REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER

THE OUTPOST

Established: 1911

PUBLISHED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COMMISSIONER OF POLICE

EDITOR: H. G. BALDWIN

P.O. BOX 803, SALISBURY.
SOUTHERN RHODESIA.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
PER ANNUM, POST FREE

SOUTHERN RHODESIA	12/6
S. AFRICA AND N. RHODESIA	13/-
U.K. AND OTHER COUNTRIES	14/-

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

FEATURES

The Cloisters Memorial

The circumstances leading to the appeal for funds for the erection of a memorial to members of the B.S.A. Police were clearly and adequately given last month and all that remains is that the call shall be answered.

Although this memorial is in commemoration of men of the B.S.A.P. we like to feel that the regard in which the Corps has been held by the general public of Rhodesia for so many years is sufficiently high to bring a response to this appeal; and £250 is not a large sum when we consider the amounts that have been subscribed to various other organisations during the past few years. Scattered throughout the Colony are many who have a genuine regard for the Corps and who would be happy to contribute to such a cause if it were brought to their notice. A judicious reference to this subject by those in contact with such persons would undoubtedly have the desired effect and we hope that all who read this magazine will co-operate.

Pioneer Axe

Another link in the long standing comradeship existing between the Pioneers and the Police has been forged by the presentation of the Axe of the Society of 1893 Pioneers to the B.S.A. Police. In those far-off days the dangers and hardships were equally shared by the Pioneers and the Police, a fact that was recognised when Pioneers agreed to the colours of the 1893 Matabeleland Medal being used by the Police, on its formation in 1896. Since that time, the Police tie has been worn by the 1893 Pioneers and this close association has lasted throughout the years.

The tradition of determination and fortitude that has been handed down to us is not forgotten. These are qualities that built a Colony and to-day we need them as much as ever.

Going Begging

A year ago we introduced quarterly literary competitions and offered substantial prize money to contributors. May we once again draw the attention of all who are interested in maintaining the standard of the magazine, and in the oppor-

tunity of receiving a cheque for their efforts, to the notice that follows these Notes? The entries received are surprisingly few and it sometimes happens that some of the prizes offered are not awarded owing to lack of entries. "Any Aspect of Police Work in Africa" is a very wide field and we feel sure that there are many who have a fund of experience that could be used to mutual advantage.

The Police stations of this Colony hold a wealth of interesting data: from patrol reports to dockets closed "Undetected," to say nothing of the thousands of successfully investigated cases, we could fill the magazine with articles of lasting interest. It is read in many countries of the world and the comments expressed are unanimous in its praise. The effort required is well worth the reward.

"THE OUTPOST" PRIZE COMPETITIONS

Details of the March Quarterly Competitions are published below:—

1. First prizes of £5 5s. and second prizes of £2 2s. are offered for the best entries submitted for publication in *The Outpost* in each of the undermentioned subjects. Entries to be approximately 2,000 words in length—
   (a) An article on any aspect of Police work in any part of Africa.
   (b) A fictional article or short story with a Police interest.
2. The competitions are open only to subscribers to *The Outpost*.
3. The judges for the competitions shall be appointed by the President of *The Outpost* Committee.
4. The Committee reserves the right to reproduce any entries other than prize-winning entries, without payment.
5. The closing date for the competitions is 31st March, 1951.
6. Eentries must clearly marked "Quarterly Competition" and addressed to the Editor, *The Outpost*, P.O. Box 803, Salisbury. Any entries sent under a nom-de-plume will be published as such, but names and addresses of all entrants must be submitted to the Editor.
7. The Committee reserves the right to withhold the award of either the first or second prizes if the entries are considered below the required standard.

1893 AXE PRESENTED TO B.S.A.P.

In recognition of the long-standing comradeship existing between the British South Africa Police and the Members of the 1893 Columns an Axe, the emblem of the Columns, has been presented to the Corps.

The ceremony took place at the Officers' Mess, Bulawayo, on 14th January, 1951, when some 25 senior members were present and in presenting the Axe, Major Cecil Paddon, the Vice-President of the Society of Members of the 1893 Columns, said that only four other Axes have been presented; these were to H.M. The King, H.E. The Governor and Lady Kennedy and the Mayor of Bulawayo, Mr. J. H. Butcher. As one of the survivors of the Columns, Major Paddon recalled his first meeting with the B.S.A.P. in Fort Victoria in the early nineties, when he said, they were already a vigorous and efficient Force.

Accepting the Axe on behalf of the Corps, the Commissioner, Brigadier J. Appleby, thanked Major Paddon and spoke of the early Pioneers and the part they played in building up the Colony. The example they had set in fortitude, determination and courage—if perpetuated by us to-day—augured well for the future of a great Central Africa. He also recalled that the B.S.A.P. had fought with the Columns, and that the Police colours of Blue and Gold were those of the 1893 Matabeleland Medal, and the mutual wearing of these colours was another close bond in our association with the Pioneers. In concluding he said: "A fine comradeship has always existed between us and it is a great pity that there is not more of it in the world to-day."

(Above). The Commissioner, Brigadier J. Appleby, receives the Axe on behalf of the B.S.A. Police. (Below). Senior members of the Force at the presentation ceremony.

When ex-members of the Corps find more than one of their number together—wherever it may be—there inevitably follows talk of the old days in Rhodesia, and a nostalgia perhaps for the comradeship they knew. And when this happens in a big city, the reaction is perhaps even stronger. The latest news I have of such a party is from Johannesburg where Colonel Surgey, in collaboration with Arthur Forrest were arranging a sundowner at the Hotel Victoria towards the end of January. Unfortunately I have not had any more news of the occasion, but hope to hear before next month. They had already found about a dozen ex-B.S.A.P., including McCrann, Don Johnson, Nada Cooke, H. A. T. Child, Fagan, Palmer, Malt, McDonald, and Frank Lethaby and with the addition of one or two other names I was able to give them, there seemed to be the makings of a good party. Out of such gatherings there sometimes emerges a more permanent association: and that is where the organisation of the Regimental Association is so helpful. Although Johannesburg probably holds a fair number of ex-members, there is no branch there, and maybe out of this small gathering we may here more anon. Let's hope so.

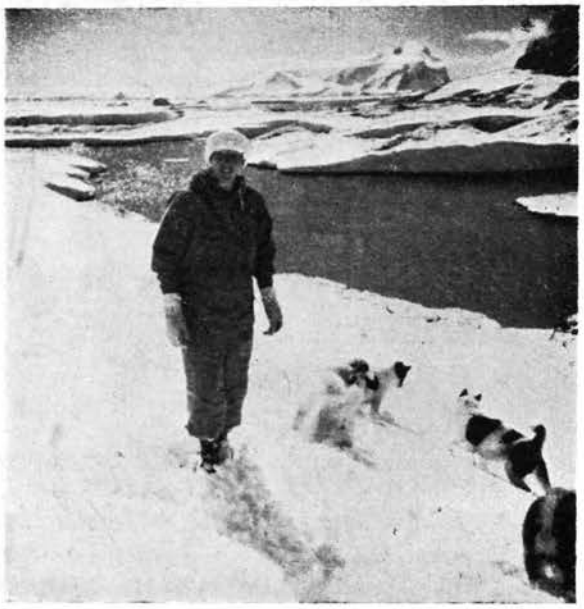
I've heard from three very widely separated parts of the world this month. Ex-Trooper Burnham (No. 3558) who has been in the Northern Rhodesia Police for some years now, has left there and has written from California, U.S.A. He tells me that he has accepted an appointment as Assistant Superintendent in the Leeward Islands Police, St. Johns, Antigua, British West Indies, and asks for his *Outpost* to be sent there. As the address on his California letter was that of a Ranch at Ventura, I take it that he was on leave there before taking up his new job.

Jock Oliphant, who left Rhodesia with the first contingent of the B.S.A.P. for Northern territories in 1941, writing from Bahau, Negri Sembilan, Malaya, sent a Christmas card to one of his old friends still serving in the Corps. He has kindly passed the card to me and on it I see a short note—apparently Jock, who is in the Federation of Malaya Police, is now chasing bandits there, and although it is not a very pleasant pastime, he finds it quite a lucrative one. I believe that he was in the R.A.F. before joining the Police in 1938, so he does get around.

News of ex-Trooper Harry Heywood, who left the Police about two years ago and went on the *John Biscoe* to the Antarctic, has been received from his sister in England. He left England for the cold South in October, 1949 and does not expect to return until the middle of 1952. He

THE CHRONICLER

is base leader on Argentine Islands; there are only four men there and they have seen nobody since the relief ship, *John Biscoe* left them last February (1950). His last letters were written 12 months ago so his family are anxiously awaiting any further news from him. It is possible to get a message to him by means of radio, but it takes five weeks to reach there. It seems that his health greatly improved after he left Rhodesia. The snap printed with this was taken during the Antarctic summer, which is the only time the relief ship can reach him; during winter it is solid ice and snow. Heywood in his letter mentioned that



the huskies are man's greatest friend down there, but bitter enemies amongst themselves.

The Staff Officer to the Commissioner has forwarded to me a letter he has received from Lord Baden-Powell (ex No. 3383) concerning his recent broadcast talk from the B.B.C. and which was published in last month's *Outpost*. In it he mentions that he was very careful in his talk to avoid "shooting a line" about life in the Corps and trusts that knowledgeable readers of the magazine will not accuse him of this. He also adds that during his intensive touring in England on Scouting business he always brings in a few words about the B.S.A. Police when talking to Boy Scouts, and the subject seems to be of interest to them. Lord Baden-Powell looks back with great pleasure on his three years' service in the Corps and the nine years he was in the Police Reserve. A few months ago he joined the City of London Special Constabulary as a "Special" and says that it feels quite like old times again, but it is, of course, in very different surroundings. He sends his kind regards to all his old colleagues in the Corps.

A short time ago I saw Lochee Bayne and Stickaround Smith who have been in Salisbury for the past year or two. They were on their way to Canada, I understand, but the last news I heard of them from Cape Town was that they were finding some difficulty in getting on the same ship together. I know that Stickaround was in Canada before he joined the Police in 1937, but to Lochee it is new ground.

I also saw ex-Editor Reg Lowings a few days ago. He is looking extremely fit and seems to be at peace with the world.

Amongst those who have joined and left the Corps since the war are several who have gone to the Northern Rhodesia Police. Those I have heard of are McClintock, Barkley and Armstrong (who are at Lusaka), Kilgour, Williams and Taunton (whose address I do not know) and Wall who is at Ndola. Three others have gone to Nyasaland Police: Coleman, Dennison, and Johnny Johnson, who are all at Zomba, I believe. With all these newcomers to swell the ranks of ex-B.S.A.P. in those parts, perhaps somebody could do something about reviving the N.R. Branch of the Association again. Any offers?

One of the Depot "pillars" was on leave in the Eastern Districts last month and in his travels met a few of the old timers. "Clem" Twort was seen at his country seat at Three Monkeys Inn, Marandellas, Peter Phelps at Marandellas, and he is Secretary of the Farmers' Co-op, and "Collie" Collingwood, who is still at Lansdowne Store, Melfort. All are well and send their regards to old comrades. "Jamaica" Harrison is also farming in the Marandellas district, but I do not know his address.

B.S.A. POLICE MEMORIAL FUND

The following subscriptions have been received up to 12th February:—

Sergeant King		10	0
Colonel and Mrs. A. S. Hickman	3	3	0
Captain P. C. Burgess	1	0	0
W. Hammond	1	1	0
Lieut.-Colonel J. Bridger	1	1	0
C.I.D., Bulawayo	5	5	0
"The Outpost"	5	5	0
	£17	5	0

"Independently-Mount!"

So many people, so many times have said to me "You're a remount rider aren't you? That must be a soft job, nothing but riding all day," that I feel compelled to dispel some of the illusions that seem to exist about this job.

Having been accepted as a remount rider you arrive at Depot thinking perhaps that you have nine months ahead of you with nothing else to do but ride. FORGET IT. You won't feel a saddle under you for at least two months and when you finally do sit in that saddle it will depend on how you've done your previous work as to whether you are there for as long as it takes the horse to get you off or until you dismount of your own sweet will.

All remount horses when bought are between four and seven years old and in their short life have had little or nothing in the way of contact with man, so for the first few weeks having once got your remounts into the stables, which by the way is a story in itself, you do nothing but continually "make much." At first the remount won't understand this "M.M." business and will object most strenuously. One therefore develops the knack of "nippiness," i.e., nipping in and out of the stalls without being battered to death, and the slow sidling up with your back to the wall of the stall and both eyes glued to the rear end of the remount, ready to make a dirty dive out of harm's way should the battery come into action. Presuming it doesn't, one then nips smartly along the other three-quarters length of the stall and ends up in the manger, ready with pockets full of mealies to start "making much."

Presuming that all has gone well and that one can come and go in the stall—this is strictly presumption as any remount rider knows—you come to the next phase.

Early in the morning almost before the sun is rising, this being the only time that one is guaranteed more or less clear roads in the Depot, the remount riders venture forth to the stables laden down with cavassons, lungeing ropes and haversacks filled with mealies: the remounts now start going out for exercise walks enticed by the haversacks' contents. This exercise walk, usually once around the green, may take ten minutes or maybe an hour or more, depending on whether the remount is willing to be led or not. If he is not willing—and many are not—you merely stick it out, slow pace by slow pace and hope that its still possible to get a hot breakfast at 9 a.m. or thereabouts. The voice is very important during this stage. "Steady Boy," "Walk on," "Come on, damn you," ad infinitum. Should a native happen to be coming down the road towards you he is fiercely adjured to "MIRA" as one cannot be too careful. During this period Depot types always know which way the remounts went on their morning constitutional—follow the mealie trail!

