



THE OUTPOST

ESTABLISHED: 1911

PUBLISHED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE
COMMISSIONER OF POLICE

EDITOR: H. G. BALDWIN

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

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Editor's Notes



Police Dogs

The post-war years have brought with them a number of changes and innovations in the constitution of the Force which we now accept as ordinary and indispensable. Amongst these is included the establishment of the Dog Section.

The Dog Section was introduced at a time when many senior men were retiring from the Force and hundreds of new men were joining and in the conditions arising from this great change-over in personnel, the Dog Section received very little publicity. Its first two or three years of existence were mainly experimental but now that it is an established part of our organisation and the capabilities and limitations of the dogs have been accepted, we feel that it is time that more should be made known of what has been accomplished by this branch of the Force.

In only few cases do circumstances permit the use of the dogs, and although the part played by the dog is usually small, it can be of vital importance. It is in the case where normal investigations have proved negative that he is called upon to give a hand—and it is the dog's "indications" that so often provides the missing link which leads to the eventual arrest of the accused.

Official records, although containing necessary statistics, can seldom convey the real story behind these investigations and it is this lack of knowledge of such cases that we wish to remedy. Although some information is available from General Headquarters, it is the investigating officers, who have called upon the Dog Section to help them, who can supply the required information. A summary, submitted to us after the successful completion of such cases, would enable us to present the story of these four-footed detectives to our readers.

Crime, and the methods used to combat it, is a constant source of interest to the general

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worthy of the occasion.



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public and although we do not seek publicity for its own sake, we feel that were such articles forthcoming in the pages of this magazine, our contemporaries would probably pass them on to the readers of the daily Press. Some understanding of the difficulties met with in the handling of Police dogs, inevitably apparent in the recording of such cases, would then be possible.

* * * *

Last month we published the story of the investigations in what came to be known as the Oil Drum Murder. The favourable comments received by us on this article were very gratifying and we hope that others will follow the example of E. J. S. who has contributed a number of these unusual cases for publication.

Obituary

MR. "DOC" WHITEFORD

With the recent death in Bindura Hospital of Mr. Sidney Lovell Whiteford, known throughout his district as "Doc," there has passed one of the old hands and a man beloved by all who knew him.

Mr. Whiteford was 82 and, with the exception of the years 1914 to 1922, when he held an important post at Woolwich Arsenal, he had lived at Mount Darwin since 1899.

He was born in Plymouth and trained for two years as a medical student in London before leaving in 1899 for South Africa. He was farming in Natal, when he made up his mind to come to Rhodesia and started for Mashonaland with two wagons.

On the way up he heard of the Rebellion, turned back, sold his wagons and joined Colonel Alderson's Column of Natal Volunteers for the B.S.A. Police, coming up with them via Beira to help in the suppression of the Rebellion.

Having joined the B.S.A.P., Mr. Whiteford was sent to Mount Darwin as medical orderly at a time when Mount Darwin was an important outpost with a police officer in charge, a medical officer, two sergeants and a number of troopers.

He left the Police in 1899 and took up farming and mining in the district.

His funeral at the old cemetery, Mount Darwin, was conducted by the Rev. Bennett; and was attended by almost the entire community, old friends travelling from Bindura and other parts of the Mazoe Valley to be present. (Rhodesia Herald).



OLD COMRADES



Johannesburg Sundowner

Soon after I had written last month's notes about the sundowner that had been arranged for ex-members in Johannesburg, I had a letter from Arthur Forrest giving me full details of the get-together.

It seems that the party was a great success, no less than ten Old Comrades of the Corps rallied to the call, in addition to which, apologies were received from two who were unable to

and adventures recalled, especially as several of the Old Timers joined as far back as 1907. The photograph on the next page may recall a few memories to some of them! Colonel "Monty" Surgey was in great form and most enthusiastic over the meeting. He, with his usual forethought, brought several copies of The Outpost which were eagerly perused by those who are non-subscribers, but who will soon be enrolled as such, I hope. A list of those present is given below. A few days after this sundowner, Mr. Forrest met Archie Arthur, who will be remembered for his Rugby and Boxing abilities some years ago. He, too, has promised to attend the next sundowner. He is now on the Randfontein Estates.

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attend owing to ill-health, whilst a third wrote saying that his notice was received too late for him to attend. They met in the private Reading Room of the Hotel Victoria. The spirit of the party was excellent and it is hoped that after another meeting moves may be made to form a branch of the Association down there.

Mr. Forrest adds that it was hardly necessary to mention that there were many old tales told

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Apologies were received from 1688 D. M.
 McDonald and Don Johnson (ex-Miami).

Malaya

Another coincidence occurred shortly after
 I had written last month's notes, concerning
 Jock Oliphant in Malaya. A letter was received
 by one of the Depot staff giving news of four
 more ex-B.S.A.P. men who are now in the
 Malaya Police. Bill Syrratt and Ken Batters are
 at Kuala Lampu; Geoffrey Hodgson is with the

C.I.D. at Kajanj, whilst Julian Burkett's address
 is not known.

Ex-Farrier Sub-Inspector A. Dodd (3125),
 who left the Corps last year is now at Mtotwe
 Farm, P.O. Darwendale.

It may be of interest to some readers that
 M. G. Linnell, who was in the M.R.F. in 1896,
 has returned to the Colony after an absence
 of 16 years. He is at present staying with his
 daughter, Mrs. Roy Puzey, of Puzey & Diss,
 Salisbury.

Cuff Links

I have frequently had inquiries concerning
 the question of Police cuff-links, and this month
 I have received the news that they are now on
 sale at the Regimental Canteen, at a cost of
 6s. 6d. per pair. They are available to members
 of the Regimental Association only. Will anyone
 who intends ordering these by post, please
 address their order to the Canteen Steward,
 B.S.A. Police Depot, P.O. Box 5, Causeway,
 Salisbury. The Editor cannot deal conveniently
 with these orders.



ON TRANSFER—WHO, WHERE AND WHEN?

Murder by Spear

BY "BADMASH"

THE news of the murder of three Europeans and 20 natives by Suk warriors in Kenya makes one wonder if these warlike and fanatical tribes will ever be completely quelled. It appears that a patrol of Kenya Police went out to arrest a well-known leader of agitators and were defied by some 300 tribesmen. In the fight that followed three Europeans and 20 Africans were killed, and, apparently, the wanted man escaped arrest.

This state of affairs no doubt led to expense to the Kenya Government by having to send a punitive expedition against the Suk tribe, perhaps a company or two of the King's African Rifles being sent.

It was not long ago that Major Hugh Grant, District Commissioner in the Masai country, was speared by a young El Moran (warrior) when the D.C. was attempting to take one of the Masai's cattle as a fine, while every now and then the murder of a European official and otherwise is being reported.

Such a force, if sent, would take many hundreds of head of cattle as fine, as well as arresting the headmen and leaders, and the murderers if possible and burning numerous manyattas (villages). This sounds simple enough when modern weapons are used against primitive spears and swords, but it is actually not as easy as one might think.

The Suk territory lies far to the North-west of Nairobi on the borders of Turkana, lying to

the South-west of Lake Rudolf, a wild and inhospitable country. The Suk is also to the North of the Great Rift Valley and Lake Baringo. In fact the Suk might be likened as cousins of the Turkana, which tribes are always uncertain in their tempers and warlike activities, as the government know to their cost in the past. Turkana always was garrisoned by King's African Rifles at posts such as Lodwar, isolated and wild, and where it was only through the firmness and tact of the officials which kept the country moderately quiet.

Manyattas are well hidden in the fastnesses of thick bush, and bombing would not be of much use unless herds of stock were encountered on the plainlands. The Suk are a nomadic people, tending their herds in the wilderness. They find government restrictions irksome as do the Turkana, Masai and Somali tribes of Northern Kenya, and being fanatical to a degree and loving the "sport" of war, they do not as a rule give in to even modernised troops until many of their villages have been destroyed, and they have caused loss to the attacking forces, while it must be appreciated that sudden ambushes and dawn attacks by warriors armed with spears are often successful, causing casualties among the government troops. This is expensive, even if in the long run the tribesmen are routed with loss of life and stock. These are the factors that the Government have to consider before sending out a punitive force to teach the tribesmen a lesson.

It was only in 1916 that the Aulihan tribe of Somalis living in the Northern Province of Kenya rose against the government, and it took two years to quell them at much expense and loss to the government, and the Aulihan are just one of many tribes which inhabit these arid wastes of waterless desert and bush.

In the "old days"—35 years ago or so—punitive forces were always on the go against one or another of the Kenya tribes such as the Masai, Nandi, Kisii, and Somalis, while across the frontiers, especially in British Somaliland, the "Mad Mullah," was always on the rampage. Those days have gone, however. Nevertheless the tempers of these savages sometimes get beyond their control and bloodshed follows, for these peoples are certainly not friendly towards missionaries, and civilisation in any way, especially if new ideas are apt to upset their ancient tribal customs. That



The River Turkana in flood at Nodwar Boma, Turkana, N.W. Kenya.

Photo: H. Mackay.

is why it is the government policy to let these savage peoples live in their reservations according to ancient custom as far as possible, policing the districts and having posts under District Commissioners, who collect taxes from them annually, such collections leading to fights when the warriors do not pay up. But this is not too common these days, for the tribes on the whole are learning that it is not wise to turn their arms against the government, for the hand of punishment lands heavily upon them and theirs. So will the Suk discover in due course, and no doubt, for a while will repent—until the next time!

To be a "Keeper of the King's Peace" in the wilder parts of Kenya is no sinecure, be the official a D.C., policeman or soldier. The official must have the tact and patience of Job. He must be firm but just, while pitting his brains against the natural cunning and often treachery of the tribes which he rules. If he makes a mistake he soon hears about it from Nairobi, while if he is weak, the tribes soon become aware of the fact and act accordingly, but the latter type of official is not often to be met with, while some officials are so well liked by the savages under his control that he has no trouble, and is sometimes welcomed into the tribe as a "blood brother." The late Lord Delamere became a member of the Masai tribe, while John Boyes is known as the

"Uncrowned King of the Kikuyu." John Boyes, that wonderful old pioneer attended the recent ceremony when the Duke of Gloucester raised Nairobi to the status of city.

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One of the first permits to be granted by the South African Government since the ban on the importation of livestock almost two years ago, has been issued to the Ayrshire Cattle Herd Book Society for the special importation of 10 pedigree attested Ayrshire heifers in calf. The heifers are being shipped primarily for exhibition at the great Witwatersrand Easter Show to be held in Johannesburg, and they will later be offered to South African breeders at an auction sale which will form part of the Easter Show programme.

Mr. John Jamieson of Annan, Scotland, has been chosen by the Ayrshire Society as official stockman, and will accompany the animals. He will prepare them for the exhibition and later for the sale ring. Ten animals have been specially selected from some of the leading herds in Scotland, five being from Ayrshire, three from Kirkcudbrightshire, and two from Dumfriesshire.



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THE OUTPOST, MARCH, 1951

Am I Covered?

WHEN Uvaditjo first asked me to chronicle the details of his painful experience, I suggested his was a case of Love's Labour Lost, but his emphatic shake of the head, indicating strong disapproval, was more than eloquent. Actually, it would have been less painful to him had he voiced his reply, for any movement above his thirteenth rib proved to be most distressing to his sore and battered cranium. Wisdom had certainly entered his head the hard way and it was obvious it would be some time before his features became normal again.

I felt so sorry for him as he sat on the floor of the Charge Office telling me his tale of woe that I almost forgot to curse the bad luck which found me on reserve duty that Sunday afternoon.

You may not believe this amazing story of the impact of Christianity on an African mind, but be that as it may. I record it for what it is worth and hasten to add that all the characters have been given fictitious names so that they shall have no reference whatsoever to any person either alive or in the Police.

Uvaditjo was a poor man even by African standards, but he had lived a quiet and respectable life. He enjoyed few earthly comforts and found consolation in the hope of being decently buried in accordance with tribal custom at his death. His idea of Heaven in the "hereafter" was to rest peacefully near his ancestors at the foot of the kopje with his personal belongings buried beside him and an ability to make his spirit felt adequately by those of his descendants who might fail to appease it appropriately with beer at the proper seasons. He had been able to afford only one wife. You will understand he had married before the Government put price control on the cost of loving by restricting lobolo to £20. His sole wife, Kupateyi, had cost him his all, but she had served him well and was no trouble, comparatively speaking. He had felt at peace with the world.

Nevertheless, Uvaditjo came from Darwin—and it is not surprising, therefore, that he developed a theory.

Doubts first began to assail him after he had been persuaded to attend a local Mission. He there learned of the urgent need to prepare to meet the white man's God. The terror of Hell's Fire and the attractiveness of the attainable alternative became known to him, whilst the truth of the "Message" appeared confirmed by the number of

his kith and kin who became staunch adherents of the faith.

Now Uvaditjo had worked for a while in his younger days at a mine and was therefore acquainted with insurance by reason of the Workmen's Compensation Act. The idea of advance payment and preparation as cover against some future adverse contingency was clearly understood by him. It had not escaped his notice that various

◆ ◆
By "INGUTSHENI"
● ●

insurance companies made attractive offers in competition with each other to secure the business. It occurred to Uvaditjo that this need to fear possible peril to come and the offer of protection therefrom as expounded formerly by the insurance men was very similar indeed to what he had heard at the Mission.

Diligent enquiry revealed to him that Missions of other denominations preached the same kind of Gospel, and he became more than ever convinced of its apparent nature. What more natural than that he should consider that the various religious denominations were the counterpart of the competing insurance companies with whom he had had earlier experience? The fact that each denomination offered some small advantage over the others to secure his custom added to the illusion. Why else should one provide free slates, another cheaper Bibles, and a third rebates on fees, and so on?

