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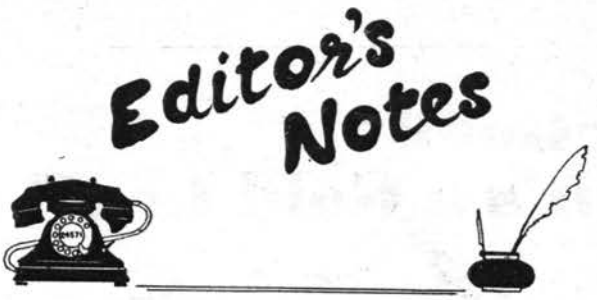
In this Issue . . .

Features



African Mirror

In the course of one month a good deal of printed matter is received at every Police station in the Colony. Some is studied with care, some receives only the amount of scrutiny that duty demands, whilst some is passed by with scarcely a glance.

We hesitate to suggest that such a state of affairs could exist, but how many European members of the Corps can say that they read our small publication *Mapolisa* which is specially published for the African Police? The cover may not be impressive, but an hour spent in reading the contents would help the European policeman to appreciate more readily the point of view and mentality of African members of the Force. A good deal of the contents are written by the Africans themselves and with a little help and encouragement they would produce many more articles and stories. Scarcely a month passes without comment in the daily Press upon some of the articles contained in the magazine, which is a tribute to their quality.

The African is an inveterate reader, ever anxious to learn, and we continually receive requests that more cases of interest and incidents should be published. It is our responsibility to provide such material, but our sources of supply are very limited, and we can only use what is provided gratuitously. This state of affairs can be improved by an occasional reminder or suggestion to the African Police. When an interesting case has been successfully investigated the detail concerned would need little encouragment to write his version of it, and with the co-operation of a European more good material would be available to over two thousand readers.

Before leaving this subject we make another appeal for photographs of Police interest, especially those suitable for publication in *Mapolisa*. None have been received for the past two months and the absence of good illustrations in that magazine tends towards dullness.

Culled from Corps Orders

When *The Outpost* was reduced in size last year, the feature "Culled from Corps Orders" was omitted, as it was felt that it was superfluous. Since that time requests for its re-introduction have been received from many sources, the final one coming from the wife of a member who complained that she did not know what was going on in the Corps since this item was withheld. The last word must always come from a woman so we are happy to announce that this small but widely read item will appear again in the next issue.

THE OUTPOST PRIZE COMPETITIONS

Details of the June Quarterly Competitions are published below:—

1. First prizes of £5 5s. and second prizes of £2 2s. are offered for the best entries submitted for publication in *The Outpost* in each of the undermentioned subjects. Entries to be approximately 2,000 words in length—
   (a) A Police case investigated in the Colony.
   (b) A short story with a Police interest.
2. The competitions are open only to subscribers to *The Outpost*.
3. The judges for the competition shall be appointed by the President of *The Outpost* Committee.
4. The Committee reserves the right to reproduce any entries other than prize-winning entries, without payment.
5. The closing date for the competitions is 30th June, 1951.
6. Entries must be clearly marked "Quarterly Competition" and addressed to the Editor, *The Outpost*, P.O. Box 803, Salisbury. Any entries sent under a nom-de-plume will be published as such, but names and addresses of all entrants must be submitted to the Editor.
7. The Committee reserves the right to withhold the award of either the first or second prizes if the entries are considered below the required standard.

Memorial Fund

Donations to the B.S.A.P. Memorial Fund are coming in slowly as can be seen from the list published on this page and it is hoped that the necessary £250 will be collected as the appeal becomes more widely known. The building of the cloisters is already well advanced and some idea of their appearance can be gained from the drawing on page 4. May I repeat the Editor's remarks a month or two ago that there are probably many people in the Colony who would be pleased to make a donation to the Fund, if it were brought to their notice.

Regimental Association

Writing from P.O. Box 121, Nairobi, Kenya, Mr. Quentin Reid (ex-No. 2653) makes the suggestion that all members of the Association should be presented (or is it issued?) with a Certificate of Membership which could be framed. He suggests that the Certificate should bear a reproduction of the two old sweats who adorn this page, with the appropriate wording below. It would be interesting to hear their views on this.

