,
By parentage depraved, and what is more—
An awful thing, outraging nature's law,
Unprincipled and bad.
Oh, Mule!
No fool, intelligence thou hast indeed
Common to all thy low down breed,
Thou calculating fraud, how often hast thou floored
An honest man and scored,
By vile, base guile, thy rule, Oh, Mule.
Oh, Mule!
A tool of Satan on this wicked earth,
Infamous and bad from birth, but still thou dost not die—
Of sickness on the veld, so I
Must bear with thee and try to make a plan—if so I can,
To school—my mule. (A).



The Engineer's Story

By A. K. SHEPHERD

The moon hung low in the sky, its white light like a flood-lamp throwing everything into sharp relief; the sea, dead calm, reflected the light as if it were a mirror. Even the stars that night seemed to be reflected by the sea; the breeze, so light that it made no movement on the water, brought with it the heat of the desert that rolled down to meet the sea. Out at anchor just off the point lay a Destroyer, still and peaceful. There was not a movement on board save that of the for'ard anchor light swinging slowly to and fro in the gentle breeze and, the ship seemed as still as the water that lapped about it.

Suddenly the air was cut with the shrill scream of the Bo'sun's pipe, and then once more, silence. Under the awnings on the Quarterdeck sat six men, leaning back in their chairs and very silent. As soon as the last trill of the pipe had died away the Captain, an elderly grey-haired man, sat up, looked around him, and as if voicing the thoughts of the others said:

"What a dump to be spending Christmas in! I can think of far better places than lying off Muscat in the Persian Gulf at Christmas! This time last year we were in Norway. Their Lords Commissioners do have a sense of humour."

"Then it's more than I give them credit for," replied the Engineer Officer. "If I had my way . . . "

"All right, don't tell us," said the figure by his side. "We know. You would be dancing with the blonde you met on your last leave at home."

"Jealous, Pilot?" replied the Engineer.

"Not on my b—— life! I'm no Don Juan. The trouble with you is that you can't keep your mind . . . "

"Now, you two, stop it," said the Captain. "Don't we all want to be home. I wouldn't mind so much if it was not for this darned heat, but trying to eat Christmas dinner when it's 94, and only 8.45 at night, well I can't do it. All I feel like doing is drinking."

"Did I hear someone ask me to have a drink? Well, I will have a small, no, on second thoughts, a large Scotch."

"Ah," said another member of the small party. "Trust the Doc. to have a peg if it's going free."

"Well," the Doctor retorted, "and why not? It's more than you would do to buy drinks, and I must say that just the thought of it makes life a little more pleasant."

"Steward," shouted the Captain. "Bring another round, and put plenty of ice in them."

A few minutes later the drinks arrived and when everyone had settled down the Captain spoke.

"You know," he said, "all we want now is a Christmas story. We have the drinks, we have more heat than we need, and there's no female company. I think we should have a few yarns, but they must be true. Now you, Pilot," pointing to the Navigator, "you must have had something happen to you in your life, something out of the ordinary. How about telling us about it?"

The Navigator sat up with a jerk. "Who, me? Hell! Nothing happens to me. I don't even meet a blue-eyed blonde. That is the Engineroom's department—he ought to be able to tell you a few stories."

"Yes, but I doubt if they are fit for your sweet ears," said his accuser. "But," he said, looking around him, "something did happen to me once, it was two years ago, but you wouldn't want to hear about it."

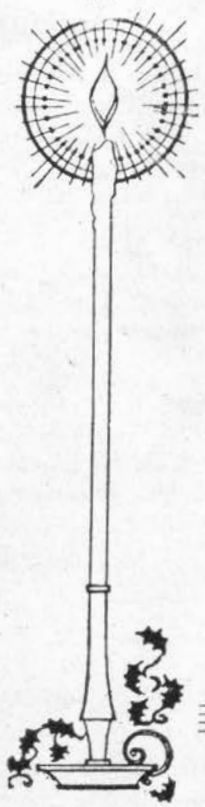
"Oh, wouldn't we," came the immediate response of his listeners.

"Well, it's dry work talking, and when I talk I must have a bottle near me." He looked round questioningly to his audience. "Very dry work indeed."

"All right," said the Captain. "But it had better be a good story. Steward!" he shouted. "Bring me the last bottle of Black Label, the one

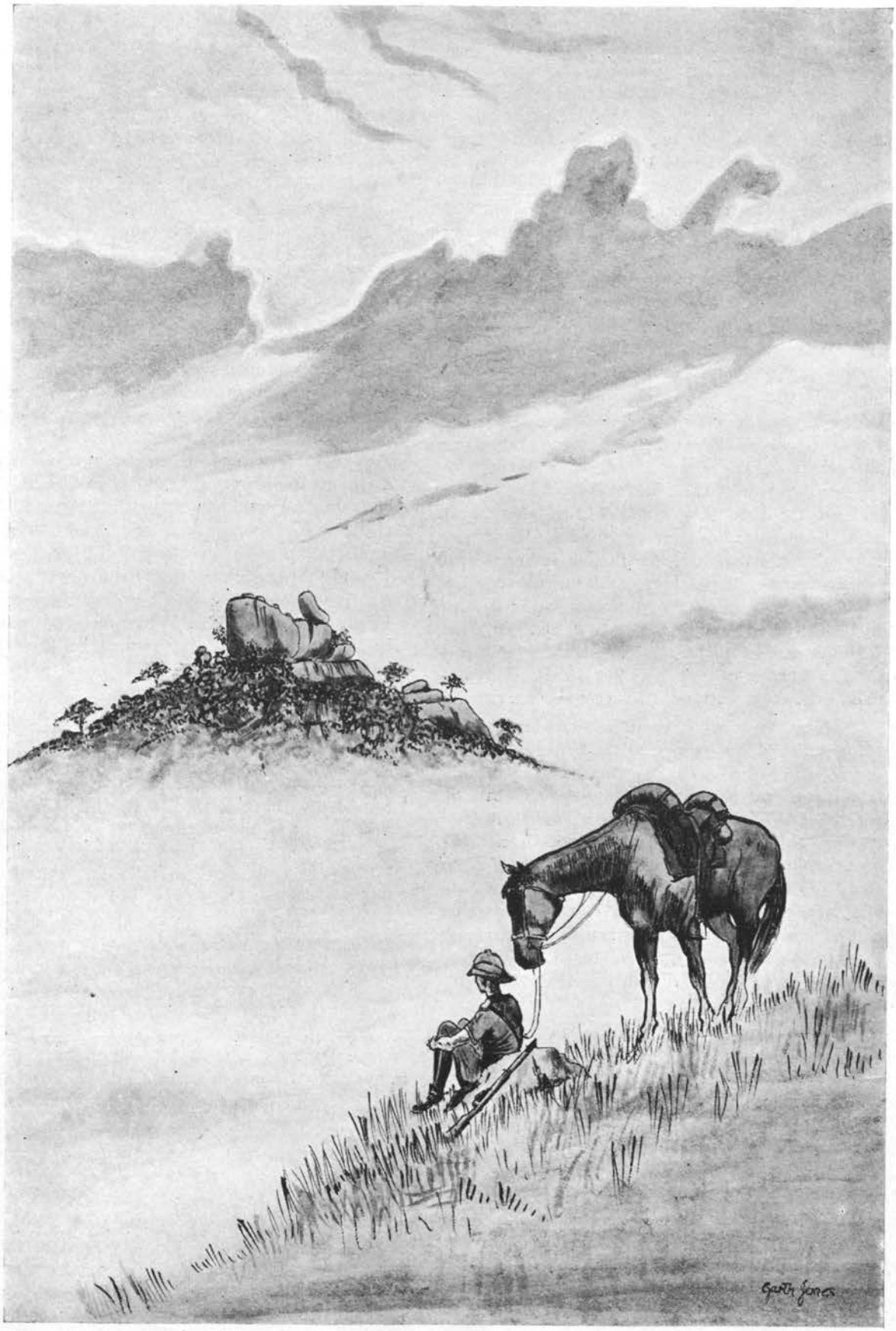
In Praise of Dreams

He is most surely chained, for all his gold,
Who is denied the magic gift of dreams;
In spite of slaves unnumbered, wealth untold,
He is confined within this world's extremes.
True, he may journey over all the earth
In tireless life-long tourist pilgrimage,
But for escape his riches are no worth;
His life span holds him fast as in a cage.



The mendicant with vision for a guide
May freely tread the corridors of time,
Explore the stars and planets far and wide,
And to the very gates of heaven climb.
Ruler or subject, doubly blest is he
Whose fortune has not marred his power to see.

N. H. D. SPICER.


Garth Jones

that I have been saving for the New Year." A few minutes later the Steward appeared carrying the bottle. The Captain picked it up, looked at it, put it down again, licked his lips, looked at the Engineer, and said, "It had better be a good story, John. That's my last bottle, and I have had it for two years," and with that he handed over the bottle. The Engineer picked it up, looked at it, called for a corkscrew, opened the bottle and poured himself a large tot, which he drank slowly. When he had finished, he filled the glass again, pulled his chair up into a more comfortable position and began his story.

"Well, it was this time two years ago, I was on the old 'Wanderer'. You know the old tub, built in 1916 and still going, but not so strong. We were paying a visit to one of the Black Sea Ports, the name doesn't matter, anyway they are all the same. For the first two nights there were the usual official visits, where everyone is polite, and all the time they couldn't care less. That night I was next to a young Russian Officer, and I found that he could speak English so we started talking about various things and the conversation got round to women. Well, a year in the Eastern Med. is enough for anyone, so I told him that I hadn't had a night out for months, and was there a chance of one here? The Russian said there was, so we arranged to meet the next night.

"Next evening I went ashore, but shortly before going, I was talking to the British Consul in the Wardroom. I told him that I was going out that night, and he advised me to be very careful, for the gentry ashore would slap anyone in gaol if they did the slightest thing wrong, and that once you were in, it was darned hard to get out again. They would say that they had not seen you, and that was the last of that, and in other words, you had had it in a big way. I was to think of those words later on, but I am running ahead of myself. Where had I got to? Ah, that's right, I was going ashore.

"Well anyway, I met this Russian type and off we went to dinner. After dinner he said he knew a club that we could go to, so off we went. And what a Club! You've never seen anything like it. I have seen places like that before, but they have never been called Clubs.

"We stayed there about an hour drinking, and then the Russian left. He came back a little later and said that he had arranged a pleasant evening. Game for anything, I followed him."

At this point the Engineer paused, looked at the faces surrounding him, which were tense and watching, filled his glass again, and went on with the story.

"As we were going up the stairs, he turned to me, and said he would join me in a few minutes, and that he would meet me in room 4, which was just along the passage, I carried on, and came to the room. I went in. The room was beautifully furnished and had the best carpets that I had ever seen. I slowly closed the door and as I did this, the handle came off in my hand, in trying to put it back I pushed the pin out, and there was I, shut in the room.

"'Ah, well,' I said to myself. 'Press on.' I walked a little further into the bedroom, for I could see that was what it was, and there on the bed was a woman in evening dress. I coughed and said, 'Good evening,' but she didn't move. As she appeared not to understand, I continued with 'Bon soir, Madame,' but still no answer. I followed up with 'Parlez vous Anglais?' She didn't move. And then something struck me, she was lying in a funny position, and she didn't seem to be breathing. I went closer, touched her, and then I saw it. In her right side was a knife. She was dead."

The silence under that awning was as still as the night outside. No one had moved. The Engineer paused, wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, took a long pull at his glass, looked around at his audience which had not moved, refilled his glass, and continued.

"I was so shaken that I just had to sit down. There was a chair in the corner, and I collapsed in to it, unable to do a thing. I had had a lot to drink, and when I came into the room I was not too steady, but by then I was stone cold sober, and cold was the word for it. I sat there and tried to think, and my first thought was to get out quickly. I made for the door, but there was no handle—I was locked in, locked in with a dead woman. I went to the window, opened it and looked out; beneath was the road, but three stories down, and to jump was impossible. I closed the window, drew the curtains, and sat down again, and as I did so I noticed a bell push; just the thing I thought; I was just going to press it, when the Consul's words seemed to shout back at me through my head, 'They put you in gaol and once you are in, it's hard to get out.' There I was, and how to get out of the room was the problem. I tried the door once more, but it would not open and as a last resort, I took a hair pin from the head of the dead woman and tried to pull the pin through to the inside, but my hand was so shaky that I pushed it out, and I heard it fall to the floor with a thump. I stood by the door my hands and face covered with sweat. What to do next? I had no idea, then, suddenly I heard footsteps outside coming up the passage; they

seemed to take ages to reach the door, and I prayed for them to go on, but they stopped outside the room. There was a knock on the door, and my heart stood still."

The Engineer stopped his story and looked about him.

"Good God!" said the Captain, "what did you do?"

The Engineer, who had been looking down at his feet, looked up, "What did I do?" he paused, picked up the bottle, poured the remaining whisky into the glass, took a long drink, put the glass down again and then replied. "What could I do? I stood there with my whole body shaking, and then the knock came again, this time louder and more impatiently."

The listeners sat there, scarcely daring to even breath, hanging on to every word.

"Well, I plucked up my courage, and said, 'Who's there?' but instead of the loud voice that I intended it to be, a croak came out. Once more the loud knocking came; I shut my eyes, and then opened them slowly. The door was opening very s'owly; I stood there unable to move. Through my mind went the thought of working in the salt mines and being a Russian prisoner. The door opened wider; I looked hard but was unable to see who it was, for there was no light in the passage, and then suddenly a voice sounded like thunder, and a hand took a firm hold on my shoulder, and shook me."

The Engineer paused.

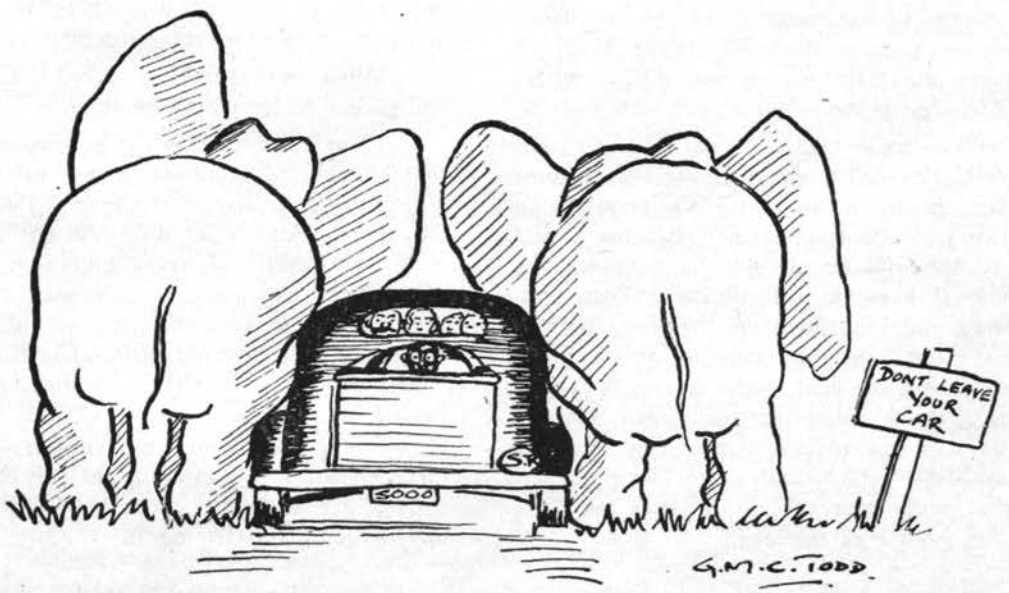
"Give me a drink someone," gasped the Doctor, the rest of the company sat there as if turned to stone. The Doctor swallowed his drink in one gulp. "Go on, John," he said. "What happened then?"