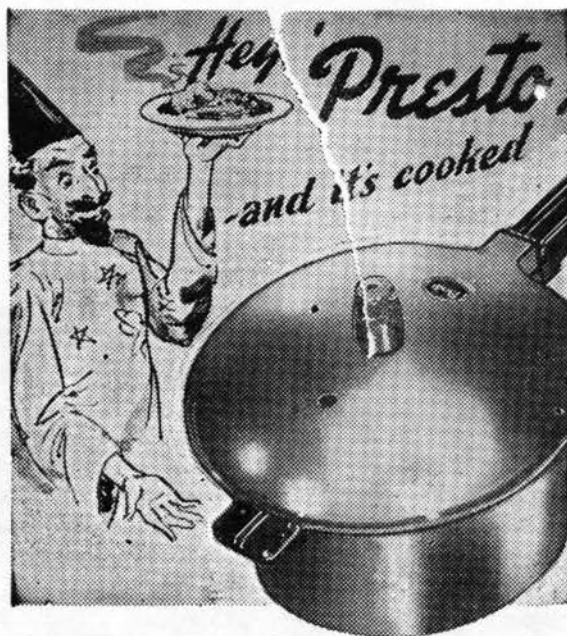
This was insurance by another name for sure, and Uvaditjo felt he should secure this cover for "Heaven after death" on the best possible terms. There was no prospectus to guide him in his choice, but then there were no premiums to be paid, either. This looked like being too easy. Why not take out a policy with the lot and set the attainment of Heaven on a really sound basis?

Those were the lines along which Uvaditjo's mind worked. And who can blame him? But he soon found he could not obtain membership of one Church if he wished to retain association with another.

Are you insured with any other company? Those words came back to him then. So it was that his theory was conceived.

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THE OUTPOST, MARCH, 1951

Take a wife from each denomination and have comprehensive cover by proxy, so to speak! Community of property! What's yours is mine! To have and to hold! All sorts of relevant phrases of this nature came to his mind. It was a piece of cake. The boy reckoned he'd got something. No lobolo to pay. Just a spot of to love and to cherish. Was he ready to sign the proposal forms? I'll say he was.

A snag soon presented itself, however, in the shape of bigamy. But to a resourceful chap like Uvadijo this was just too simple. He must move around a bit and select a bride per denomination per district. It was time he saw a bit of the country anyway.

So with a bundle on his shoulder and a bachelor gay air Uvadijo set out upon his crusade. It took him a bit of time, of course, to complete his task, but eventually he had wooed and won his wistful way from Wedza to Wankie and promiscuously plighted his plausible promise from Plumtree to Penhalonga. It could not be said in truth that he found the fields white to the harvest because the belles who bowed to his blandishments were black of beauty. However, you will have gathered that he did not sow his seeds of seduction on stony soil and soon secured satisfactory supplies from sundry sources.

As he walked each bride from the Church so he consigned her to his kraal to build a love nest and await his return. Exactly what Kupateyi thought as each one arrived is not known as she kept her own counsel in dutiful obedience to tribal custom. She probably added each one to the inventory and comforted herself with the belief that her husband had won them in the "Snappy Link" scheme which was then the rage. They certainly were snappy, she woefully observed.

At the conclusion of his wanderings Uvadijo counted his bag and was satisfied. The balance sheet showed plenty on the credit side and dividends could be anticipated with certainty.

A summary of his score card could be quoted as follows:—

- "At Marandellas he married Muchado after quibbling over trifles.
- "At Wedza he played his hand well to get Wachuafta.
- "At Umtali he chased Ukachme with success.
- "At Wankie a single approach secured Wunsonle, although he rather favoured her sister, Twaisadayi.
- "At Norton he popped the question to Nevasano and she was his.

"At Odzi his bride was Osowizo.

"At Hartley he had to spend a little for Handitova, but she was worth it."

One for each day of the week and one from each denomination. Now he could sit back in his kraal and cash in confidently in due season.

Oh death, where is thy sting? All went moderately well for a time, but soon Uvadijo noticed that the parents and sundry relatives of each of his brides began to arrive at his kraal intent upon sojourning awhile to witness the bliss which marriage had brought to the daughter of their blood. Their arrival appeared to Uvadijo like the approach of doom.

He was right. Christian susceptibilities were at first quietened in the minds of the visitors on the grounds that perhaps tribal custom at Darwin necessitated a different approach to Christian ideals. Nevertheless, they did not fancy this polygamous state of affairs and it was not long before realisation dawned upon them. The upshot was that jokes concerning mothers-in-law were kindergarten stuff compared with the troubles that descended upon Uvadijo when these visitors, relatively speaking, got right down to business and demanded a few explanations. Uvadijo was beset from all angles and was at a loss as to how to extricate himself.

He conceived the idea that he could perhaps appease all by making a generous gift to each of his wives in true Christian spirit thus demonstrating that whilst he may have strayed a little from the accepted tenets of the Christian code regarding marriage he at least endowed each bride with a modicum of love and what have you.

He never made a bigger mistake in his life. True, his act of giving softened the righteous ire of his in-laws sufficiently to break up the concerted demands they made upon him, but the real fun and games started when the parcels were opened on that happy morn.

Christians then awoke with a vengeance. Muchado considered her piece of German print was not as good as Ukachme's beads. Wachuafta went for Wunsonle because their metal-backed mirrors were identical. Nevasano said plenty of other things when she compared her bangle with Osowizo's "doek." Handitova grabbed the lot in her rage and that started the general melee. Relatives sided with the daughter of their respective house, Uvadijo tried to slink away and Kupateyi remained quietly aloof pounding the mealies until the wooden pestle was snatched from her hands for other purposes. All-in tactics were resorted to from the outset and

(Continued on Page 14)

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POLICE WITNESSES

THE Oxford English Dictionary defines a court as "... the place, hall or chamber in which justice is administered . . . an assembly of judges or other persons legally appointed and acting as a tribunal to hear and determine any cause . . ." It is apparent then that it is a place of solemnity, of dignity; therefore an appearance in any court calls for particular attention to dress. There will be those in that court to whom dull buttons or half-cleaned boots will be as apparent as to a sergeant-major — even if they are less voluble about it.

A load of responsibility rests upon the police witness. A direct servant of the Crown, he stands impartial, and as such will be given more credence than a witness, who, from various motives, might have interest in the outcome of a trial.

Relatively speaking, the majority of cases are not important from a police point of view. This does not mean that they should be treated in a slighting manner; whether it was the right or left headlight that was out is just as important as fingerprints on a blood-stained knife.

It will be assumed—for the purpose of the court-room scene which will try to create—that you, the fledgling arm of the law, are the star witness. It will be assumed, too, that you have verified your faces, doubted them, then verified them again.

The wheels of justice are about to turn. The charge is read, the defendant pleads guilty, and you are asked to give the facts of the case. Too often such facts are given with a fixed eye and the glum expression of the man with a grievance. Something like this: "Your worship, (pause) whilst I was proceeding on patrol I did this and I did that and the prisoner said this" and so forth to a point of weariness. It is not without reason that jibes have been made at policemen who could never "go" anywhere, they were always proceeding or patrolling. (We remember a policeman who once "ascended" a river). In such cases it will be sufficient to say: "I found this accused driving a Stutz Bearcat automobile on Highway No. 2 near P. about 8 p.m. of May 19th last. The tail-light assembly of the car was broken, rusted and the tail-lamp was not alight." Note that we have clearly identified the accused as being in charge of the motor vehicle, we have established the time, the place and the offence. We have also made it plain that the unit must have been out of commission for some time. But, and this is most

important, we have given no opinion, instead the cold hard facts. Never mistake opinion for facts. To say, "The car looked as if it had been in a collision" is an opinion. "The left front headlight of the car was shattered, the left front fender was crumpled" is a statement of facts. If you give the facts in a clear and logical manner, the inference to be drawn from them will be equally obvious. This applies to evidence in any type of case.

In cases tried before a Superior Court an agent of the attorney-general will, of course,

BY

Cpl. J. MITCHELL, R.C.M.P.

appear for the prosecution. When you are called to the witness stand, walk there slowly and deliberately, climb the steps slowly and wait until the Clerk hands you the Bible, until you are sworn, until having handed the Bible back you have been asked for and given your full name. A shuffling gallop to the witness box, a stumble on the steps, a smirking sidelong appraisal of the Judge, and brother, you already have two strikes against you.

Once safely in the witness box, take a comfortable "stand-easy" position and face Crown Counsel. Cultivate a calm, level voice and avoid being helpful and anxious. Listen to the full question, then reply deliberately and clearly. Should the judge interject a question, stand to attention, then turn and face him. Do not overdo this—a clashing of spurs and an exaggerated parade-ground posture will look pompous. Wait, until by a gesture or a word, the judge consents to counsel continuing the examination.

When argument is in progress between counsel, never volunteer from the witness box any information which you may think will clear up the point. Wait till you are back at the counsel table, and you will have the chance to do so by whisper or written note.

Answer the defence counsel as carefully, as politely, as honestly as you did counsel for the Crown. Remember that he is there by right of the law of the land, the same law that you swore to uphold when you took your oath of office. Straight, simple answers are best; firm, steadfast replies. Beware of the question based on a false

premise. Remember the hoary old chestnut: "Now answer me yes or no, have you stopped beating your wife?" Too obviously the answer is "I have no wife" or "I have never beaten my wife." Never out of misplaced sympathy or a fawning attempt to be friends with everyone, allow yourself to be beguiled into retracting a previously true statement into an approximation. "Now tell me," asks defence counsel of a too eager police witness, "in your direct evidence you said you found exhibit two, 15ft. 6in. from the corner post of the verandah. That, of course, was the approximate distance, wasn't it?" "Yes, I guess it was," answers the witness. The foolish fellow has forgotten that in his direct evidence he swore that he had measured the distance with a steel tape line. Again it is stressed, be firm in your answers.

"Remember, now," says defence counsel, "you are under oath, we want the truth here." "I have been conscious of my oath and told the truth in every statement I have made from this witness box," replies the police witness.

Beware of posing as an expert and being drawn into giving evidence on matters beyond your ken. You may finish up in a morass where the footing is most uncertain. With a smiling, disarming approach, defence counsel beguiled a police witness into giving opinion evidence about glass fractures and the speed and direction of missiles. Later in the trial an expert on such matters refuted all that had been said by the policeman. Probably the Judge wondered how much credence could be attached to the rest of that policeman's evidence.

Insistent and persistent questions in cross-examination may be irritating, but never lose your gravity and your dignity. Don't shout. "Sir," said Dr. Samuel Johnson to a loud-mouthed opponent in a controversy, "you raise your voice when you should be re-enforcing your argument." Those of us who have a pious turn of mind may recall a certain Book wherein a celebrated Hebrew judge is reported to have said something about a soft answer turning away wrath. That is good advice in court-room manners, too.

Once the trial is over, forget it. Our function as a police witness is ended in that case, and so should our interest in the penalty. We have never heard of a judge taking a hand in police investigation; by the same token the police have nothing to do with the penalty.—R.C.M.P. *Quarterly*.

Am I Covered?

(Continued from Page 11)

persons and property became the object of ferocious assault wherever encountered.

It was not long before someone observed Uvadijo creeping away, whereupon the inter-house fight ceased as at a signal and a concerted rush was made upon him. Only by the reason of the chaos which ensued was Uvadijo able to escape, battered and bruised, to seek sanctuary in the Police Camp. As I listened to his story I could see smoke still rising from the kraal in the distance whilst my African Police breasted the rise in their rush to restore order.

Uvadijo has since remarked that he is once more content with his nice quiet Kupteyi and appreciates how hard it is for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

Housing Problem

An American girl was asked her opinion about the housing problem.

"A house," she rejoined, "what on earth should I do with it? I was born in a hospital, brought up in a boarding-house, did my courting in a motor-car, and was married in a church. We took meals in a restaurant, spent the morning on the golf course, and the afternoons at the bridge club, our evenings dancing or at the cinema. As for our children, they are in homes. All we really want is a garage, with a bedroom above."

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Background of Witchcraft

THE rains were very close, every day brought a greater intensity of heat whilst the mixed population of Kalara looked skywards, searching for clouds, Kalara was just another small town in the southern half of Southern Rhodesia. It was situated in good stock country, surrounded by Native Reserves, which under the fine cover of local administration, were deemed to be civilised.

It was under these conditions of weather and routine affairs that Mtembo was running towards Kalara. From the time that the horns of the cattle, had become visible above the crudely constructed kraal at dawn yesterday, he had been on the move. Now, with night falling over the kopjes and dense bush, he had come to the sand road to Kalara. Mtembo was a simple man, speaking only the tongue of his tribe, capable of doing one thing only at a time. The mission given him by Headman Kabo was nearing completion, and dawn to-morrow would see him in the African lines of the Police Camp. As he thought of this he started to sing. It was the song of protection; he had moved through lion country and he was still safe.

* * *

African Corporal Mdego, schooled in discipline for nearly 20 years, saw Mtembo fall to the ground near the witness's hut. He ordered him water and watched him drink, waiting until his thirst was satisfied before calling him over to the horse lines.

It took Corporal Mdego thirty minutes to obtain Mtembo's message, but by then he was satisfied that even the keen mind of the European in charge of the station could gain no further information from him. Corporal Mdego placed his cane under his arm and walked towards the Inspector's office to convey the message.

* * *

Two hours later, Detective Sergeant Clayton and African Detective Hlebo were on the road towards Kalara. The radio message to H.Q. had indicated that native female Bitinga had died under unusual circumstances in the Tinga Reserve. She had been missing for five days before her body had been found in the Mopani belt. Police Kalara had suggested that District Headquarters should take over the case; and halfway to Kalara, Clayton looking through the windscreen of his transport, saw the first few clouds banking up to the west.