Next comes the lungeing process and this is where you start to earn the shilling per diem that you receive as a remount rider. Once again loaded with cavassons, lungeing ropes, brushing boots, haversacks, lungeing pads, etc., you and your remount wend your way to the riding school. The theory of lungeing is that the man stands in the centre of the school and the horse walks, trots or canters around him on the end of the lungeing rope. Again that is the theory. In reality, having the cavasson properly fitted and the lungeing rope connected to it, you arrive at a definite impasse; the horse won't go. Therefore one man will lead in the centre giving the orders. "Walk," "halt," "walk," "trot," etc. The man leading the horse also has to trot.

At the end of these first lessons in lungeing the remount will be quite cool and carefree whilst the men will be literally on their knees.

Have you ever tried trotting round and round in a riding school dragging an unwilling horse, with the heat at 90 degrees coming down and about 100 degrees coming up off the sand?

From there we progress to the stage where the horse will lunge quite happily, with you laying on the rope till your arm is nearly out of its socket or lunge in ever diminishing circles until you are in danger of being coiled up in the lungeing rope. Then comes that pleasant day when the horse lunges at the word of command with the rope neither too slack nor too taut.

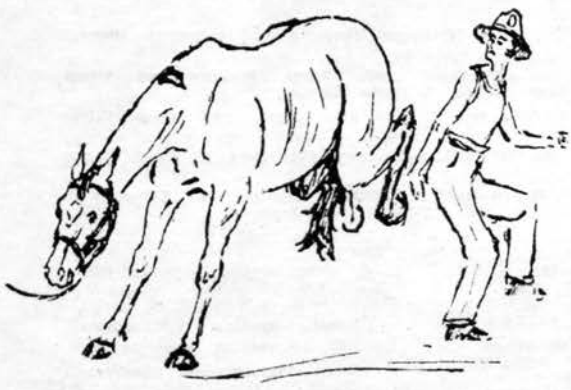
By the way, have you ever been bored? Try spending a couple of months in a riding school lungeing horses all day. You'll see what I mean. Do you suffer from dizzy spells? Once again try lungeing and you soon will: the horse goes round

By . .

"Broken Spur"

and round, you turn round and round, and the school goes round.

During the lungeing season one gets around to saddles and saddling. This is done in the stables. It narrows the risk of the horse going "spare"—but it also limits your space for evasive action from flying hoofs. Here, once again, "M.M." is very important. Having saddled your horse he is now lunged under the saddle for a few days until thoroughly used to the feel of it. While getting used to "the feel" of it he may give you a bucking display. Then again, he may



get down and roll on it, thus getting the feel of it both ways—the saddle on him and he on the saddle.

Eventually you think he is fit to mount, but what you think and what the horse thinks may be rather different. No matter how well you may have carried out previous training it is now in the lap of the Gods whether you stay aboard or not, indeed, you may not even get aboard: to have one foot in the stirrup is to be very awkwardly placed should your would-be mount make a dash forwards, sideways or backwards.

Having once got mounted (that short statement covers a lot of ground!) remember the remount motto, "A dirty stick-on is better than a clean come-off." That is what the front arch is there for and a "civvy" saddle wouldn't be much help there. Now "make much" as you never made it before. From now on you are on your own. It is your responsibility to teach your horse all the necessary aids, that will turn him from a remount into a trained horse. Yours to teach him to get used to a rifle, to the swinging of a baton round his head when you're knocking the stuffing out of a swinging dummy.

By now perhaps readers will realise that the job of a remount rider is not quite so cushy, although even now the tale is not fully told. There is something called Stable Management which entails, among other things, the lifting of feet. Many a remount rider meets his Waterloo at this stage. Nevertheless, the horse must get used to it at sometime and he has to be shod all round before "Passing Out." Manes also have

to be clipped and horses have strong neck muscles. Then there is tail-washing. Your horse is only used to water for drinking purposes and you have to teach it that it has other uses.

A remount rider requires the following qualities. The patience of Job; to be able to pick yourself up off the stable floor and again try to pick up that off hind foot. To be a mind reader; to beat your horse to it when he tries to crush your leg against the wall of the school. To have the strength of Samson; to prevent your horse from dragging you round the school on the end of a lungeing rope. Eyes in the back of the head; when running the gauntlet down the stable aisle. A horse kicks swiftly and you have to move swifter or take the consequences. The lungs of an ox; to stand the perpetual dust clouds when working in the school all day. Finally, he has to be a bit of a hero to have volunteered in the first place.

Obituary

Mr. George Currie

It was with great regret that we learned of the passing of Mr. George Currie at Sinoia at the beginning of January this year.

Mr. George Currie was one of the oldest residents of Sinoia and for the last few years of his life had been living with Mr. T. W. Williamson at Manengas Farm, on the Sinoia-Miami road.

As far as is known, Mr. Currie was eighty-two years of age at the time of his death. He was born in Lancashire and played cricket for that county before coming to South Africa to attest in the Cape Mounted Rifles.

He attested in the B.S.A. Police, Matabeleland Division, in 1899, and was specially recruited as a machine gun expert together with the late Colonel R. E. Murray, D.S.O., who so distinguished himself when commanding Murray's Column in East Africa (B.S.A.P. Service Column) in the 1914-18 War.

After the South African War, George took his discharge in 1901 and settled in the Sinoia District where he was engaged in mining at the Eldorado and Alaska Mines and latterly in farming, where, in partnership with Mr. Plevins, he ran Shubara Farm.

It was my pleasure to meet "George" in 1928 when stationed at Sinoia, and I have the happiest of memories of him in his well remembered double Terai Hat with the grey silk puggaree helping his team to win tennis matches with his wickedly sliced service and amazing court craft, which enabled him to finish "fresh as paint" and ready for a knock up afterwards, while opponents half his age had had enough.

Until eyesight and advancing years slowed him up, he was no mean performer on the Cricket field, in the days when the late Archie Bradley, Patterson, Theodore Bourdillon, Eric Blackburn, Sandy Fraser, Frank Hulley, Jack Howard, Richard Calogreedy, Monty Surgey and "Uncle Sam" Aylward, put Sinoia on the map in the cricketing world.

The possessor of a 1927 Chevrolet "4," it was always at the service of the cricket and tennis teams and was bucketed round the country . . . and how! . . . through the Zwimba Reserve to Hartley, across the dagga to Norton . . . from Darwendale; up that appalling dusty horror to Umboe . . . nothing was too much trouble for George, as "The Game" was the thing. A gentleman by birth and a gentleman to his finger tips during his life time, and what a sportsman! He will long be remembered with affection and esteem by those who were privileged to know him.

He was laid to rest in the Sinoia Cemetery, a large gathering of friends being present, among whom were the Chief Inspector Bill Howard, of the B.S.A.P., and "Dolly" Swann, representing the Regimental Association.

H.M.S.

Kutswaka Masingo - - -

A POLICEMAN stationed in outlying areas usually has ample scope for investigating local traditions and superstitions. In nearly every Police district are to be found stories of sacred hills, valleys, caves or ancient ruins and, if he follows up the leads which these legends give him, he may be able to trace uncharted ruins, caves, metal working sites, rock paintings and gain general information which could be of great value to the authorities at the National Museum at Bulawayo.

One often hears stories, around camp fires, over the bar counter, etc., of places and things which to the man in the street mean little, but if enquired into disclose an extraordinary knowledge of local geography, ethnology, and customs which are fast becoming lost because no one can be bothered to record them and the narrators are dying out.

Delving into the past can become a fascinating hobby and in the Native Department stations one can nearly always find a kindred spirit who will accompany one on trips of exploration and give advice regarding the local legends, etc., and a little tact and commonsense will produce results when searching for information from local folklore.

One should not take anything for granted, especially in regard to information which is of a hearsay nature; examine the site for yourself and make your own deductions; many an interesting site has been passed by because some local inhabitant has declared that he has visited such and such a hill and there is nothing to be seen there.

The similarity between Police work and archaeology is striking and to a person interested and who has an enquiring mind, it can give no end of pleasure and there are great possibilities in Southern Rhodesia if you have a bent for archaeology.

Starting with Stone Age implements and working right through to recent native tools and pottery, etc., you will be surprised at the ingenuity displayed by primitive people in their fight for existence; the story of their lives can be pieced together by examining the sites of their old dwellings, rubbish haps, burial grounds and mine workings.

The type of individual who fondly imagines that he will find the buried treasures of the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon by indiscriminate digging amongst our Rhodesian kopjes is bound to be disappointed and in addition he will ruin the site for all time so that expert archaeologists can do nothing with it; also there is always the possibility that he will antagonise the indigenous inhabitants by disturbing sacred ground.

At least 500 ancient ruins are known to exist in Southern Rhodesia. At the National Museum a map is flagged with each report as it comes in and in the course of time a very complete picture will be made so that it will be possible to say with some degree of certainty what routes the ancients took, where and why they worked the mineral deposits.

The earlier a report of a find of importance is received at the National Museum the more chance there is of preserving the site from the attentions of vandals and inexperienced treasure seekers.

To the archaeologist it is just as heinous a crime for an untrained person to remove the bones of a skeleton or to dig wildly for supposed buried treasure in an unscientific manner as it is to the Policeman who goes to investigate a case of housebreaking only to find that the houseboy has been allowed to sweep up the glass of a broken window, and I can assure you that both minds react in a similar manner.

The subjects which can be studied and which are usually necessary to enable the enthusiast to arrive at his conclusions are numerous and number amongst others: Petrology, mineralogy, botany, pollen and soil analysis, ceramics and pottery, a knowledge of beads, weapons, implements, household utensils, Bushmen's paintings, architecture, mining, smelting, ethnology, etc.

Be warned! One book leads to another and, if the bug bites you, you will find that before your third transfer you will be packing and crating a large library.

Keep an open mind once you start investigating. Archaeology has lots of surprises in store for the unwary; well-established theories have a habit of being thrown out of gear by cold reasoning and scientific fact and to have your pet theories upset may give you the same feeling as you experience when the accused in your concrete murder case, which you have worked on for months, gets discharged at High Court on a point of fact. In archaeology, too, as in law, you will find experts unsympathetic towards hearsay evidence.

AN AMATEUR.

Station Notes

CHIPINGA

Firstly, congratulations to all who got through the Promotion Examinations. Sympathies are extended to those who "also ran." How true the last two words. Still, as one of those referred to remarked: "The Board had better pass me in February or I'll sit again in 1952."

The men on this station have not changed, at least in name, since the last notes. We believe, however, that one is finding the "Romeo and Juliet" scene rather trying at present, the "Juliet" part of the organisation being on night duty and having hours of scope for rehearsals. The writer, having recently perused (?) Chapter XLVIII of Gardiner and Lansdown Volume II, 5th Edition as issued, finds that it would perhaps be safer not to mention who the "Romeo" is but offers one clue—you always find it by the seaside.

Constable (recently self-promoted to Trooper) Gant is at present receiving the administrations of the local nursing staff for a constriction or restriction—we are not sure which. We believe that when he was told he might be transferred to Umtali Hospital the patient showed remarkable signs of recovery. We can only presume why. Still, we wish him a speedy recovery.

The new cover of *The Outpost* has been very well received at this station, not only from members of the Force. One resident, however, suggested that the photograph of the B.S.A.P. Calendar for 1951 would make a better subject. We will pass the baby over.

We will now hand over, but before closing let this station wish candidates for the 1951 Exams. all the best and bags of retirements or increases in establishments.

"CHIPEMBERE."

DOMA

Yes, there really is such a place.

The Member in Charge having become slightly "browned-off" with the constant query, "Where the ——— is that?" when announcing the name of his station over the telephone, decided to venture into the pages of *The Outpost* to put the station "on the map," working on the assumption that members peruse this magazine far more diligently than they do Force Orders.

If you look hard enough you will find us marked on the map, but just to make things difficult we are under another name—"Rakati Camp". The camp was an old game ranger's camp in the days gone by. We are situated some fifty odd miles North of Sinoia, midway between the Angwa and Hunyani Rivers. To the South there stretches a large farming area and to the North you can stretch as far as you like in a large expanse of bush. The small, but select staff, consists of Trooper Hubbard and two African Constables who are still wondering what it was that they did to get themselves posted out here.

Being completely surrounded by water during certain times of the rainy season, and consequently

CHARGE OFFICE, BULAWAYO

at a loose end, we have to rack our brains for something particularly diverting to relieve the monotony. In a burst of energy a garden was started; everywhere you walk you trip over chickens, and the camp can hardly be seen for maize and bean lands. These things were found to be too prosaic, however, and the latest effort was a competition between Trooper Hubbard and A/C Mondiwa to see who could grow the biggest moustache. Unfortunately the attempt had to be abandoned before a decision could be reached, as the station P.M.C. was beginning to show a marked tendency to " take-off " when crossing bridges or hitting bumps at speed.

Haircuts are rather a problem, being obtainable only about once every seven weeks. Evidently the *coiffure a la bundu* is not too well appreciated in Town. A short while ago the Member in Charge visited the Depot canteen one evening, having arrived in Salisbury too late for a visit to the barber, and heard one of the barrack stanchions ask his companion if " the fellow in the corner was a Chelsea artist trying to obtain some local colour, or a rich tobacco farmer? "

Totsiens for now. " SIDINI."

GOROMONZI

The effects of Christmas and New Year must have been more prolonged than we had at first realised for, by the time our befuddled minds had concocted an instalment for the January issue it was too late for printing; however, still full of good resolutions, we begin in time honoured custom by introducing our staff.