"What happened then?" said the Engineer. "Well, this voice said, 'Come on, Sir, wake up, it's nearly time to go on watch'!"

And with that he got up and walked away. As he passed the gun turret, he turned, and said, "Good night, Sir! Thanks for the Scotch."

There was silence on the Quarterdeck.

"Damn it," swore the Captain, "the blighter has had my last bottle of Scotch."



The Dark Horse

BY FRANCIS MONTGOMERY

After our exchange of Rhodesian reminiscences, talk between my host and self languished for a spell.

From his point of view I could understand that. On my post-war trip to Rhodesia and veld scenes of, well, longer ago than I cared to think about, I'd made my old outpost of Maroko towards the year end; almost on the eve of Christmas to be precise. I was in good spirits, too. For, unlike some Rhodesians of British birth, whose thoughts at that season tend to turn sentimentally in the direction of what they still fondly regard as the Old Country, I was pleased at the notion that I'd swapped chilly temperatures for the warmth of the veld at that season. And my satisfaction wasn't lessened at finding as head of the Service in my old District a man whom I'd known donkeys years back on rookies' course in Salisbury.

It was different, though, with Cumberledge, because for him the Year End just beyond Christmas meant retirement under age limit, and, say what you like about the joys of being your own boss at last on a well-earned pension, there's the other side to it: the wrench, the change of status, the leaving old scenes.

It was for these reasons that our talk had stressed the reminiscence note. Cumberledge had been moved here and there about the country in the course of his career, but, by a chance that isn't so rare, he'd ended up as Head of his Department at the station and district where he had been first posted.

Naturally, we'd talked of the changes that the years had made at Maroko. He'd done most of the talking on that head, for the good reason that words had about failed me. But for a veld feature or two, I'd simply not have known the place; when I knew it, a small Police Post, with Civil Camp and bungalow, on the slope nearby, and for the rest, a couple of rivers, in the midst of square miles of veld, with a smattering of wide spaced farms, and (what really made Maroko in my day), a few miles on the other side, the Mapanda Mine, which had come along so fast that, what with post office, big store and the rest, it was the hub of the area.

Our talk had touched quite a bit on the Mine—"Mapanda," just "Mapanda" we called it; going over on patrol to Mapanda was, I recalled, a daily fixed duty. We alluded to it in my day as you would to a sort of metropolis and centre of civilisation, planked down in the vast ocean of veld.

"I remember," I remarked, breaking the spell of silence, "I used to think it was a bit of a blot; spoiling the remote and romantic charm of the bundu. We're apt to be a bit high flown and particular when we're young."

There was a pause; then,

"Depends on your view of romance," said my old friend. "Your notions would be different, for instance, from that of the Varsents."

I'd never heard of them and said so. Cumberledge spoke in a slow thoughtful manner which made the nature of his remark the more peculiar.

"Who are they?'

"It's a case of 'were,' not 'are,'" came the reply. "They're both dead, man and wife. They died a couple of weeks ago, within a few days of each other, the wife following the husband. It was the obituary notices that put me in mind of them—in a way. I'd known them for years. Quite nice notices they were, too; mention of their long, happy lives together, with allusion to their children and grandchildren all prospering or giving promise of it. There was only one omission, which wasn't surprising though."

"What was that?" I asked. Cumberledge had paused to light his pipe again.

"How their married story began. I think that would have added a bit to the human interest. As it happens, though, I'm about the only person knows it. Old Varsent himself told it to me. And I'd never known it, but for a moment of expansion on his part, a couple of years back. It was exactly, too, oddly enough, Christmas time; the old girl and he'd never spent Christmas apart, but their youngest daughter—herself married and with a family, almost all grown up, and living in Salisbury—had been taken ill suddenly, and the old lady had gone in to see her urgently, leaving Old Dad Varsent on his own, and feeling it.

"I looked him up, and we'd a drink or two—one more than he usually took—and he got a bit expansive about life, as they do at that age. I remember he said I might like to hear about it, being a bachelor, and, he said, missing most that mattered in life. It struck me, if I'd been a writer, I might have made a story out of it," added Cumberledge. "Only I'm not, but a beak, and not even that for more than a few days more, dammit. Perhaps you could?"

"I wonder," I said, cautiously. It was a caution born of experience with the many who volunteer such offerings.

Cumberledge started to tell me the story. Only he didn't tell it as I'm doing. He dished it out with repetitions, and recapitulations, and "incidentallys," as a man does when he chats. But, owing to his training, he gave all the facts, and I've filled in the background and that.

* * *

When Colin Varsent first struck Maroko as a young settler, it was more or less as it had been during my time; a handful of widely scattered homesteads, in the neighbourhood of Diriguya River, with the Mapanda Mine the hub of the area.

Like many in those days, Varsent had come straight out from the Old Country, and looked it. His folk had found him the cash and he'd bought a holding there. He was a youngster in his early twenties, with a boyish face, and what with that and his accent and general style, he had a lot to learn.

"New chum all right, with knobs on," said the mine shift boss after Colin's first real appearance in public; that was at a pleasant little welcome party, given, as per old Rhodesian custom in those times, at the Government quarters and where, on top of everything else, he had to get on his hind legs and acknowledge Bell's speech.

"He's a nice boy, Joe," replied the shift boss's wife, to whom the opinion had been offered. "Give him a chance to settle down."

As it turned out, young Varsent was in luck that way, because quite soon he found encouragement to do so in earnest. On the mine itself, there were two girls, no less, and of his own age. One was the big store owner's daughter; the other, second-in-charge at the busy post office. And, though working at the mine settlement, and in those days, they were high-school educated, and easy on the eye—and in no hurry to team up with the first he-man falling for them.

But Varsent was a different cup of tea, as they both quickly decided at the welcome party. And Varsent, being what he was, noticed them, too, and it crossed his mind that the Mine might in due course offer brighter leisure than he found on the solitary farm that was his home. And presently, with readier access in view, he sunk some of his remaining cash in a horse—no risk in a high elevation locality where there was no fly—and was at considerable pains learning to ride it.

Reaction to the developing situation was prompt.

"Nice state of things we're coming to in the veld!" The speaker was the shift boss's wife, a week or two later. "Two girls—**two,** mind you—on to one man—the hussies!"

Harsh words, though natural enough at that time, in a country where men to women were three to one, and less.

But, even at that, the speaker was short of the odds, if she'd only known it.

"Just my luck! It's South African."

There was a third. But when you said that, you'd said about all. She didn't even know the dashing young Varsent, with the looks and the style. She didn't live on the mine or near it. Her name was Fourie, and she was the eldest daughter of Hanse Fourie, an Afrikaner (we used to call them, and with no offence, Dutch in those days), and an early settler who'd prospered, but like many of his type then, had held to the plain Boer way of life.

His daughter was like him; a real product of the veld. She was just out of her 'teens, but with a full firm figure and mouth, brown hair, and eyes wide apart with gaze as steady as a young heifer's and her complexion was that warm tan produced by fresh air and the veld sun. When she'd anything to say, she could speak either English or Afrikaans (with no thought of disparagement, we called it the "Taal" then); but largely she was silent in two languages.

Now, though she'd never exchanged a word with young Varsent, she had seen him as early as most. The occasion had been the welcome party, staged at his first week-end. The week-end was the time for her one regular trip to the Mine, where she went for her dad on farm business to the store.

That Saturday, however, had included an extra call, which was at the Government bungalow, on the Civil boss, an old friend of her father's about some labourer's pass. The Civil boss's wife had of course asked her to stay for the afternoon, but with her trip home before her, she only accepted a cup of tea quietly in a corner of the roomful of guests, but her eye had glanced at the young newcomer, then returned to him slowly, and more than once, and finally fixed themselves on him, as with a rather flushed and boyish face he made his little speech.

It was then she spoke herself:

"Ach, what-t!"

She spoke, but without sound, from between half closed lips, which the next instant shut tight, and from then on never alluded to him. But she heard of him often enough after; too often for her. During her visits to the Mine store, and not then only, she more and more heard his name, and connected to one or other of those bright and polished young women. She heard all sorts of rumours. She heard everything except something final. As time went on she wished she could hear something final. It was her only hope of cure.

The trouble there was young Varsent himself, if you can put it like that. His bother was he'd struck too much luck. Those two girls at the mine were both so rather much in their differing ways, that for his part he felt he couldn't make up his mind. As near as a toucher it was of being happy with either charmer when the other wasn't there.

But at last he pulled himself together, and after a long debate with himself, came to his resolve, and, having done so, and in view of the fact that too much of this sort of thing was bad for the day's work and progress, decided that the sooner he could conveniently put matters to the final test and done with it, the better.

And for what he had resolved on, the best available time was the week-end. Because, with his choice made, so to speak, at the week-end the store and its staff was up to the neck in work, but the Post office staff had their free half day, after Friday's weekly mail rush.

So, fixed in purpose and all set, one Saturday afternoon young Varsent started out on his fateful trip.

Now, as already hereintofore mentioned, the afternoon of Saturdays was also the time for Fourie's daughter's weekly business trip to the Mine; and by the same route, namely the old rough main road which was really little more than a bush clearing, with river ford half way, and reckoned a crowded thoroughfare in those times if three items of traffic traversed it between dawn and dark.

More than once the veld girl had imagined herself meeting the handsome young newcomer along the solitude: when, as always between white folk in such circumstances, he would at least speak to her, passing the time of day, say. Her thoughts went no further than that. But they never had met, for the simple reason that his place was some miles further in, so he joined the road nearer the Mine, and, as her own schedule never varied, she was always well on her homeward way before he was.

That particular Saturday, as it happened, she started out just a shade earlier than usual and merely as a precaution. With December getting towards its third week, the rains had turned on a heavy spell, and while her normal time for the trip with the light but roomy spring

cart drawn tandem was around an hour, wisdom suggested a bit of a margin against the likely conditions to be encountered on her route.

She found she judged well, too. No rain had yet fallen that day and the Rhodesian veld air was like champagne, but more than once she'd been well up to the spokes in pot holes. As she breasted the slope with the Diriguya River at the foot of its other side, she speculated on just how much it had risen.

A pace or two more by willing animals, and the crossing was in clear view before her. A glance at it, and with a sharp intake of breath she drew up. The current was rippling fast and strong over the rough stone track emerged in the water. But that wasn't the reason for her action.

At the entrance to the ford, on a boulder to one side of the road, a man was seated, and for her that glance was enough even before he sharply glanced up at the sound of her wheels.

For a couple of heartbeats or so she remained stationary with her eyes fixed on him. Then, carefully releasing her brakes, step by step, with taut reins, she descended towards him.

"Good afternoon." And he rose, but very gradually to his feet.

He'd spoken to her at last. But she didn't seem to hear him. She noticed that he rose with difficulty.

"What's the mater?"

The abruptness of her tone slightly took him aback. He explained.

As he'd made to enter the ford a bit ago, his horse, missing foothold in the strong current, had shied, swerved, thrown him clear, and turned back home. He tried to go after him, but an ankle, damaged in his fall, had prevented him. It was nothing; he only felt it when he tried to walk. A boot was unlaced where he sat.

She jumped down from her driving seat, fixed reins to a branch and before he realised it was kneeling and running over the foot with quick firm fingers.

"You're lucky," she announced, as she replaced the boot. "It's nothing. Only you can't move on your own for a bit."

"I **am** lucky," he said. "God knows how long I might have had to stay here."

"Ach, well," she replied. "You'd be better here than wasting your time with those grand town girls over at the Mine.

He gasped and turned red.

"Oh! What's to do with you?"

She flushed too, right down to her open neck. But her tone had been calm; her gaze steady.

"It's as much my business as theirs—yet." She took breath. It seemed to shake her oddly. "Listen. I've tried and tried. It's no use. It's been like this from the moment I first saw you.—It's love; that's what it is—real love!"

He stared at her, pop-eyed. "Lo—You're—Y're mad! I hardly know you."

"Know?" She stood, arms akimbo over him, "What do you know of those girls there? Only their talk and pretty clothes. **That's** no good for a man like you for a wife. Look at me, now? Aren't I finer woman than either of them: the sort to give you real love, and look after a farmer's home?"

"Thanks—thanks very much. But I'll make my own choice about that."

She ignored his sarcasm. "You won't, though. My lord, no. If you don't think quick you'll find yourself inspanned with one of those fancy girls; the one in the Post Office, I think—yes, with the grand telephone voice. She'll spend all your money. A lot of use **that** for a farmer!"

She might be mad, this girl, but she seemed to know quite a bit about him.

"You—You quite finished?" he asked acidly. "Or have I to stay here the rest of my life."

"I'm waiting for an aswer. I've asked you a plain question," she persisted. "**And** let me tell you there's more than one around here who'd jump to have your chance."

"For heaven's sake give one of them the chance, then."

"Is that—is that your last word—really?"

"Don't be crazy!" he burst out. "Come on. Be a sensible girl, if you're going to give me a lift."

She paused—paused for quite a long while—motionless, eyes fixed on him sitting before her on the stone. Then on a sudden, she gave a big shrug:

"Ach well." She sighed. It seemed to ease her. "If you won't—you won't . . . But before we start you might say you forgive me."

Her tone and attitude had a mixed effect on him. He was relieved. But he was also touched. She must have meant what she said; and he'd been a bit brutal perhaps.

"Forgive you, forget it. There's nothing to forgive."

"Prove it, then," she replied.

"Prove it? How?"

"Well," she said, "you could give me a kiss—just to show we're friends."

It was an invitation he never refused, so long as the girl was right, and come to look at her she was certainly that. The fact was, he hadn't really looked at her until now.

"I don't mind," he replied. "But that's up to you. I'm awkwardly placed, sitting here."

In a flash she bent over him. He touched her lips. They were marvellously soft and cool. The touch became a pressure, returned with the strong young arms about him.

At last, not without effort, she broke away. "My!" she gasped, a hand propped against each of his shoulders. "That was a big kiss for forgiveness, wasn't it?"