He arrived at dusk, reported in at the Station and having collected Mtembo, moved out down the sand road towards the Tinga Reserve. Small game darted across the track, disturbed by the noise of the motor, pausing now and then for a few seconds in the glare of the headlights. The sand track was not good. Made originally by the Police and the Native Department and washed out by the yearly torrential rains, it made fast driving impossible, and slow driving disagreeable.

At midnight, Clayton pulled into the veld and made camp. After food he bedded down in the back of the truck whilst the two Africans made a large fire, rolled into their blankets and fell asleep. Clayton's last thought was that he should

BY

"ROLL ON"

arrive at the scene of the crime about mid-day on the morrow.

It was within two hours of sunset however, before he arrived and saw the body. The last two miles had taken four hours to cover, and then they had walked into the Mopani belt.

Headman Kabo, who had stayed with the body, keeping company with the husband of the deceased in silent respect, clapped his hands in greeting as Clayton walked towards him.

When Clayton finished his examination of the body the sun was down, the Go-away birds had departed, and God's invisible artist had painted dark patches into the trees. Leaving Hlebo to guard the body, he walked to his truck with Kabo and Milwani, the husband. Encouraged on the way to talk, they told a story of the deceased going into the Mopani belt to collect caterpillars, edible to the indigenous people. When Bitinga had not returned, they had presumed she was attending a beer-drink. The following day, however, they became worried. Search parties were organised, but owing to the hard ground, and a strong prevailing wind, the spoor had been hard to follow. It was only after five days, that they had located her. There had been no trouble at the kraal and no known purpose in her death.

Clayton who had spent ten years working with natives, had no faith. On arrival at the camp he gave orders for a table to be prepared,

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with cover above. The Government Medical Officer would arrive the following day to carry out the post mortem. As far as Clayton was concerned the woman had been stabbed to death or shot and he favoured the latter theory. It would take a long and accurate knife to make three wounds in a group the size of a penny. That was what he had seen on the left side of the body, and on the right were three exit wounds, two close together, one two inches away. The body, clothed in a German print blouse, was in a very advanced state of putrefaction and there was very little blood.

After a further three-hours interrogation, Clayton realised that they were all too tired to carry on. It was then, too, that he realised he had not had food that day. Dismissing the two witnesses to their fire, he cut bread, opened tins, and went back to Hlebo to eat and talk of the killing.

The next day, the G.M.O., working in the heat of the day, and having the flies wafted away from the body, gave a verdict of death by means of a firearm. No bullets were found in the body which was buried, after the native custom. Green leaves were placed over the grave and a calabash smashed and scattered on the top of them.

For the remaining period of that day, Clayton sieved the ground at the scene of the crime for bullets. Checks were made on the trunks and branches of the trees for markings, but all investigations had been negative. It was now, throwing wood on to the fire, that he noticed that the moon had gone behind thick clouds. Falling off to sleep, the gentle taps of rain on the canvas roof of the truck awakened him. He called out to Hlebo, giving instructions. Moving forward into the front seat, he heard the witnesses climb into the back of the truck. Hostile as they were at present, they would, if saturated, be abortive in examination the following day.

The next day, however, after covering considerable distances on foot, Clayton discovered two departures from the area after the time of death. This information was in the main due to his own personal checking of unoccupied huts in the kraals, and his hearing a native piccanin saying that the owner of one hut had gone to Johannesburg.

The child had been silenced by an elder immediately, but it was too late. Under interrogation it was learned that native Mteke, had departed from the kraal with his second wife, the day after Bitinga was missing. Mteke was the son of Milwani, the husband of the deceased, by Milwani's first wife, Milome, who had now left him. It was then that Clayton had the first idea of a hypothesis on the case.

Entering the hut of Mteke together with the kraal Head, he found and took into his possession photographs and addresses of the absent native. All interrogation now centred around this person, his wives, his tribal background and history from date of birth. Under continuous torrential rain, in leaking huts and under dripping trees, the story of a life of intense mental worry was told. It made a canvas of a human being, for ever worried by family trouble, compelled to cover great distances in order to consult Witchdoctors for a cure that would bring him peace of mind.

During the investigations numerous deaths and miscarriages were mentioned. Deaths of wives and children, hurried journeys by foot and cycle over many miles to consult Witchdoctors as to cause and cure. The answer was always the same; the removal of the witch. This was the deceased, a woman with a love of children, faithful to her husband, an isolationist in many ways, forced into that state from constant shunning by the family group.

The motive was now strong, but no weapon could be found, nor it was admitted that one had been seen. Clayton completed his recordings, and returned to Headquarters.

With the help of the photographs and addresses, the suspect was located and eventually admitted killing the deceased. He maintained, however, that he had caused the death by the use of a knife. Later he indicated to Clayton a kopje, and under a stone, a knife with a two-inch blade was found. This, declared the accused, was the knife he had used. His story was impossible as the medical evidence was complete and above doubt. Bullets had left their unbroken marks through the body. Yet with the fear of death before him and having admitted the killing to the Judge, the accused adhered to his story that the knife was the weapon he had used.

The learned Judge having found the accused guilty, sentenced him to a term of imprisonment saying: "We are satisfied that the accused genuinely believed that there was immediate danger to his wife from the deceased, and to himself and to other members of the community."

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The International Criminal Police Commission

THE jeweller in Lisbon was happy. Not every day does one make as important a sale of diamonds as he had to the three men who had just walked out of his store. The following morning, he was not quite so pleased: the bank informed him that the money paid for the diamonds was counterfeit. The Police informed him that the three men had fled from Portugal. But the story did not end there. A few months later, the Israel Police arrested a gang that traded in counterfeit money and passports. Automatically, the Police sent the fingerprints of their suspects to the Central Bureau of the International Criminal Police. You probably have guessed the rest. At least one set of those fingerprints belonged to a participant in the Lisbon swindle.

Not every case that goes through the hands of the International Criminal Police Commission is solved as quickly as that one. But the story of the Lisbon swindlers is an excellent starting point.

For one thing, it makes amply clear the reason why an organisation such as the International Criminal Police had to come into being. Too often, national boundaries were being used as a barrier to pursuit. If the criminal could be identified, it often was possible to arrange legally to have him returned to the scene of his crime to stand trial. If the information was not precise, it was difficult to find the suspect.

The problem bothered Police officials, but it was not until the First Police Congress in 1914, that an international answer was sought. The idea was extended in 1923 at the second such conference of Police officials at Vienna. And out of it grew the International Commission of Criminal Police.

Headquarters for that organisation was established in the Austrian capital, where it continued to work until the Nazi seizure of Austria and the World War brought its activities to a standstill.

In 1946, nineteen nations decided to revive the organisation. This time, its headquarters was moved to Paris. And at the time of writing, some thirty-eight countries take part in the international battle against international criminals.

That is why one reads almost daily such stories as the one of the young English tourist in France who complained to the Police about someone who tried to sell him black market francs. The Police arrested the money-changer,

and discovered that he was wanted by the Police in almost every European country.

The International Commission of Criminal Police has a permanent staff headed by a Secretary General which is in constant communication with officials in member States. Its operations follow three main lines.

First, the group provides links between Police bodies in the various countries by means of a network of telecommunications which makes communication of information very simple.

Secondly, information is collected in card indexes—one of them a phonetic index, listing news of crimes and criminals by their sound.

Finally, the Commission has set up a technical library which is at the disposal of all its members. And it publishes a monthly magazine called "The International Criminal Police Review" containing all the latest news in the field, including the development of new techniques of detection.

Within a few months of its formation, the International Commission had assumed an important place in maintaining order, so important that, in 1949, the United Nations decided to give it consultative status.

The executive division of the Commission is the International Bureau of Paris which receives and sends out all information concerning international criminals. Obviously, one of its most important functions is promoting the exchange of documentation among its member states about wanted individuals. The Bureau has a file of photographs, a collection of reproductions of valuable objects that have disappeared or been stolen, specimens of counterfeit money as well as a lengthy file discussing the various methods used by criminals. This is available in any one of the four official languages: French, English, Spanish and Russian.

Two questions continuously occupy this international co-operation in Police affairs: the unification of international penal law and extradition. It is not a question of an International Police Force, but of working out practical, common rules and unifying the approach to crime by encouraging personal contact between enforcement officials.

(UNESCO.)

A fortune awaits the inventor of brakes that get tight when the driver does.

"I Remember . . ."

BY

J. N. TURNER, No. 896

IN an article on Major Nesbitt, V.C., in the Christmas number of "The Outpost" I noticed that he said Brigadier W. Bodle was a "rough diamond." He was all that! I remember Colonel R. E. Murray telling us a tale about him, when he (Murray was a Captain) was in charge of the Bulawayo District. I was at Inyati at the time in the Native Department and the O.C. Police there was "Torquay" Taylor. Taylor and I had been good friends when we used to be troopers in the B.S.A.P. and we lived together at Inyati, so when Captain Murray came on inspection tours, he often spent the night with us. Well, here's the story:—

Bodle and his old friend Martin Straker (Major), were sitting together in the mess, and both had "drink taken." A period of silence fell upon them, and they both looked straight to their front with glassy eyes. Suddenly Bodle pulled himself together and said very solemnly to Straker: "Look 'ere, Martin, what us wants in the Police is gentlemen's sons, us don't want no old soldiers."

What made this all the more funny was that, of course, Bodle was himself "an old soldier."

I remember being a member of a recruit squad which was dismissed off the square by Billy, and this is what he said to us: "Well men, you've

done very creditable, we ain't got much time to learn you anything 'ere."

It was repeated that Bodle would never commit himself to paper beyond "Yes" or "No." I remember a recruit named J. O. McBrayne joining the Police, and as all recruits did in those days, he went before Billy, who asked him if he had had any previous military training. "Yes Sir," said McBrayne, "I was a lieutenant in the Lancers." Now Billy had served in the 17th, and he was so impressed that he said "Was you, Sir!"

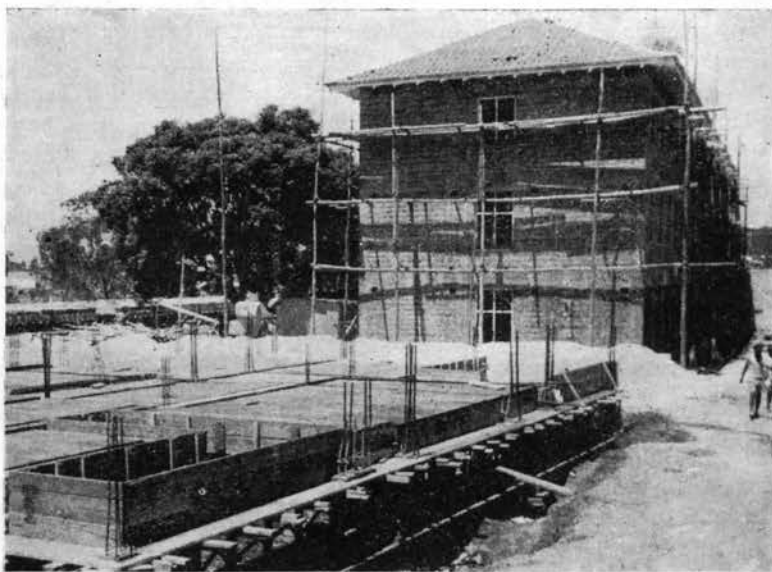
One more story told to me by a man who was there: Billy was homeward bound on leave, and one night at dinner in the saloon he had had quite a few. He was in earnest conversation with his neighbour, a prominent Bulawayo business man, when one of those inexplicable silences fell on the table, and during it, Billy's voice was heard saying "'Orrible begger."

In spite of all this, he was a man for whom the police would have done anything.

I happened to be in Camp the night before he left the Corps, and we gave him a farewell send-off. When he got up to say his thanks, his voice broke and I saw a tear fall from his eye. He was very upset when the troops broke into the song "God keep you till we meet once more."

Yes, those were the days.

The new offices for Salisbury Police Headquarters and Charge Office are well advanced. They are situated on the old gaol site in Railway Avenue.





DEPOT

With only one Recruit Squad in training at the time of writing, Depot is a peaceful spot. Certain members of the Staff, however, may not have agreed with this at about 6 a.m. on the first Saturday of this month. They presented a fine spectacle at that hour, armed with rifles and bayonets, in place of their customary pens and typewriters. This early morning exercise keeps the boys up to date with all the latest military moves—to say nothing of the glistening and smooth appearance of all their kit.

Other pastimes here include preliminary training of horses for this year's display team, which includes "tandem" riding. This is certainly something new; we have seen motor-cycles and horses in the former "Ride and Drive" displays which were always popular and the "tandem" riding show should be even more so.

The lack of Notes from this station last month was caused by their late arrival at the Editor's office, so I repeat a few of the remarks I had made then. In the previous month Sub-Inspector Sturrock left us on leave pending retirement and Sergeant Stephens is now i/c Equitation. On probation, as learner Equitation Instructors are Trooper Earle and Constable Bester and in the same Department are Constables Selley, Jannaway, Armstrong, Jacques, Lovegrove and Reynolds on Remount Training (in spite of last month's enlightening article on the subject); in addition Constables Savage, Wright, Hider, Francis and Payne are members of the Display Team together with the Remount riders.

The new Town Police quarters facing Rhodes Avenue are rapidly nearing completion,

Station Notes

whilst the new offices are also taking shape in Railway Avenue. It is expected that Province and District Headquarters will move into their temporary new offices within the next few months, so by the end of this year, we shall probably see Depot as it was in pre-war days before the Town types infiltrated.

Congratulations this month go to Sub-Inspector Basil Wright on his promotion.