Firstly we have our Member in Charge, 1/Sgt. Payne, who came here just over a year ago from Beitbridge; Mike Cross—ex-Gatooma and Hartley —is Senior Trooper who has acquired something of a reputation and a nickname in the district with his effective handling of the African public. John Lee from Miami is the local Jasper Maskelyne (we believe he's after the Piddington's formula as well); John Davies—previously from Bindura—and just back from Sinoia where he has been cleaning

up crime (and other things) over Christmas; and finally we welcome Ray Stenner from Concession.

In this, our first attempt, we do not intend spreading ourselves, thinking of possible leaner months ahead but we should like to give everyone a picture of this station. Set in a Reserve some 26 miles from Salisbury, Goromonzi consists of Native Department and Police. It is rumoured that the camp was originally built by Chief Chikwaka as a temporary hideout from the Matabele in the dark ages and has not, as yet, been renewed; the writer will not completely vouch for this but our one ray of light—literally rather dim at present is that we are to get electricity within the next five years.

For the past month or so all members, at various intervals might have been seen scrutinising their features in a mirror and wearing their uniform with unaccustomed verve; alas to no avail, for although we have had the Central African Film Unit with us they have been more interested with the indigenous population, having made a short film for the edification of the African and entitled "Crime does not pay." Apparently, however, we have not missed our vocation as, so far, no inviting contracts have been proffered.

Must end now; there's just time to get a quick radio message off—don't exactly know who to but I'm sure we'll find someone.

Till next month—good hunting all.

KU MUDZA NYAYA.

MTOKO

Now that the Christmas festivities are over, we have put our noses to the grindstone—at least Trooper Paine is showing abrasions on the bridge of his nose.

Trooper Walters has commenced writing poetry, and Oats is practising fervently on the guitar. I wonder if this is a case of "In the Spring, etc." Our local postmaster is also in the same boat; he is very quiet about things, but his movements are quite noticeable and obvious.

Sergeant Johnston (3967), Constable Taylor (4027), and Trooper Hammond (3960), passed through Mtoko on their return trip from Nyasaland. Judging from their appearance they looked as if they had walked into several undesirable Cape Verde Natives. They report a very pleasant trip, but moaned about the roads from Mtoko eastwards. Their remarks have been passed on to the local road Supervisor.

New detail. One pup; i/c clearing up the mess, Walters, who says it's a "Sooner" breed, but Sergeant Peters thinks it's more a "Kitchen Pointer"; our worthy Customs officer's verdict is that it has a strain of both breeds.

Burnishing and Spit and Polish has done wonders to the Camp in anticipation of early visits from inspecting officers. The journey from Salisbury is recommended, as now the last stretch of road from Nyadiri river is complete, making a first-class road for the 94 miles to "Barney" Kaplan's, where excellent refreshments can be obtained by those seeking relaxation and a change from the worries of a big town.

In our last notes no mention was made of L. K. Robinson having served in the Police, we think somewhere in the 1900 days. However, we now hasten to amend this mistake, and introduce him as an old member of the B.S.A.P. For some years he acted as Steward and Secretary at Mtemwa Leper Hospital, and now he is one of the band of "hard" working farmers.

Legends and folk-lore are still popular with the Mtoko natives; one which holds top place is the climbing of Mtemwa. They believe that anyone foolish enough to climb Mtemwa becomes insane within twelve months. A few days ago Trooper Paine and Oats with our worthy Postmaster managed the ascent—it is rumoured that some wit told them elephants roamed the summit. We are wondering if this is the first stage of a visit to Ingutsheni, or just a leg pull.

The Editor's notes re game in Mtoko District, a short time ago cannot go unchallenged. A few weeks ago watchers put to flight a pride of eight lions, within easy walking distance of the camp, and two days later L. K. Robinson shot one which had been interfering with his cattle. Fourteen elephants were shot within 40 miles of Mtoko, all within ten days. Later a herd was disturbed on some native lands by a Native Department messenger who shot two and unfortunately whilst he was returning to camp, he disturbed another small herd which stampeded, when a leading cow elephant managed to gore his right shoulder causing severe injuries. The local Methodist Minister is troubled almost nightly by leopards; to date his bag is 51, and this is in Mtoko. Those who still think we are now without our sport will note that 877 cattle were killed during 1950 by lions and hyenas—several lions were shot and a few trapped.

Old record books here have been unearthed and some interesting events of the long past days are recorded. The events go back 42 years, to the days when the Police Camp was situated on the banks of the Mudzi. Some old timers may remember old friends mentioned—Corporals Webb and Brodie, Tommy Flaxman, Troopers Burgess, Collins and E. Moore-Ritchie, Sergeant Cuff. Moore Ritchie will be known as the writer of several successful books and an ex-Editor of " The Police Review."

Jack Taylor, our Customs and Immigration officer, is still busy nosing into travellers' cars for contraband. He says so far he has not been lucky to find a sealed bottle of the "crater," but we have told him that "patience is a virtue."

Wally Walters has been transferred to Wedza, but his actual date of proceeding has been deferred. Trooper Cave has returned from leave and spent only two days here before being posted to Sinoia via Macheke, where he reigned supreme for two weeks.

PARAHENDU.

C.I.D.: BULAWAYO

At the time of writing, everything, everywhere in Bulawayo, is saturated and subdued with moisture. Yes, the rains have " hit " Bulawayo, and the sudden, spasmodic appearances of strong winds which reached gale-like force on occasions, caused serious damage to buildings in the suburbs. Sub-Inspector H. Gaitskell at Sauerstown Station lost the roof of his house at the beginning of the year.

We offer congratulations this month to Lieutenant A. Redfern, Inspector J. MacPherson of the Crime Index Department, and 2/Sergeants " Dixie " Bruce and " Steady " Steadman of the Active Section on their recent promotion. Such a spate of promotions has not been seen in the C.I.D. here for some time, and the occasion warranted a celebration in the " Troops " canteen at the camp, when successful applicants in last year's promotion lists from the Town Police also joined in the party. In between drinks I managed to see Chief Inspector " Bob " Killick, who wishes his regards passed on to Captain Lidderdale, now in the U.K., whose photograph appeared in a recent number of *The Outpost* when he attended the re-union dinner of the Regimental Association in London. Captain Lidderdale was stationed in Gwelo with " Bob " in the 1921 period. Also seen was Mr. H. W. Austin-Mushe, messenger to the High Court for the past 15 years, who stayed in the Police Depot in Salisbury for some ten days in 1919 . . . " without getting a regimental number, either," he concluded with that famous twinkle in his eye. He wishes to be remembered to Colonel H. M. Surgey, O.B.E., and Ex-Chief Detective Inspector Dan Greengrass.

Congratulations, too, to 1/Sergeant Dave Williams, now in the Central Criminal Bureau, who became the proud father of a son at the end of last month.

Detective Jack Denley provides interesting news for us this month. Apparently he was tracing clues " somewhere in the Gwanda area " when his tracks were crossed by a fair-sized mamba . . . a fine specimen of a skin is now exhibited at Jack's quarters. This lends heart to us for this year's annual musketry competition when we meet the Town Police types.

Another Old Comrade who left the ranks quite recently, ex-Sergeant Potgieter (3076), former amateur heavy-weight champion of South Africa, visited us recently. He is often to be seen in the Town Police canteen. News has also been received from ex-Chief Detective Inspector Sandes, curator at Zimbabwe Ruins, and ex-Sub-Inspector J. F. Bellamy, who is a compound manager at Que Que.

The recent photograph in the *Bulawayo Chronicle* of Sub-Inspector M. Roux of the S.R.W.P.S., who is stationed in our Records Department had caused favourable comment on the smartness of the uniform. Let us hope it has the desired effect of bringing in those much needed recruits to this service.

We recently welcomed 1/Sergeant Pug Barton back from leave, and he is now on the active section again. With his arrival we had to say farewell shortly afterwards to Detective Cooper, who is transferred to C.I.D., Gwelo.

Cheerio for the present,

CARURO.

"Is she really dumb?"

"Sure, she thinks a football coach has four wheels."

" Isn't that silly? How many wheels has it? "

The Oil Drum Murder

The discovery of the remains of an elderly prospector in an oil drum not far from the centre of Bulawayo offered the Police very few clues and without the co-operation of the public, who responded to a Press appeal for information, the identification and conviction of the accused would have been much more difficult. This is another example of what can be achieved by good relations between Police and the Public.

By E. J. S.

During the afternoon of Friday, 23rd December, 1949, two young European boys were bird-shooting together at a deserted prospector's camp near their home, some three miles from the centre of Bulawayo. Having tired of this sport the two youngsters commenced playing with the various objects of dereliction usually found at such a spot.

One object which immediately caught their interest was what appeared to be an old forty-gallon oil drum, standing under a tree. On examining this drum they found that the top had been covered by a wooden frame completely sealing off the contents. The frame was secured to the drum by wire rope which had been passed through several holes in the improvised lid. Their interest was immediately aroused, and one of the youngsters peered through one of the holes in the lid and startled his little companion by saying: "It looks like a skull." The drum was then pushed onto its side, and eventually the youngsters managed to release the heavy wiring about the lid, so revealing the contents. What a gruesome discovery they made! Within a matter of seconds both boys were running to their home with the news that they had found the remains of a human being in an oil drum.

The news of the discovery was made known to the C.I.D., Bulawayo, at 5 p.m. that same afternoon when the father of the two boys made a report.

C.I.D. officials were soon on the scene, and examination of the contents of the drum confirmed the initial report that the remains were of human origin, but in a very advanced state of putrefaction. A search in the vicinity of the oil drum revealed articles indicating recent habitation, such as a bed mattress, tin trunk and cooking utensils. Although it was not known at the time, the state of these articles indicated that whoever had lived there, had lived the life of a recluse.

The tin trunk was opened, and papers found in it referred to a European mining prospector—including a birth certificate in the name of George Robert Webb, born on 18th April, 1878, at Kilburn, England.

Webb, an old bachelor and retired prospector, had lived the life of a recluse for some years and was rarely seen in public. This fact was the chief reason for the subsequent appeal to the Public for information concerning him.

Whilst some of the C.I.D. men examined the camp and locality, others arranged for the remains to be examined on the spot prior to their despatch to the mortuary, where detailed examination could be made. An immediate result of the medical examination on the spot, and subsequent post-mortem, was that the deceased had been killed by a gunshot wound: accordingly search was made for spent cartridge cases at the spot where the drum had been found.

In the meantime checks were made at a neighbouring "squatters" kraal for any ex-employees of Webb. This was a two-fold attempt to trace Webb's last contacts, and possible identification of the "remains" through the clothing found thereon. It was obvious from the start that any attempt to make positive identification of the remains was almost hopeless owing to putrefaction, but once the tattered clothing had been cleaned, it was felt that some connection would be established between the remains and the identification papers found in the trunk.

One result of the inquiry as the squatters' kraal was that a native Tom who had worked for the prospector Webb from 8th August to 26th September, 1949, was located at a neighbouring mine. This native proved to be the vital link which pieced together the mystery surrounding this crime. From the first he was adamant that he would be able to recognise certain articles of clothing found in the deserted prospector's camp, they having belonged to Webb during his employment.

The clothing taken from the remains (which had been thoroughly cleaned to facilitate possible identification) was shown to this native who immediately identified them as clothing worn by Webb whilst he was in his employment.

During interrogation it was learned from Tom, the ex-servant, that just before he was signed off by Webb, a strange native had arrived at the camp seeking work. He had been introduced to Webb and was taken into employment by the miner the same day. Tom left the site the following day, and apart from a vague description of the stranger, the only information he was able to give concerning the stranger and his origin was that he believed him to be a member of the Awemba tribe of Northern Rhodesia; he could not remember any physical peculiarities whatsoever. On leaving the prospector's site, he claimed not to have seen either Webb or this strange native again.

As a result of the search of the vicinity an empty cartridge case was discovered embedded in the ground. Inquiry revealed that this spent cartridge case had held a .25 bullet similar to the Kynoch type.

Following almost immediately upon this discovery was a report from the medical authorities stating that a .25 Kynoch bullet had been extracted from the skull of the remains, and that this was obviously the missile which had caused death.

Tom had stated during his initial interrogation that Webb had possessed a revolver whilst he had been in his employ, and on being shown a number of firearms of different makes, he indicated a .25 automatic pistol of Browning manufacture.

Despite exhaustive search and enquiry no trace whatsoever was made of the revolver Webb was said to have possessed.