Mr. Reid adds that he meets a number of ex-B.S.A.P. in Nairobi, including Captain Stone, Jimmy Turner-Dauncey, with whom he was stationed at Gwelo in the mid-twenties; Jack Seaward, Buster Brown, the radio pioneer of Gwelo, and others. At the moment Turner-Dauncey is on a lengthy safari with G. Pasquel, the Mexican oil millionaire.

Both Mr. Reid and Captain Stone are keen on forming a branch of the Regimental Association in Nairobi and asks that all who are interested should contact Captain Stone, c/o Hotel Keepers' Association Information Bureau, Nairobi.

News of Others

Ex-Sergeant-Major E. Breedon sends his kindest regards to all old friends from "Headlands," 5 Dorrington Road, Bournemouth East, Hants; Major H. C. Patrick (ex-No. 682) writing from "Gwanda," Compton Lane, Farnham, Surrey comments on the new cover in very appreciative terms, remarking that the horse is as good as they liked to think theirs were in the "good old days of very long ago."

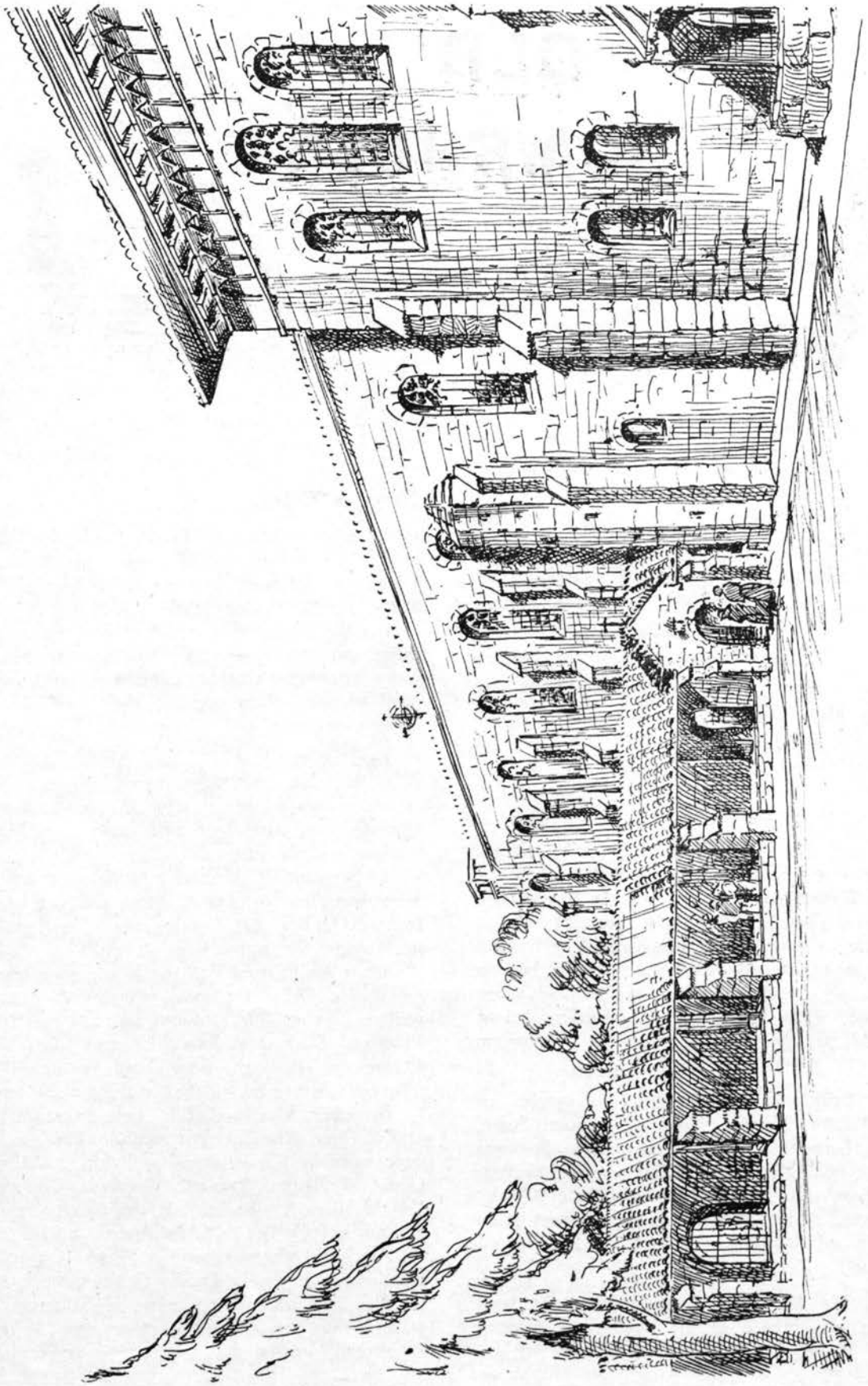
Ex-Trooper J. C. Graves (No. 2926) who is in the Nigeria Police, Lagos, Nigeria, West Africa, writes whilst on leave in Natal and mentions that the arrival of *The Outpost* in Nigeria is always a red letter day.