He looked at her again, warm and vital—a long look, and when he spoke again his voice was throaty.

"I—I—don't know that—well—that I want to forgive you after all," he said. "Suppose I tell you I've changed my mind?"

"Don't be — don't be **cruel,"** she cried. "You're laughing at me."

"Laughing? I am not. I'm serious—I've never been so serious in my life."

A radiant smile lit her face. "You mean that? You mean it really?—Then it's time I got serious, too—Up! Up! Come on, my dear!"

And, arms about him again, she got him to his feet, then into the cart, and with him seated there close beside her, quickly turned back towards the nearest place for first aid and rest—her father's farm.

A nurse was reporting to hospital superintendent that the man under her care didn't think he was getting enough attention.

Superintendent: "Well, give him what he wants."

Nurse: "I'll resign first."

The hardened traveller was flying home from the East on leave. At each place where the 'plane touched down, a little red truck dashed up and refuelled the 'plane. As they landed for the last time before reaching England, he turned to his fellow passenger and remarked, "This 'plane is making good time, isn't it?" "It certainly is," replied the other, "and that little red truck isn't doing badly either."

DEFINITIONS

Freebooter: Penalty kick.
Gamekeeper: Tennis marker.
Cross-purposes: Belisha beacons.
Cri du coeur: Dog bark.

THERE'S NO RETURN

"When you leave your village as a young man you leave it for good. There's no going back at all. Unless, of course, you go and make a fortune in Australia and then you might return as a sort of false Squire, and you'd have to spend the rest of your life standing everybody drinks and apologising."—Lauri Lee, speaking in a programme.

Selected sayings by Abe Martin, the "Hoosier Sage":

"When a feller says it hain't the money but the principle of the thing—it's the money."

"When a woman says I don't wish to be mention any names—it ain't necessary."

"The feller that puts off marryin' till he can support a wife ain't very much in love."

"It's no disgrace to be poor, but it might as well be."

"Success may go to one's head but the stomach is where it gits in its worst work."

One night, approximately three o'clock in the morning during the busy Christmas season, Mr. Marshall Field, the former head of one of the largest department stores in the world, received a telephone call at his bedside which he promptly answered. On the other end was a dear old lady who went on at great length for some ten minutes to describe to him her pleasure in a hat that she had just bought. She told him of the fabric, of the shape, of the trim, how well it suited her, how pleasant the sales person had been, and Mr. Field, wishing to be as courteous as always, listened attentively until, finally, it was a little over his head and he said: "But, madam, please tell me why you are calling me at this time of the night to tell me this?" She said: "I will indeed. Because your wagon just delivered it."—(Iscor News.)

. . "SPOTS" . .

By INGWENA

"Yank" Allen, my old friend, used to say that there is nothing in the veld so dangerous as a leopard. He has long passed to his happy hunting grounds, but he knew what he was talking about when he advised me on veld-craft and big-game hunting. He said: "You must be careful of lions, wary and cautious with elephant, more so with buffalo, and doubly cautious with "Spots," the leopard. Cats with spots are quicker than lightning and worse than poison. When you think they are very much dead they usually aren't!" Yank was a Texan, a professional hunter employed on Liebig's Ranches in the Mazunga-Nuanetsi areas when I knew him in the early 1920's. He had twice been caught napping by leopards and had each time been badly mauled.

I was a rookie in the B.S.A. Police in those days, as were many other young-old-soldiers of the Great War. The Sergeant i/c at my first station in the Gwanda District was a character known to the troops as "Expectorating Robert," alias "Spitting Bob," from his habit of chewing thick twisted tobacco. There were four other Troopers, all hard cases, with myself the youngest. "Bob" and I never seemed to get on together, and we disagreed many times to my loss.

One one occasion, the festive spirit being in the air, and in the troops, Bob and I had an argument and he left the Barrack Room where we were celebrating the holiday, in a huff. A little later he bellowed for me from the Charge Office. Being a clean, smart and promising youngster, according to the D.S.P., and a "prune" according to the troops, I answered immediately, "Coming, Sergeant!" I dashed round to the office doorway, there to be met with a barrage of tobacco juice. I gathered that I had been elected for duty that evening. I was to "Get out of those blasted togs and into uniform and try to show I was a policeman as well as 'the man who won the war'!" More precise instructions followed and I had no option but to obey. I'd had it coming to me and I'd got it, so it was no use grumbling.

So there was I cooped up in old "Ikey Moses's" smelly kaffir store on Christmas Eve, watching for an elusive burglar, while the other troops and all the local farmers went to sun-downers, dinner and dance at Dhlodhlo Farm. My Native Constable was watching the store from the stable outside, so I took up my position inside the store behind the counter, and near the cash till, in a deck-chair. A nice, promising Christmas Eve!

The store was a very old brick building of two storeys with a corrugated iron roof, and barred windows on each side. The door on the west side was fitted with a Yale lock. Inside the store a counter was in the centre, while shelves packed with trade goods lined the walls. Above this room was a loft to which access was gained by a trap-door in the ceiling, and from the outside by ladder through a door in the north wall. I put my revolver within reach under the counter, and settled down in the chair to start my vigil. I badly wanted to smoke, but daren't as I may have disclosed myself to any intruder.

All was quiet until about 9 p.m. when a thunderstorm arose and heavy rain fell. The wind rattled the rafters and windows of the building and every sound seemed to be that of someone trying to break into the store. Eventually the storm passed and I fell asleep. The next I remembered was that the rain had stopped. As I became conscious I heard something move. A flash of lightning momentarily lit up the interior of the store and I saw a naked native drop from the trap-door on to the counter. As I rose to grab at him my right leg gave way under me and I crashed into the shelves, bringing down a lot of goods with a clatter. My leg was limp from retarded circulation through sitting still. The native jumped off the counter and ran to the door, which he opened from the inside and made off into the dark. As he went through the doorway, I fired two quick shots, but I missed him. When I went outside I thought he had got away, until I heard a groan from near a wagon which was drawn up in front of the store. I found that he had fallen over the disselboom in his hurry to get away and broken his right leg. With the help of my Native

Constable and the store boys we carried the prisoner to the Police Camp. From there I sent a message to "Spitting Bob" to say there had been an accident and he should bring the doctor and troops to camp from the dance. I also left a message in the office for Bob reading: "Here's your Christmas gift from a policeman."

After removing my belt and tunic, I put on a white shirt and sports coat, but still wearing uniform breeches and field-boots I hurried over to the dance. When I arrived the dance was over and most of the guests had gone. Ikey Moses was there, and when he and my host heard of my capture, they plied me with their congratulations and a good many "spots."

In the early hours, and just before dawn, I started off alone on my way back to Camp. I was in a somewhat befuddled state when first starting off and my progress was a bit erratic. At first I found the pathway through the bush and went blithely on my way. The heavy rain on the clay soil made walking rather a sticky job. Suddenly I realised that there was something following me, so I quickened my pace. I could distinctly hear the soft pad of an animal's paws behind me. When I stopped, the padding stopped, as I moved on so it started again. I was being stalked. I knew there was a large male leopard in the area which had recently killed many sheep and badly mauled two native herd-boys, so I was scared. My hair stood on end and I had a nasty prickly feeling down my spine. I started to run. As I ran so the pad-pad-pad increased in tempo.

I made for the spruit which was half-way between the farm and the Camp. The water was running knee deep as I waded across. I got to the opposite bank as quickly as possible and then turned and watched for my pursuer. I picked up a large stone and waited. Nothing moved for some time, then a big leopard appeared on the path and it came slowly down to the water. I was afraid "Spots" would cross the spruit, so I yelled and hurled the stone at it, then I turned and ran. When I got up the bank and on to the level again I made good going, but I could still hear the soft padding of paws behind me and ran as fast as I could.

I must have been the fastest thing with two legs on earth. I was something of a sprinter in my young days, being last out of our front-line trench when Jerry got in in 1918, but first back at the support lines, and I've read somewhere that a hunting leopard is faster than a race-horse when full out, but that leopard had a job to catch me.

Just as I was nearing the Camp, with only a few yards more to go to safety, I felt the pads falling close behind me and then they struck on the calves of my boots at the back. I let out a yell and collapsed.

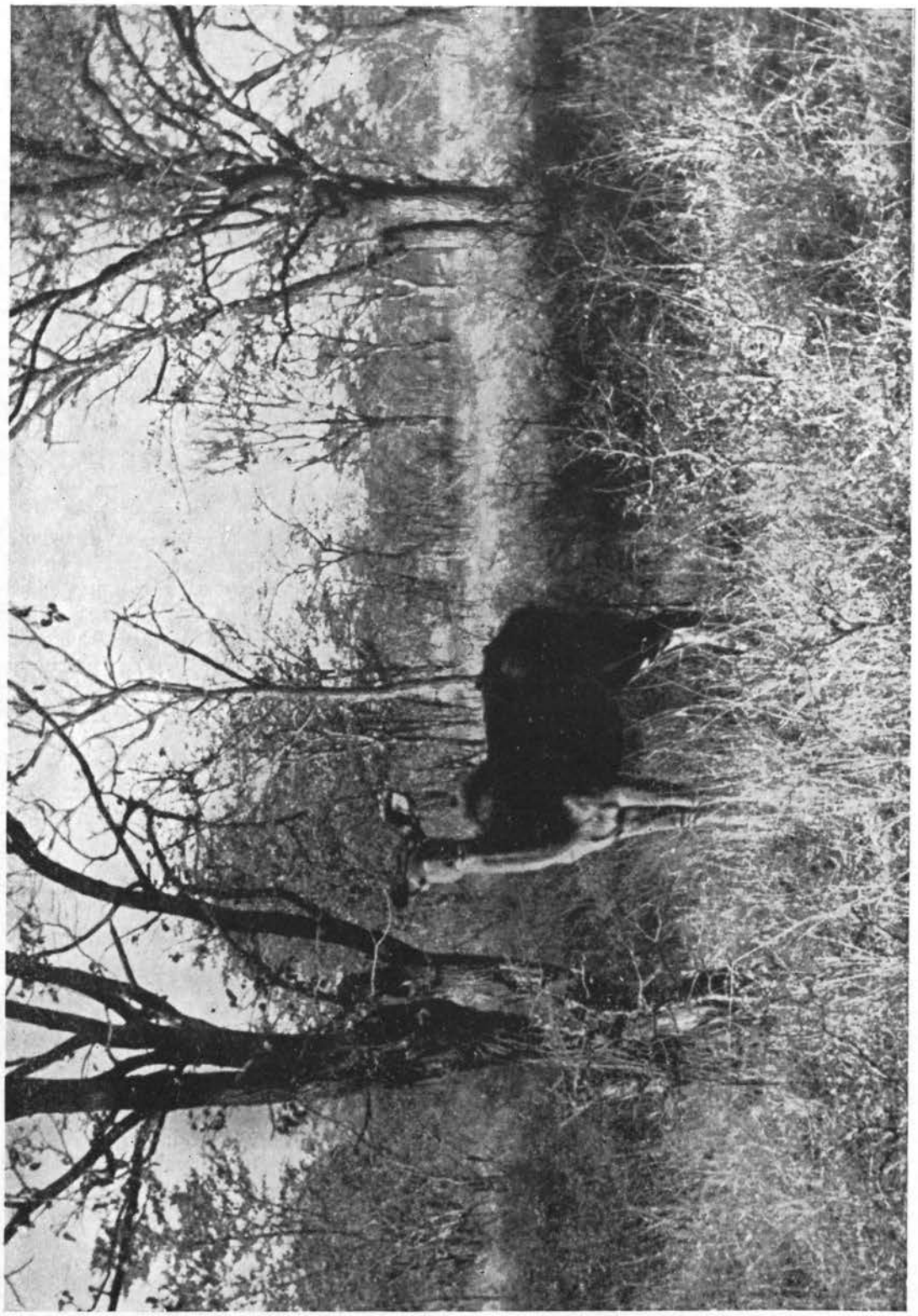
When I came to, the troops were reviving me with brandy and I told them I had been chased and nearly caught by a leopard. They laughed and thought I was pulling their legs and they told me to take more water with my "spots." To decide the matter, we examined the spoors on the footpath in daylight. There were only the bootprints made by my boots from the spruit to the Camp—from near the farmhouse to the spruit was my spoor, and that of a big leopard which had followed me down the path. The leopard had not crossed the water, but had turned back into the bush where we came across its body. It had been poisoned.

It wasn't until some days afterwards, when I again had to use the path after heavy rain, that I discovered the cause of the fright which had nearly killed me.

As I walked, the rubber heels of my field-boots picked up the sticky mud and at each step dropped a dollop of mud just behind me. This fell with a "plop" and caused the continuous padding sound as I ran or walked. When I was travelling fairly slowly at a run, the falling mud struck the back of my legs on the calves. I felt a perfect fool to have been frightened over this and didn't dare say a word about it for fear of ridicule from the troops, and I sold those boots at the first opportunity when I got back to Camp.

It just shows that "Spots" of one kind or another are not too good for one. Anyhow, Cheerio and a Happy Christmas to you all.

African Laundry.



KUDU

Your New Reading

By John Colophon

This Man's Wickedness Was Unique in our World

The man was Hermann Goering, son of the one-time Governor of former German South-West Africa; soldier, airman, misfit in a world of peace, No. 2 Nazi, instigator of the Nazi Concentration Camps, slayer of his friends, drug-addict, art connoisseur, finally fugitive who dodged the gallows by taking his own life at the last minute of the 11th hour.

In *Marshal Without Glory* (Hodder and Stoughton) Ewan Butler and Gordon Young, both noted journalists and writers, have written what must rank as not only the definite life of this sinister figure, but a book filled with new facts that illuminate. They trace Goering from his soldier-cadet days through World War I and his daring as airman, to his days of hand-to-mouth living until the Nazis finally got power, his insane lack of scruple, in getting to the top, and the follies and weaknesses that hindered rather than helped the Nazi air force in the 2nd World War.

It is an astounding true story, which should be with you shortly; a drama and human document that, like its subject's guilt, stands unique.

Books for Christmas gifts: Experience has taught me that they are the best of all gifts; not merely Christmas Books; any book with genuine interest in it. Here, then, are some for wide choice.

Oddly, but truly, great numbers of folk to-day are interested in the modern press and all about it. Bernard Falk, famous Fleet Street figure for long at the very heart of things, has produced in the queerly-named *Bouquets for Fleet Street* (Hutchinson), a volume which, for facts galore, sketches of Press personalities, big and small, and all that has gone and to-day does go on behind the scenes, cannot be surpassed. Press Lords, their deals and dealings, their characters; famous editors and journalists, their careers and their ways; above all, the ways (and many are hard) of press life itself: here, in a full and utterly accurate big book, fascinating in every line, is the whole thing.