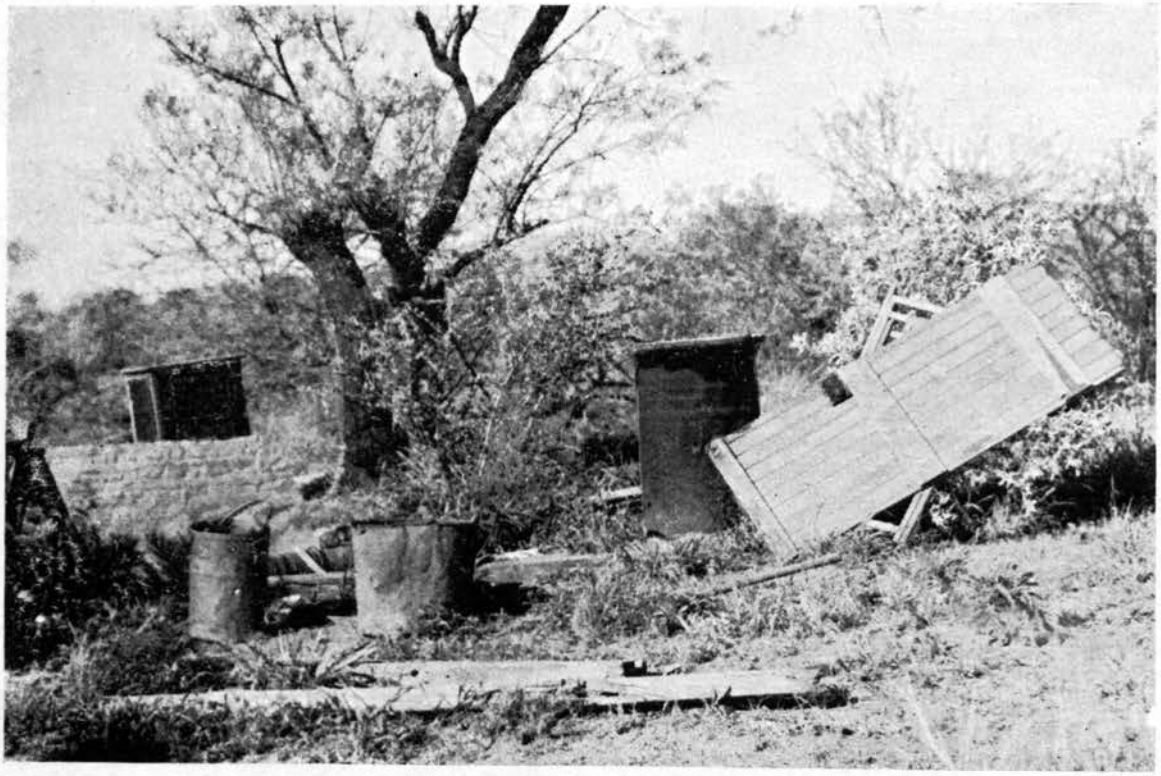
The facts confronting the investigations at this stage were as follows:—

1. The "remains" found in the oil drum were presumed to be those of George Robert Webb, though positive identification had not been effected.

2. That death had resulted from a gunshot wound in the head, caused by a .25 bullet, and that Webb had possibly possessed an automatic of .25 calibre, which was now missing from his possessions.

3. That Webb had last been seen alive on 15th October, 1949, when he called at Barclays Bank, Bulawayo.

4. That a native not yet identified but possibly from Northern Rhodesia, had worked for Webb just before his death.



VIEW OF THE CAMP SHOWING THE DRUM IN WHICH THE BODY WAS FOUND. Photo: C. A. Schollum.

Further checks throughout the neighbouring mine compounds, etc., were negative, in the early stages. It was essential for this strange native to be located as early as possible, and it was therefore decided to seek the assistance of the public through the medium of the Press as soon as any reliable information was received regarding his identity.

Shortly after the start of investigations, two natives, John and Robert, were located at a mine compound in the vicinity of the prospector's site; they claimed that they had seen this strange native employed by Webb, because he had drawn water from the well, as they had done. These two natives had already made statements concerning this, but they could not remember any outstanding features of the wanted person. However, further intensive interrogation of these two natives revealed the important fact that the stranger had the first two joints of his left forefinger missing. Here then, was something to work upon in the endeavour to locate this very important witness. In due course all Police Stations throughout Southern Rhodesia were informed, and inquiries made of the neighbouring territories of Northern Rhodesia, Portuguese East Africa and the Belgian Congo.

On 28th December, 1949, the following statement was released to the Press and was published by the *Bulawayo Chronicle* on 29th December, 1949.

> "The C.I.D. are looking for an African who may prove to be vital in solving the mystery of the body found in the oil drum. This African's name is not known, but he is alleged to be a member of the Awembe tribe and the first two joints of his left forefinger are missing. His forehead is reported to be of the receding type. Any employer who feels that he will be able to give useful information is requested to contact the C.I.D. at the Police Station, etc, etc. . ."

From the very first day of publication, the C.I.D. received numerous reports from the public, who claimed knowledge of natives with peculiarities as distinct as those mentioned in the Press statement. Much time was taken up attending to each report, the majority of which proved irrelevant.

On Friday the 30th December, 1949, exactly one week after the remains were discovered a telephone message was received from a European living some ten miles from Bulawayo, along the Nyamandhlovu Road, to the effect that he had employed an alien native answering the description of the wanted person, the only difference between the description given in the Press and the native concerned, was that the right index finger was missing, not the left. Investigation indicated that this native appeared to be the wanted person. A native employee of another European nearby produced a pair of blue trousers which he claimed he had received in exchange from the wanted native for a pair of khaki shorts. The European who had phoned the C.I.D. stated that to the best of his knowledge the wanted native had been called Peter, but he could not remember the actual date he had "signed on" Peter; he estimated it was sometime at the beginning of November, 1949.

"Oh, my! Look at THAT moustache!"

Tom was shown the blue trousers and he affirmed that they were very similar to those worn by the strange native who took over his (Tom's) employment with the deceased.

The scene of activities changed rapidly at this stage, brought about by the apprehension of a wandering type of native called John, who was located in a Bulawayo suburb, and found in possession of certain property which was also identified by witness Tom as the property of the deceased. In this instance, Tom, who claimed to the investigating officers that there was a considerable amount of property still missing from the prospector's site, identified a bed in the possession of John. It must be appreciated at this stage that the Police were still without information as to the true motive for the crime. The fact that certain property was missing from the miner's site indicated a possible motive of robbery, and consequently each and every instance of recovery of certain articles of this property

warranted special Police attention. On this occasion prompt enquiry proved that John had "pilfered" the bed from the site subsequent to the death of the deceased, and having convinced the Law Officers of his complete absence of guilt of the major crime, he was allowed to proceed after paying the penalty for his theft.

Intensive enquiries in the vicinity of the properties of the Europeans mentioned led the C.I.D. to a certain native Elia employed on a mine working. This native claimed that an alien named Peter had asked for the loan of his (Elia's) cycle on the 17th November, 1949. The loan was sanctioned on the condition that Peter returned the bicycle on that date. As Peter did not keep the agreement, Elia had searched for him and on the 20th November, he found Peter at a Pasipas Mine. Peter stated that he had left the cycle at a neighbouring kraal but promised to return it early to Elia. As security, he handed Elia his Rhodesian registration certificate and also his certificate of identification issued in Northern Rhodesia. After a further delay Elia went to the kraal named by Peter where his bicycle could be found, and there he discovered his cycle in possession of a third party who had purchased it from Peter for the sum of 10s. This cycle was accordingly returned to Elia. Prior to this discovery of his property, Elia, in his search for both Peter and his cycle had called at the property of the European previously mentioned and there he met the native employee who had received the blue trousers in exchange for the khaki shorts from Peter. This latter native told Elia that Peter had "given" him a set of bed sheets made out of sacking, which had a very distinctive "crowing cock" on them. Elia persuaded this native to give him these bed sheets in order that he (Elia) could have further security against Peter for the loan and return of the cycle.

Witness Tom affirmed without any doubt whatsoever that the bed sheets made of the sack cloth were previously Webb's property, the "crowing cock" being the effective means of identification.

On perusing the registration certificate received from Elia, the C.I.D. found that it related to a David Mulenga alias Peter alias Dauti, that he was a Northern Rhodesia native . . . and that the two first joints of his right forefinger were missing! Further, that the R.C. had been mutilated in that the name of Peter's first employer had been completly "cut away" and the certificate pasted together in an endeavour to conceal this. From the remaining particulars left on the certificate, it was seen that Peter had been employed by a certain farmer next, after the mutilated part. This farmer, who resided some 13½ miles from Bulawayo, was interviewed, and on being shown the R.C. immediately recognised his signature showing that he took Peter into his service on the 24th October, 1949—just nine days after the date upon which Webb was last seen alive.

At this stage three important points had to be cleared up. The first was . . . Why had David Mulenga left the employ of Webb? (it was now proven beyond all doubt that he was the native referred to by Tom). The second . . . Why had he mutilated his R.C. in such a way as to obliterate all reference to Webb? The third . . . Why had he secluded himself after leaving the deceased's employ, and at the same time disposed of articles of clothing, etc., positively identified as Webbs? It should be recalled here that this farmer lived approximately 13½ miles from the prospector's site, a fair distance for a native to travel seeking employment, when it would have been much easier to work in Bulawayo, if not at one of the many mines about the site.

Peter was not regarded as the suspect in this case at this stage, but his whereabouts were urgently required because it was obvious that he was a very material witness. It was obvious from the known movements that he made after leaving the prospector's site that he was working his way North, both the properties of the farmer and the Pasipas Mine being in this direction. Accordingly it was on the presumption that he had absconded to Northern Rhodesia that a member of the C.I.D. in Bulawayo traced the movements of Peter from the Pasipas Mine along the railway route to the Victoria Falls. This enquiry called for much perseverance as Peter was found to have "jumped" goods trains at certain points, and after "lying low" had made several detours retracing his tracks until he eventually crossed the border from Southern Rhodesia into the Northern territory.

A *prima facie* case of theft by conversion existed against David Mulenga alias Peter, and accordingly a Warrant of Extradition was authorised on these grounds. This theft, of course, related to the cycle taken from native Elia. Information known concerning David Mulenga was passed to the Northern Rhodesia Police, and after several weeks of search enquiry, David Mulenga was located and arrested at Kasama, near Mpika, Northern Rhodesia, on the 13th March, 1950. He was subsequently escorted to Southern Rhodesia and he arrived in Bulawayo on 23rd March, where he was held pending trial for the theft of the cycle.

In the meantime, Peter alias Douti, referred to as David Mulenga up to this point, was

approached by the C.I.D. and asked whether he would like to volunteer information regarding his movements before leaving Southern Rhodesia, in 1949. He was informed that he was not obliged to divulge this information, but he elected to do so. His information was totally contrary to his movements known to the Police. He volunteered that he had never been to Bulawayo in his life, that he did not know the language which was spoken there by the natives and consequently was not associated with them. The R.C. which he had possessed whilst in Southern Rhodesia and which bore a fingerprint impression of one of his thumbs was shown to him, but he denied all knowledge of this. From the attitude he adopted there were reasonable grounds for believing that he was with holding valuable information from the Police.

It should again be noted that, even at this stage, David Mulenga was still being treated as a witness. Accordingly he was warned and cautioned regarding the death of Webb, and in his reply stated he had no knowledge whatsoever of the deceased nor of the witnesses in the case.

His fingerprints were taken, when it was found that one of his thumb prints was identical to the thumb impression on his Southern Rhodesia Registration certificate. Identification parades were held, at which the suspect Peter (as he had now become), was given every opportunity of objecting to any particular people—including himself—taking part in the parades, and on each occasion he chose his position in the parades. On each and every occasion the various witnesses involved in the case identified David Mulenga as the person who was the subject of their statements to the Police in connection with the murder enquiry.

Rumours were received by the C.I.D. on 14th April, 1950, that an alien native with a missing index finger on his right hand, had fired shots into the air from an automatic, whilst attending a beer drink at a mine near Bulawayo, early in November, 1949. The source from which this information was received proved to be native, and though every effort was made to trace its origin, the investigators drew a blank.

David Mulenga was charged with the murder of George Robert Webb, and in answer he denied all knowledge of the crime. At the subsequent preparatory examination in Bulawayo on the 20th July, 1950, he denied all knowledge of the witnesses and the property produced. He even denied that the R.C. which bore the thumb impression, and which had been proved beyond all doubt to be hs impression, was his property.

The case was indicted for High Court and the trial took place in Bulawayo during August, 1950. After several days of hearing the High Court reached a verdict on the 28th August, when David Mulenga alias Peter alias Douti was sentenced to death, thus concluding one of the most interesting, and no less painstaking investigations befalling the B.S.A. Police.

Domestic Notes

BIRTHS

JACKSON.—To Constable and Mrs. Jackson at Bulawayo on 26th December, 1950, a daughter (Heather Christine).

WILLIAMS.—To Detective Sergeant and Mrs. D. Williams at Bulawayo on 29th January, 1951, a son (David Robin).

BENBOW.—To Sergeant and Mrs. Benbow at Bulawayo on 17th January, 1951, a daughter (Irene).

MARRIAGES

WARD—WIPPELL.—Sergeant George Ward to Miss Rosemary Jane Wippell at the Salisbury Cathedral, on 16th December, 1950.

BETTS—HARDWICK.—W/Sub-Inspector Betts to Mr. Thomas Hardwick at Salisbury on 13th January, 1951.

KELLY—ARCHER.—Sergeant David Basil Kelly to Miss Evelyn Jean Archer at St. Michael's and All Angels' Church, Fort Victoria, on 16th December, 1950.

INCREASING DEMAND FOR RHODESIAN BERYL

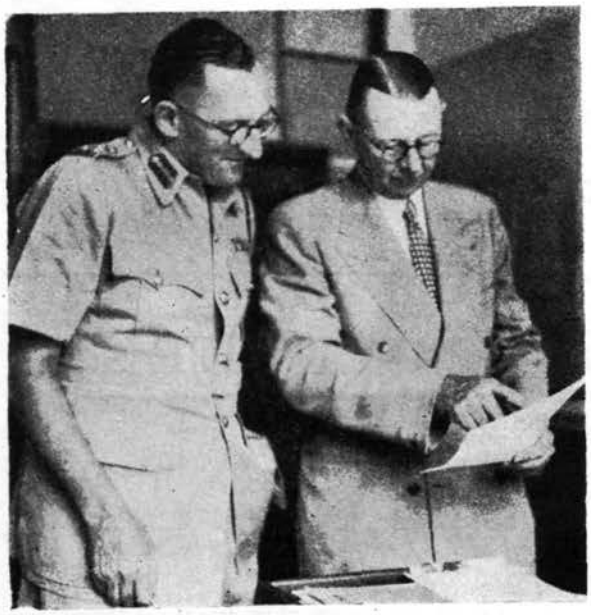
Beryl, the mineral which was first mined in Southern Rhodesia a little more than a year ago, is rapidly becoming one of the Colony's most sought after minerals as a result of its use in atomic production. For the first 10 months of 1950, Beryllium production was valued at almost £50,000: Beryllium ore sells at about £80 a ton.