Ex-Sergeant F. Hackney (1683) has renewed his subscription to *The Outpost* and has written from P.O. Box 63, Gwelo, where he has been in business for many years.

John Wallis (ex No. 3642), who has been in the Sudan Police for some years at Atbara, has written giving his future address as "Point Pleasant," St. Peter's, Jersey, Channel Isles. That's a long way from the Sudan and Wallis did not mention whether he will be returning there or not.

Brigadier Morris, C.B.E., who went to live at the Cape after his retirement in 1945, is back once more in Rhodesia and is living at 2 Devon Court, 3 Baines Avenue, Salisbury. Captain J. W. M. Parr is also back in the Colony and his address is P.O. Box 726, Salisbury.

Amongst others known to have returned to Rhodesia recently is Paddy Graham, back from the Far East and is once more in Salisbury. He walked into my office the other day; he looks fitter than ever he did, and seemed to be pleased



The Cathedral Cloisters, looking south.

to be back in our peaceful atmosphere after the uncertainty of life in the East to-day. Whilst in Singapore, he met ex-Trooper Trevor Bevan who is now in the Singapore Police and still playing rugger there. He must keep very fit, as I know that fifteen years ago he was playing rugger in England with the present Editor who gave up such a strenuous pastime years ago.

Another returning to Rhodesia is "Slim" Jones, who retired from the P.S.C. a few years ago and went to live in Durban. His address is now P.O. Box 62, Salisbury.

C. L. Payne (ex-No. 2076), writing from P.O. Box 191, Luanshya, Northern Rhodesia, says that *The Outpost* is received with much pleasure and that his copies are always passed to the local N.R. Police. The Superintendent is Major Tommy Bush, ex-B.S.A.P. Mr. Payne sends his regards to all old friends.

After 39 years of service with the Southern Rhodesia Government ex-Corporal B. H. Seymour-Hall (No. 1578) recently retired from the post of Commissioner of Workmen's Compensation. Mr. Seymour-Hall will be remembered by many who served between 1912-1914. During the 1914-18 war he served in S.W. Africa and on returning to the Colony joined the Civil Service from which he has just retired. The occasion was marked by a ceremony at which the Minister of Justice and Internal Affairs, Mr. J. M. Greenfield, and Mr. W. H. Hammond (son of the late Captain Hammond of the C.I.D.), Secretary of the Department, made presentations to him.

I'm sure that all Old Comrades will wish him and Mrs. Seymour-Hall a long and happy retirement.

THE CHRONICLER.

B.S.A.P. MEMORIAL FUND

	£	s.	d.
Previously acknowledged	27	14	6
Major H. P. Tice	2	2	0
Major R. C. Nesbitt, V.C.	1	1	0
Lieut. R. Willamson	1	1	0
F. Hackney	1	9	6
Col. R. Hamilton	3	3	0
Lieut. B. L. Calderwood	1	1	0
G. L. Yeoman	2	2	0
Major W. H. D. Walker	2	2	0
C.I.D., Salisbury	2	7	6
Anonymous		12	6
City of Salisbury	10	0	0
	£54	16	0

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

B.S.A. Police Memorial: Salisbury

THESE notes are to keep readers of "The Outpost" informed of progress towards the fulfilment of this project. I can now report that the Cathedral authorities have allotted to the B.S.A. Police the cloister bay next to that of the Pioneers, on the grounds that the B.S.A. Company's Police accompanied the Pioneer Column in 1890. A name board has been put up to show that this is our bay.