The Saturday Book, 11th Year (Hutchinson), is a very special kind of gift; planned for Christmas, but to read and browse over long after. It is a miscellany, gorgeously produced, that covers all sorts of out of the way subjects, each handled by experts who beguile as well as instruct. High lights of this year's issue are a magnificent series of coloured illustrations of Mounting Guard at Buckingham Palace, and two remarkable short stories by H. E. Bates and Josephine Blumenfield. A starred gift.

"*Boleh*", by Commander Robin A. Kilroy (Hodder and Stoughton), a rare thing, is the story, told with verve and the most graphic of detail, of a voyage by five men, in a tiny junk-styled vessel, from Singapore to England. It is entrancing; to my mind one of the best of such narratives ever published.

The good broadcaster is, despite contrary notions, rare; the really fine, 1 in 100, says Alistair Cooke, British-born, naturalised American, who, with his weekly B.B.C. American Letter, has caught and held a vast world-wide audience, is not only a superb "mike" man, but, reinforcing this, a great journalist. He is informative but not overpoweringly so; various to a degree; and wonderful in his powers of apt description; character or place: he finds the right words for either and for much more. Happily, in *Letters from America* (Hart-Davis) he has now put in more permanent form a selection of his famous weekly treat. Here he gives us 30 of his best efforts. They range over the whole U.S. scene; and incomparably. I predict a big demand for this book; a pushing enterprise immensely worth while.

No Halt at Sunset, by Elizabeth M. Harland (Benn), is the daily diary of an English country housewife, but done, as for success such things must be done, with humour, colour and individuality. Mrs. Harland richly succeeds; and since the farm wife's life is, largely the same everywhere, I'm sure women everywhere will like this book, which incidentally, is full of most valuable practical hints and of delightful recipes.

A gift book peculiarly welcome is *The Treasury of Humorous Quotations*, by Evan Esar and Nicholas Bentley (Phoenix House). They range through history and embrace both British and U.S. authors and folk of fame. The book contains, too, a special index for instant reference. This is a volume of rare appeal, and of utmost value as well.

For young folk: Messrs. Longmans have just completed their beautiful re-issue of the "Andrew Lang Series" with *The Rose Fairy Book* and his rendering of *The Arabian Nights*. They are lovely volumes, both in content and production, and are specially illustrated by the well-known artist, Vera Bock. Any youngster will delight in them. With them, though different for perhaps a different taste, might go the special book of the film *A Christmas Carol* (Ward Lock), starring Alastair Sim, handsomely got up and containing four splendid colour plates and more than 60 photographs. And the text is Dickens—unabridged.

For young folk, I further star the new David Severn *Crazy Castle* (Bodley Head), though, for my part, I find as much pleasure in my annual David Severn as any youngster. This time it is the history and the mystery of a missing pony, Pride of Persia, owner Heather Stubbs, and those alert young people, the Stubbs and the Warners, start to hunt for it; their quest leading them into all sorts of adventures and thrills yet all quite credible; that power is David Severn's secret and the reason for his unique place as a writer for young folk. This is as good as any of the "Warners" books.

In *Flame Over Africa* (Hodder and Stoughton) Eric Leyland, creator of friend "Flame", takes David Flame on a big adventure; his biggest yet. The local colour is not overdone of its type; the pace a cracker.

Fiction.—In *The Man Who Killed the King* (Hutchinson), Dennis Wheatley has written his most ambitious, and in one reviewer's opinion, his best book. It continues and brings to supreme crisis the adventures of Roger Brook, secret agent of Pitt, during the worst and last days of the Terror in the French Revolution. The story is of his deeds and escapades there, in fulfilling a special mission given him by Pitt, when life in Paris was a matter of here to-day and gone to-morrow (by way of the scaffold). Mr. Wheatley, against a background wonderfully accurate gives us a story packed with action and leading up to a superb finale. It's a vast canvas; the pace never flags; the characters are firmly drawn; and the core of the plot is really ingenious. The book outdoes any "Pimpernel".

I urge you not to miss *Silvester*, by Edward Hyams (Longmans). This, like all this remarkable author's fiction, is a story with a moral; a blend of seriousness handled with a humour that is bound to get you. It opens with (in this age of awesome and perilous scientific mysteries) the action of a well-primed junior naval officer in welding to the mast of a warship a certain contraption. The trouble is I can't tell you more or it would spoil the story for you. Mr. Hyams stands alone in his class.

An So Hold On, by T. Rumsey Hamber (Cassell) is the story, with African setting, of two men who made and ultimately exploited a valuable find; and of what happened to the survivor in the world of civilisation and big business. The conclusion, though not of itself pleasant, is realistic; but the book is marked by quality; holds you securely; and gives promise of considerable things from Mr. Hamber. *Speed Triumph*, by Pierre Fisson (Putnam), translated from the French by M. P. Moseley, breaks new ground in fiction; the story, of modern high-speed motor racing, seen through the eyes of the hero, professional speed merchant himself. It is spare, terse and vivid from end to end; it opens to view a new world to the reader, and an exciting one.

My pick of whodunits this month: *The Case of the Borrowed Brunette*, by Erle Stanley Gardner (Cassell); a Perry Mason crime riddle, in which one of eight lovelies leads to multiple thrills and riddles; as ever, quick Gardner action, and a neat solution. *The Night I Died*, by William Irish (Hutchinson); a collection of crime riddles, by an author who, in long or short stories, hits the target every time. *Murder at Large*, by Sydney Horler (Hodder and Stoughton). Horler never fails you, either; and here, with H. Emp, Esq., the new Horler investigator who first appeared in "Master of Venom", the Horler name for excitement is well sustained. *The Moving Target*, by John Macdonald (Cassell); Texas background and then California for the puzzle of the disappearance of Ralph Sampson, rich oilman; Investigator Arless on the trail. An unusual and at times peculiar trail it is, with violence and many twists.

The new PAN books include a trio which will make, at 2s. each, a gift welcome to any reader: *Mary Wakefield*, another "White Oak" novel, by the clever and indefatigable Mazo de la Roche; *Tales of the Supernatural*, by a dozen world-famed hands; *Too Many Cooks*, by Rex Stout: a Nero Wolfe detective story of the brilliance which has given this author, with his Wolfe character, fame far and wide.

Station Notes

MATOBO

Time marches on. Many of our older members will remember the Fort Usher Police Post, situated on Honeydale Farm 20 miles from Bulawayo along the Old Gwanda Road in the Matopo Hills. In case they have forgotten, I hope these notes will serve as a reminder of pleasant memories of the good old days, or as they would say, way back in the year so and so!

The old wood and iron buildings are still standing, but they have lost there one-time polish. They look absolutely weather-beaten and the worse for wear and tear. The surrounding country remains the same. The Fort Usher store, now owned by Mary Eeson, with her fourteen children, is still there.

Such characters as Jock Brebner, Harry Huntley, Percy Ross, George Klingenstein and Billy Jones (I believe one time R.S.M. of the Corps) are names of the past, but they still remain legendary figures. Old Charlie Fryer is still at the Terminus running his native store.

Golati Farm (at one time occupied by Fousham) was turned into a native area and incorporated into what is now known as the National Park. Bill Benzies is still in the land of the living, and is working for the Natural Resources Board. The Agricultural College closed in 1933 and was re-opened in 1935 or 1936 as a Preparatory School for boys. It is now known as the Rhodes Estates Preparatory School. Next to the School is the Rhodes Matopos Estates controlled by the Agricultural Department. It is an experimental station in research of Animal Husbandry, Pasture, Plant Pathology. The present Director, Mr. Rattray, was at one time a pupil at the College.

The Terminus Hotel, the old rendezvous for honeymoon couples, was closed in 1935, and the building was turned into Native Department Offices. The puffing billy that brought many a person to the terminus and then on to Rhodes' Grave was withdrawn from service in 1948. It was a pity to see another relic of the past disappear.

In 1936 the records of the Old Fort Usher Post were moved to the present Police Camp, now known as Matobo. The camp site with a park-like effect is situated on Hazelside Farm, 24 miles from Bulawayo on the Bulawayo-Antelope Road. With the records came the first N.C.O. at Matobo, Jock Logan (now deceased). After his retirement in 1940-41 (?) the station was taken over by "Bongolo" Burbidge, who has himself since retired, and is now working as Assistant Farm Manager at the Rhodes Matopos Estates. With Burbidge is another old member of the Force, District Clerk J. R. Thompson.

So much for the past. What of the future? Well, it is entirely in the lap of the gods. In time I have no doubt that Matobo will be a suburb of Bulawayo. Gone are the days of the patrolling trooper.

Adjoining World's View Farm, where the founder of the Colony is buried, is the Matopos National Park. The Irrigation Department are building dams and making roads. Hundreds of natives will be moved to another part of the district. It is proposed to make this park one of the Holiday Resorts of the Colony. It will, I believe in time, be run on the same lines as the Kruger National Park.

Well, Mr. Editor, I wish you and your staff every success in the production of the Christmas Number of the Outpost. In the past there has been an abundance of reading, and I am sure that this year's copy will be an even greater success. Before rising for the last time I would like to send greetings to you, Mr. Editor, your staff and readers of *The Outpost* for the coming Yuletide.

J.B.

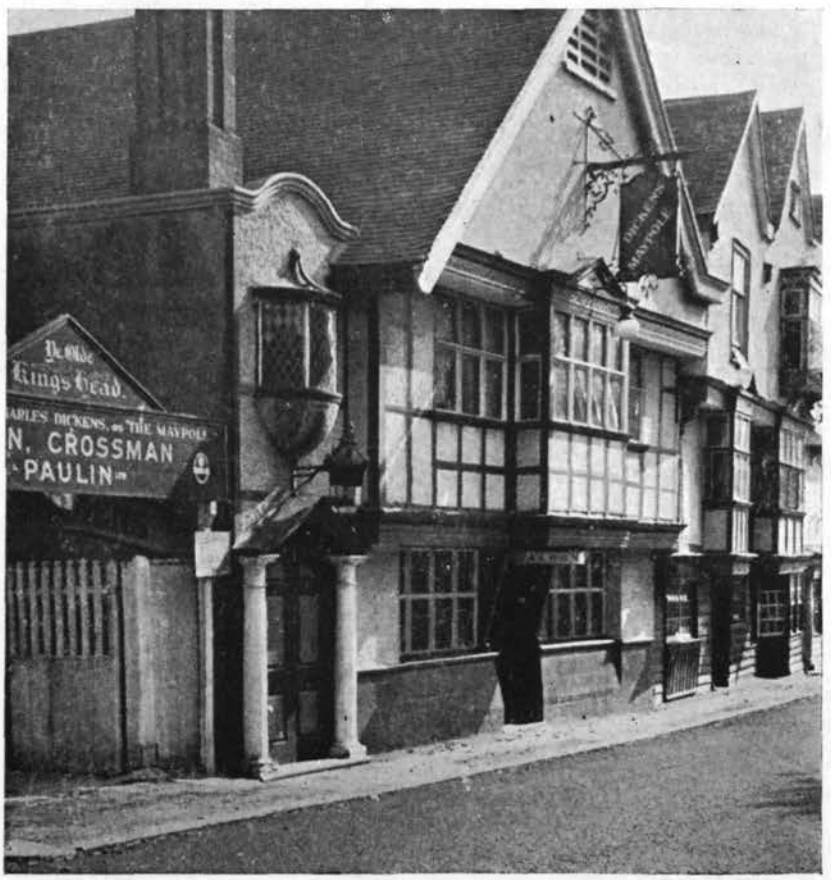
MASHABA

Time was when I could address a typewriter with confidence and hammer out yards of drivel which frequently gave rise to some doubt as to my sanity. Now either I am senile or sane; the literary torrent is stemmed. Harking back down the years, I recall with nostalgia the day I saw that picture "Calling D for Dog" in the Christmas number of 1947, my nervous reaction and subsequent loss of equilibrium and pink gin, my pet money spider, Suzan, whose affectionate habit of spinning her web from my nose to my blotter proved so endearing. Mangwe, where I wrote fiery letters to the Editor after removing the hen and her eggs from the typewriter.

But time marches on, to reminisce is to retrogress, to quote Freud, so let us not retrogress, transgress or let any other gress grow beneath our dragging footsteps. Onward to the future—a glowing future filled with swotting, sweating and swollerin', the rosy prospects of promotion exams. and their attendant note to Ordnance "Chevrons, sets of, returned to store" in reply to his kindly gesture "Bars W/O, first issue." Decent types these Quarter birds, real gentlemen, aristocrats of sterling character—greetings to you, friends, it'll be nice hearing from you. I'm a great believer in auto-suggestion.

Having dealt effectively with an early and rapid rise to fame I relinquish roseate anticipation and grudgingly return to the mundane wherein the offspring bites the ear for a three-speed bicycle, the wife, bless her heart, wheedles a washing machine and the demands of the remainder are drowned by the cook boy's request for a rise. I bite the dog's ear for a share of his bone.

My colleague, Cox A. R. B. who reads *The Autocar* and *The Times* and whom I sometimes suspect of criminally excluding a blade from his razor, threatens to proceed on home leave in April next year. His burning problem is the relative advantages of a Sunbeam Talbot or a BRM. I also suspect him of chewing our copy of S.O.'s; he aspires to the higher society of the N.C.O. rank.



The King's Head, at Chigwell in Essex, where Charles Dickens stayed on many occasions and was the Inn referred to by him as "The Maypole" in Barnaby Rudge.

You may have gathered that our current form of amusement centres around G. and L. and Statutes Vols. 1-5 and that impossible collection of amendments known as Standing Orders. Has it ever occurred to you that every time you chuck that tradesman's circular addressed to Trooper Wotnot (now on transfer Limapunzi) into the W.P.B. you are contravening S.O.'s? It's a soul-shaking thought, what?

We have other forms of diversion. The recent construction of a "Jokari" court enables us to develop that springy stride and clear eye for which we are so much admired. A Football-cum-Polo Crosse ground under development has caused the A.P. to work themselves into a lather of enthusiasm, and fatigues have lost their former sting.

Gardening operations in the vicinity of the office completed, we had an Inspection. After circling the perimeter a couple of times the O.C. was heard to comment mildly, that it would be a good idea to include a gate in the walls. Strangely enough this had been overlooked. We had become accustomed to the diversion of watching others perform a dying stag leap, and it was without doubt an intriguing pastime watching the various types of stags. Another interesting item is our creeper. It grows five inches over night, I take my oath. Ask Bob Burns; we sat and watched it. This luxurious and malignant effort proves something of a death trap to the unwary. We are still short of a camp follower, a scotch cart and one flag-pole, which were last seen parked in the immediate vicinity of the creeper.

A recent and regular visitor is Nick Carter, now Labour Inspector at Selukwe. Like "The man who came at Sundown" he spins a yarn with a most disconcerting twinkle in his eye.