Mining experts say that considerable quantities of the ore still remain to be identified and that increasing demands for this mineral may be expected in a short time.

Visit of Attorney General to Police General Headquarters

On the 20th January, 1951, the Attorney General, Mr. Victor Robinson, K.C., paid a visit to Police General Headquarters and the B.S.A. Police Depot in Salisbury.

As Public Prosecutor for the Colony, Mr. Robinson has a very close association with the Police, and in this capacity is deeply interested and concerned in the incidence of crime within the Colony. The main object of his visit to Headquarters was to study the recently revised system of recording crime and road accident statistics. He

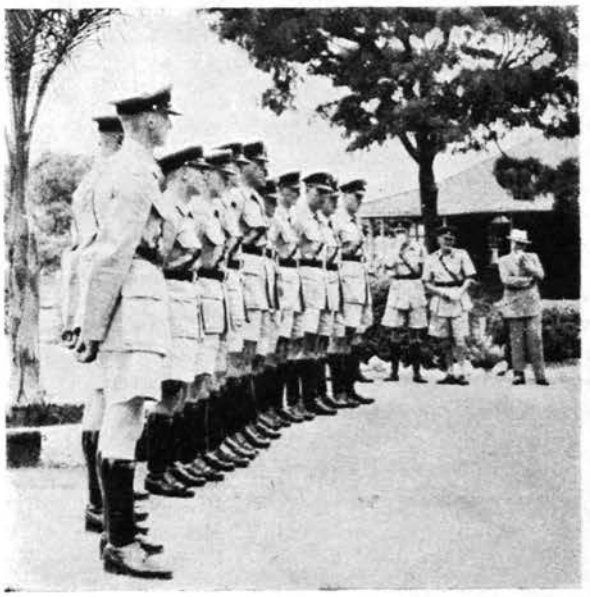


The Commissioner explains a point to the Attorney General.

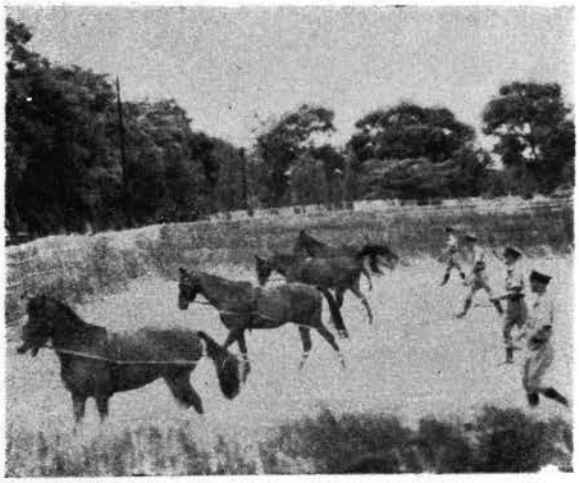
spent some time examining the maps, graphs and figures prepared in the statistical office, and these were explained to him in detail by the Commissioner. Mr. Robinson showed particular interest in the figures relating to road accidents, which show that the main causes of fatal accidents are due to reckless and negligent driving, in which speed is usually present, and to speeding itself.

After visiting Police Headquarters, the Attorney General took the opportunity of looking round the Police Training Depot and seeing some of the methods used in instructing recruits in their duties. Accompanied by the Commissioner and the Commandant Depot, he first watched the Police dogs demonstrating the trailing and identification of a suspect, followed by their performance of feats of physical control and mental alertness, under the Dogmaster's direction.

He then saw a squad of recruits being given a practical demonstration of the investigation of a



road accident by an Inspector of the Salisbury Traffic Section and members of his staff. The scene of the accident had been realistically arranged to show the vehicle and damaged bicycle and skid marks on the road; the demonstration showed the manner in which a typical street accident of this nature should be handled. Demonstrations of this



Preliminary training of horses for the Ride and Drive display, which was witnessed by the Attorney General.

kind have proved a very effective way of conveying instruction to recruits.

Mr. Robinson also listened to recruits giving evidence and receiving instruction in court procedure in the model courtroom in one of the lecture rooms. In an adjoining lecture room another squad of recruits were receiving instruction on their duties on arrival at the scene of crime in a murder case. Here again the instruction took the form of a practical demonstration of how to deal with fingerprints, bloodstains, examination of the body and other exhibits included at this instructional scene of crime.

By way of contrast, Mr. Robinson watched the initial phase of the training of Police horses in the riding school for an entirely new form of ride and drive display, which it is hoped to present to the public at the Police Sports and Agricultural Shows this year.

Before leaving the Depot Mr. Robinson visited the sergeants' mess, the men's quarters, recreation and mess rooms and expressed his interest in all he had seen.

POLICE IN CAR RALLY

Taking part in this year's Monte Carlo Rally, taking in 2,000 miles of an arduous course, were two London Metropolitan Police driving school instructors, Sergeant J. Skeggs and Sergeant A. E. Tear, driving a Humber Super Snipe.

Captain R. P. Minchin, Deputy Commander, New Scotland Yard, led the team, the members of which chose this "busman's holiday" for their annual leave.

FROM NORTH DEVON TO KENYA IN A 50ft. YACHT

It is a far cry from North Devon to Kenya but a Combe Martin man has planned to begin a new life in Kenya, 5,000 miles away. He is 29-year-old Anthony Scholefield, an ex-R.A.F. navigator, married with one child, who left the Services last July after 11 years.

He said: "No kite for me this time. I shall go all the way by sea in my 50ft. motor yacht 'Grey Goose'."

The route he proposes to take is via Plymouth, Le Havre, Marseilles, Malta, Aden, Mombasa, and Kenya. How long it will take depends on the weather and other conditions. The idea came to him while he was in the Forces. Last year he flew to Kenya, studied local conditions and came away greatly impressed with what he saw.

Offers from firms in Kenya for use of the "Grey Goose" for coastal trading have been received by Mr Scholefield, who is keenly interested in fishing as a business. He is looking forward to settling in Kenya where his family will join him later.

SPORT

CRICKET

SALISBURY LEAGUE CRICKET

Police v. Alexandra II, Sunday, January 7th, 1951, Police Ground

Police batted first on what appeared to be a perfect wicket. The opening batsmen started the innings well, but the middle batsmen failed to make any runs. Robertson and Holmes, the two tail-enders, took the score from 62 to 119 before Holmes was bowled. Good Police bowling caused some early setbacks to the Alexandra side, but Fannin, who scored 66 not out, gave Alexandra a good first innings lead.

Police batting again failed in the second innings; we just managed to play out time to avoid being beaten outright.

Police 1st innings, 123 (Robertson 29, Holmes 25, Fannin 6 for 47).

Alexandra II 1st innings, 176 for 7 declared (Wheeler 2 for 7).

Police 2nd innings, 99 for 8 (Riddle 23, Robertson 23 not out).

Alexandra won on 1st innings.

Police team in order of batting: Reynolds, Rawson, Maguire, Smithyman, Wheeler, Banister, Buchanan, Riddle, Robertson, Holmes, Gilfillan.

Police v. Raylton I, Sunday, January 21st, 1951, Police Ground

Raylton 1st team have played in the 1st League this year, and we did not feel that our chances were good. Police batted first and off the second ball Reynolds was dropped behind the wicket; during the course of his innings of 84 he was dropped no less than four times. Nevertheless, a very valuable innings from the Police point of view.

Raylton started off well and at one stage were 60 for 2, but then Gilfillan found his length, and Raylton were soon struggling with 70 for 7, Gilfillan took 6 for 27 in 11 overs.

Police batting failed hopelessly in the second innings; until the Police team can concentrate more on this second innings, and not think the game is over as soon as the first innings is won, they have little hope of gaining a place in the 1st League.

Police 1st innings, 138 (Reynolds 84).

Raylton 1st Team 1st innings, 100 (Gilfillan 6 for 27, Banister 2 for 15).

Police 2nd innings, 35 for 8 (Faarsen 5 for 10).

Police won on 1st innings.

Officers and N.C.O.'s v. The Rest, Saturday, January, 6th, 1951

Officers and N.C.O.'s 1st innings, 145 for 8 declared (Banister 47, Buckley 24, Captain Shewell 21).

The Rest 1st innings, 100 for 8 (Buchanan 30 not out, Wheeler 22 not out).

Teams in order of batting—

Officers and N.C.O.'s: Lieutenant Van Niekerk, Maguire, Osborne, Major Frost, Major Rolfe, Banister, Buckley, Captain Shewell, Davenport, Gilfillan, Tait.

The Rest: Shaughnessy, Rawson, Naested, Taylor, Coop, Buchanan, Robertson, Clapham, Slater, Wheeler, Pickard.

Police Friendly v. Municipals, Saturday, January, 1951

Police friendly, 1st innings, 107 (Hider 29, Davenport 28).

Municipals 1st innings, 232 (Roberts 62).

Police team in order of batting: Hider,

Osborne, Savage, Fleming, Slater, Shewell, Buckley, Davenport, Tait, Ryan, Pickard.

Police v. Raylton, Saturday, January 27th, 1951

January 21st, 1951

Police friendly, 1st innings, 87 for 8 declared (Coop 21).

Raylton 1st innings, 44 for 7.

Police team in order of batting: Hider, Holmes, Coop, Taylor, Ryan, Fleming, Osborne, Savage, Clapham, Tait, Pickard.

Police Friendly v. Salisbury "B,"

Salisbury "B" 1st innings, 90 for 9 declared. Police friendly, 1st innings, 93 (Ryan 31, Osborne 23).

Police team in order of batting: Osborne, Hider, Taylor, Coop, Davenport, Buckley, Savage, Fleming, Ryan, Tait, Pickard.

T. C. B.

SOCCER

The Annual General Meeting of the Soccer Section in Salisbury was held at the Depot on Wednesday, 10th January, 1951, at which the Commandant Depot (Major Frost) presided. There was a good attendance, and the meeting soon got under way to discuss ways and means of retaining the Four Cups decorating the Canteen.

It was decided not to elect Team Captain and Vice-captain until just before the players take the field for the first league match when it would be put to the vote (players only in the election).

The job of Team Secretary, made more difficult by the excellent job Sergeant Keith Rawson did last year, is the unhappy lot of "Clancy" Pickard. Sergeant Rawson declined to be re-elected, saying he was very busy with Police duties, but as he is now to be seen at the House of Assembly sitting around listening to the debates, one cannot help but wondering what the words "Police Duties" cover. Mr. Harry Levy, the Mashonaland and Rhodesian Trainer, again kindly offered his services to train the Police Team, and was unanimously elected. C/Inspector Thompson was unanimously elected Manager, a position which he so ably filled last year.

It was decided that training should commence on Wednesday, 17th January and would be held each Wednesday and Friday until the end of March, when it would be changed to Tuesday and Thursday. Wednesday and Friday evenings were chosen so that it would not clash with Cricket Practice held each Tuesday and Thursday.

Many of the old faces were to be seen on the first training night, Basil Taylor, Roy Coop, Tommy Bannister, Sammy Reid and the one and only Sergeant "Jimmy" Marnoch, who has never stopped training since the end of last season, and who till can show the youngsters a clean pair of heels in a road race. It was good to see a large number of recruits also present, as with the loss of Johnny Johnson, gone North to Police in Nyasaland, Jock Blair, and with the possibility of one or two of the old hands going this year, they will be much in demand. So welcome to you all.

And so, with Roy Coop striving to work off excess fat recently acquired by his desk job, I will leave you.

Best of luck for the coming season.

C. G. P.

RUGBY

The Annual General Meeting of the B.S.A. Police Rugby Club was held in the Old Museum, Depot, on the 15th of January.

The Commandant Depot, Major Frost, was Chairman, and 36 members attended. Most of these I am glad to say were new faces, and there are hopes that we may be able to improve the show put up by the Police team last season.

Owing to the fact that we found ourselves so short of manpower at the end of last season it was decided by the meeting to enter one team in the second league.

In place of Constable Todd, who has now left the Force for life elsewhere, Sergeant Egelton was elected Captain for the new season. We are all pleased to see that Sergeant Egelton is with us again this year after his absence during the latter half of last season. I think it is only right that we should give thanks to our late Captain who saw the team through two years' play. Constable Reynolds was elected Vice-captain, and we wish him all the best of luck in his responsible job, and we hope he will put up as good a show as full back as he did during the last season. Constable Irwin was elected as Hon. Secretary.

The matter of coaches was then discussed and it was proposed that the following people should be approached. Mr. F. J. Wolhuter, who was present at the meeting, Dr. Gelfand, Mr.

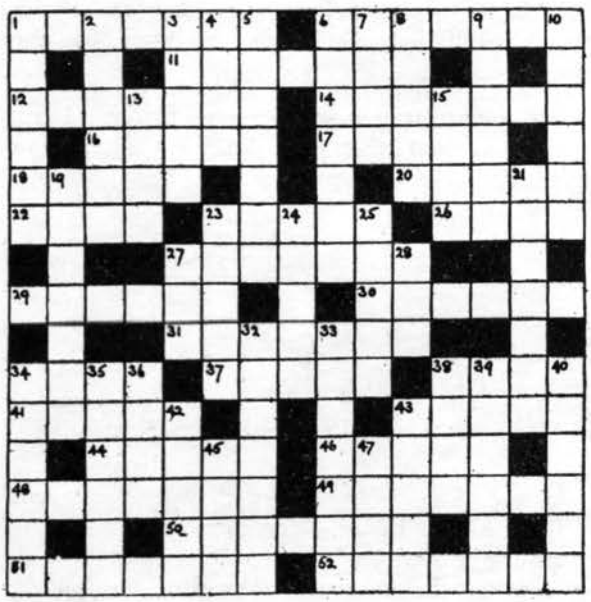
Gould, and S/Insp. Davenport. The proposal is to have two trainers, one for forwards and one for the three-quarters, and it was proposed that the abovementioned should be approached in the order given. As Mr. Wolhuter was present he was asked if he would accept, and he replied that he would be very willing. It was then left for Dr. Gelfand to be approached, and if he was unable, to approach Mr. Gould.