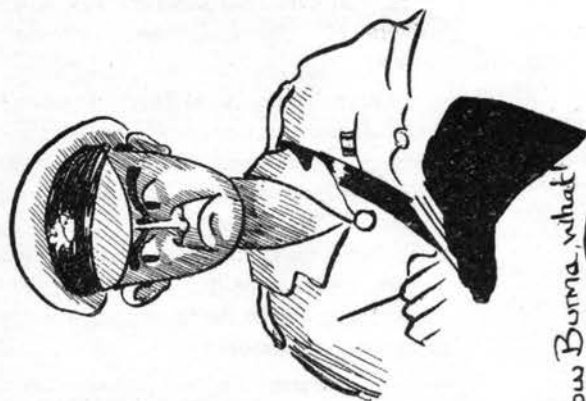
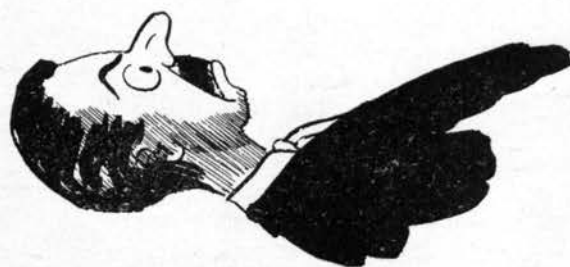
We were honoured by a visit from the Earl of Limerick during the month. Accompanied by the Deputy Commissioner, he visited the Sergeants' Mess, Dining Room, and men's quarters and showed a keen interest in everything he saw.

Once again a hopeful band of Sergeants spent a few hectic days here in their battle for promotion. It was a mixed bag of the Old and the New Brigades and competition was keen, but friendly. They came from far and wide and there were odd moments when one detected in their eyes a look of longing for quieter places, where one could relax in the office chair, or allow the eyes to gaze on the far horizons.

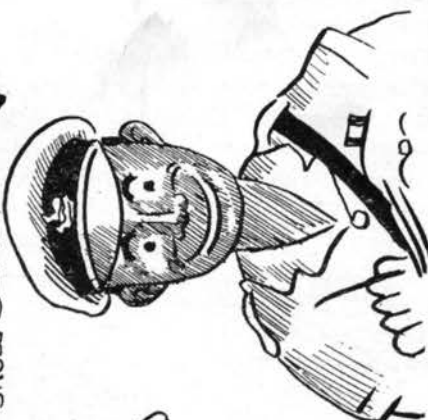
C.I.D. BULAWAYO

Congratulations this month to Detective-Sergeant R. P. Blackmore of the photographic and fingerprint department, on his marriage in Bulawayo on 3rd March; our best wishes go to him and his wife for their future happiness. Their honeymoon was spent in touring the Union. A sundowner party on the evening previous to the wedding was well attended, and Sergeant Blackmore was presented with a coffee set and morning tea set by his colleagues. Congratulations also to Detective R. I. Bellairs-Fawcett on his recent engagement.

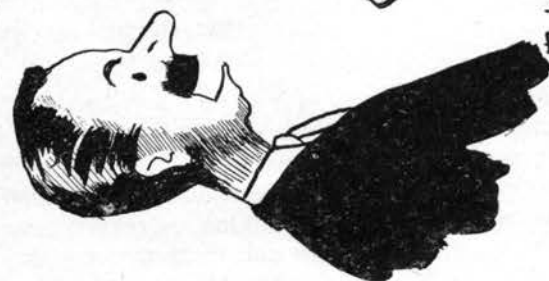
I Had no idea —



Jolly good show Burma, what!



Good Heavens! - that's the
Burma Medal isn't it.



That I was in a
"Non Parking Area"



During the month we welcomed 1/Sergeant "Knocker" Knight who has joined us on transfer from Gwelo, after spending some few months leave in the Old Country. He gave us a very good idea of the scene at Home these days, but nevertheless claims he thoroughly enjoyed himself. Detective David Craven also joined our ranks at the beginning of the month, and appears to be settling down well amongst us.

Detective Inspector C. Digweed took over as our Senior Warrant Officer in charge during the month, vice Lieut. J. Redfern who has gone to C.I.D., Salisbury.

Farewells were said recently, firstly to 1/Sergeant John Stanyon, who is now at the Victoria Falls and "Ginger" Branfield, who is back in the uniform branch as 2/Sergeant at the Location sub-station. John Stanyon has not been at all well recently and we trust that his stay at the Falls will improve his health.

Within the Department itself, 1/Sergeant "Dave" Williams has left the active branch for the Central Criminal Bureau, whilst Detective R. Dixon has been attached to the Modus Operandi Department.

Recent visitors to these offices have included ex-Detective Inspector "Ginger" Harries (ex-No. 2378) who is now in the Customs and Excise Department, also "Spud" Murfin ex-Farrier Inspector, who now runs a riding school and stable in the suburbs. News has also been received of ex-Sub-Inspector "Tubby" Cowderoy, of Fort Victoria fame, who is now living permanently in East London. He sends his regards to Chief Inspector Genet of Umtali.

We also saw Detective Sub-Inspectors Oppenheim (Que Que), Woods (Salisbury) and K. D. Leaver (Gwelo) during the month, who came to the city for conference duties.

As the Soccer season is close upon us, certain members of the Department can be seen (when duties permit) at the local camp in the evenings, practising under the watchful eye of Sergeant MacGregor, the trainer for the coming season. Reports so far received suggest that we can expect more news of this particular topic in the near future.

CARURO.

GATOOMA

As the voice of Gatooma has not been heard since last October it seems that our excellent scribe "Wagon and Horses" has hied away so I will endeavour to fill the blank. Our O.C., Major Fitzwilliam, has departed to take over Salisbury District and we congratulate him on his

recent promotion. In his place we welcome Captain Harvey from Gwelo.

Shortly afterwards Chief Inspector Plummer left for the U.K. and in his place, from Bindura, came Chief Inspector Drewett, we believe that he will not regret the change. From the Cloak and Dagger Department Inspector Digweed went south to Bulawayo (hard blow to the Gatooma Cricket Club) and from Salisbury we have Sub-Inspector Bryer in his place. Other arrivals include Trooper Hill and Constable Selby from Depot. Trooper Franklin after a spell as Mess Caterer and Barman was last seen going in the direction of Hartley per private transport. He leaves his duties in the hands of "Rusty" Cargill. Sergeant Robinson has brushed the dust of District H.Q. from his feet and can now be seen in the Section office.

Congratulations to Trooper Johnny Coulter on passing his Promotion Examination.

I hear that the camp pub is to have a sign-board and the name suggested is most appropriate.

The Police Cricket Club is still going strong and there is always a good turn out at the nets on Tuesday evenings. England has Australia trouble on the cricket field and Gatooma has its Dalny Mine. One of these days, however, we'll beat them and then the wine will flow in no mean manner. Meanwhile, we still take on all-comers.

The hockey season will soon be upon us so we shall see a few lame warriors very shortly; they play hockey the hard way in Gatooma. Tom Doherty, however, will not be warned and is already practising shin strokes. I think that is what he calls them.

Fred Wolstenholme, having left the Corps, is seen occasionally when in town from the bundu. Do all ex-Police types go into the tobacco business, I wonder?

A certain district type came back from P.M.C. patrol not so long ago and reported being chased by an elephant up Sanyati way. On being asked what the colour of the elephant was he replied in all seriousness that while the pachyden was stationary, he admired it as a rather peculiarly shaped ant hill. Some ant hill! "Lofty" has now bought himself a "bundook" so maybe the elephant wasn't a pink one after all.

Gatooma has a large Police Reserve and on the recent Reserve Parade several promotions were confirmed in the usual way and in the usual place.

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Black Dress Trousers, Tropical weight.
Rex Trueform Cream and Blue Tuxedo Jackets.
Rex Trueform 3 Garment Dress Suits.

"How's it going" Kensett will soon be running Eiffel Flats Police Post, Trooper Welch having held the fort there for several months.

"X" HIS MARK.

MTOKO

Mtoko atmosphere approaches that of a Town Station this month, with over 200 C.Rs.—woof! woof! Trooper Gibbons is giving a helping hand, but we are not sure whether this is a threat from Mrewa or whether they are seeking knowledge from us.

Sergeant Peters' habitual trips to Depot recently should have the desired effect—if the Promotions Board agree.

An interesting case of murder was reported this month. A native was reported to have disappeared after a row with his son; drag marks and blood spoor were said to have been seen; conferences were held and much sleuthing carried out by the Police. The result? Deceased was found sitting at the Mtoko Clinic five days later, with nothing more serious than a bruise on the hip.

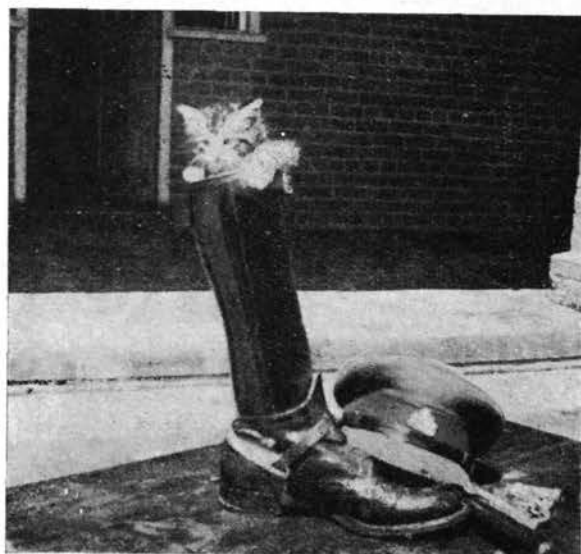
The rabies scare has at last arrived in Mtoko. An owner sent his dog to Mrewa to avoid Licence patrol, the animal bit a native who was promptly treated as a suspected rabies case. Satisfied with his day's work, the dog returned to its owner and was promptly shot by the Police. To round it off, the owner was fined for non-payment of Dog Tax. What a dog's life! I wonder if that dog ever climbed Mtemwa? And isn't every dog allowed two bites?

Here's another strange coincidence, but perfectly true. An African Constable whilst on patrol on the Border arrested a native for having no R.C., and lots of property. The native escaped and for the next three days the Constable searched without success. Giving up the hunt, the A.C. boarded a bus to return to camp with the property only to find that sitting opposite him was the accused! What a tough break!

We have had little rain recently, but malaria is taking its toll of the African Police, in spite of the daily tablet of mepacrine—the swallowing of which is not guaranteed, but a remarkable improvement in health is noticed.

We welcome back our Editor, and trust his holiday has been an enjoyable one.

—Parahendu.



THE MASCOT

Photo: Const. Brown.

GOROMONZI

Our notes this month will be like the rain—very short. The Mess cows have set up no records and our thirsts have turned to other forms of animal life, usually advertised under the names of denizens of the veld. (We cannot give free advertisements, but anyone can see what he means by a glance through the magazine.—Ed.).

At our present rate, it appears we can guarantee a paragraph of greetings alone; and this time we welcome to Goromonzi Sergeant Smith, ex-Marandellas, and just back from Home leave.

Crime this month has been comparatively quiet and the only excitement was the absconding on a Sunday, of course, of a bandit (I.H.L. for some dastardly crime under the Pass Laws!). At the local stores there has been a marked increase in the sale of deerstalkers and Meerschaums; to date, no success has rewarded this zeal.

John Davies is at present on an extended patrol in the wide open spaces of Bromley. He denies the rumour that he has swapped R/H Joker for a large American car with a supposedly ruined tobacco king!

Several ex-members of the Force reside in this area and it is hoped that by next month a list of them will be compiled.

'Bye till then.

KU MUDZA NYAYA.

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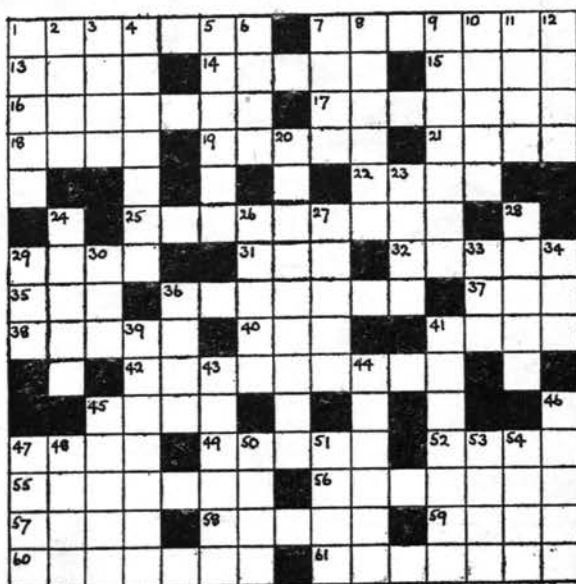
ACROSS

1. Pastry in need of a wig?
7. Pet mare goes to the wall!
13. Once "Gauleiter" of the Netherlands.
14. Jaques says the soldier is full of strange ones.
15. The tree brings ten to a French island.
16. Complete.
17. Interesting incident ending in verse.
18. All ears? Perhaps he is.
19. Flower to stare at.
21. Old school ones, maybe.
22. Nor I ascending.
25. Clean toad. (Anagram).
29. To the steamer? You can have your fling!
31. Free.
32. Sheepish piece of banister.
35. Help may come from a mountain in Greece.
36. Land measure in bed.
37. A long time ago.
38. Source of cocoa and chocolate.
40. Susan at law.
41. Maidenly plea to the hero of Excelesior.
42. Seat of learning.
45. Stalk springing from a laugh.
47. Pan's measure.
49. Old Russian nobleman.
52. Mountain pass.
55. Study travel to acquire shape.
56. I follow a Lancer in India.
57. Jewel, sticking well out of the pouch!
58. Balkan people.
59. Fifty take the air.
60. Flowers encircled in the wars?
61. Insists.