Whilst in Umtali the other day I visited their dirt-track. The polite, self-effacing murmur of Lieut. Brewer's V8 compared with the crackling professional roar of the other cars, reminded me forcibly of my wife and I discussing Policy.

Here's hoping you enjoy an interrupted Christmas with plenty of Beer-drink brawls, cook-boys not working, and what have you—the festive season wouldn't be the same without them, would it?

377C.

FILABUSI

With Christmas nearly upon us, we feel we cannot be absent from Station Notes this month, so before going any further, may we wish District and Town cops alike, all the very best, and a not too sober Xmas!

Things will be a bit changed here at Xmas, as our ambitious Trooper (in future S/Insp.) Drummond is off to try new lands, when he leaves to take up his appointment in the Swaziland Police, on the 18th December.

I have heard from a reliable (?) source that our local store has implored him to stay, as they are anxious about their sale of refreshments when "Tex" leaves us. On enquiry from the Commissioner of Swaziland Police, our member i/c, S/Inspector Wordsworth, assured him that Tex is not in the habit of rolling cigarettes with one hand, neither is he bow-legged, and he does not carry a forty-five slung low. Such are the stories of Tex which have drifted to Swaziland!

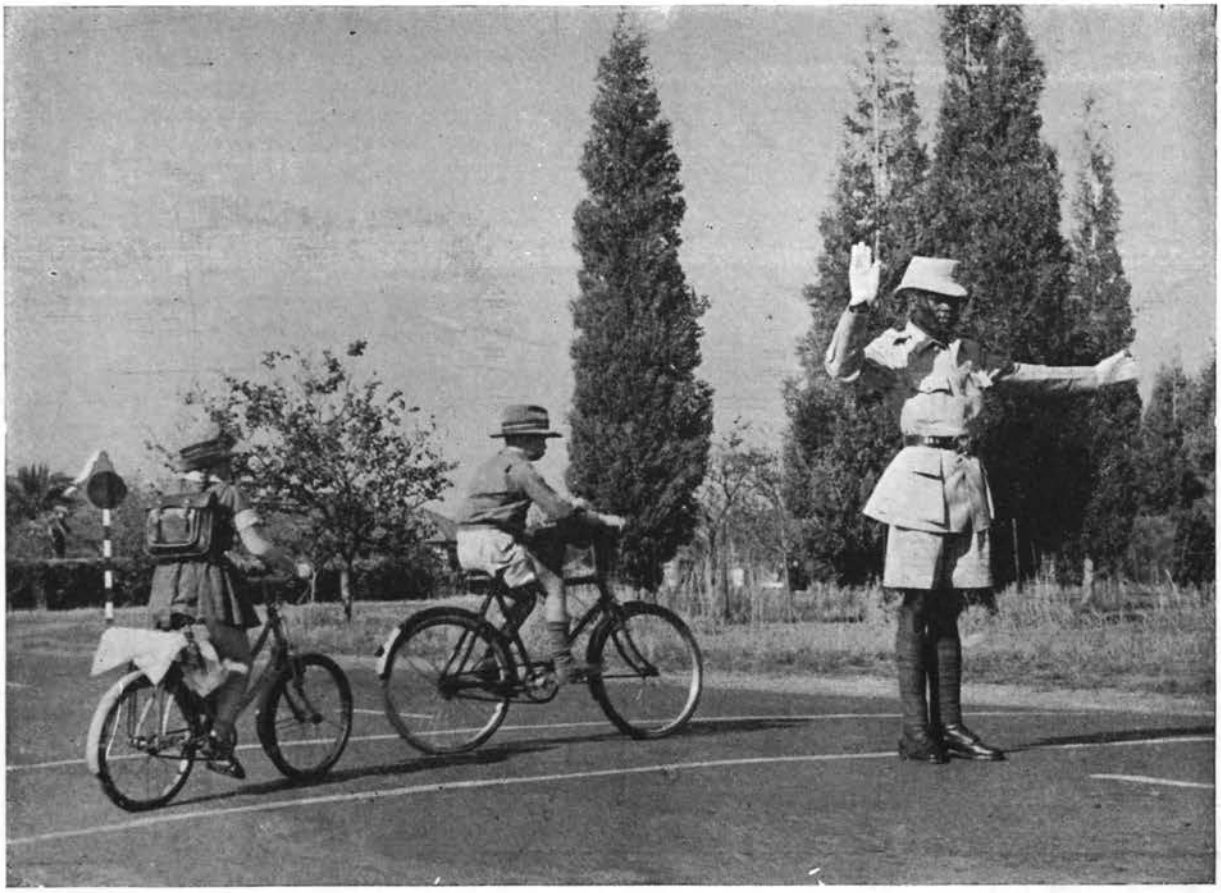
Sergeant Monty Isikson continues to make a name for himself on the cricket field and on the tracking field, too. Last week he spent a full day in the bundu on his hands and knees following a trail of mealie-meal, after a grain store breaking. He now "flashes" an old briar pipe, and a magnifying glass is sometimes evident. Shades of Sherlock Holmes! But, thanks to his efforts in our garden we are enjoying a ceaseless supply of vegetables, which is doubly welcome, since it keeps the messing costs down, too.

Constable Mike Brough has been contravening all rules regarding normal working hours by a sudden enthusiasm for late-hour working. We now feel it necessary to place an all night guard on this member, as we have found him slipping into the office at 3 a.m. to continue his favourite pastime—work! Such a disease, which attacks certain chaps after some time in the District Branch.

After frequent patrols per P.M.C. Constable Joe Phelan, ex-Depot, is gradually realising just what a difference there is between First Street, Salisbury, and the bundu tracks. After one particularly rough patrol he was heard crooning "Oh My Aching Heart" or something that sounded similar.

On the whole we have been having a quiet time here and as we have just had our S.D.O.s' inspection we feel we can look forward to an unhurried few weeks till Xmas. Then, of course, everybody will be dashing around, mainly to and from the 'fridge.

PAT.



1st PRIZE.—PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.
The African Constable on Traffic Duty is a good example of race relationship in the Colony.

WEST NICHOLSON

Amongst the stunted mopani, West Nicholson residents still slumber and sleep as the Umzingwane strongly ceases to flow. To fall inadvertently into the local water supply would necessitate a good dusting down followed by prolonged treatment for gravel rash.

Although our one horse village is looking somewhat dehydrated, we must console ourselves at this time of the year with thoughts of our good neighbours at the Bridge and other low veld stations.

Sergeant "Bill" Callow is at present enjoying some well-earned leave in the Old Country, and since his departure, the local First XI have been seeking another Skipper to lead them on their merry and eventful way.

Sergeant "Monty" Isikson, who is still on a Cook's tour of Matabeleland, took over this station for a spell and must be weighing the advantages and disadvantages of being a bachelor officer, non-commissioned. We wish him luck at his new station, Filabusi, and will watch his Daniel Boone career with interest.

After a somewhat varied leave in England and on the Continent in his export Minor, Sergeant Hatton has come to rest at this none too restful haven of the Universe. He reports having narrowly missed Ex. No. 4043 "Sir Bertram" Bob Duffield, that unconscious comedian of Flesh Pot fame, who at the time was making tentative enquiries into his chances of being accepted by the N.R. Police. Also Sergeant Charles Davies, late of Mphoengs.

Constable Alan Best has been successfully following the small white spherical thing which bounces when hit, and is subject to the game of chance affectionately known in this weather as "Tshaya Dammit". His name has appeared in print more than three times, and coupled with his tennis prowess and attendant thirst, should be well in the running for Victor Ludorum.

With no third arm of the law to lend a hand, there is never a dull moment and tempus fugit, to say the least. So, Mr. Editor, until monkeys chew tobacco or the Umzingwane flows again, whichever is the latter,

SIYAPILA.

BUHERA

While it is freely admitted that much water has flowed beneath the Chidzikisa River bridge since last this station appeared in print—that is, print in *The Outpost*; I am not referring to typescript, as the local File 36 will shortly have to be reinforced owing to increasing bulkiness— it must not be thought that the station has ceased to exist. On the contrary, it is very much a reality, despite the fact that our Native Commissioner, newly arrived on transfer from Goromonzi, assures us that some members of his own Department are unaware of exactly where Buhera is situated. After all, we are only 50 miles south-east of Enkeldoorn and 96 miles north-west of Birchenough Bridge, so any intending visitors to the station have a choice of either of these routes—not to mention inlets from Odzi, Wedza, Gutu and Inyazura; so we are not so far off the beaten track as some might lead you to believe. Admittedly, types from Enkeldoorn, Odzi, Gutu, etc. have little occasion to come and visit us, as we have not a great deal to show them and there is not an awful lot to do here; but if one likes a reasonably quiet life—quiet after office hours (6.15 a.m. to any-time-you-like-to-mention), of course — interspersed with the odd game of tennis and the odd sundowner party, with a soothing view from the office of the good old granite kopjes; and if one likes getting out on patrol every now and then into the country between the Sabi and Devuli Rivers; and finally, if one resigns oneself to the inevitable (by which I mean 50 miles to the nearest pub)—then I can see no reason why anyone shouldn't apply for a rapid transfer to Buhera (G.F.A. and postal address "Via Enkeldoorn").

Having waffled about nothing for a whole paragraph of doubtless precious space, perhaps it would be as well to mention some matters that might be of interest to others.

The present personnel at the station consists of 1/Sgt. Gray, Trooper Martin and Constable Roffey. The two former have been stationed here throughout the year, while Constable Roffey joined us from Gwelo Section in September, taking the place of Constable Winter who, after a year at Buhera, thought that it was about time he dealt with a "my boy won't work" complaint, and departed for Enkeldoorn, which station we hear, he likes.

Tennis is well on the go here, and all members are keen, those stationed here in the past may be interested to know that the Native Department tennis court is back into use again. Arrangements also are in hand to start badminton on the lawn outside the single quarters (old temporary married quarters); that should manage to sweat out the surplus beer.

Those members who were here since 1945 will interested to hear that the Native Commissioner, Mr. Champion, after six years at Buhera, was transferred to Chibi during October; although gone, he is not forgotten, as he has left behind him his horse and donkey, which can be said almost to form part of the local landscape. We believe that these beasts will shortly leave en route to Chibi, but it is doubtful if "Lobengula" (the donkey), whose age can only be guessed at, will survive the long trek. Mr. Masterton, ex Goromonzi, has taken Mr. Champion's place as Native Commissioner.

Those who have worked with that old hand No. 8424 A/2/Sgt. Dina—and there must be many of them—will be sorry to hear that he was injured during August, when he was crushed against a wall by a truck; however, he has now recovered from his injuries and is stationed temporarily at Enkeldoorn.

Interest at the moment centres around the proposed new water supply from the Chidzikisa River; all sorts of new pump houses, filtration and purification plants, storage tanks and what-have-you, are or will shortly be in the course of erection by the Irrigation Department, and maybe sometime next year the local population will be able to have a bath every night—there's no knowing.

The Rabies Regulations have given us a bit of extra work since September, and at the time of writing some £250 has been collected in deposits. One sometimes wonders at the evident attachment the local native has for his indigenous breed of greyhound . . . but then, of course, one appreciates that the African keeps his dog for one purpose only; town-dwellers can be left to ruminate over this one purpose.

On looking through these notes, it becomes evident that a lot has been written about precisely nothing; however, the Editor, I know, has *carte blanche* to expunge any matter considered not of sufficient interest.

In conclusion, may the Editor long continue his sterling work. If I manage to get this little lot in the post in time for the December publication, then here's wishing him and all members all the very best for Christmas and the New Year.

Cheerio from Buhera—

CITOTA.

Chivalry is man's inclination to defend a woman against every man but himself.

C.I.D., BULAWAYO

We take this opportunity of wishing all our readers a happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year, and may all the well-known criminals "In quiet lie" throughout the festive Season, in order that the Policeman's lot be a happy one.

Our congratulations this month go to Detective Sub-Inspector C. A. Schollum and his wife, on the birth of a daughter; also to Detectives J. B. G. Colquhoun and C. Robinson, who were married in Bulawayo and Que Que respectively. They both received gifts from their colleagues in the Department, and our best wishes go to their future happiness.

Recent visitors have been 1/Sergeant Ted Travers, i/c Fort Rixon, who studied the system in operation at the Criminal Record Office, and Trooper Tony Cox, from Mashaba, who came to Town for a spot of leave recently. We also saw Detectives Bomber Davidson and Ian Dixon, from Salisbury and Gwelo, who sat the recent promotion examination.

During the past month we said farewell to R. H. Earnshaw, who has left the Corps, for his home in the Channel Isles.

The weather upset most of our sporting plans recently, but on Sunday, 25th November, we played the Doctors and Nurses, in a tennis match at the Camp courts. This resulted in a C.I.D. victory by 116 points to 89 points. Our team was as follows:—Detective Inspector G. C. Digweed (Captain) and Mrs. Kelly, Detective Sub-Inspector F. Drysdale and Mrs. Digweed, Detective Sub-Inspector H. S. Hodges and Mrs. Harris, Detective 1/Sergeant G. Alderson and Mrs. P. Ward, and Detective 1/Sergeant P. K. Allum and Mrs. E. H. Bunce.

CARURO.

CONCESSION

Seeing that it is the festive season, we think that it is about time this Station burst forth into notes again. When we last appeared we should hate to say, but it was somewhere in the dim and distant past.

The strength of the Station consists of Sub-Inspector Godwin who holds the fort, ably assisted by 2/Sergeant St. Jorre and Constables Browning and Shepherd. Constable Richardson has left us for a short spell in England and by the time that these notes reach the printer he should have finished his leave in Beira and will be on his way.

Life still goes on the same way here, but things have been brightened up, thanks to the P.W.D. who have just finished painting the Quarters and the Office. It is now a delicate shade of cream and green, and looks more like a hotel than a Police Camp.

Constable Hollis has left the Station on temporary transfer and is at the moment at Umvukwes where he is assisting Paddy Reese. He hopes to be back by Christmas; if he is we hope that his dog will be house trained. Living in a tent at Umvukwes should help.

We were all very sorry that Mrs. Godwin has been taken seriously ill and hope that she will be back at Concession by the time Christmas comes around. If she is not, then we would like to wish her the happiest of Christmases and hope that it won't be long before she will be back.

Any old timers who knew Concession will be surprised to see the new tar road that is in the Camp, but the most surprised were the Troops themselves for the tar seemed to appear from nowhere. We now hear rumours that Mr. Godwin is going into the road making business, but perhaps that is only a rumour.

Well, time flies, and so does space, so we will bid you farewell from Concession. We hope even if the Hotel has no licence there will be plenty of Christmas cheer, and, we hope, no calls on Christmas Day.

NYOKA MU USKWA.

"Pity he didn't learn to play snooker."