It is hoped that this year all members of the club will pull their weight, and turn up to every practice. By this means, and with hard training we should show that we are worthy of promotion to the First League. It must be remembered by all players that when on the field the only people to talk should be the scrum leader and the scrum-half. A lot of unnecessary talk during the games last season caused a friction between some players.

Best of luck to all who will be playing this season. It is hoped to arrange as many friendlies as possible, but this depends a lot on the number of people who are available to play, and whether we can always field a team to play these games.

R. I.

Crossword Puzzle



CLUES

ACROSS

1. Plant where Pussy makes her money?
6. Platter to hold the joint, or the horse?
11. Rambles among the statuary and finds a boy's game.
12. Corrupt.
14. Most comfortable.
16. Double the number of leaves.
17. Rocky edge where you will find at least a tree.
18. A pupil under, rather than in, the eye!
20. Discernment.
22. Unusual, to say the least of it.
23. What a speedy navy!
26. Signify, and sound stingy.
27. Mixed.
29. Sweet pill.
30. Once an epithet for ninepence, and now for the shilling.
31. Affirms.
34. Something made for two, but not a bicycle.
37. Witches were said to take their form.
38. 13 grows truthful.
41. Town in Germany.
43. Cast down.
44. Offer in excuse.
46. Coal in the ninth, eleventh and twelfth months only.
48. Three-pronged surgical instrument.
49. Its gaol has a ballad.
50. Gives up.
51. Stops.
52. He dices (Anagram).

DOWN

1. Grade C scrounger.
2. Silk hat.
3. I am the leader of a disturbed game.
4. In the middle of the church, though it sounds like a rascal!
5. Frame of a table.
6. Red lace (Anagram).
7. "But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men, To ——, to see, to feel, and to possess." (Byron.)
8. Animals.
9. Elizabethan poet.
10. A row in London!
13. Talk wildly like a disorderly 38 across.
15. It joins the printer's measure.
19. "There was a certain beggar."
21. Sort of lively banter you'd expect from many a small Sarah!
23. Mrs. Browning's dog.
24. Just come in!
25. Portable shelters.
27. The snake begins with what you may not be able to say to a goose!
28. Pluto.
32. Makes mournful.
33. Venerated.
34. Edward crawls beneath the lair.
35. What the spy does.
36. One has to do it to a tale.
38. A bed all in one, of course!
39. Diversifies.
40. He has plainly swallowed an egg!
42. Approaches.
43. Shame, it sounds like a k.o.!
45. Aid.
47. Alone, though here's me and the Sapper.

(SOLUTION ON PAGE 41)

First patient: "I hear the X-ray specialist is going to marry the head nurse."

Second Patient: "I wonder what he saw in her?"

To the Editor . . .

Sir,—The subject of your January Editorial is a very old friend, and Vasco da Gama's views were probably similar to your own. But do you really consider that native parental control to-day is all that it is supposed to be? In a native reserve for some months after a good harvest, a considerable proportion of adult males are in a state of semi-permanent intoxication. Police records tell us how often Father comes home yodelling at 2 a.m. and knocks seven bells out of Mother with an axe. Many native parents are almost as childish as their children. When a member of the kraal falls sick a deputation travels miles to a soothsayer to enquire the cause. (Incidentally, we do the same.) It seems to me that education (as with us) must sometimes confirm the youngster's suspicion that his parents are absolute deadbeats, although, if the family is wealthy, it will not pay him to proclaim this discovery. If real parental correction were allowed, the Police would be swamped with cases of assault.

As regards politeness this is, as you know, a fairly long-winded business amongst natives and few Europeans have the patience (or the time) for the necessary chinwag, although we jabber in a bar till the cows come home.

"Why our Boys leave home." You may be quite right in saying that the reason is purely economic, but I suggest that in very many cases it is just sheer boredom or spirit of adventure. Why does a youngster leave a London bank and join the B.S.A.P.? Probably because he happened to read the "Wide World Magazine" at the dentist's. So in the kraal. The neighbour's son returned home from Salisbury shoots such a line of unmitigated nonsense that young Phineas simply has to go and see for himself. Furthermore, with destocking, the demand for juvenile herds will probably diminish.

The solution? There is great wealth in the reserves apart from cattle and grain levies, and the difficulty is to know how to spend the money. Building of dams and super-saleyards is one way. But to compete with Municipalities by providing playgrounds, dancehalls, cinemas, swimming baths, and dog tracks, would be going rather too far. The Native Department has quite a lot on its hands at present and with these in addition would have, as Runyon says, "more than somewhat." The Government view apparently is that all who will produce food shall stay in the reserves, and all the spivs, bums, and drunkards go to Town to work in factories which seems a bit hard on the Town Police. Anyway, it has all happened before in many countries, so reading history should provide guidance. We find it all in "Cry the Beloved Country" (the modern "Uncle Tom's Cabin") except the solution. Many best-sellers are powerfully written but whether they are true to life is another matter.

Your remarks about example are timely but not too hopeful. When we dump old copies of "Men Only" or "La Vie Parisienne" in the W.P.B. the native staff may possibly wonder why their grandfathers had such veneration for the European.

Congratulations on the new Cover. I am now convinced that the B.S.A.P. is either a gymkhana club or part of the Lord Mayor's Show.

Yours faithfully,
EUCALYPTUS.

✦ ✦ ✦

Passaford Farm Kennels,
Lymington,
Hants.

Dear Mr. Editor,—The new cover makes an imposing frontispiece, but for my part I wish it depicted the Policeman instead of the Soldier. To many of us old hands, Police work played a far more important part in our service than the actual soldiering, although we had our dual part to play just as you have to-day, but I think most of our happiest memories were culled from the patrols when we were left to our own resources, and not having to do things by numbers. Mounted parades and escort duties, etc., always entailed hours of drilling mostly on cold, bleak mornings, so you will appreciate my preference.

I would again like to voice my appreciation to the writers of Station Notes. They ring so many "bells."

Wishing you all the best for 1951.

Yours sincerely,
J. C. JUST.

Box 167,

Que Que.

Dear Mr. Editor, congratulations on an excellent Christmas Number and also on the new front Cover. A vast improvement to the eye of an old Horse Gunner. The mounted man does credit to the Corps and no less does the horse, a grand little beast, one anybody would be proud to turn out on parade on. The sketch depicting the two old sweats is the best yet and I'm sorry to read that the "Chronicler" had received no praise for this effort, a very fine one, I think, and true to life of a lot of the old timers one met in the Outposts of the Colony around 30 years ago! Unfortunately, almost all are now in the Happy Hunting Grounds. A happy, good-natured lot I found them.

Although an ex-Reservist, I've known and numbered many good friends in the B.S.A.P., amongst them, "The Colonel," Bill Howard of the old Sipolilo days, Jock Harvey of Banket, Jack Merry, Sid Kilborn, Funnell, Yeoman, Plummer, etc., etc.

Keep up the Station Notes. They're always interesting and let one know where so and so is and all the rest of it. Also the Corps notes on promotions, etc. They, too, keep one in touch and the whole helps to make your Magazine the most interesting in the Colony and the one I look forward to each month.

Yours sincerely,
A. URQUHART.

The business man was interviewing his daughter's suitor.

"I regret I cannot see my way to allow you marry my daughter at present," he said. "But give me your name and address and, if nothing better turns up in the near future, you may hear from me again."

‡ ‡

An American had an invitation to a private shoot. Addressing the old gamekeeper, he said: "I'm one of the crack shots in the States. Tomorrow you will be loading for me, and for every bird I miss I'll give you a shilling."

The following evening the gamekeeper met a friend and told him the story.

"If I'd had another blank cartridge," he said, 'I'd have made just a pound."

Native Languages

OPEN LETTER TO ALL YOUNG POLICEMEN.

P.O. Box 49,
Bulawayo.

Dear "Mujoni,"

It has, no doubt, been impressed upon you, on entering the service of the Corps, that a knowledge of African languages is important to the successful performance of your duties. You have also, no doubt, been informed of the cash bonuses payable to members of the Police who succeed in passing the B.S.A. Police and Civil Service Native Language Examinations.

I would draw your attention to the fact that I conduct a Correspondence Course in Shona which has proved of great help to hundreds of Police and Native Department candidates for the Native Language Examinations, since 1933.

The course assumes that the Student has no knowledge of the language and it takes him through, from the beginning, to the Civil Service Oral Examination Standard and to the University Course I Standard in the translation and grammar portions of the written paper.

The fee for the course is £5, or six monthly instalments of £1 each. Many letters received from students make it clear that the course is good value for the money expended.

If you desire to have an enrolment form sent to you (without any obligation on you to enrol) please cut out and forward the form at the foot of this letter.

I wish you good luck in your new and interesting career.

Yours faithfully,
E. A. CORDELL, B.A.

(ex-B.S.A. Police, late lecturer in Shona to the Salisbury Polytechnic and the B.S.A. Police).

Name (block letters).....

Address .....

.....

Date .....

Mr. E. A. Cordell,
P.O. Box 49,
Bulawayo

Dear Sir,

Please send me, without any obligation on my part, an enrolment form for your correspondence course in Shona.

Yours faithfully,

.....

Pukka Polo . . . .

By James E. Carver.

Turkey has sent three polo ponies as a gift to the Duke of Edinburgh. They were shipped to Malta, where his frigate H.M.S. Magpie is based. During his visit to Turkey last September, he and the Turkish President discovered a mutual interest in horses and polo. The ponies are chestnuts, half Arab, half Anglo-Hungarian in strain.

This, the fastest, most exciting and most spectacular of all sport reached Britain via Manipur, now in the province of Assam, where Army officers learnt the game in the sixties of last century. Manipur is famed for its breed of sturdy ponies, which make plucky mounts, and polo is a national institution with the Manipuri.

More polo is played in India, of course, than in any other part of the world. It is not only a passion with the Princes but with the hill-men too—from the Eastern Frontier of Assam away to the North-West Frontier—almost from the day they can sit a pony. In the game as played in Britain, the Dominions, and the United States, the time is divided into "chukkas," that is, periods of play with intervals for rest. But there are no chukkas among the hill-men, and no play is barred, except perhaps using a knife, to pry the ball from an opponent.

H. W. Tilman, of Everest fame, saw polo in the raw on his last journey through Chitral, on the North-West Frontier. In its vertical valleys horizontal space is scarce and valuable so the ground is usually a long narrow strip, about 200 by 40 yards, with a low stone wall bounding the two longer sides. These walls serve a double purpose—as a stand for spectators and as a cushion for the ball and the players.

The space between the wall is often grassy, sometimes stony, and seldom level. The six players on each side are by no means uniformly attired, nor are the ponies uniformly equipped, and they take up some sort of loose formation. The band strikes up, the less placid ponies prance and dance, the ball is thrown in by some distinguished guest, and the melee begins. Mr. Tilman says the play is literally fast and furious; hard riding, harder hitting, and no quarter given or asked, are its characteristics.

When a goal is scored they change ends, and the player who scored has the honour of what is called the "tambok." He gallops full pelt up the field carrying the ball in one hand, and when in mid-field opposite the visitors he throws the ball into the air and endeavours to clout it towards the goal. Experts seldom miss the ball, and they frequently score a goal. There are no chukkas, but an interval at half-time.

Mr. Tilman says he has seen more civilised polo games played on vast acreage of ground, but as spectacles he thinks they do not compare with this intimate wall game, with the squalling pipes, ponies and players in the constant melee, and the cheers and jeers of the crowd squatting on the wall on the very fringe of the battle. He comments: "It sounds dangerous, and to me it looked dangerous, but Hamilton (the local political officer) emerged unscathed from this long hour of peril, and, as he wiped the mud and sweat from his face, assured me that accidents were almost unknown . . . "

The Indians have been playing polo for a very long time. It was flourishing when the first white man to arrive via the Cape, the Portuguese navigator, Vasco da Gama, reached India in 1498. How long before that it had been played is a matter for conjecture. One thing is certain, that India was not the original home of polo, which is the oldest of all stick and ball games. The Chinese maintain that their ancestors took part in polo matches many thousands of years ago. Now China was first with a good many inventions, but historians give the honour of inventing polo to the Persians. From Persia it spread west to Europe and became a favourite pastime with the Byzantine Emperors; and eastwards through Turkestan to Tibet, China and Japan. From Tibet it travelled to the North-West States and to Manipur.

Possibly the Chinese may have derived a game similar to polo, but the earliest records of the game are Persian. It was being played 500 years before the Christian era and there are frequent references to it. In the sixth century A.D., at the height of Persian power and culture, it was extremely popular.

The legend has even come down that the beauteous Shirin, Queen of Chosroes II, played polo with her ladies. Nizami, the Persian poet, wrote:—

When they reached the polo ground, the maidens galloped their horses with delight

They started play, when every Moon appeared a Sun, and every Partridge a Hawk.

Now Shirin won and now the Shah.

Such freedom for women was unusual in those days, but under the Persian dynasty of the time they were less secluded and took a larger part in affairs than under the austere rule of Islam.

A notable relic of polo can be seen in the city of Ispahan (or Isfahan), the former capital of Persia, once adorned with many magnificent palaces in the richest Oriental style of decoration, beautified with gardens and avenues, and with fountains and cascades. One of the avenues led over a superb bridge, past the walled gardens of the grandees, to the Royal Square in the very heart of the city. This was the scene of spectacular review and pageant, and was the polo ground of the court. The stone goal-posts still stand in solitary state.