Recently, I have been doing some research in preparation for the Book of Remembrance. It has been suggested that this book should be in three parts, commemorating those who died whilst serving in the Force, European and African alike, and that the third section should contain as many names as possible of those who have died since they left the Force. Information regarding the latter will not be easy to obtain, unless we have the full co-operation of relatives and friends, and I appeal to them to supply such particulars as they have. In the meantime the Editor of "The Outpost" has started a search of old issues for obituary articles and the like.

I have found my own enquiries to be intensely interesting, and at the same time the fact has been brought home to me most forcibly that many of our old comrades died of disease in the earlier days of this Colony. For instance, two Mashonaland next-of-kin registers which cover the names of 1,410 men, attested from October, 1896 to July, 1901, a period of under five years, record the death of 81 members between December, 1896 and January 1901. Of these no less than 35 died of some specified disease, mostly malarial fever, and 31 from causes not stated, but we can assume it was mostly from disease. Nine were killed in action, two drowned and one lost in the veld in the Hartley area. These figures emphasise the penalty paid by those who helped to open up a new country; many more were discharged as medically unfit, but, of course, there is no means of following up their subsequent careers.

I have also worked at some Matabeleland records covering a period of just under six years from November, 1896 to September, 1902. From these records I have taken the particulars of 109 members who died whilst serving in the Force, and next month will try to give an analysis of these names.

All this goes to show the need for a memorial of the type which is now contemplated, and once again an appeal is made for your contributions.

A. S. H.

THE MAN FROM MIAMI

DURING the year 1909, or thereabouts, an African woman was delivered of a son at her kraal at Miami in the Urungwe district of Southern Rhodesia.

Whether this child was ill-begotten or whether he received the loving care and guidance of his mother is not recorded. In fact, the event of his birth and the circumstances of his infant nurture were of no concern outside the limits of his

By
"STRIPDEX"

family circle. The authorities presumed he would pay Government tax at the age of fourteen, and left it at that. So nothing is known of his early life.

The first recorded occasion on which he claimed the eye of Southern Rhodesian officialdom was during the year 1935, by which time we have to forget the innocent child and behold a young man of about twenty-four years of age, with a somewhat unusual amount of experience already acquired—but not to his credit.

It seems he freed himself from his mother's apron strings and other restricting influences at some time prior to the age of seventeen and left home intending to seek his fortune in Northern Rhodesia. On the contrary, he would appear to have sought somebody else's fortune as the Northern Rhodesia criminal records indicate he was convicted of "Larceny by servant" on the 8th December, 1926, at Livingstone, and received a sentence of four months' imprisonment with hard labour. Quite a stiff sentence for a lad of such tender years, but it was given doubtless to deter him early from such erring ways. However, the 28th November, 1928, saw him punished with further and more lengthy imprisonment for an identical offence in the same town, and it became apparent he was no labourer worthy of his hire. This fact may have induced him, of necessity or otherwise, to alter his technique for he is no more found guilty of thefts from his employers, yet the years 1933 and 1934 see him again imprisoned.

On these occasions he had graduated to the role of "receiver of stolen property" and his sentences were progressively greater with each conviction except in respect of a lesser offence for supplying liquor to Coloured persons and for which he was sentenced concurrently with the final receiving charge in 1934. The venue of these escapades was Lusaka and Mazabuka. This criminal record displeased the Northern Rhodesia officials and they rightly obtained a deportation warrant for him and, in pursuance thereof, handed him over to the B.S.A. Police at Victoria Falls shortly after his release from Mazabuka gaol in 1935.

There was only one course open. He had to be accepted back in Southern Rhodesia as he was born here. So back he went to his district of origin under escort, his criminal record was methodically filed away in the Central Criminal Bureau at Bulawayo, and Police attention reverted to such important duties as arresting deserters and finding out why somebody's cook boy didn't do his work properely. Those were the days!

It would be as well to give this criminal a name by which to refer to him in this story, so from now on he shall be styled "John Brown."

When John Brown was handed back to Southern Rhodesia in 1935, he was deposited at his kraal, and, as hope springs eternal even in a Policeman's breast, he was expected to be a good boy and emulate the Prodigal Son. However, nobody made it their business to see if biblical history repeated itself. The outward and visible sign of his apparent return to the pattern of respectability was a board nailed outside his hut. This informed those who could or cared to read that John Brown solicited patronage in the matter of repairs to footwear and bicycles, and that all work would be done on the premises by an expert staff of competent workmen.