BULAWAYO

There is definitely a different tone in Bulawayo Notes this month—Yes, indeed! Tra-la-la! For the newly-formed Bulawayo Police Philharmonic Preselective Synchromesh Male-Vice Percussion Choir has got off to a "Goody-goody" start.

At the moment this sphere of activity has been confined to Urban Branch Members, but District Police may yet include a gargle-bottle in Patrol equipment. A distinct elevation in culture is the noticeable result and it is now established that "O.B." stands for Offen-Bach and not, as heretofore, the Occurrence Book.

The first public appearance of the Choir was a great success. Several ex-members in the audience were reduced to tears and one was later picked up in the City in a delirious condition. He stated everything was all right till he came to the closing bars (which is still 9.30 p.m.). One very amusing incident occurred during the performance, the tenor soloist being shot out of hand by an irate member of the audience. What was considered to be a clear case of Justifiable Homicide was a little tricky when it was found the deceased was suffering from dumb rabies and the noise discovered to have been made by a passing wheelbarrow. All however, ended well, when it was found that the shotist was an Animal Health Inspector. (Any Station finding this Docket among their correspondence may return it to Bulawayo Town as the Inspection is now completed).

At the moment we are sticking to straight stuff like "Who is Sylvia (Byo. R.C.I. 34/8/1928 "Accd. not located"), though an experimental "Samba" with castanet effects by false teeth proved a flop. My own impression is that Sea-shanties would probably stand the strain better than most, though there should be a little more "Bottle of Rum!" and not so much "Yo'-ho'-ho'" Looking forward a little, and a trifle ambitious I think, is the mooted suggestion of setting the C.P. and E. Act to music in time for the next Eisteddfod*.

It should be comparatively easy afterwards to frame a suitable indictment in terms of the Police Act, Opus 113, in A flat Major.

Later on it is hoped to field two teams in local events "at times when Police are not expected to be about" and it is anticipating Standing Orders will be suitably amended (several times) to deal with Boards-Medical: Tonsils, mutilation of.

In closing (largo, pianissimo) here's wishing luck to the new venture. In Bulawayo, a Policeman's lot is all "Gilbert and Sullivan."

**Eisteddfod*; n. "a congress of Welsh bards" (the last word is *not* abbreviated).

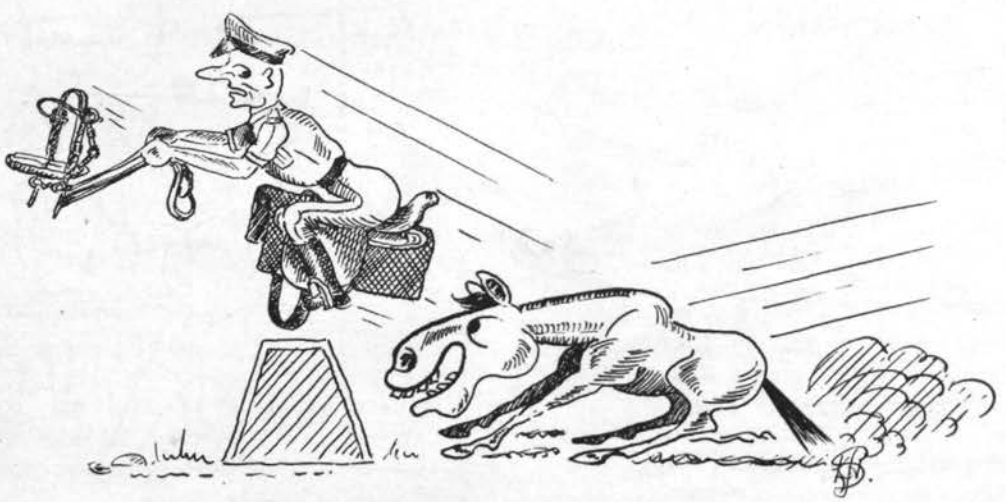
DOUBLE BASS.

GUTU

With the coming of Christmas we feel it a bounden and pleasant duty, with apologies to those who have never heard of Gutu, to make our presence known once more.

At the moment, the station is manned by 1/Sergeant Jock Hunter, 2/Sergeant Bill Bailey, Constables Bill Hollington and Andy Armstrong. Looking back over the year, we notice that we also had Troopers Avery and Gethen here for fairly long spells.

We hear on good authority Trooper Mike Avery, now at Umvuma is swotting very hard for next year's Promotion Exam. and at the same time saving very hard for next year's Long Leave



to U.K. We all wish him luck. To Meyrick Gethen at Zaka we can only hope that Force Orders may give him a lift one of these days.

During the year we have lost many of our Ex-Police in the other Government Departments at Gutu.

Archie Wells, N/C., went to Mrewa, Jack Brendon, A.N.C., to the cool pleasures of Nuanetsi, Stalkie Saunders, L.D.O., to Rusapi. We send them all our good wishes. Mr. "Bungho" Simpkins is our present N.C. with Colin Loades, of Part-Time Training Camp fame, as A.N.C. Unfortunately, Mr. Simpkins is leaving in December to take over the post of Commissioner of Native Labour in Salisbury. While we will miss his cheery presence on the golf course and tennis court it might be that in the future we will call upon him if we feel the urge to follow in the footsteps of Charlie Aust, Ali Baba, Jock Simpson, and other stalwart members of this Corps, who are now adding lustre to the ranks of Native Labour Inspectors.

Sergeant Bill Bailey got married in June and is now well settled down to married bliss, whilst we have benefited by the presence of a charming addition to the married folks at the top of the hill. Not only decorative, however, but useful as Lorraine can swipe a tennis ball with the best of us but one.

Bill Hollington takes Vacation Leave in March, 1952 and is travelling up Africa overland by jeep, via the Sahara Desert to one of the ports of North Africa from where he and his companions will embark to Marseilles, across Europe to the Channel ports, thence to U.K., they hope. After giving the matter careful consideration they have decided not to travel via the Suez Canal Zone.

The newest addition to our staff, Constable Armstrong, did his first mounted patrol the other day. It was, of course, through the Gutu Native Reserve. After he had returned it was discovered that in the allotted time he had covered twice the area that he was supposed to have patrolled having been led astray by an ardent African Constable. He apparently was covering about 50 miles per day, mostly in pouring rain, on a diet of "poop" and pumpkin. These are the days. They did not make them like that in my young day

Now for a true funny story. A few months ago the member in charge had the large sum of £3 stolen from the corner of the lounge settee where it had been placed a few days before by his spouse for safe-keeping On the discovery of the crime intensive inquiries indicated that the theft could only have been committed by one person, a hard labour prisoner who had been working in the room on the day in question. With usual acumen and cunning it was decided not to mention the stolen money to the suspect, but to wait until he was discharged from gaol; then to check and search after he had reached the gate of the farm where he was employed. As Scotch blood was to the fore, the matter was not forgotten and the prisoner was duly discharged. Prior to his departure, however, a trusted member of the African Police had already left on his assignment.

Two days later the trusted member returned complete with prisoner and a large quantity of new kaffir truck including a part worn pair of flannel trousers. The prisoner admitted having stolen the £3 but said that he had expended the money at the local kaffir store immediately after his discharge. In view of the plea of guilt of the prisoner, the storekeeper was approached with a view to taking back the kit and refunding the money, less a slight discount, to the hard-up i/c. This was done but the storekeeper refused to have anything to do with the pair of fine quality flannel trousers mentioned above, which he said, could not possibly have been sold by him to the thief at the low price quoted, and suggested that the trousers must have been stolen from a European in Gutu.

Following upon this information the member i/c proceeded to his house upon further intensive inquiries. They proved to be unnecessary. One look in the wardrobe was enough.

Sequel: Gaol Inspection at Gutu one month later.

On the prisoners being asked if they had any complaints the thief stepped forward and said that he wished to complain about his money. On being asked to elucidate he said, "With the money I stole from the *ishe* I bought the flannel trousers from the *ishe's* cook-boy. I want my money back."

And so from this pleasant headquarters of the famous Vakaranga nation we will say farewell and our best wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all past and present members of the Corps, including Ginger Jackson at Umvuma.

I.W., Junr.

From an A.T.S. recruit's reference: "She is noted for her ability to work hormoneously with others."

Engineers, it is rumoured, are baffled by the fact that some girls with the most stream-lined figures offer the most resistance.

RUSAPI

Travelling to the Eastern Districts, one is apt to glance with disdain at Rusapi. Just another farming centre, that's all! Let's get off the train or the car, and give the Hamlet a look over.

Normally, the first place of call, is the hotel. This is conveniently situated, and many old friends to be seen quenching their thirst, prior to getting down to work. Among voices raised, one cannot but help hearing Johnnie Johnson and Happy Haslem recounting their hectic days spent in the force.

We then move to the industrial sites, and visit such places as Premier Service Station, and a certain Hardware shop adjoining. In the former, and sitting behind a piled "IN" tray, we see our old friend Ted Webber. Next door, C. W. W. Gamblin will be found sorting out various grades and sizes of nails, screws, bolts, etc. Tony is also one of Rusapi's City Fathers.

If one happens to glance upwards, Roy Smart may be seen circling his Bonanza over the town, hoping to make a three-pointer somewhere in the region of the City Airport. Roy is farming in the district, and as his able manager, has Colin Mackenzie, another ex-member.

Jimmy Hartley is also farming, and it is with regret we learn of his intention to leave and start his own little place near Gatooma. The European Night Patrols in this sector will miss him, I am sure.

Coming back to town, let us have a look at the site of Law and Order. If one finds difficulty in locating the Camp please ignore the sign-posts, and take the opposite direction. As we enter the drive please take avoiding action with regard to the ant hills, irrigation ditches, etc. The C and I Office itself cannot be missed, as it must be one of the oldest buildings in the town, if not the district.

The main office normally houses Troopers Bert Carby, Ted Tyrer, "Don Juan" Seward, and Jan Jannaway; I am sure that members of the public when confronting this quartet think twice about their complaint. Ted and Jan are recent arrivals.

A small office opening off the main one, discloses what appears to be a padded cell. Here we find Trooper (surely the oldest in the Force) "Penga Penga" Temple-Murray, who at the moment is 2 i/c.

Moving further afield, we arrive at the office of the Member i/c. Here we find Sub-Insp. Murray at work. Job himself, should take a lesson in patience from him.

The camp itself is changing face, and I am sure that if the mood persists, we may qualify for the position of honour, by being the Smartest Turned Out Camp in the Force. It's amazing what imagination can do to the human mind. It is also hoped to run a home farm on the premises, so that the camp gannets can be fed at a lesser cost, thereby resulting in the money saved, being put to better use.

It seems to me that, with this effort we have fulfilled our duty and put Rusapi back on the map. So we take this opportunity of wishing every member, and ex-member of the Force, a Merry Xmas, and a happy and prosperous 1952.

I add further, that those who are fortunate enough to get leave over the festive period, will be made most welcome, if they should find time to drop in on their way through to pleasures elsewhere.

MAKONI.

"No matter how busy or irritated you are," said the woman supervisor to a class of probationer telephone girls, "always be careful to tell a call-box subscriber to press button B if he is entitled to his money back. Never tell him to press the B button."

"The Tenby Ladies' Choir is undergoing a change of constitution by the addition of male singers.—"Tenby and County News."

The Road Block.

VICTORIA FALLS

On checking through the murky pigeon holes of the past, we have come to the conclusion that we have not been in print for so long that, were it not for the actual Falls themselves (and of course, the attentions of D.H.Q.), this far-flung hive of industry, on the borders of the Colony, would have faded into glorious oblivion many years ago.

It therefore falls upon our scribe to once more put the Falls on the map, so here goes. Present staff consists of Sergeant Peter Hawke and Trooper Guy Brooke-Smith in uniform, and Det. Sergeant John Stanyon as Immigration Officer, with a spot of "gum-shoeing" as a sideline. Also at the offices are several members of the Customs and Immigration Departments, one of the former being "Pop" Hawke, father of Sergeant Hawke.

Previous members of this detachment will, no doubt, be interested to know that the inhabitants of the district have hardly changed in the past years, and apart from the influx caused by the Colonial Development Corporation at Matetsi, the population is very much the same. Similarly the roads, or lack of same, are almost unchanged and Sergeant Hawke recently distinguished himself by getting the Austin A70 "down to the axles" twice in one day, during the first rain at Matetsi this season. Poor show, even if there was a lot of rain in a very short time. Friends of Trooper Brooke-Smith will take note that he is still living up to his name of "Wrecker," although he denies that it was his fault, the P.M.C. slipped, up to the petrol tank, in the only deep part of the Matetsi Drift; and that it was his fault the rear wheel came off the Chevrolet from Wankie, early this year.

Our opposite numbers in the N.R. Police across the river have among their staff a number of ex-members of the Corps, a list of which was published in *The Outpost* recently. A healthy co-operation is maintained with these types, although the morning after is not always so healthy, particularly after their recent "Election" party.

The old B.O.A.C. Flying Boat Base, near the Falls, has now been turned into the headquarters of the Victoria Falls Game Reserve and is manned by ex-Sergeant John Tebbit, a one-time member of the Bulawayo Town Police. Recently he had a brief, but nasty, encounter with a hippo, which decided to surface without warning, right under his boat, causing a certain amount of consternation to the occupants. So much so, that one of his natives has openly declared that in the event of another war, he is *NOT* joining the Navy.

John Tebbit now prefers crocodile fishing from the bank, as opposed to tiger fishing from a boat, at any rate anywhere near the haunts of hippo. This occupation of "croc" fishing has been devised by his Barotse natives and may be of interest.

Equipment consists of a double steel hook, about a foot long, a chain trace lashed to a tree, and a smelly baboon carcase as bait. The bag so far has been three crocs, plus one that was disposed of when it tried to devour one already hooked. Any of you chaps who feel that fishing for tiger and bream has lost its interest, are invited to "have a go"; but take a rifle with you and do it on the Northern Rhodesia side, then all we shall have to do will be to advise your relatives without extra work of a Sudden Death Docket.

The recent extract given of radio working from an out-station has prompted us with this one. Some time ago, one of the troops, since left us, was given a message to transmit to Z.E.F.3. The message had been written with the full stops shown as a circle with a dot in the centre and the message started as follows. Message to Police ·····. Radio 45/50. Oh your 71/50." A hasty correction was put over in case Z.E.F.3 started serenading us with the latest dance hits from Bulawayo.

We will sign off by wishing all readers and The Editor and Staff a very Happy Festive Season this year, and hope that the local tribesmen will be sufficiently understanding to give you all a chance of celebrating in the true fashion.

GONDO.

"Right! Now re-assemble!"

MELSETTER

Having perused File 74 I have come to the conclusion that Melsetter has not yet appeared in Station Notes, so, being a "try anything once" type, here goes.