In medieval days polo occupied such an important place in the activities of life that it was considered "the thing" to be able to play. But apparently the foppish young bucks of the time did not intend to play too vigorously—at least one judges so from these judicious injunctions from "The Book of Morals and Rules of Life," composed nearly a thousand years ago.

The advice runs: "If you play occasionally, so as to show off, there is no harm, but do not join in the game too often, and thus avoid danger and risks. Whenever the ball comes to you, hit it back into the game and pretend to ride hard, but do not go into the melee and avoid danger and risk by keeping your distance and looking after yourself to preserve your safety."

It is rather strange, remembering the great age of the game, that the British, lovers of all sports, did not take up polo until late last century. The first British army team on record was formed at Manipur, one of the ancient strongholds of the game, where British Mountain Artillery officers were taught it by native officers. Later Manipuri native teams were brought to Calcutta to give exhibition matches, and in 1869 polo was brought to England by the Tenth Hussars. It is a matter of polo history that in the first polo game publicly attended in this country they defeated the Ninth Lancers at Hounslow, playing eight a side. The game has speeded up so much since then that a team now consists of half that number.

But for some years polo was still much of an "extra." In fact, when it was introduced to Hurlingham, now the classic headquarters of the sport, it was "billed" as an attraction "in addition to the pigeon-shooting." Then along came James Gordon Bennett, the American journalist and sportsman, who took some polo balls and mallets from Hurlingham to the U.S.A., got some ponies out of Texas, and started American polo and the now celebrated Westchester Club.

In those pioneering days the game was still pretty rough and tumble. It may not be very far wrong to suppose that the polo of the seventies on both sides of the Atlantic was more like polo as it is still said to be played with unlimited teams in the village streets of Tibet. There "all-in-polo" is the commonly adopted style, as elsewhere in the wilds of Central Asia.

However old it is, Britain's envoys will still play it, and often at lonely out-stations polo is one of the things which make life tolerable for many an officer and official. This is why the action of certain anti-British provincial authorities in the vast western territory of China, Sinkiang, was such a blow to the little community there, a year or two back.

The local "dictator" put sanctions on the polo which was played by the staff of the British Consulate in Kashgar. The Consul-General, his wife, and the Vice-Consul, used to play with members of their small guard of Gilgit scouts, mountaineers from Hunza, on the North-West Frontier. But the authorities put pressure on the Turki who leased a dusty field to the British, and exiles in the heart of Asia lost one of its few compensations.

International polo dates back to 1886. A few months earlier a member of the Westchester Club was dining at Hurlingham, and he reminded his hosts that polo was played across the Atlantic too. He found the English players so keen to take up the challenge that he cabled home to his secretary. The reply came at once: Westchester sent Hurlingham an invitation to play for a cup which it would have made.

In the August the ponies sailed in one ship and arrived in first-class condition after a good crossing; the players sailing in another, landed sick and rather sorry for themselves after a very rough crossing. Nevertheless they managed to win all their matches, and succeeded again in 1902, retaining the cup by two matches to one. This put the Americans on their mettle, and they were determined to regain the cup. They began to train with

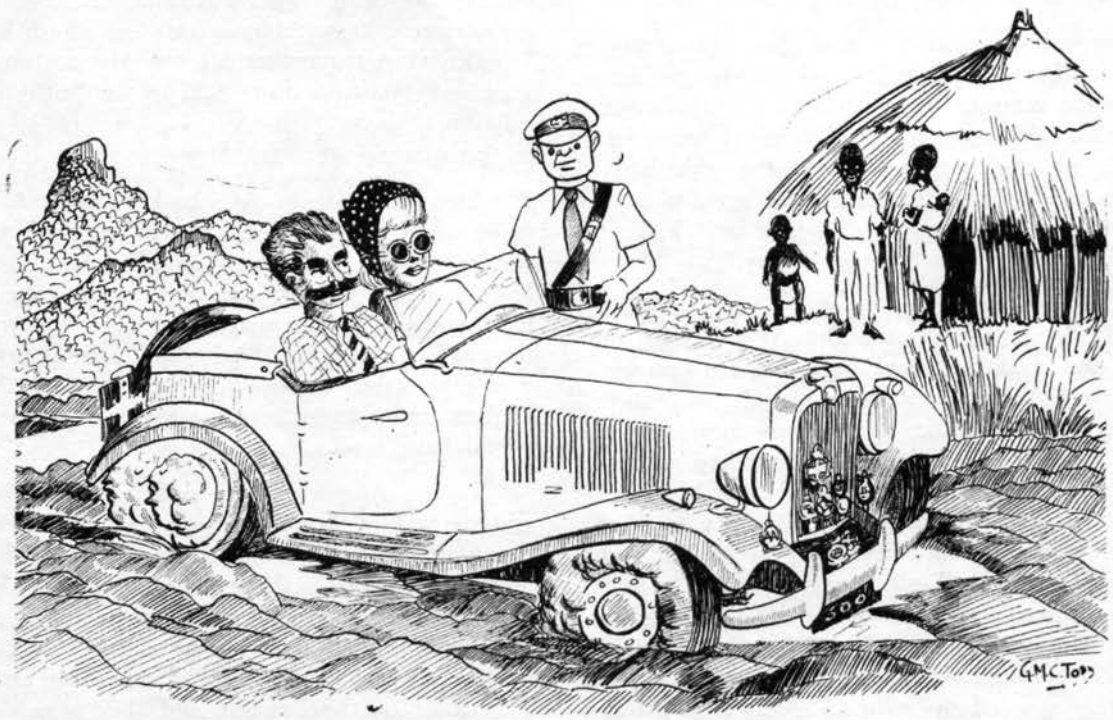
usual American thoroughness, developed the science of attack, galloped faster, and became marvellously accurate shots. Their crack players tried out all kinds of shots which had never been attempted elsewhere, and the result was that when they came across the Atlantic in 1909 the English got a nasty awakening, for the challengers defeated them easily.

Hurlingham had learnt its lessons—and English players adopted a good many of the American ideas. In 1914, this country sent across a magnificent team to the United States, and beat the Americans on their own grounds. That year was probably the zenith of English polo. The war which broke out gravely affected the well-being of English polo, and it is probably true to say that it really never recovered. In the between-war years the Americans held off the challenging for the Westchester Cup on five occasions, the Duchess of Gloucester presenting it after the last match in 1936.

The Americans are a lot more fortunate than our own players in the number of first-class grounds available to them. Polo cannot be played just anywhere, for a full-sized ground is 300 yards long and at least 160 yards wide. Long Island for instance, has a couple of dozen within a radius of the noted Meadow Brook Club, which has eight of its own. These grounds are all nursed with the utmost tenderness, equal to that lavished on the pitches at Lord's, or the Soccer pitch at Wembley. The quality of the grass is another story, for none can compare with our No. 1 ground at Hurlingham. But this does not alter the fact that American grounds never get cut up like ours, because less demand is made on them.

Skill and success in polo depends as much upon the pony as upon the player himself. A first-class pony is worth a small fortune these days, for crack polo demands an animal with the power of a hunter, the courage of a racehorse, and the docility of a pony. It must have great strength for its size, be able to turn quickly and cleverly, and possessed of high intelligence. Ponies are trained to answer to the pressure of the reins on the neck, so that they may be perfectly controlled by one hand. There is no doubt that many of them enjoy playing as much as their riders.

In recent years the prices of ponies have advanced tremendously. Half a century back, when the Seventeenth Lancers left India, they sold a fine stud of ponies. The average price fetched was only £60. About the same time Egyptian ponies which could be trained for the game, could be bought for from £20 to £25. Just before the last war prices had gone up a lot, and ponies belonging to the Duke of



"The road gets quite sticky further on!"

Westminster went for £600 to £700 each in America. After the First World War huge prices were given for English ponies in America, £2,000 being topped.

First-class polo ponies are now bred in the U.K., the United States, and the Argentine, where there are many excellent players. As much care is taken in their breeding as with that of racehorses. Some of them have Arab and others thoroughbred blood. Some experts believe the ideal combination is a thoroughbred sire, and the dam nearly if not quite thoroughbred of the hardy old Irish stock.

No price can buy that perfect accord between rider and horse which is one of the beauties of the sport. Polo, unlike cricket, can never bore the spectator who knows nothing of the finer points of the game. It is always fast, thrilling, exciting. But even the expert onlooker cannot detect the finer points of polo. No eye can see them, and only the true horseman is able to divine them from their results.

These are the little movements of leg or hand, acquired only after months, even years of practice. They mark a great player, enabling him to control his pony and the ball with uncanny skill. Great players are able to play splendid polo on even inferior ponies; they can make a bad pony look good, and a good one look better. They seem to come like a bolt from the blue just at the psychological instant, saving the most desperate situations.

It is such swift change that makes polo an incomparable game to watch.

BRITISH LOCOMOTIVES IN AFRICA

Union the Best Customer

The North British Locomotive Company of Glasgow has announced that South Africa has been the firm's best customer for locomotives. During the years 1945-50 the firm shipped 734 locomotives overseas and leading importers were: South Africa, 335; India, 142; Australia, 73; Egypt, 50; Nigeria, 43; Malaya, 40 and Nyasaland 11. These locomotives were made in the biggest works of their kind in Europe, where 5,000 men maintain the reputation for engineering skill which was founded almost a century ago

The firm has revealed that the heaviest locomotives turned out by them have been the monsters recently shipped to South Africa. The tallest locomotives went to India and the smallest to Canada for use in the mines.

ORANGE FREE STATE EXHIBITION OPENED IN LONDON

A photographic exhibition illustrating the development of the new goldfields in the Orange Free State has been opened in the Library of the Central Hall in Wesminster. Photographs together with maps, plans and drawings cover all the aspects of the development of the field, from the first explorations and the first boreholes drilled to the provision of railway services, housing and power. The exhibition, which is sponsored by the Anglo-American Corporation of South Africa and relates specifically to enterprises of that company, gives a useful concrete impression of the physical development taking place.

The surest way to stop believing in dreams is to marry one.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

SOLUTION

ACROSS

1. Catmint.
6. Charger.
11. Marbles.
12. Deprave.
14. Easiest.
16. Pages.
17. Arete.
18. Eleve.
20. Sense.
22. Rare.
23. Fleet.
26. Mean.
27. Blended.
29. Cachou.
30. Nimble.
31. Asserts.
34. Duet.
37. Hares.
38. Aver.
41. Essen.
43. Abase.
44. Plead.
46. Ember.
48. Trilabe.
49. Reading.
50. Renders.
51. Desists.
52. Dehisce.

DOWN

1. Cadger.
2. Topper.
3. Image.
4. Nave.
5. Trestle.
6. Cleared.
7. Hear.
8. Asses.
9. Greene.
10. Rotten.
13. Rave.
15. Item.
19. Lazarus.
21. Sallies.
23. Flush.
24. Enter.
25. Tents.
27. Boa.
28. Dis.
32. Saddens.
33. Revered.
34. Dented.
35. Espies.
36. Tell.
38. Abed.
39. Varies.
40. Reggie.
42. Nears.
43. Abash.
45. Abet.
47. Mere.

Your New Reading

G. B. S. was not a Hero to his Secretary

THE year opened with what will doubtless rank as one of the publishing events of the year: *30 Years With G.B.S.*, by Blanche Patch (Gollancz).

Bernard Shaw, huge as was his following, left a great number of folk indifferent to him and his fame. You might agree with him or not, he was a genius; that's sure. All the same he was also a posturer, an actor, a man who put on a public show. It was that which made him such a riddle—as were well aware those who encountered him on business or public occasion. And the best way to deal with Shaw, where interview was concerned, was to adopt a plain, direct, rather wooden manner, and not appear to be overcome by the witticisms and flashing remarks. Indeed, I would go as far as to assert that, for the ordinary mortal at least, it was the only safe way. In his private life he was, one gathers, another man: somewhat silent, modest, and shy. (Shaw's tremendous public manner was, in fact, his armour against a shyness which he fought all his life).

Miss Patch, his secretary for the last 30 years of his life, tells us all this and a very great deal more. There are those who may expect this book to be of the sensational revelations, or, alternatively, of the sentimental type. They will be disappointed. That is the value of Miss Patch's book, which is a real contribution to the G.B.S. literature.

She writes without idolatry, with detachment, complete calm; rather like a person whose business it was to run a machine without bothering herself about that machine's actual purpose. She never fell under the G.B.S spell. She is completely loyal to Shaw; without malice; but, above all, detached. Her book is (in spite of some slight signs of hurry, here and there) first class, and immensely interesting.

With Malaya next to Korea a subject of anxiety in Britishers' minds, *With Freedom to Singapore*, by O. W. Gilmour (Benn) is of outstanding interest.

Here Col. Gilmour, for long an engineer there, and one of the last to leave when Japan seized the city, gives the story of his return as of the Civil Planning Unit sent to clear up the war mess and bring Singapore to life again after more than three years of Japanese control.

Col. Gilmour's book gives us one of the most impressive and precise accounts ever written of the atmosphere of a great city as found after being at the mercy of a muddled and brutal conqueror; incidentally, it proves for certain that, whatever the Japanese may be as warriors, their grasp of the fundamentals of Western mechanical advances and secrets of administration has been grossly exaggerated. To those Britons overseas everywhere this book has a peculiar and special appeal, and is steeped in interesting detail.

For this Festival of Britain Year, Messrs. Harrap have just published *The English Stage, 1850-1950*, by Lynton Hudson; a book which is explained by its title.