Do not for one moment consider John Brown was one of the competent workmen insofar as that business was concerned. He had, by that time, moved unobtrusively to a farm near Sinoia, opened this business, acquired a staff of paid workmen, a 1921 Chevrolet sedan car without a licence, and a habit of being absent from his business for varying periods. All his employees were relatives including his chaffeur who drove the car as John Brown had not qualified to do so.

As time went on the unlicenced car and details regarding petrol rationing worried the Police. They either did not know about the frequent absences or attached no importance to them as they involved

the use of a bicycle for which no licences are required. You must understand that by this time all the local Police personnel who knew of Brown's criminal record had been transferred, and in any case there were criminals in their area with far worse records than his. Apart from which Mr. John Brown played the part of the law-abiding business man to perfection—even to the artistic touch of not liking to meet annoying revenue obligations.

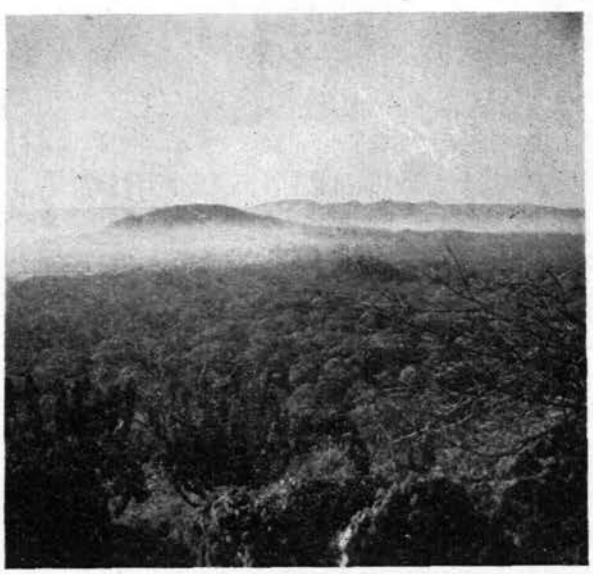
The political situation began to look bad and eventually the 1939-45 war was upon us. All of which rightly occupied Police attention somewhat to the detriment of the prevention and detection of crime. Police during those years had much with which to contend. Nevertheless, on the 25th May, 1943, John Brown was arrested at Gatooma just as he was about to leave by cycle to return home along that pleasant short cut to Sinoia via Gadzema. The circumstances surrounding this arrest will follow, but firstly let us go back a week or two. On the night of the 3rd May, 1943, a dwelling house on a farm near Que Que was broken into whilst the occupants slept. The culprit stole the safe keys from clothing left on on a chair in the bedroom where the owner slept. He then opened the safe and stole a sum of money. The crime was committed in a most daring manner and it was realised quickly that the *modus operandi* was identical to that demonstrated in a large number of cases which had occurred with alarming regularity over a wide area of the Colony during the preceding few years.

Things were serious and something had to be done. Consequently, a car load of V.I.P.s from the C.I.D. journeyed to the scene to have a look round there whilst the original investigators went further afield hoping to find the accused. The car was driven by a senior and renowned Warrant Officer who, on arriving at the house, went walking off on his own line of enquiry whilst the really V.I.P.s entered the dwelling. Now everyone knows the first thing to do in an investigation is to sit down and have a cup of tea. Whilst this was in progress the pedestrian Warrant Officer slowly passed the window with head bowed, in profound thought. The hostess, observing him and remembering him to have been the driver of the car, promptly asked her guests whether their chauffeur also would care for a cup of tea. No one ever had the courage to relate this to the Warrant Officer in question, although probably he would have profited by it in the matter of disguises.

During these investigations one false line of enquiry was followed. The search for spoor carried the details through the grounds from the house towards Que Que. Various papers and oddments from the safe were recovered, but the trail ended with the discovery of the smashed open cash box. Whither away? Keen eyes ultimately observed the heel mark of a man wearing iron shod boots. He was heading towards the West. Tally ho! For several hundred yards this spoor was discernible in the unhelpful surface of the ground right up to a gate. There the heel of a man going West proved itself to be the shod hoof mark of a donkey going East! More tea was indicated.

Nevertheless, one latent fingerprint was discovered on the cash box and it was alleged that amongst the stolen money was a South African Reserve Bank ten shilling note. The cash box with its latent print went to Bulawayo, and information concerning the ten shilling note was disseminated far and wide. Both had far-reaching effect. Firstly, the fingerprint was found to be identical to others left at the scene in some of the identical cases already referred to, and secondly, John Brown was arrested trying to change a South African Reserve Bank ten shilling note under very suspicious circumstances. Lastly, of course, John Brown's fingerprints tallied with the latent impression on the cash box and so, naturally, with the others preserved from previous cases.