DOWN

1. Precious commodity in your hands now.
2. Flesh is heir to many.
3. Always started by a woman!
4. Yes, it is true to say we have none to-day.
5. What a lot are, botanically speaking!
6. "One of those heavenly — that cannot die." (Wordsworth).
7. You're little more than an article.
8. Wit.
9. Old Spanish coin with quite a lethal appearance!
10. Remove.
11. Advise or advice.
12. The sea comes up about ten.
20. In a wearisome manner.
23. The saint has left the Strand for Africa.
24. And lo, it's knotty!
26. The swastika is one sort.
27. "Curious-er and curious-er!"
28. Both wild and deadly.
29. Small citizen with neuralgia from turning a somersault!
30. Bag.
34. We hope the her will.
35. We've come to tea!
36. Poppy seed-head.
39. Classical plant.
41. Convey in the manner of Kipling's "gentlemen."
43. Declares itself to be what good wine doesn't need.
44. The monster's spouse.
45. Chance out of a hundred!

CROSSWORD



46. Though inanimate, the spoon does.
47. Cows in a ferry boat.
48. Ancient city at the bottom of an Italian river.
50. Fallen rose.
51. Sailor, having taken his degree, becomes a bishop!
53. Sea mist.
54. A 50 to precede it.

(Solution on page 3)

SOMEONE KNOWS

The "Someone Knows" campaign which two Vancouver newspapers are featuring is in full swing, and while no tangible results have been brought forth, the possibilities of success appear excellent.

Introduced by the Chicago Sun in its attempt to unravel unsolved murders in that city, the plan is based on a reward system for information which will lead to the conviction of the murderer, the strength of the scheme lying in the fact that the informant can remain unknown and yet collect the bounty.

Undoubtedly in all murder cases there is "Someone Who Knows" who did the killing. Perhaps through fear or a reticence to become involved in a murder case such all-important information has been withheld from the police. It is with the hope that with a guarantee of anonymity and the 1,000-dollar cash incentive as a spur, the recalcitrant informer will be of aid to the police.

Here is how the plan works:—

Typewrite or print on plain paper all the information you have about the murder case. Give all the facts, names, dates, places and all

circumstances and events supporting your statements.

Sign your letter with any combination of the six numerals, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6—such as 635142. Do NOT sign your name or give a return address.

Tear off a corner of the last page of your letter in an uneven manner, not a straight line. Put your signature number on this torn piece and keep it. This is your only claim to the reward should your information result in conviction of the murderer.

If your letter results in the arrest and conviction of the murderer, your number will be published in the newspaper. The reward will be paid to you or to any representative, lawyer, friend or relative you delegate to collect it. The only identification necessary is the torn piece of your letter with the corresponding identification number. The reward will be paid in cash and in bills of small denominations.

Police will be supplied with a typewritten copy of your information. The original will be retained by the newspaper to protect you from fingerprint or scientific examination of your letter.

Police authority will determine whose letter is responsible for the information which leads to conviction.—Canadian Police Gazette.

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The Talking Fox . . .

THE setting of snares for game is a common offence in Rhodesia and sometimes a difficult one to investigate. In this story the method used by a constable of the R.C.M.P. to stop illegal snaring in the Arctic Circle, shows that in many ways, the Eskimo is not unlike the African.

A LITTLE applied psychology, a "talking fox" and a policeman's knowledge of the people with whom he was dealing, added up to a colourful and interesting tale of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in the Canadian Arctic about a decade ago.

It was in the area which came under the jurisdiction of the detachment at Cambridge Bay, on Victoria Island, some 200 miles inside the Arctic Circle, and almost due north of Regina. Numerous reports of Eskimos setting out their traps before the season opened reached Constables Scott Alexander and Reg. Goodey of Vancouver and Chilliwack respectively. (Both men are now officers in the R.C.A.F.—their northern training with the R.C.M.P. and their vast knowledge of the north have placed them among the Air Force's top experts on the Arctic).

It was up to the two young constables to think up a way to stop the illegal trapping. Arrest of the guilty Eskimos, once they were located, would do no good. The natives, who must continually struggle to exist, would be quite happy to be lodged in a jail and fed by the police, since they would not have to bother hunting to get enough food on which to live. A fine

would be equally ineffective, because it would only be paid by the Hudson Bay Company, then taken from the Eskimo when he brought in his furs later on. The native would not worry about anything in the future, and the indebtedness which would go with having his fine paid for him would not cause him the least bit of concern.

By JIM McKEACHIE

Constable Alexander, using a bit of psychology, combined with his knowledge of the trusting character of the Eskimos, managed to put a sudden and definite halt to illegal trapping in the area.

News Travels Fast

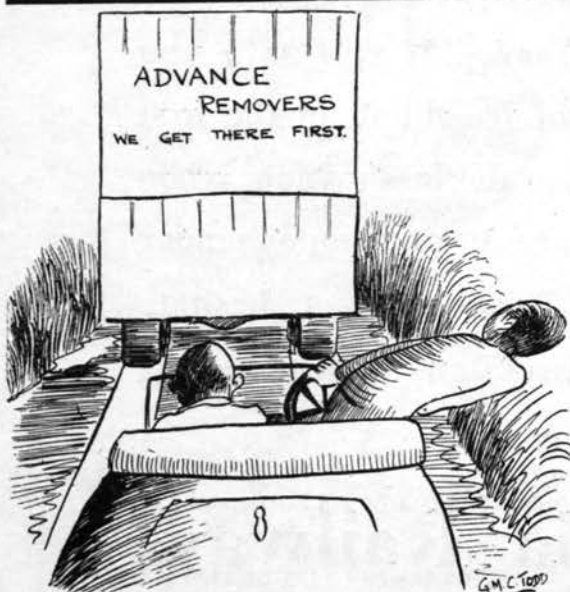
In spite of vast distances, news travels fast in the north, and Alexander felt certain following this occurrence, most of the lawbreaking would be stamped out.

This is how the trick was accomplished.

Alexander and a native interpreter employed by the R.C.M.P., set out from Cambridge Bay before the trapping season opened. Prior to reaching some native settlements, they spotted some traps, set illegally, of course. Naturally, they could not tell to whom the traps belonged. On reaching a settlement, the constable, who at the time was not well known in the vicinity, pretended he could not speak the Eskimo tongue. He communicated with the natives through the interpreter.

"The policeman is looking for the people who are setting their traps out early," the interpreter told the Eskimos, adding that he was in a hurry to try and catch the guilty ones, and would only stop briefly before continuing on the journey. But they would be back in a few days.

The scheme was for Alexander to try and catch some off-guard conversation between the natives by pretending to be unfamiliar with their



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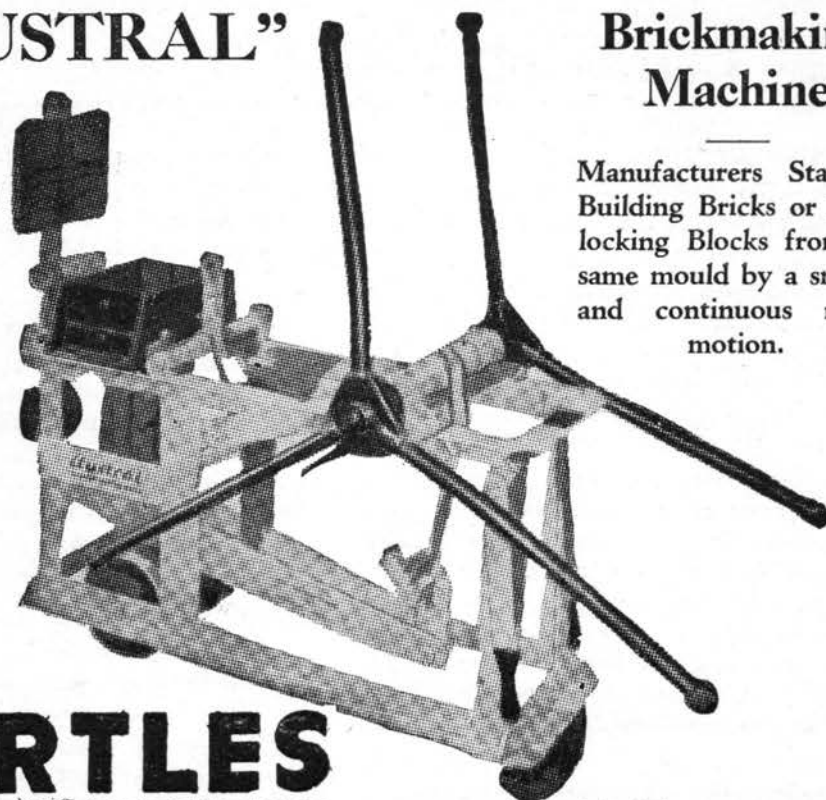
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language. During a short stop at each settlement, the big, blonde constable would listen to the talk that went on. Usually he was able to hear a few commenting on his mission and saying they had better get their traps up before the policeman came back as the interpreter had said he would.

Then at one settlement, Alexander got the break he needed to carry out the plan he had in the back of his mind. He heard an Eskimo telling another how he had caught a blue fox that day in one of his illegally-set traps. The fox had been in such poor condition, however, he had to let it go. That was all the nimble-minded policeman needed. He continued on his patrol.

It was four days later when he returned to the settlement where he had overheard the conversation about the blue fox. The Mountie astounded the villagers when he arrived by talking to them in their own language. This was the policeman who had to use an interpreter only a few days previously. It never occurred to the Eskimo, one of the most trustworthy of all peoples, that someone could have been hoaxing them.

Alexander called a group of villagers together, making sure that the many whom he had heard tell of catching and releasing a blue fox was present.

"When I was near your village I met a fox walking on three legs," the policeman said. "I asked him why he was walking on three legs and he replied he had been caught in a trap, and had hurt it. He said he was surprised when it happened, as he knew it is not yet the time for setting traps and before he had not been careful when walking along.

"The fox also said the man who had set the trap had not thought much of him and had let him go," Alexander continued to the wide-eyed group, "and he said he had made up his mind to keep clear of all traps until after Christmas."

"But you cannot talk to the fox," exclaimed one of the Eskimos, not knowing whether to smile or be serious.

"I learned your language in only four days, why could I not learn to speak to the fox in the same way?" was Alexander's reply.

The trusting Eskimos did not have an answer for that one. Though not fully convinced, they were inclined to believe what they had heard. In any case, Alexander did not give them time to think about it. He turned to the man whom he had overheard telling of the fox he had released and asked him if he knew anything about it, be-

cause the fox had described the man as looking like him. That dispelled any doubts in the natives' minds of the policeman's ability to talk to the fox, for the Eskimo sheepishly admitted it might have been him. He immediately became the butt of roars of laughter from the others—for the Eskimo likes nothing better than to have a good laugh—whether it be at himself or someone else.

Boasted He Fooled Police

The laughter stemmed not only from the fact the man had been made to admit he had set traps early, but because he, like many others, had been boasting only four days previously how he had fooled the policeman. To have Alexander come back and show forcibly he had not been fooled, and to be told so in his own language, was a bitter pill for the man and the other early trappers to swallow.

But there was one more problem to be met by the Mountie. He had overcome illegal setting of traps for that year, but what about subsequent years when he might not be able to make as close a check? The quick mind of the constable, who by this time was highly respected by the people, had a ready solution. He nodded towards the men he knew had set traps before the season.

"These men who are setting traps early are stealing from the rest of you. They are thieves," he said.

That was quite a statement to make, for stealing ranks on a par with murder in the eyes of the inherently honest Eskimos, and to be called a thief is a real insult. A person might kill someone for a good reason, but stealing in the barren north where subsistence was extremely difficult was inexcusable to a native.

"How are they stealing from us?" came the anxious question as the puzzled group eyed one another suspiciously.

"The foxes in the woods belong to all of you. You must live by catching them, and you will all have an equal chance to catch them when the time of trapping begins," said Alexander. "The foxes are there for you—not for the police or other white men—but for you people to catch," he emphasised. "These men who start trapping early are taking some of the foxes which belong to all of you. That is how they are stealing from you."

The statement had its desired effect, and Alexander doubts if there has been a trap set ahead of the season in that region since, for episodes like this are passed on through the years by the Eskimos.—From *The Shoulder Strap*.

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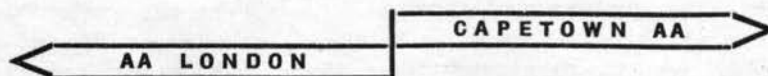
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Why should they weep?

IT is said that when crocodiles are approached, large tears are seen dropping from their sad looking eyes. If this is indeed the case, one wonders what these reptiles have to weep about; that is the puzzle, for in their rivers they live a placid and somnolent existence basking in the sun on sand banks, or else floating with just the nose showing above the water waiting for what might come along in the way of supper. The only time they are disturbed is when the shock of a bullet thuds on their armour-plated hide, for it is indeed difficult to get in a fatal shot at a croc unless a part of the belly or an eye are hit, then, as the body sinks to the bottom of the river for 24 hours or so before returning to float on the surface, the prize is not often collected by the sportsman.

The Nile crocodile (*crocodilus niloticus*) is the only species of the 25 varieties of crocodile and alligator to be found in Africa, and this denizen of deep pools and rivers is without doubt one of the most obnoxious living creatures it is possible to encounter. It is a menace to all other living creatures, even the mighty elephant, for cases have come to light where an elephant has been seized by its trunk and a homeric struggle has followed, when in the end the elephant has emerged the winner but with lacerated flesh on the most tender part of its anatomy—the tip of the trunk.

Crocodiles are becoming more rare—thank goodness—in the rivers of South Africa, although they are still to be found in the Tugela, Limpopo, and rivers of Zululand, but in neighbouring territories to the Union the croc is still to be found in great numbers, reaching to more than 14ft. in length and seven feet in diameter. These huge brutes are the maneaters of the species, and as such, should be treated with great respect.

Apart from the rows of razor-like teeth, the croc's main weapon of offence is its tail, for covered as it is with hard scales, it is able, with its strength, to knock over an animal or human with one flick, this method often being used to fling a victim into the water from a bank. As well, it is the tail which is the main motive power of the reptile in the water, where it can attain great speed, while its webbed hind feet act as stabilisers and rudders.