The notable thing about the volume is the manner in which the author covers such a vast subject with such skill in more than reasonable compass. And, as one would expect from him, he does it with a profound knowledge of the developments, social as well as theatrical, that have led us in a century from the crudities of mid-Victorian plays to the infinitely more civilised widening and breaking down of barriers that mark the English stage of to-day. A delightful book, this, as well as instructive.

If you are of the legion of admirers of Somerset Maugham, make a special note of *Don Fernando: New and Revised Edition* (Heinemann), which should be with you by the time these lines are in print.

Mr. Maugham has for more than half a century had a special feeling for Spain; from the days when, in fact, as a young medical student just through his course, he went on holiday to Seville, and fell in love with both the city and the country. He later wrote a book on that journey; grew to dislike that book as the immature work of a young man; more than 30 years afterwards wrote another, "Don Fernando"; became dissatisfied with certain parts of that; and in due time rewrote and revised certain parts of it. Here is the result.

(In the meantime, as planned, he also wrote his Spanish historical novel, "Catalina," a demure, ironic and brilliantly told story, in its class in the Maugham canon second only to the superb "Then and Now").

Here, in the new "Don Fernando," Mr. Maugham with urbanity, point and a wealth of out of the way knowledge lightly borne, gives us a picture of Golden Age Spain as it really was; its art, in book, play, and on canvas; its people as they were, and the way they lived. And what a people, and Age! I can imagine no more delightful hours than those to be spent with such a book as this, in touch with this astringent and civilised mind and prose classic in its charm, perfect in ease.

War book or not, for sheer merit I lead this month's fiction with *Vile Repose,* by Michael P. O'Connor (Benn): the story, in fiction form, of life as a prisoner of war of the Japanese in a camp in Borneo. Dr. O'Connor, a born novelist,

By

John Colophon

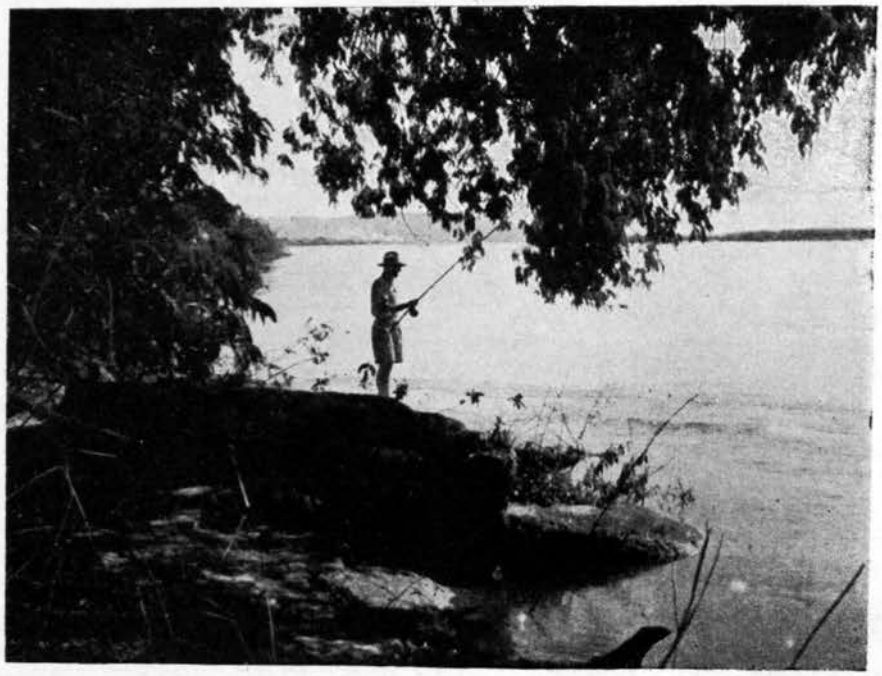
writes here with such controlled power and vividness, allied to great skill in the drawing of character, that he grips and colours the imagination. Once taken up, this book cannot be laid down; it lingers in the memory; it is one of the best novels published for many months.

Quite different in texture and mental substance, but certainly entertaining and well told is *The Webb of Days,* by Edna Lee (Hurst & Blackett), a drama and love story in which sentiment is mingled with horror, set in the days just after the U.S. Civil War and the abolition of slavery. The character of the heroine, Hester Snow, though idealistic, is firmly drawn; the wealth of incident handled with strong sense of drama.

Green Felicity, by Elizabeth Hargreaves (Hutchinson), a first novel, the love story of a young girl against West African background, with many complications of cross-loves. There is pace here, and a sense of atmosphere. *Swift as a Shuttle,* by Charles Lowrie (Ward Lock) is a thoroughly unusual historical novel of the days of Queen Elizabeth, and centres round the hero's activities that in the event are of peculiar value to the Queen. This quick moving novel establishes more surely its author's position among the writers of historic novels at the present time.

In the new thrillers note *Peter Gayleigh Flies High,* by Colin Robertson (Ward Lock): stirring doings on the Riviera, deftly handled by one of the writers who really can give us a first-class thriller.

Finally, for your choice of new Pan-Books, note Wilde's three best plays, *Lady Windermere's Fan, The Importance of Being Ernest* and *An Ideal Husband;* Charles Morgan's *The Judge;* Milward Kennedy's thriller for connoisseurs, *Escape to Quebec;* and the Agatha Christie starred volume, *Murder is Easy.*



FISHING ON THE ZAMBESI

African's Beliefs about the Elephant

As told to D. C. H. PARKHURST

THERE are two kinds of bull elephant, the tusker (*goronga*) and the tuskless (*muvi*), but the tusker comes off second best in an argument with the tuskless one which is stronger, speedier, with a quick temper and plenty of courage. He is a Cantankerous fellow and will belabour the tusker with his trunk (*chitamba, murowo*), or with sapling or log. He leads the herd and sires the cows, although the tusker will try to lure a cow from the herd during mating time.

* * *

No one doubts the intuitive powers of the elephant for, instead of having wisdom teeth, it possesses four wisdom sticks (*mingano*), each about half the size of a match stick, which are located in pairs on either side of the temple under the skin. The youngsters have a single stick in either temple. These wisdom sticks enable them to perceive by intuition the time of their death. The sticks are coveted by hunters who, upon killing an elephant, must butt its temple with the gun, otherwise the sticks have a knack of disappearing. Power to forecast the results of future elephant hunts lies in these sticks. They should be ground to powder. boiled with certain herbs and lion fat and swallowed. This induces dreams of elephant. If the hunter dreams that he has killed an elephant he will set out in a day or two, confident of success.

Why does it so often happen that the large tusker is found alone? Because it has been driven from the herd knowing full well that its fatal day draws near; but for this it would remain with the main herd with some degree of safety, concealing its head in the dense vegetation lest its coveted tusks be seen by the hunter. If a bull is to be shot in the main herd, the herd knows who the victim will be, for they realise intuitively that they are being followed and they will kick up the earth to divine which of them must lose its life.

When an elephant is aware that it is being shot at, it will contract its hide to resist or deflect the bullets. If wounded and still able to stumble away it will be supported by members of the herd and is assisted deep into the bush. In its death agonies it has been known to break its tusks deliberately in the forked branch of a tree, or to crash them down on rocks to break them and so frustrate the hunters' greed for these trophies. The herd will visit the carcase of its dead relative and scatter the bones as a ritual of mourning.

If on the spoor of a wounded elephant the hunter comes to a hole having a log across it, he will wisely stop tracking, for this is the elephant's warning.

A hunter who sets out on a hunt with grief in his heart will wound but not kill. If he meets an elephant with trunk curled about its head he will know that some tragedy has befallen his family since he left home. Should he see an elephant flinging earth over its back he will know that his wife is bathing, which she is not supposed to do during her husband's absence on a hunt for elephant.

The tuskless elephant and the cows with calves will charge and kill those guilty of adultery unless they immediately confess their guilt to the elephant. No hunter will allow companions to accompany him without first ascertaining whether any has been guilty of adulterous behaviour. The hunter alone must announce to the elephant the guilty person's presence and name before he fires. An elephant swallows a small pebble in every large river it crosses so as to keep a count of its age.

They abominate the rhino, wart-hog, lion, leopard and the crocodile but are friendly with the buffalo.

The chief of the area is entitled to the tusk beneath the fallen elephant though it be damaged and broken—also to the trunk, which is considered a delicacy.

(*With acknowledgments to N.A.D.A.*)

A man being subpoenaed as a witness on a trial for an assault, one of the counsel, who was notorious for brow-breating witnesses, asked him what distance he was from the parties when the assault happened; he answered:

"Just thirteen feet eleven inches and a half."

"How come you to be so exact?" said the counsel.

"Because I expected some fool or other would ask me," said the witness," and I just measured it."

What we read . . . .

Women read more than men—boys than girls. For everybody there is a journal, the butcher, baker and candlestick maker. Ten per cent. of regularly published journalsin Britain are exclusively for women, nearly seven per cent. devoted to religion. Even the humble coalman has his rag while the Income Tax assessor gets his last laugh at you from his.

IT was recently disclosed that it may be necessary to curtail the supply of newsprint in Britain. Several journals which have been staunch family friends since Victorian days have already made their last sad but graceful bow to the public. The news is, however, a particularly big blow for women, for out of the 1,200-odd national journals and magazines published which does not take into account the thousand-odd provincial, local and borough journals, over ten per cent. are exclusively for milady. Women appear to read far more than men for sixty-five weekly or monthly journals are published covering homecraft, cookery and the light type of romance, eleven telling her how to grow or look more beautiful, thirteen concerning clothes only and thirty-eight on the stage, cinema, ballet and dancing. She might quite reasonably say with her commonsense logic, "cut down first those eleven periodicals printed regularly on the cause of all the trouble, 'Paper and Print,' 'Paper Making,' 'The Paper Market,' and 'The Paper Trade,' or the ten on books and book-binding. Do not encourage those authors, writers and their ilk who need eleven magazines to tell them how to do it, as well as some of the two hundred journals printed on trades and professions, mostly for men who claim to be so good at their jobs." The butcher, baker and candlestick makers all have their magazines, three for the meat trade, six for bakers and confectioners and eleven for the foundry iron and metalworkers. Even the humble

By

Roy Pearson

coalman is not overlooked with his "Coal Merchant and Skipper," with four other contemporary periodicals.

The Civil Service have their "Opinion" and "Red Tape," quite jolly mags. no doubt, while those arch-enemies of mankind, the Income Tax assessors, look forward weekly to their "Rating and Income Tax" designed to help them so it claims, with de-rating (quite funny) surtax and verbatim reports on Court cases wherewith no doubt they often get their last laugh. The Empire's great building programme is illustrated by the twenty-seven journals published for the build-

"Well then, which IS the starter button?"

ing trade and decorators, fifteen on electrical and gas lighting and heating and eighteen on subsidiary trades.

What does man read apart from all this shop? Only seven relaxative reading journals, not counting, of course, the blind he pulls up at breakfast every morning, are published for men only—the "Wide World" and "Stag" type of periodical. The twenty-six topical weeklies and monthlies such as "Tit Bits," eighteen light short story periodicals and the fifteen illustrated magazines are read as much by the ladies. Men do, of course, seek a certain amount of inspiration from the forty-three journals and magazines of high literary merit—strong powerful plots, *belles-lettres* and the like.

It would seem, however, the Empire is either very pagan or the Churches are determined to get the Christian message into every home, for seventy-five of the twelve hundred journals are purely religious. State education has no doubt been a great encouragement for the twenty-nine journals devoted to the science of teaching and learning. Magazines devoted to spare-time occupations come well up the list with eighteen on country life, three on angling, sixteen motoring, four cycling, and the witty bi-monthly review of of the commercial traveller "On the Road," which runs very good joke pages. There are still a few farms in Britain, for nine journals are devoted to farming.

A touch of pathos is introduced by the "Silent World" published quarterly for deaf folk

"That's most interesting—and what other improvements would you suggest?"

—"articles and stories of a bright and intelligent nature—nothing morbid," is the description of its contents. Our inherent love of animals is illustrated by the "Tail Wagger," "Dogs," "Cats and Kittens" and "Cage Birds and Bird Fancy," even the humble gamekeeper has his own magazine. Air and sea power has ousted the Army. Fourteen reviews cover aeronautics, twenty-seven the Navy, shipping and the sea, while the Army, apart from regimental magazines, can only boast six. The National Health Scheme appears to have stepped up journals devoted to medicine, hospitalisation, nursing and chemistry, for forty-nine are now published against thirty-one in 1937.

There are thirty-seven periodicals on music and twelve on languages, yet we still find Aunt Emily trying out her few words of French on the Calais porter who speaks fluent English. The brewers and bottlers need six journals to make that Haig taste better and dock workers nearly went on strike when they saw the first issue of "Mechanical Handling." "It's all Tower Bridge," they said, "Up and dahn." Seven magazines on British Africa either praise or damn us while the "Ocean Times" with editorial offices in Stamford Street, London, goes to press daily on the "Queen" liners way out in the Atlantic.

The occult and ghost story has its place in British life with five publications devoted solely to heads under arms and cold breezes in the passages including the recently inaugurated "London Mystery Magazine" which has taken up residence at 221b Baker Street, Sherlock Holmes's old quarters, telegraphic address, "Whodunnit, London."

America has to help out with books devoted solely to detective stories; in exchange we export some of the thirty cultural magazines. Perhaps the most popular news sheets published to-day though are the individualistic efforts advertised so much in the dailies, "Pools Permutations" whereby, on close scrutiny and following the correct sequence you might win twenty thousand pounds.

What do the children read? Boys read more than girls. There are sixteen boys' magazines and only six exclusively for girls. For both, there are sixteen periodicals and fifteen comics for the under twelves. After marriage, it seems, she has more time to read!