Let it now be stated that Brown's normal technique had been casually to inform his Sinoia hut mates that he was going some reasonable distance away on a trifling errand. In point of



Early morning in the Sabi Valley.

fact he would set out on his cycle and veer off in a different direction. His object then was to cycle immense distances at a fast pace, boldly break into a building at night, steal cash and food only and then cycle furiously away from the scene so as to be many miles distant by the time the theft was discovered and Police informed. He was seldom away from his Sinoia residence for more than a few days and he was aware that, if questioned, the fact that he would be unable to prove his alibi would not present much in the way of proof against him. He appears to have made quite sure no one saw him at the time of and near the scene of any of his crimes and any stolen cash or food found on him would be unidentifiable and easily explained away. He took care to gamble at cards with that excuse in view. His lawful business at Sinoia provided a further excuse for any opulence on his part and it also ensured that his cycle was kept in racing condition.

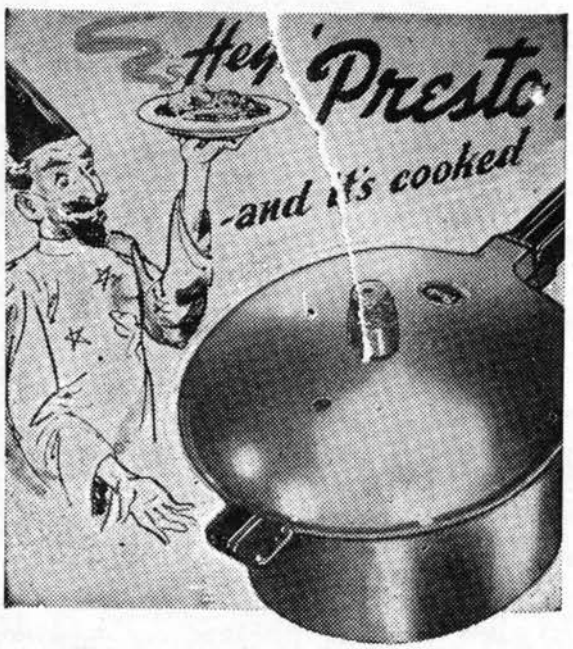
It was fortunate that he was not sufficiently careful in leaving his fingerprints about, and providential that he was tempted to change the South African currency note. After arrest John Brown admitted he knew the risk he took in trying to cash the note and only made the attempt after much hesitation, as he was temporarily without any other cash. Nine times out of ten his attempt would have succeeded. He just happened to choose the store of a person who was public spirited enough to consider it his duty to aid the Police in spite of possible detriment to his trade. But for that John Brown's activities might still remain undetected. Those who have had dealings with him consider John Brown to be one of the cleverest criminals in this Colony, and the methods he employed give support to that contention. Some believe he always worked alone, but he himself endeavoured to involve several other relatives from whom, he alleged, he learned how to commit such crimes. In a long rambling statement in which he tried to indicate how his tutors told him they had committed certain crimes it became obvious that he himself must have been responsible for several of them very far afield, but with which there was no direct evidence to connect him.

In order to assess the probable extent of John Brown's activities and success the following schedule of reported and identical house breaking and theft cases is of interest. Those in which he was identified as the culprit by fingerprints left at the scene of the crime are in italics. He admitted his guilt in those cases. It is likely that he was responsible either for many or a few of the others, all of which showed the same *modus operandi* and in some of which very large sums of money were stolen. If you pinpoint a map of Southern Rhodesia with the places mentioned you will obtain a better conception of John Brown's activtities and the distances he covered.