For the benefit of those whose geography is not up to scratch, Melsetter is, according to an ad. in the local paper, "situated amidst the beauty of the Chimanimani Mountains," 98 miles from Umtali and 46 miles from Chipinga. After a decline of (so the older residents tell me) thirty years, the village is at last beginning to progress, and may soon reach the status of a town. A super hotel is in the process of being erected, a country club has been formed (it has not got into its swing yet—the bar has not been built), and we hope to see a bakery in operation soon.

The establishment of this station is one Sergeant, one Trooper, eight African Police, and, I must not forget to mention, one horse, to wit, R/H Javelin, that gallant quadruped which makes the Trooper's life a misery.

Ex-members of the B.S.A.P. in this area are: Col. H. G. Seward, A. E. Bond (No. 2700, I believe), A. W. Howard (No. 3613) and R. J. Greenaway, M.M. (No. 3936). The first two are farming and the last two are with the local Veterinary Department. Another ex-member who was in this area until recently, is J. C. (Buck) Buchanan (No. 3824). Trooper Sutherland is leaving this Station and the Force at the end of this month. We wish him success and happiness in his future occupation.

G.A.S.

ZAKA

On looking through recent copies of *The Outpost* one may see that it is some time since Zaka made an appearance.

Firstly, we congratulate our Member i/c, Sergeant Basil Kelly and his wife, on the recent arrival of a daughter. The other members of this station are Constable Karl Maskell and Trooper Gethen; the latter having recently come to Zaka to replace Sergeant Bill Howard, who has gone to Nuanetsi.

Zaka, as seen by the map, is bordered at the southern end by Chipinga; Portuguese East Africa and Nuanetsi, and most months a European member carries out a truck patrol to this area, which is fairly wild, and which includes a fine view of the Sabi River, and a look round P. and O. Mine, which has recently opened up on the bank of the Sabi. Then there are the Chipinda Pools in the Game Reserve, where many varieties of game and fish may be seen; the former usually keeping to the thick bush; and then on the return trip, the Chongwe Hot Springs, where recently a Government official had his bathroom erected over the Hot Springs. What more could you want on patrol? From there a run through the Triangle Sugar Estates, where they grow about 1,000 acres of cane sugar, and citrus fruits. From this short description of the country in the lower portion of the Zaka district, it may be seen that that is a good deal of variety on patrol.

It my be of interest to ex-Zaka members to know that Dr. Kennedy and Mr. Williams, of Ndanga Hospital are still in the district and carrying on the good work.

Fort Victoria and Zaka will, within the next 18 months or so, be the joint proud possessors of a very fine weir, now being built at Samba Ranch. The weir at present across the Mtilikwe, at Samba, is about 15ft. high and a further 24ft. is being added. When complete the water will throw back to the Chikwirengwe Falls and provide a fine sight to any passing visitors.

Over the last week-end we were lucky to have an inch of rain; this came down in a good torrent; it is nice to see the grass and trees turning green at last, after many months of nothing but scorched earth. But, we consider ourselves very lucky here, in that we have the Chiredzi River within half a mile of the camp, which remained flowing throughout the dry season.

Gethen and Maskell recently did a truck patrol down to the lowest of the four Chipinda Pools; the trip was uneventful apart from the odd tree across the road; and even though the beds were placed on elephant spoor, where other Europeans stated they had heard them crashing past on the previous night, they were not disturbed.

The Police Camp is at present in the process of being sprayed by the Public Health Department; we wish they would make the mixture a little stronger and then there would be an excuse that we were feeling "doped" and could do no work for a few days; however, it seems that we shall have to carry on the same as usual and put up with the smell.

All the best for Christmas and the New Year.

PEGASUS.

Have you heard of the fellow who's the sort of bore who's here to-day and here to-morrow?

GOKWE

Glancing through File 74 the other day, I realised that many crates of beer must have done the tedious journey from Que Que to Gokwe, since our last station notes were sent.

Many readers will probably wonder where this place Gokwe is, and I can only say that you start from Que Que, proceed in a north-westerly direction for about ninety-seven miles, and you might get to Gokwe. I said might, as it all depends upon the road, as it is called.

The members on this station are Sergeant Brink, who has recently arrived from Enkeldoorn, and Trooper Williams, who has been here for about four months.

The rains are upon us and if it continues like this for much longer, there may be doubts about getting to Que Que again for supplies. Trooper Williams has become quite worried, for now and again, he is seen behind his kia, standing over an old paraffin tin standing on a fire, brewing, what he calls "hop beer with a kick."

Three recent arrivals are now at camp. They are puppies named Butch, Pug and Cobber. Being very young they have not been house-trained, but they give us here, who have no cinemas to visit, plenty of amusement; and no more is asked for.

The annual Zambesi patrol was done during August and September, and the patrol returned with exciting accounts of big game hunting and tiger fish. The poor old radio truck however, met its Waterloo in the shape of rough roads and steep hills, and was just able to struggle back to Gwelo, from where it came. I doubt very much if it will see the Zambesi River again.

Well, that is enough for now, and I will end by wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

MUZAMBEZI.

CHIBI

Christmas Greetings to Editor and readers.

May it be celebrated in true style and judging by the first few weeks of the rainy season, not many will need to drink their whisky neat!!

The change of scenery was indeed startling and it was a pleasure to feast ones eyes on the spring colouring of the bush. Members stationed here, namely, 2/Sergeant Holt, and Troopers Horsey Horsman and Mike Oldcorn, recently transferred from city life in Gwelo to the bush, have requisitioned for one pair of wings, water, and one pair of Goloshes, rubber, each. Rains have indeed brought relief to a parched and thirsty low-veld district.

What with Rabies, Foot and Mouth, Smallpox, Leprosy and the local MaKranga, the station has been kept more than busy during the past year. One member is at present wandering round the camp, with moustache drooping at the corners, muttering to himself, with a copy of Gardiner and Lansdown in his hands. Yes, you have guessed it. Mike is endeavouring to brush up his knowledge before the promotion exams next year, but no attempt at brushing up the moustache had any affect; it still drooped. In desperation he borrowed the Native Commissioner's lawn-mower and trimmed it. It no longer trips him up.

Horsey, besides being usually occupied in hurling a cricket ball round the camp, to the consternation of horses, witnesses, African Police, the camp chicken and the Member i/c, is usually found gazing with glassy eyes at the calendar which has been carefully marked off indicating the number of weeks, days, hours and minutes he has left in the corps.

With that, over and clear—no it's raining again.

TAMBA TAMBA.

KEZI

A very happy Christmas, Mr. Editor, and to all readers.

We trust that in the not too distant future you may honour us with a visit. But remember, that, as elsewhere, even Kezi has changed a little down the years. Gone are the halcyon days of Corporal Scott, famous under an affectionate nickname. This old place, founded by other renowned ex-members of the Force, such as Corporal Lewis and Trooper Groom, has a latent charm, which surely grows on one.

As you approach up the drive from the road, between the unusual, but attractive whitewashed stones, you may hear to left or right a sort of hoarse roar, as of a drill sergeant exasperated with his squad. On the other hand, you may hear no sound at all, but feel the painful impact on some part of your anatomy of a small, hard, white object travelling at speed. Looking round for your assailant you will observe at various points around the greensward—no, the word is not a misnomer, strangely enough—red flags, and you will wonder if, perhaps, you may have come to one of the more unpleasant types of institutions by mistake. Then out of the middle distance will

emerge a tall and perspiring young man, in the person of Constable Berry. Following closely, and equally red and dishevelled, will be Constable Dick de Courpalay and Sam Gibney, the latter muttering horribly in an effective, but scarcely unintelligible Irish brogue. They will welcome your arrival if only as an excuse to drop everything to do with the business and partake of a much needed noggin of ale.

Yes, you've guessed it—they are endeavouring to master the intricacies of hitting a small ball round a vast area with instruments singularly ill adapted to the purpose—"Yena lo golf."

You will hear in the course of conversation that the bloke in charge is a little peculiar—but then they all get a bit of a kink after that amount of service. He varies this so-called health-giving exercise of cycle patrols and baton drill, with the new craze, though it hasn't quite reached the stages of an "order" yet.

As you wander round you will see a well-constructed swimming bath—a memorial to an ex-i/c Sub-Insp. Jones—and though the waters vary from slate grey to a deep russet (when the odd dead frog and/or lizard has been removed from the surface with the implement specially provided for the purpose) it is indeed a blessing in these low-veld summers.

The tennis court is in fine trim, so bring your kit, or, if you are feeling particularly energetic there's tenniquoits. The indefatigability (good word that) of the children is also catered for in a corner of the married quarter's garden with swing, see-saw, sand pit and small swimming bath. The latter, constructed out of an old water tank, is one of several excellent marks left by ex-Trooper Andy Bryant, who left recently after two years here for city lights and better prospects (?).

The ladies of the village have worked wonders with the unrelenting veld of the Camp and, in particular, we have to thank Mrs. Goosen, wife of the Land Development Officer, for her unselfish efforts on our behalf.

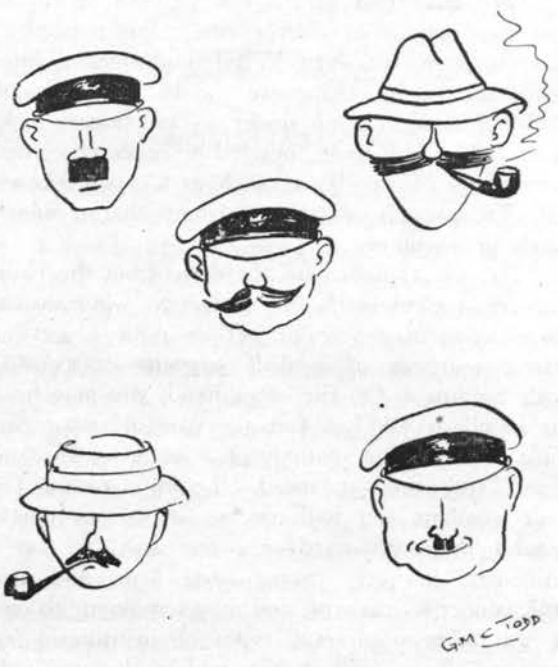
To round off the lighter side there's always a bit of duck shooting on the numerous dams, and there's just a chance we might put in a bowling green.

Yes, funnily enough, we do find time for a little work, too, but as it is a department which rather clashes with the Christmas spirit, let us take it as read for the nonce.

The two best-known Old Comrades in the district are ex-Sergeant Morley Payne and ex-Inspector Charlie Rayner. The former was one time best shot in the Corps, and famous for having served for no less than 30 years between two stations, Plumtree and Essexvale. He now constitutes about 25 per cent. of our dorp, and is attached to the Native Department as a Field Assistant.

Charlie Rayner, of more recent vintage, apparently has not tired of ministering to our African brothers, and now effectively keeps control at the Antelope Mine, as Compound Manager.

ISIDAKWA.



Force Fungi

ODZI

Sergeant Ward arrived in February this year to take over from Sergeant John, who went to Chipinga; Trooper Shield, having returned from U.K. leave, took Sergeant Galloway's place, in September, when the latter got his feet on the first rung of the ladder to stardom and went to Inyazura; and finally Constable Pratt who sees us all come and go, but he is regaining his Emerald Isle accent in readiness for leave next September.

We have had our run of major crimes and minor crime epidemics this year, but it looks as though the C.R. will have less use when the next rain comes along, for with recent purchases of plots in the village, a new road has had to be cut up the steep gradient to the Camp and it seems there will have to be either an air lift for both Police and public to avoid the mud, or R/H Jewel will have to maintain a shuttle service.

Gardening, under the watchful eye of Constable Pratt, helps to serve the mess with a variety of vegetables and if only the local farmers would not pay the fines of their erring employees, and let them serve their sentences we should be able to accept a few contracts, although with such a surfeit of labour our thoughts would no doubt turn to tobacco and the big money. Whilst on the subject of tobacco, one member of the detachment, from being a non-smoker, has become a chain smoker, after having had to carry a body in our nice new Austin Station wagon.

At the time of writing we are looking forward to the arrival of the Pioneers, who will, no doubt, make our outlook brighter, with some decoration of the quarters, but if they don't hurry up there might not be any building left to decorate, if what was heard about knocking out the corner stone of the Quarters, has any truth in it—anything can happen over the festive season.

We have had no visitors about whom we can pass any apt remarks There is little for anyone to come here for, except "I've gotta a boy," and, of course, inspections, in which we have not been neglected. However, at the close of day when they have all gone away, we can sit back and enjoy some very pleasant, restful scenery, and if that is too restful, a trip to the Odzi Sports Club is just the answer to a bachelor's prayer.

Enough said, and anyway the "moonshine" still is needing constant attention if we are to have a Merry Chrishmush. We send our seasonal greetings to all readers, and here's hoping that the New Year brings us fewer dockets from other stations.

CHINYERERE.

UMVUMA

Bung ho, chaps, here we are again. Surprised? Maybe you are, but these things do happen and the old saying "A new broom sweeps clean" applies here.

As those who have been stationed here know, this is a very busy station—simply codles of it, and we often wonder why we are so popular with the Big Wigs. If anyone cares to have a look at our file 36 they may be able to give us the reason. Yes, we've had our quota of inspections, but are we downhearted? You tell us.

Stationed here now are Sergeant Jack Everitt, who at the moment of writing is busy filling in forms, reams and reams of them—he's going on leave early next year. Mike Avery, recently arrived from Gutu, who most evenings—I say most evenings because I don't want anyone to contradict—can be seen swotting. Third time lucky he says. Who knows? It's a pity medals aren't issued for perseverance. Next is Pete Shout. Now there's a case—he was due for discharge on the 15th November (note: at own request—TX), but he's still with us. Isn't it amazing how a good O/C can talk one into staying on. Pity in a way, for we were looking forward to having a jolly good farewell party. And now to the one and only Tom Sandover, who at the time of writing is busy exercising the old nag. He's on patrol. Lovely weather for it, too, just a spot of heavy rain, but then that, of course, adds to the pleasure, as my friend, "Patrolling Trooper," I'm sure would agree. Did you read his article, chaps—in the June issue? Jolly good, wasn't it?

Some of the Fort Vic. chaps will know "Monty." He's here now, behind the counter at the "Falcon." When will "Monty" learn to throw dice—five aces last night.

To end may we please ask your co-operation in this small matter. Umvuma is not open for work between the hours of 7.30 p.m. and 10.30 p.m. Tap the telephone wires and you'll know why. T to F, S to QQ, and M to W. Work that one out. When are they going to build more married quarters?

Not to be outdone by Caruro—"Col." Jackson, ex Force No. 2024 (known to most of us I think) is still here and sends his salaams to all members old and new.

Chow for now—Shabani, let's have some more funnies.

VINOT.