The crocodile lives in a den in the bank of a river, such den being reached by an underwater opening. Here the croc drags its prey after capture

and leaves it there to rot after which it is eaten. After the underwater entrance is passed the den itself is above the water line, and when discovered on occasions is found to be filled with gruesome relics such as bones, and even brass and iron ornaments which once graced a native's arms.

✦ ✦

By MAJOR HUGH MACKAY

✦ ✦

What good the crocodile does in the world is still to be discovered, for it is the bane of human and animal life, and each year many natives of both sexes, and children as well fall victims when they are drawing water at rivers' edges without care for what might lie lurking a few yards distance just below the surface. Crocs love nothing better than to lie basking in the sun on river banks hour after hour, and it is then that the sportsman has his chance. It is generally the case, however, that when the croc is hit, it leaps high into the air, and with a quick turn plunges into the water to vanish.

Some years ago the writer's bungalow was on a bank a few hundred yards above the banks of the Juba River which separates Italian Somalia from Kenya, and here on a Sunday morning, armed with a .303 and a few clips of cartridges great sport was had, shooting at the crocs which lay basking on the Italian side of the river. This did not amuse the Italians who sent over numerous messages about flying bullets over their territory, but still, the Sunday sport continued, but a prize was never collected, for even when the carcasses rose to the surface the current carried them from the mouth of the river and so into the Indian Ocean, where it is hoped that sharks' teeth were strong enough to penetrate the plates and so gain a meal.

Often when out shooting game birds along the Uaso Nyero River in Northern Kenya, the croc has made a complete nuisance of itself. Very carefully the brute floats with the current, with only its eyes and perhaps nostrils showing like a piece of weed or stick on the surface. A bird or two are brought down which fall into the water, when, before they can be retrieved there comes a swirl, and the charging croc has taken the birds in its jaws. Times out of number this

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has happened, for nothing is too small to be taken in the gaping jaws awaiting what it may devour.

It is dangerous to cross even the narrowest of streams in some parts of the country as the writer knows by experience, for some years ago there was a stream not more than ten feet wide branching from the river. The stream came up to a man's middle, and it was while a Somali was wading across without thought of danger, he suddenly gave a yell, there was a churning of water, and the man vanished, taken by some huge croc which had been waiting under the sheltering bank. Buck and small animals are often grasped by crocodiles, and many a battle has been fought between a croc and a lion, and even a rhino. When oxen are drinking they have been known to have been grasped by a lurking croc by the muzzle, and when drawn into the water, have been drowned and taken away into the underwater den. In these fights it is not always the croc which come off victorious, for lion have killed their attacker, so have rhino, while the trampled and crushed body of a croc has sometimes been come upon showing that an elephant has been attacked, but has killed its attacker in the ensuing fight.

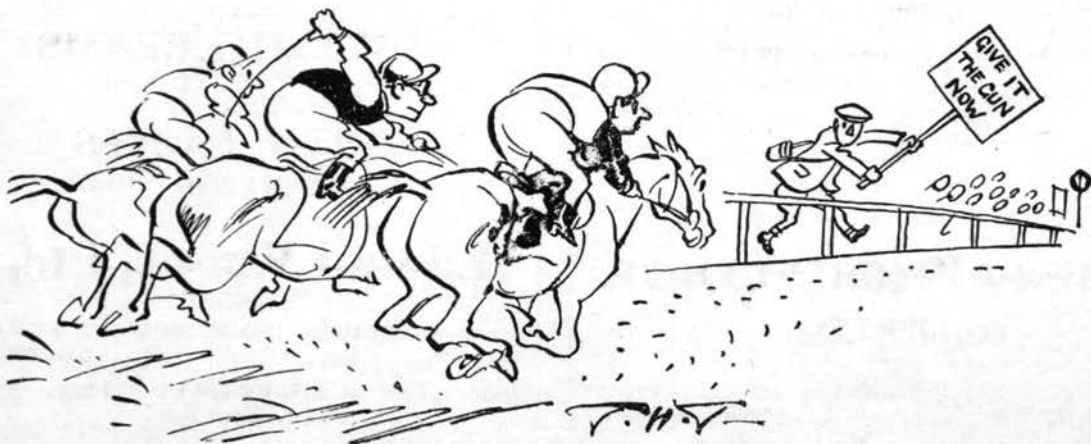
It is always a hazardous business crossing a croc infested river even in moderately shallow water, for one never knows, especially at dusk and dawn. A good "safety first" practice found to be invaluable is before entering the water to fire a few rounds from a rifle up and down the stream on each of the places where the crossing is to be made. The splash of the bullets in the water scares any croc which might be lurking in the vicinity in the hopes of a victim, while a Mills' bomb is certainly more effective, if more expensive! When once a croc has seized its victim it is most tenacious in refusing to give up its prize, but sometimes a native so attacked has proved victorious in the end, although lacerated

and wounded, with perhaps the loss of an arm or leg, for, if the native has been armed with spear or knife as has often been the case, he has courageously plunged the weapon time and time again into the croc's mouth until in agony with it wounds the reptile has been forced to let go and relinquish its victim. Women have been known to attack a huge crocodile with their bare hands when one of their children has been taken while playing at the water's edge.

There was a case in Kenya when a native child had been grasped by a crocodile and the screaming mother rushed to the attack with a bottle. This broke with the force of her blows, and she then jabbed at the reptile's eyes with the jagged edges. The child was rescued with but the loss of an arm which had to be amputated later. Still, the child was saved by the courage and audacity of its mother.

It is not generally known that crocodiles are also dangerous enemies on land, for in the dry season when there is little water in the rivers and pools, the crocodile travels great distances across country, sometimes following game paths, but more often through high grass and bush when the country gives much cover. Here the crocodile sometimes lies in wait for what might come along, for in its half-crazed condition through lack of water and hunger it will take great chances to gain its ends. The victim passes by, when the crocodile attacks, and with a flick of its scale-covered tail, knocks the animal over and it is seized in the teeth-lined jaws and eaten where it has been killed. No, the crocodile, especially during drought, is not to be despised, far from it indeed, as many a tragedy of the wild has proved.

There are some people who have made crocs their pets, having taken them when very young, and these creatures have become quite tame and



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apparently harmless, but in the end they have more often than not turned on the hand that has fed them and given quite serious wounds to their benefactors. There are some African tribes which look upon the crocodile as their guardian deity, the Basuto, for example, and they are welcome to their hideous and savage god. There is a famous crocodile, goodness knows how many years old, which lives on the shores of Lake Victoria and is fed with meat and fish by tourists and the local natives. It has never been known to have taken a human, but, as it seems to be living for ever, there is plenty of time yet for it to prove its natural instincts.

Sometimes I have watched natives fishing for crocs by means of a strong rope, a thick steel cable as trace, and a huge steel or iron hook on which a lump of meat or large fish has been placed as bait. The croc thus caught has a most unfortunate time, for it is dragged ashore, bound with the fishing-line and then made sport of for the amusement of the local populace, who consider that they are just getting a bit of their own back in return for victims of the tribe which the croc has had in the past. It is then the time that croc has reason to weep tears of regret.

In ancient times the crocodile was one of the gods of the land of the Pharaohs. The carcasses of huge specimens were stuffed and erected as idols, and such is the practice to-day among some West African tribes, who colour the crocs' bodies with multi-coloured pigments, and even scrape out crocs' heads, and when dried use them as fantastic headpieces for their dances and voodoo ceremonies.

It was my privilege once during an especially bad drought to come across a pool in the Uaso Nyero River which was literally alive with a churning struggling mass of crocs and hippo, for the ordinary wide river had turned into a mere trickle. I was attracted to the place by the sound of loud and continuous thumpings and bellowings. I paused within some thirty yards of the scene which was indescribable, for the water was being lashed into foam, while crocs and hippos struggled and fought for places in the dwindling water. It is at times such as these that the hippo, maddened and insane through lack of water goes rampaging mad, and will attack all who get in its way. One such maddened hippo charged and killed two native carriers belonging to the writer's safari before it was shot.

It is a brave man who, unarmed, or even with a rifle unless he is a sure shot, who will face a maddened hippo or croc on those occasions, for they are ferocious in the extreme and are no mean

foes, while when there is plenty of water they are generally only too happy to remain in the water and to hunt as nature devised for them.

No, the waters of African rivers and pools are traps for the unwary, for never will I forget the sight of the first man I had ever seen taken by a croc, for it was all over in a minute. A surging of the water, a loud snap and terror-stricken scream, a spreading of foam and blood-stained water, and—no more.

Golf Watch

The Swiss now have a special watch for golf. It is a golf recorder which shows at a glance your total score and your score by holes, and is the result of research based upon the suggestions of leading professional and amateur golfers.

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At the same time, two red hands total up the score. The smaller one—in the space taken by the second hand in a normal watch—turns at each stroke, and the larger one at every ten strokes.

Crossword Solution

DOWN

1. Paper.
2. Ills.
3. Ever.
4. Bananas.
5. Lorate.
6. Days.
7. Thee.
8. Esprit.
9. Pistole.
10. Eloin.
11. Rede.
12. Axes.
20. Tedious.
23. Rand.
24. Nodal.
26. Caoss.
27. Odder.
28. Feral.
29. Tic.
30. Sac.
33. Wet.
34. Lay.
36. Boil.
39. Acantha.
41. Smuggle.
43. Ambush.
44. Ogress.
45. Hance.
46. Stirs.
47. Scow.
48. Pour.
50. Ores.
51. Abba.
53. Haar.
54. Allt.

ACROSS

1. Piebald.
7. Tempera.
13. Alva.
14. Oaths.
15. Ilex.
16. Plenary.
17. Episode.
18. Esra.
19. Aster.
21. Ties.
22. Iron.
25. Anecdotal.
29. Toss.
31. Aid.
32. Newel.
35. Ida.
36. Brooded.
37. Era.
38. Cacao.
40. Sue.
41. Stay.
42. Classroom.
45. Halm.
47. Span.
49. Boyar.
52. Ghat.
55. Contour.
56. Bengali.
57. Ouch.
58. Serbs.
59. Lair.
60. Wreaths.
61. Asserts.

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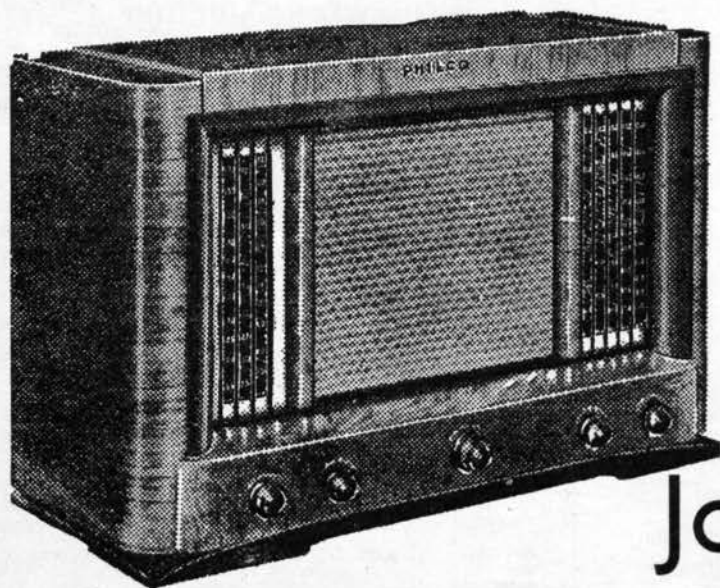
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Austrian Horsemen

from

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Austria, whose priceless art collection has won the admiration of many thousands in showings throughout the United States, is now sending representatives of another of its historic possessions—the Spanish Riding School. Eight riders and 14 snow-white stallions from this great institution will demonstrate their skill at three major North American horse shows, including the National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden in New York City.

The fame of the Spanish Riding School is firmly established. Founded at Vienna in 1572, it is now situated at Wels. The school had continuously cultivated and promoted riding as a classical art, and is the only school in the world preserving this art in its purest form. It is the outstanding authority on the most difficult and spectacular forms of riding.

The school derives its name from the noble race of Spanish horses it has preserved, the sole survivors of a breed dating back to the days of the Roman Empire. The Lipizzan stallions, which are coming to America for the first time to demonstrate their skill, were originally bred at Lipizza, near Trieste, where in 1580 the Austrian emperor set up a breeding farm to further develop this superior horse. Brown or black at birth, the Lipizzan horse becomes snow-white and at maturity stands about 15 hands high, combining physical beauty with a lively intelligence and a quiet temperament.

Key to success in educating this superior breed has been the use of kindness and understanding. Attainment of complete psychological harmony between both rider and horse at the Spanish Riding School requires years of patient and intensive work.

The selection of riders and trainers is of vital importance. The school uses no written manuals. Preservation of the art of the Haute Ecole style of riding rests in the hands of the riding masters and is passed down verbally from one generation to the next. Student riders from all parts of the world have journeyed to Austria to undergo the long and exacting training. As graduates they return to their countries fully qualified to train superior horses and horsemen.

Colonel Alois Podhajsky, the school director who is travelling to the United States with his group, explains that the Lipizzan stallion is regarded as a poet of motion. In perfect time to appropriate music the stallion can whirl, dance, change pace, rear, advance on his hind feet while pawing at imaginary enemies with his forefeet, leap high in the air with all four feet while simultaneously kicking out his hind legs, or pose on his hind feet with forefeet in the air.

Thousands will be able to see these artful manoeuvres at the National Horse Show in New York City, October 31 to November 7, which is sponsored by the American National Horse Show Association. The Show has been held every year since 1883, except during war years. This year there will be about 150 events to give competitive opportunity to all types of horses, including hunters, jumpers and saddle and harness horses.