PENHALONGA

Well, it is a long time since the outside world heard any news from this station, which, although only 11 miles out of Umtali, seems always to be out of the sphere of town civilisation. But even so, never let it be said that we do not have our excitements. For example, recently a new Swimming Bath was opened here, and the Opening was duly celebrated in the approved manner. It was rumoured that, to open the Swimming Bath properly, a detail would have to be thrown in. In the circumstances, we consider it very noble of Sergeant Davey to venture down the Opening in his best uniform and shiny new stripes.

We are now a completely married station. We have here the Normans, the Daveys and the Godfreys. At the time of writing these notes,

however, Sergeant Norman is busy packing, as he is going on transfer, and we look forward to welcoming Sergeant Pearman and his family from Inyanga. He will be coming here on 12th December to take over as Member in Charge.

Thanks to the excellent work of the wives, aided by the H.L.P. and scavengers, we have an excellent kitchen garden which supplies the vegetables for the families. Each evening the Godfreys may be seen enthusiastically watering their new garden, themselves and anything or anyone who may be unwise enough to come within range of the hose. Strangely enough, however, there are no cabbages growing on the front lawn.

In the temporary absence of Sergeant Norman, who has been in hospital and on sick leave, we are fortunate to have Sub-Inspector McCall-Smith as our Member in Charge. He comes out from Umtali every day, and returns in the evening, and we believe that P.M.C. 233 could find its way riderless to and from Umtali, as it must be so used to conveying the Member in Charge each day.

We congratulate Sergeant Davey on his recent promotion, and for the excellent party which followed.

There are vague mutterings from the wives about turkey, Christmas pudding, and the quantity of beer to be got in—Roll on Christmas!

It is nearly dinner time, so we say "So long", and a very merry Christmas, from Penhalonga.

TODD.

GWELO RURAL

Another year has almost passed, another year in the policeman's twenty—or is it three by present day standards? However, they seem to pass quicker and quicker each year.

The social reporter, sad to say, was somewhat forgetful in the last notes, and apologies, though not demanded, are offered to those concerned. Belated congratulations then to Constable and Mrs. Plowman. Mrs. Ben is a newcomer to the Colony so we hope that she finds his postings to her liking. For a long time now they have been waiting for marching orders to Umniati. Being a new sub-station, it may be that after making the first entries in every book he can find, Ben will call in the locals to properly christen the new Palace of Justice. Judging by the delays, however, it would appear that the powers that be are decorating the place with red tape.

Best wishes go to Sergeant Ben Hustler's daughter who was christened some weeks ago. Contrary to expectations, the little mite did not, on being asked what her name was, answer like the little girl does in the programme which comes over the air at 8.30 p.m. each Saturday from the local stations.

And in the continued absence of a scribe from the Rural, congratulations to "Sir" Arthur and Mrs. Horner in qualifying for an increase in the C.O.L. allowance on the arrival of a baby daughter.

In response to the Editor's plea for more humour, how about howlers being submitted from examination papers? Members in charge no doubt peruse the papers submitted by the troops twice each year and then there are always those horrible mistakes which come out when the papers of the promotion examination are discussed. On a certain Air station there still might be seen some of the answers given by Naval Airmen who were not going to give up the question without making some effort. One question was, "What is a breast rope?" The answer, of course, is in the Seaman's Manual (not the one quoted by 'Caruro' of Bulawayo C.I.D.) but apparently this candidate had neglected his studies for another kind of "homework" and answered, "A Wren's lanyard." See what I mean?

In the October issue there were some very fine photographs of the Police Sports, 1951. In one it looks as though a high-jump competitor is clearing the cross bar of a rugby goal—just one of those unfortunate photographing accidents. In the same issue we found that the name of Constable M. Edden was mentioned rather frequently, he having won and been placed in certain events, mounted and dismounted. Constable Edden has been with us some two or three months now. His reputation has not yet reached the horses and Cherry and Ike have both so far tried to take the "Mike" out of him, thus ensuring that he keeps in training for next year's Police Sports.

In conclusion, best wishes to all members for Christmas and the New Year and may 1952 bring bigger, better and brighter crime statistics from beside those already mentioned Sergeant Dickson, Troopers Gilbert and Bambridge, Constables Goldie, Harcourt, Bell, Young, Nicholls and

CRANDOB.

SELUKWE

With Christmas almost upon us—the time of merriment and orgies, I think that Selukwe should once again be entered between the covers of the horse and piano.

All sorts of changes are taking place, and have taken place since last news was heard from Selukwe. Our establishment has been increased by the presence of Constable Katz from Chilimanzi. Katz having lived in the bush for the last few months arrived at this station looking very fit—but after seeing the A.G.M.O. finds out that he has practically everything possible wrong with him, from William Harris to falling hair, and any time now is going to be introduced to the "Zigmoidoscope" (the doc.'s secret weapon).

Inspector Brereton's constant struggle with the trials and tribulations of Selukwe and the Selukwe-ites has ceased temporarily. By this time, Inspector Brereton will be somewhere touring the Union, enjoying a well-earned vacation. We wish him a good holiday, and plenty of rest.

1/Sergeant Mays has really been on the vagash lately. Firstly, he popped off to Jo'burg to give evidence, and secondly, he hit the big town of Gwelo to have his eyes tested. It could be that Files 26 and 41 are sending him blind.

With regret we all bid adieu to 2/Sergeant Knight. Doug. has taken the plunge, and transferred to the Law Department. Our best wishes go with him.

2/Sergeant Wilson, recently promoted, is still trying to pass on to the troops the importance of looking for a dark native, last seen wearing khaki shorts, tennis shoes and a torn shirt. At the moment Jock is looking, or feeling, like a pepper-pot, by the constant needle. Apparently Jock thought he was in France instead of the Reserve, and he had Hors D'ouevres consisting of snails and frog's legs.

In general, the troops of this station are physical wrecks. Constable Armstrong had an argument with a dog, while riding his m/c and came off (pun) second best. He now nurses a fractured arm, and answers the telephone.

Constable Stewart claims that horses do not agree with the cartilages—or lack of same—and insists that the S.R.G. push-bike is the ideal form of transport for the Reserve.

Constable Phillips is suffering from malnutrition, brought about by the consistent diet of weak tea, burnt toast and mince.

Constable Wells is still hoping for a bundu station transfer, or if that fails, a couple of weeks in dock with ingrown toe-nails.

Some of the Old Comrades and present Members will be sorry to know that ex-Trooper 1838 David John French passed away on 30th July, 1951. French, a well-liked character in Selukwe, retired to this town after 12½ years' service with the Force and became a great friend of the Police. May he rest in peace. SENOB.

CASHEL

It is, I believe, some years since Station Notes from this station appeared, and I would take this opportunity of assuring the past Cashelites, that the station is still its very lovely self.

The qualities required of a member in charge here are not so much those of a Policeman, but a horticulturalist, as the grounds with their varieties of flowering trees and shrubs, and the expanses of lawn require an almost expert knowledge to keep in prime condition. If this knowledge is not possessed then it has to be obtained elsewhere, in which connection there is, I think, a good case for a copy of the African Gardener's manual being placed on inventory charge.

After much effort a nice show of Lupins was obtained. Joy was, however, short lived, as on seeing them a local farmer objected strongly, stating that they were poisonous to cattle. It was pointed out just as strongly that it was not the intention when planting them to supplement the

"Rain stopped play."

winter feeding of local farmers, but a little swotting of cross pollination added to knowledge, and there are now no Lupins.

Arising from Sudden Death docket 5/51 it was found that a further desirous quality to be found in a member-in-charge, was an ability to build boats and sail 'em. During the course of a swim in a dam which had only filled the previous day a native machine operator who had assisted in building the dam, became the deceased.

On arrival of Police, it became apparent that some form of transport across 100 yards of muddy water 20 feet deep was desired. This was soon achieved with the help of indigenous timber, four empty petrol drums, and 100 yards of 3-inch hemp, which ingredients, when added together, produced not exactly a thing of beauty but what was considered to be a functional vessel, by some, but not, it is regretted, by all present.

Judging by two friends of deceased who were ordered aboard to act as paddlers, they fell into the latter category, and anyone who believes that an African cannot possess a light complexion should have been present, neither did a day of paddling up and down the dam alter the shade. It was a matter of humorous conjecture on the part of the Mapolisa vaviri vavarungu aboard as to just what reaction from the oarsmen would be, should deceased surface in the vicinity of the vessel.

The fact that resultant dragging operations added to nothing other than the store of firewood, did not detract from an extremely pleasant diversion from office routine, and anyway, the body surfaced four days later as we thought it would, in exactly the ripe condition we had hoped by our nautical excursion to avoid, and at this juncture I think a veil had better be drawn over subsequent towing and beaching operations. Although photographs of this exist, they do not convey the true atmosphere, and there was certainly enough of that, as all members who have performed similar duties will agree.

I think that a veil had also better be drawn over this epistle, and will conclude by wishing all readers the heartiest compliments of the season.

MUSORO WEGOMO.

Playful soldier editors of "Yank", U.S. newspaper, printed lessons for soldiers expecting to invade France. In one lesson they were told exactly how to say, "My wife does not understand me."

CRICKET

SALISBURY

Police v. Wingate, 18.11.51 *on the Police Ground.*

Result: Police gained points lead on 1st Innings lead.

Scores: *Police*:

1st Innings: 222 (Reynolds, 71; Bannister, 33).

Wingate:

1st Innings: 107 (Marshall, 4 for 16; Reynolds, 3 for 33).

2nd Innings: 88 for 9 (Marshall, 3 for 31; Reynolds, 4 for 29).

Wingate won the toss and put the Police in to bat first. Given another five minutes play the Police would have won this match outright—with two balls to go, Wingate's last man came in to bat, and in spite of the fact that most of the Police fielders were within only a few feet of the batsman the latter managed to save his side from complete defeat.

This match was a triumph for Reynolds, who after making a very sound seventy-one runs, proceeded to tie the opposing batsmen up in knots. His final bowling figures for the match were: 24 overs, 7 maidens, 62 runs, 7 wickets. He was ably backed up by the newcomer to the side, Marshall, who, as has been said previously, has turned out to be the pace bowler the side badly needed.

Amongst the tail enders in the Police side, Trubi scored a very enterprising 25 not out.

Police team: Sgts. Bannister, Jones, Insp. Bennett, Consts. Reynolds, Hill, Smithyman, Davidson, Rowsell, Shaughnessy, Trubi and Marshall.

Police v. Alexandra, 25.11.51, *on the Police Ground*

Result: Police gained points on 1st Innings lead.

Scores: *Alexandra*:

1st Innings: 114 (Wakeford, 35; Reynolds, 4 for 39).

2nd Innings: 138 for 6 dec. (Forbes, 34 n.o.; Smithyman, 4 for 42).

Police:

1st Innings: 186 (Smithyman, 46; Buchanan, 38; Trubi, 33. Jolly 7 for 75).

2nd Innings: 42 for 6 (Frericks, 5 for 25).

Police won the toss and put Alexandra in to bat first.

Good length bowling, and safe fielding on a batsman's wicket had Alexandra out in their first innings for the comparatively small total of 114. Marshall and Reynolds bore the brunt of the bowling and repeated their performances of the week before.

In the Police first innings the spectators were treated to a typical hard-hitting Smithyman innings. One glorious straight drive for six just about knocked a hole in the sight screen. He was well-backed up by Buchanan, Braes and Trubi.

In their second innings Alexandra declared at 138 for 6 and left the Police to get 60 runs in 20 minutes. In an attempt to get the runs the Police failed by 18 runs after having lost six wickets.

What is pleasing to note about the Police batting so far this season is that there have been no dire collapses. If one person fails, somebody else has followed to retrieve the position. In fact, it can be said that the side has no real 'tail', which is a change from previous seasons.

Police team: Sgts. Bannister, Buckley, Braes, Buchanan, Const. Hill, Reynolds, Smithyman, Davidson, Rowsell, Trubi, Marshall.

FRIENDLY LEAGUE

Police 1st versus Yokels.

This game was played on the Police ground on the 10th November, 1951, and was won by the Yokels by three wickets.

Police batted first and were all out for 99. Only two batsmen were in form, namely, Sgt. Buchanan, who scored 34 not out, and Const. Hider with 26.

Yokels scored 100 for 7 wickets. Thompson, their captain was the only person in the side who reached double figures—a fine 79.

Bowling analysis: Const. Wheeler, 3 for 21; Sgt. Buckley, 3 for 25.

Police 1st versus Salisbury "B"

Played at the Salisbury Club on the afternoon of the 17th November, 1951. Salisbury Club won by three wickets.

Police batted first and were all out for 140. Lieut. Lomas had a sound knock of 47 which included one six and six fours. Sgt. Buckley scored 28.

Salisbury "B", 196. Dovey 51 and MacDonald 45.

Bowling analysis: Buckley, 3 for 39; Pickard, 2 for 25.

This game saw the welcome return to cricket of S/I. Kent after about a three year "lay-off", he showed he can still use a new ball to advantage and when he gets back into his stride will prove a constant danger to our opponents.

"L.B.W."

DOMESTIC NOTICES

MARRIAGES

PRATT—BOTHA. Trooper D. W. Pratt to Miss M. L. Botha, in the Dutch Reformed Church, Somerset East, on 25th May, 1951.

THOMPSON — ELLIOT. 2/Sergeant R. C. Thompson to Miss M. E. Elliot, at Ruzawi School Chapel, Marandellas, on 4th August, 1951.

KISSACK—GULLICK. Constable P. W. Kissack to Miss M. H. Gullick, at Salisbury, on 3rd November, 1951.

BIRTHS

OSBORNE. To 2/Sergeant and Mrs. W. H. Osborne, at Salisbury, on 4th November, 1951, a daughter, Helen Dawn.

SCHOLLUM. To Det. Sub-Inspector and Mrs. C. A. Schollum, at Bulawayo, on 7th November, 1951, a daughter, Linda May.

CULLED FROM FORCE ORDERS

APPOINTMENT

His Excellency the Governor has been pleased, to approve of the promotion of Lieutenant Leslie Blumenthal Goodall, Assistant Superintendent, to the Grade of Superintendent in the British South Africa Police, 15th November, 1951.

RETIREMENT

Captain F. A. Newman, 14.11.51.

DISCHARGES

No. 4327, Const. Johnson, Bulawayo District. "Time Expired," 15.11.51.

No. 4194, Tpr. Dickinson, Gatooma District. "At Own Request," 19.11.51.

No. 4083, Staff 2/Sergeant Marshall, P.G.H.Q. "At Own Request," 24.11.51.

No. 4339, Tpr. Cleary, Gatooma District. "Time Expired," 28.11.51.

No. 4343, Tpr. Sutherland, Umtali District. "Time Expired," 28.11.51.

No. 4347, Det. Earnshaw, C.I.D., Bulawayo. "Time Expired," 28.11.51.

No. 4348, Staff 2/Sergeant Geraghty, Pay Branch. "Time Expired," 28.11.51.

No. 4352, Const. Richardson, Salisbury District. "Time Expired," 28.11.51.