The Austrian group also will appear at the Pennsylvania National Horse Show at Harrisburg, October 23-28, and at the Royal Winter Fair in Toronto, Canada, November 14-22. Of added international interest at all three of these events will be the scheduled jumping competitions among teams representing Canada, Chile, England, Ireland, Mexico and the United States.

There is a sturdy independence among the pedestrians of Southern Rhodesia's capital city which is most apparent to the visitor from Johannesburg like myself.

Most Rhodesians still on their feet treat pedestrian crossings and traffic lights with contempt. Venerable old gentlemen, mothers with babes in arms, and cavalcades of Natives on cycles cross streets full of English motor-cars with apparent immunity where and when they please.

Green, yellow or red, the traffic lights have no apparent effect on the progress of Salisbury's pedestrians. I doubt whether anything short of red, white and blue would arrest the steady progress of a Rhodesian walking in the streets of his own capital.

Then he would no doubt come to attention and salute.—John Spicer in *The Rhodesia Herald*.

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Red Locusts again on Southerly Marches

RED LOCUST swarms which have been breeding in Ethiopia and Somaliland are invading Kenya's Northern frontiers. Following their usual migratory flights towards the South, they are expected to reach Tanganyika and the Niger early this year, and possibly the Rhodesias and the Union later.

The Continent of Africa is experiencing an upsurge of these pests such as has not been seen for many years. It is liberally estimated that Africa and Asia suffer ten million pounds worth of damage annually from the depredations of locusts. The Union alone spends hundreds of thousands of pounds annually on locust and pest control. A great visitation of brown locusts swarmed to the Union in 1863 and were not finally eliminated until 1876. Again, the dark ominous clouds loomed on the Northern horizons in 1890, and since then, both the brown and red locusts have been prevalent in the Union.

Despite the shocking ravages of these insects whose scorched earth policy has to be seen to be believed, money has been made out of them. Some years ago a Johannesburg factory manufactured fertiliser from their dead bodies, exporting it to as far afield as Europe. In Holland, oil invaluable for aero engines because it remained liquid at a very low temperature, was extracted from locusts. A Native Chief of the Bikita area, Southern Rhodesia, possesses the sole "locust collecting" rights over some caves high in the mountains, where the pests go annually to lay their eggs. His people collect "mashu"—the locust, trading them with their neighbours for grain. The Africans look upon them as manna from heaven—unless they settle on their growing crops. They are an unexpected delicacy, sweeter

than the primeest beef. Collecting them in sacks, they are boiled, dried in the sun and stored away for future use. As and when required, they are de-legged and winged, and fried in their own oil. With a slightly sweet savoury taste, their eggs not being unlike cod's roe in flavour, they make a fine relish eaten with mealie meal porridge or "sadza."

During 1910 a dark cloud loomed on the North-western horizon of Vila Pery, Mozambique, just after noon. Until shortly before sunset when the monstrous swarm settled, the sun was completely blacked out, a sombre dullness prevailing. At dawn next day every kraal inmate turned out

By
ROY PEARSON

collecting thousands of sacks full, which were traded as far afield as Umtali in Southern Rhodesia, and Beira.

In 1927 the "Chepstow Castle" ran into a minor cyclone off the Mozambique coast. A large swarm was carried by the circling winds to the vessel where they were forced to settle, covering her decks from stem to stern. Roaring down the ventilators and fiddley to the engine-room and stokehold, they temporarily made the plates untenable with their glutinous bodies.

The Union has been comparatively free of the dreaded Red Locust, but the brown pests which gained such a foothold in the Union during the last century breed in the arid barren areas of the Karroo and Northern Cape Province. When the eggs hatch out, the young hoppers, or voet-gangers, destroy every green thing in the vicinity. With an uncanny instinct, they trek off towards the North from where their parents migrated originally.

Nothing halts the advancing army which will subsequently become a vast air armada. Arriving at rivers, they select a suitable crossing place, launching themselves fearlessly on to the water's surface. Forming small islands, the majority safely reach the far bank. During 1915, 7,866 millions of locusts were destroyed in Egypt, representing a weight of 13,500 tons, nearly as much as the solid mass of the "Bloemfontein Castle."

Apparently originating in North Africa the swarms have spread in their vast migratory hordes South, and North-east into Asia. In 1889 a swarm



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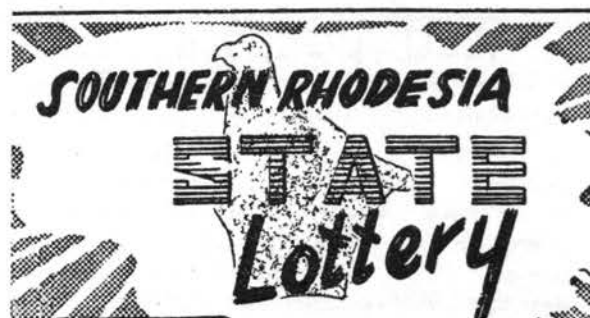
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extending for two thousand square miles and estimated to weigh 42,850,000,000 tons—44,000 times the bulk of the Cunarder "Queen Elizabeth"—passed over the Red Sea.

Breeding prolifically they have conquered practically the world—the red and brown foes who by their sheer weight in numbers, demoralise and discourage their attackers—man. In Cyprus, for instance, during 1881, 1,600,000,000 egg cases were destroyed, exceeding 1,300 tons dead weight. Yet two years later over 5,000,000,000 egg cases were again deposited on the island. The eggs are deposited by the females in holes in the soil, enclosed in long cylindrical glutinous cases. A swarm migrating normally have been estimated to fly three thousand miles before natural extinction. Their eggs, however, which have been deposited en route, hatch out, and eventually continue the flight, following more often a cold wind.

Poison bait, flame-throwers, smoke screens, spraying from the air and the burning of rank vegetation are all adopted in an endeavour to defeat these merciless foes. On the other side of the world at Broken Hill, Australia, a losing battle is being fought at present to defeat the swarms which are breeding so fast that millions more daily take the place of those destroyed.

With an International Locust Control Service however, one territory can carry on where the other was forced to leave off. Police posts all over the African bush report the movements of the swarms.

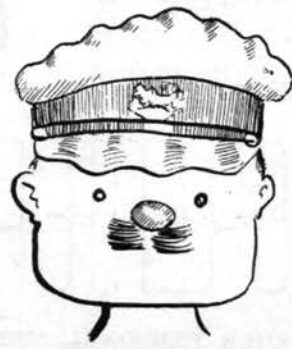
South African and Rhodesian experts have recently attended a conference at Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia, in case the menacing Red Locusts move down the length of the Continent this year.

ANIMAL HOLD-UPS

Robert Stimson, the B.B.C.'s correspondent in South Africa, gave some amusing statistics in a recent issue of "Radio News Reel," when he summarised the annual report of the East African railroads. These railways suffer from natural hazards that do not affect such long-established concerns as British railways, and a footnote to the report records that last year one hundred and twenty animals were run over by trains, the casualties including twenty-one giraffes and an elephant. Nearly every week animals interfere with railway traffic. The trouble is worst in very dry weather, for elephants and lions smell the water used for filling up the engines and come down to the line to try to get it. Africans play a large part in the running of the railway and their reports contain such phrases as: "One elephant knocked by engine while crossing line. Elephant sitted in front of engine; smoke box bent and train pipe broken." Another African states that the lions hanging about the line made working difficult; on one occasion so many came that it was impossible to man the points as they were lying on them. A signal would not work because a snake had wound itself round the post and seized up the mechanism and a rhinoceros sprawled on the line and caused "some slight inconvenience." Stimson's favourite report came from the intrepid African stationmaster who saw four lions romping about on his lonely little platform and telegraphed to Nairobi: "Four lions on platform. Send one rifle and four rounds of ammunition."



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Red Cross Hero Unveils Modern War

MARCEL JUNOD, a Swiss doctor, has been a leading figure in Red Cross work from the time of the Italian invasion of Abyssinia.

In *Warrior Without Weapons* (Cape), just published, he tells us of his experiences. His book, written in French, and most admirably translated by Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, is prefaced by Max Huber, the renowned ex-President of the International Committee of the Red Cross, at whose urgent request the author first took up Red Cross work—as he supposed, for a short while. That period turned out to be a decade.

Dr. Junod, a member of a neutral nation, has, as a first necessity for such work, cultivated a mind outwardly neutral to the strictest extent. That adds value to his book. But its real value, and wholly compelling appeal, lies in the pictures he gives of what modern war really and unromantically means. The author spares no facts; his facts carry the stamp of complete truth.

When Mussolini's Italy, in defiance of the League of Nations, attacked Abyssinia, they used, against Convention, poison gas: the author here gives, for the first time, a neutral's close-up of its effects; men turned into animals burning and choking to death as they fled from it in vain; no respect was paid to the Red Cross, which was repeatedly and thoroughly bombed. In Spain, Dr. Junod describes a whole country bent on self-destruction, and the inhuman plight of refugees. His chapters on the work of the Red Cross in the Second World War, and its incredible persistence and ingenuity in helping prisoners of war in Germany, are a revelation. But the most arresting part of this book is the true story of how the Japanese, their thin veneer of politeness gone, treated their captives: disclosures that, in these days, should surely be noted. Finally, comes the horror of Hiroshima; the eye-witness description of how the atom bomb fell, and the author's visit, a few days later, to the city—"the dead city," in a moment erased from the earth. This is a terrible and a salutary book.

H. G. Wells, by Vincent Brome (Longmans), the first complete biography to appear, tells the story of the rise of a lowly born man to a position of fame and controversy unique in modern times. These external facts are known, though Mr. Brome fills in the detail as never before. What is not so well known, however, is the character of the man behind the amazing brain. Here the

biographer assuredly furnishes the reader with a series of surprises—candid, as they should be; in their recital detached; yet in many respects disconcerting to mere hero-worship.

Of Wells, the public man, and his manner at times, many pressmen knew. Stories, too, were told of his private life. The full facts emerge here; they give this book what is sure to prove a special and very wide interest. The temperament of the man was difficult; his early life and his memory of it, helped nothing. The fact that the marvellous romancer and the later highly human novelist was lost in the social prophet latterly rather blown upon, caused Wells to end a lonely and bitter man. Just the same, it will be long before we have another author who can give us a "Country of the Blind," "The Star," "The Invisible Man" "The War of the Worlds," "Tono-Bungay"; to name but a few. What imagination, what fecundity! What a man! Mr. Brome gives us him complete—with the worst, too. A notable book indeed.

On lighter subject, and, with the South African cricket tour: *Behind the Stumps*, by Godfrey Evans (Hodder & Stoughton), the autobiography of England's keeper, besides telling the story of his rise to Test rank, covers most of the post-war tours and Test seasons, and, written with great modesty, gives a series of immensely interesting pen-pictures and appraisals of the prominent and the promising. The story of the M.C.C.'s last South African tour is full of interest and piquancy.



"It's the new technique—set a thief to catch a thief!"

Do not miss *Sunbeams Like Swords*, by W. F. Jeffrey (Hodder). Dealing with the Burma jungle campaign against the Japanese behind their lines, it has such vividness and controlled power of presentation as to be entirely outstanding; wholly memorable.

One of their unique productions on the British scene, *The Isle of Wight*, from Batsfords', the specialist publishers, will appeal to all who from contact or memory cherish the English countryside. Written by P. L. P. and M. Jowitt, and superbly illustrated, it tells you everything of history, legend and association in connection with that lovely spot.

Daphne Rooke in a *Grove of Fever Trees* (Cape) makes an impressive bow in the realm of South African novel-writing. Her story, set in the backblocks of Zululand, is the drama of love and jealousy of a man with an inherited streak of intermittent insanity, and his hatred of his successful brother. The story has colour, remarkable atmosphere and episodes of shuddering violence, yet violence in keeping with the macabre theme. And it holds you, willy nilly, increasingly and right to the end.

In *One Hundred and Twenty Witnesses* (Hutchinson) R. H. Mottram, of "The Spanish Farm," has written, with quite new and arresting treatment, a novel which, opening with a case of an alleged errant juvenile, fills in with dramatic power the story behind the case and the history of antecedents and events that led to it. Few but Mr. Mottram could have written so clever and compelling a book. Among other new novels, let me specially recommend: *Uneasy Lies the Head*, by May Sutherland (Hutchinson), a remarkable interpretation of the character and tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots, done with subtle skill; *Dark Bright Rose*, by Davis Emerson (Hurst & Blackett): The fictionalised life story of Caroline Norton, Sheridan's grand-daughter, and centre of society and scandal in the early days of last century. Mr. Emerson makes that brilliant creature and her brilliant, brittle epoch live again; *Open My Eyes*, by Adelaide Foster (Ward, Lock): The story, with a mystery as its hub, of a young ex-Army priest, married, who, taking an ancient living in London, becomes entangled in surprising human events. A novel with atmosphere and appeal quite its own.

Thriller pick: *The Gallows in My Garden*, Joan Fleming (Hutchinson): This notable recruit to thriller ranks sustains her reputation with a whodunit diverting as its forerunners and as skilled; *Mystery of the Amorous Music Master*, by George Woden (Hutchinson): Long unsolved mystery

leads a retired civic official to take up a new and odd clue; Mr. Woden in a fresh line, and cleverly worked out; *Confetti Can Be Red*, by Martin Cumberland (Hurst & Blackett): Saturnin Dax, in a new riddle, with a fresh twist in the telling. Saturnin Dax never lets you down.

A retired British colonel was seated in his usual chair at a London club, listening with growing irritation to the boastful reminiscences of a group of R.A.F. pilots.

"It's all very well for you whipper-snappers to talk," he mumbled finally, "but your show was child's play compared to the Boer War. The hot sun beating at your brain; the sand burning up your feet; the Fuzzy-Wuzzies attacking you night and day.

"Why, in one day I had a hand-to-hand encounter with ten of the blighters. Killed eight of them. The other two impaled me with a spear through my chest to a rubber tree. Hung there for three days."

One of the pilots said politely: "Gad, sir, that must have been painful."

"Not particularly," answered the colonel. "Only when I laughed." —Bennett Cerf.

The remarkable sagacity of a Surrey Police dog was the source of comment by Judge Tudor Rees recently at Surrey, England, Sessions.

Concerned in the case was an Alsatian, named Loki, which, suggested Judge Tudor Rees, was worthy of promotion at least to the rank of Detective Inspector, and deserved special and very high commendation.

"The dog," said Judge Tudor Rees, "actually arrested his man by taking him by the arm, without even hurting him—a remarkable performance. That dog deserves immediate promotion. If it were possible, I should promote him at once to the rank of Detective Inspector at least, and I hope that, even if it means the breaking of a few food regulations, he will be given some extra rations for his excellent work, and that when his time for Police service ends he will be retired on a handsome "pension."

—Garda Review.

DOMESTIC NOTES

BIRTH

ILLINGWORTH.—To Sergeant and Mrs. J. W. Illingworth, at Bulawayo, on 9th February, 1951, a daughter, Anne Shirley.

THE OUTPOST, MARCH, 1951

NYOKA!

LIKE other tropical and sub-tropical countries, South Africa is the home of innumerable snakes, some of which are harmless while others are most deadly, and should be avoided when possible. It is erroneous to think that snakes will go out of their way to attack man, except in the case of the most vicious of all African snakes, the Black Mamba, which may attack man on sight. All the same if a man meets a snake when the man is between the snake and its hole, it is then possible that the snake will attack.

There are five main families of South African snakes, and many sub-families, most of which

BY

MAJOR HUGH MACKAY

are poisonous, but the small burrowing snakes, and mole snakes are not dangerous. Actually, authorities say that there are some ninety-nine varieties of South African snakes, but in this article we shall mention those which are the most widely known.

The python, which is not venomous, but has teeth which can give a bad bite, kills its prey by constriction, the tail being wound round some object such as a large rock or tree, and winds its coils about its victim and crushes it before swallowing its meal whole. Pythons are to be found extensively among the cane fields of Natal and Zululand, where they live on the large cane rats. The South African python averages some 16 to 18 feet in length, and actually is of great benefit to sugar cane planters.

The Black Mamba is to be found mostly in Natal and Zululand in bush country, and is a ground snake of some twelve feet upwards. It is, as mentioned, most ferocious, and extremely swift in its movements, while a person bitten by this snake is in real danger of death. The Green Mamba is equally venomous, and also frequents bush country and in trees where it lives on the birdlife nesting among the branches. These two species are best left alone and avoided, unless the person is a good shot and is armed with a shot gun. To attempt to kill

either species of mamba with a stick is just asking for trouble.

The puff-adder is found all over South Africa, and is a sluggish snake some three to four feet in length. It is to be found in most kinds of country, and even enters dwellings. It lives on rats and mice, and may be found lying across footpaths, or grass lands. It is ubiquitous. The bite of the puff-adder is dangerous, but the snake is easily killed with a blow of a stick if one is careful. It is not correct to say that the puff-adder strikes 'backwards' but it certainly may flick sideways when striking. This snake is 'captured' and is 'milked,' the venom being used for making anti-snake bite serum. The process of obtaining the venom is too well known to mention here, except that the snake is held in the hand by the neck and made to strike a piece of linen which is drawn tautly over the mouth of a glass jar.

There are also the Berg and Horned Adders, which are of the same family as the puff-adder.

There are four species of South African cobras which are highly dangerous to humans. They are not as swift as the mamba and they expand their hoods when angry like the Indian cobra, but they have not the "spectacle" markings about the eyes.

They may reach over six feet in length and are to be found in most parts of South Africa. The ringhals (spitting snake) is of the cobra family. The ringhals sends a fine jet of poison from its glands and is most accurate in finding a human's eyes at a yard or so distance. The venom so ejected might well cause total blindness if the sufferer is not attended to at once. Other species of cobra coil and strike swiftly with deadly venom. Cobras are also "milked" for their venom.

One species of sea-snake is found on the South African coast and is poisonous. It is of a black and yellow colour and may be mistaken for an ordinary eel.

The night adder is found over all the country, and is also poisonous, reaching three feet or more in length and is of a grey and black mottled colour. As its name implies it

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wanders at night when it is dangerous to humans who are walking in the darkness.

The summer, when it is hot and rainy, is the time when snakes are to be met with mostly, for in the winter they generally hibernate in holes. Therefore in the wet summer months people should be more alert for the lurking danger of snakes, and should not go into bush country without being armed with a stout stick or shot gun, especially where mambas are known to be.

With regard to anti-snake bite measures. It is advisable for persons living in the country where snakes abound, to have by them an anti-snake bite serum with a hypodermic, the serum being injected as soon as possible after the victim has been bitten.

First-aid, however, should be carried out at once. The two holes where the snake's fangs have entered the skin should be joined together by a knife cut so that the blood flows strongly, while a ligature should be bound on the victim at some part between the wound and the heart. This ligature should not be left for longer than half an hour at a time without being loosened for a few seconds, otherwise mortification might set in. Pot. permang. crystals should be rubbed deeply into the wound.

Sucking the wound is another method, for the poison is neutralised in the mouth if a few crystals of pot. permang. is placed on the tongue before the person commences to suck the victim's wound. Naturally, frequent spitting is necessary for none of the poisoned spittle should be swallowed.

The snake's venom is often injected into a vein or artery when the snake bites, also into the muscles. The victim might die through nervous collapse, shock, or direct poisoning within a minute or so of being bitten, or may linger for hours afterwards. The heart may become sluggish, when the victim must be walked about to save him from dropping into a coma.

Thousands of people are bitten by snakes in India annually, but in a lesser degree in South Africa. The death-rate through snake-bite in India used to be high, but since the introduction of anti-snake bite serum many thousands of lives have been saved.

Remember, avoid a snake if possible, and take no liberties with any snake whether you are told that it is harmless or not. It might not be, and then there is trouble. Experts know when a snake is dangerous or not, but the majority of people are ignorant of the species,



BANDED COBRA

therefore walk with care through the bush, and keep a good look out for snakes in the summer time.

Children, especially, should be watched carefully in country districts, for it was published a short time ago in a South African journal, that a small child was seen hurrying to its parents, calling out that it had a big worm to play with, and that worm was a young cobra! Fortunately the child was not bitten, and the snake was killed.

In India there is a deadly snake, as thin as a pencil, some eight inches in length, and yellow in colour. This is the krait, which kills its victim within a minute or so, but there are no kraits in South Africa.

"An angler's life is one of calculated deceit. He obviously deceives his wife from the start—for had she known he was an angler she would never have married him.

"He deceives the poor fish. And he comes back to the club to deceive his friends, who only listen patiently to him because they know that he will later be bound to listen to their own lies."

—Mr. Justice Stable.

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SALISBURY

WITH the cricket season drawing rapidly to a close, it was inevitable that soccer should take precedence over cricket, and after only two weeks of training on Wednesdays and Friday evenings we commenced training on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Attendances so far have been good, but we feel that if we are to be really successful this season, we must have more support from the recruits, amongst whom, we believe, latent talent exists. The training has really got into its stride under the vigilant eyes of Mr. Levy and Roy Coop. Apart from "Jock" Tait who pulled a tendon in his hand (possibly an excuse for his variable performances at wicket keeping) casualties have been negligible.

This month we said good-bye to "Paddy" Ryan who did such sterling work for the first team last year. He has left the Force and gone to the Union. His going will cause the selectors quite a few headaches. We wish him the very best of luck in his new undertaking.

Arrangements are being made to bring the R.A.F. Heany team to Salisbury again this year for a "curtain raiser" to the soccer season. It is hoped to have them here for the Easter Holiday and if last year's performance is any recommendation is should provide a grand afternoon's sport.

With Sub-Inspector Reed getting the pitch into its usual state of perfection and Mr. Levy and Roy Coop also doing their best, we look forward to a successful season.

C.G.P.

SALISBURY LEAGUE CRICKET

*Police v. Salisbury III, Police Ground,
February 4, 1951*

Salisbury batted first; the Police bowlers found the pitch to their liking and soon had the Salisbury batsmen back in the pavilion (Banister took 6 for 19, Smithyman 3 for 16).

Howard Jones batted well in the Police first innings scoring a forceful 46; the tail-end batsmen were quickly dismissed by Illingworth who did the hat-trick.

When Salisbury batted a second time Gilfillan bowled extremely well taking 6 for 20. The Police were left 46 runs to get for an outright win which they were able to do for the loss of 4 wickets.

Police won by 6 wickets.

Salisbury III 1st innings, 60 (Banister 6 for 19, and Smithyman 3 for 16).

Police 1st innings, 106 (Jones 46).

Salisbury III 2nd innings, 92 (Gilfillan 6 for 20, Banister 3 for 20).

Police 2nd innings, 50 for 4.

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

*Police v. Alexander II, Police Ground,
February 11, 1951*

This was a very close game, Police losing on the first innings by 6 runs. The feature of this game was the batting of Maguire, who opened the Police innings and was undefeated at the close with 40 runs.

Police lost by 6 runs on 1st innings.

Alexander II 1st innings, 161 (Brown 69, Banister 4 for 52).

Police 1st innings, 155 (Maguire 40 not out, Riddle 22, Shaughnessy 22).

Police team in order of batting:—Maguire, Dickenson, Wright, Smithyman, Riddle, Banister, Shaughnessy, Buchanan, Buckley Gilfillan, Rawson.

*Police v. Wingate, Police Ground,
February 18, 1951*

This match proved to be an outright win for the Police by an innings and 24 runs. It was pleasing to see the return of Smithyman to something like his usual form with the bat, whilst his bowling was also most successful. Gilfillan had a nice spell of bowling in the second innings taking 6 for 24.

Wingate 1st innings, 72 (Smithyman 6 for 18, Banister 3 for 26).

Police 1st innings, 161 (Smithyman 59, Banister 45).

Wingate 2nd innings, 65 (Gilfillan 6 for 24, Reynolds 4 for 13).

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

*Police v. Raylton I, Raylton Ground,
February 25, 1951*

This was most probably the most interesting game that we have played this season, although we lost by 22 runs on the first innings it almost proved to be an outright win for the Police. Left to get 108 runs in 50 minutes we were only 7 runs short when stumps were drawn, Riddle particularly attacking the bowling in this second innings.

Raylton I 1st innings, 138 (Reynolds 4 for 30, Gilfillan 4 for 31).

Police 1st innings, 116 (Smithyman 31, Robertson 25).

Raylton I 2nd innings, 86 for 1 declared.

Police 2nd innings, 101 for 2.

Police team in order of batting:—Maguire, Reynolds, Smithyman, Shaughnessy, Buchanan, Banister, Riddle, Buckley, Robertson, Gilfillan, Rawson.

We are sorry to have to report that Buchanan has had to go into Hospital and shall miss his services for the last few matches. We wish him a speedy recovery, and hope that he will be fit for the soccer season.

FRIENDLY CRICKET

The Police continue to run two Friendly teams; every Saturday afternoon a game is in progress on the turf wicket and the matting wicket. These Friendly games are played in a good spirit and excellent games result. On February 3, Salisbury Ladies challenged the Police, the Ladies having two innings to our one. We did not have all our own way for the Ladies scored 73 and 68 to our 183.

*Police v. Standard Bank, Police Ground,
February 3, 1951*

Police Friendly, 101 (Davenport 29).

Standard Bank, 109 (Davenport 5 for 28).

Police team in order of batting: Maguire, Gardner, Osborne, Wright, Leppan, Hider, Davenport, Savage, Selly, Pickard, Smallbones.

*Police v. Commercial, Police Ground,
February 10, 1951*

Commercial, 114 (Taylor 4 for 12).

Police, 123 for 4 (Osborne 45, Wright 47).

Police team in order of batting: Hider, Osborne, Wright, Taylor, Wheeler, Buckley, Davenport, Savage, Ryan, Tait, Pickford.

*Police v. Salisbury "B," Police Ground,
February 17, 1951*

Salisbury "B," 99 (Taylor 3 for 17, Davenport 3 for 11).

Police, 147 for 8 (Taylor 43, Buckley 44).

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

*Officers' Mess v. Sergeants' Mess,
February 24, 1951*

The Officers' Mess found the bowling of the Sergeants' Mess comparatively easy until C/I Lardant quickly finished off the innings, taking 3 wickets for 9 runs in 2 overs. The Sergeants' Mess fared badly and except for Maguire, 70 not out, few runs were scored. The Officers' Mess just failed to get the last wicket for a win.

Officers' Mess, 191 (Lieut. Steele 32, Lieut. van Niekerk 29, Buchanan 38, Captain Shewell 37, C/I Lardant 3 for 9).

Sergeants' Mess, 135 for 9 (Maguire 70 not out, Lieut. Steele 3 for 14, Major Walker 2 for 14).

Officers' Mess team: Lieut. Steele, Lieut. van Niekerk, Major Frost, Major Rolfe, Buchanan, Captain Shewell, Lieut. Barfoot, Lieut. Stoker, Major Borland, Major Walker, Lieut. Colonel Rowley, Lieut. Flower.

Sergeants' Mess team: Maguire, Rawson, James, Smith, Mitchell, Vowles, Lardant, Thompson, Buckley, McLaghlan, Banister, Bristow.

T. C. B.

Pigeon fancier L. Koninx, Boorse, Belgium, found his birds were being stolen. So he rigged up a booby trap in his pigeon loft. The trap automatically fired a shot when the door was opened. Mr. Koninx was buried at the local cemetery a few days after his invention.

—Dublin Evening Herald.