Date	Place
29.11.1936.	—Hunters Road Store near Que Que.
6.11.1937.	—*Dwelling House at Que Que.*
6.11.1937.	—Three other houses at Que Que.
1.12.1937.	—Store in Banket Village.
16.12.1937.	—*Farm Store near Banket.*
12.2.1938.	—Mine building at Chakari.
19.3.1938.	—Mine office near Norton.
22.4.1938.	—Mine building near Banket.
18.6.1938.	—Store near Shabani.
21.7.1938.	—Mine house at Que Que.
22.7.1938.	—Railway office at Sinoia.
26.7.1938.	—Mine buildings near Chakari.
2.8.1938.	—Hartley Hotel.
2.8.1938.	—*Store buildings at Seigneury Mine, Hartley.*
5.1.1939.	—Shamva.
17.1.1939.	—Banket.
14.3.1939.	—Post Office, Umsweswe, near Gatooma.
9.5.1939.	—*Lydiate Hotel, near Norton.*
23.8.1939.	—Store at Shabani.
23.9.1939.	—Office at Que Que.
—.11.1939.	—Store at Cement Siding near Bulawayo.
14.12.1939	—Bedroom of house in Bulawayo Town.
25.12.1939.	—Store at Gatooma.
26.12.1939.	—Store at Essexvale.
11.4.1940.	—Store at Lalapanzi.
5.6.1940.	—Post Office near Marandellas.
18.6.1940.	—Headlands Hotel.
5.7.1940.	—*Store at Iron Mine, near Lalapanzi.*
6.7.1940.	—Farm stores near Norton.
—.8.1940.	—Store at Melfort, near Marandellas.
—.8.1940.	—Lydiate Hotel, near Norton.
31.8.1940.	—Building at Nyabira, near Banket.
2.9.1940.	—Lydiate Hotel, near Norton.
7.10.1940.	—Store at Insiza.
10.10.1940.	—Ranch building at Shangani.
28.11.1940.	—Native Dept. buildings, Concession.
12.2.1941.	—Ranch buildings at Rhodesdale, Que Que.
7.4.1941.	—Store at Msonneddi, near Concession.
16.6.1941.	—Enkeldoorn Store.
17.6.1941.	—Featherstone Store, near Enkeldoorn.
23.7.1941.	—Store near Lalapanzi.
21.8.1941.	—*Store buildings near Chakari.*
24.9.1941.	—*Store at Lalapanzi.*
24.9.1941.	—Hotel at Lalapanzi.
1.10.1941.	—Umsweswe Hotel, near Gatooma.
17.10.1941.	—Mine buildings near Gatooma.
25.2.1942.	—*Bank house at Hartley.*
5.3.1942.	—Railway building at Hartley.
5.3.1942.	—Halfway Hotel, near Lydiate.

Housewives !

- WHY BE OLD - FASHIONED ?
- WHY SPEND HOURS OVER A HOT STOVE IN THIS HOT WEATHER ?
- WHEN



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6.3.1942.—Store near Gatooma.
4.5.1942.—*Mine building near Norton.*
1.7.1942.—Mine house, near Hunter's Road, Que Que.
21.7.1942.—Same premises as on 1.7.1942.
25.2.1943.—Mine building near Chakari.
20.3.1943.—Farm buildings near Sinoia.
7.4.1943.—Mine houses near Lalapanzi.
3.5.1943.—*Farm house near Que Que.*

It is not possible for anyone ever to ascertain definitely what part John Brown played in any of these or other undetected crimes, but it seems more than a coincidence that this type of crime almost ceased completely subsequent to his arrest.

At Gwelo High Court on 11th October, 1943, John Brown was sentenced to three and a half years' imprisonment with hard labour and ten cuts with a cane as a total punishment for the crimes which were proved against him. On the expiration of his sentence he returned to Sinoia and determined efforts to keep him closely watched were made. He later went back to his kraal at Miami and this was undoubtedly done to render surveillance of him much more difficult.

Eventually a burglary occurred at a store at Lupani between Bulawayo and Victoria Falls. The scene bore every indication of John Brown's *modus operandi,* but he was nowhere to be found and was not at his kraal. Some while later the Northern Rhodesia Police advised that he was in their custody again serving a sentence for returning to that territory after deportation. Enquiry made it certain he must have committed the Lupani crime en route to Northern Rhodesia, but he denied it emphatically and there was no definite proof. Watch was again kept on him after his return to Southern Rhodesia, but as a slippery customer he had few equals.

During the 1943 investigations John Brown nominated a relative named Orbed as the real ring-leader who had taught him these things. Enquiry failed to reveal Orbed as other than a quiet servant whose whereabouts and employment could be traced back a number of years. He had no criminal record indicative of the reputation ascribed to him. Curiously enough, however, an African was caught recently in the act of stealing at night from a room in the Hunters Road area. This man was found to be none other than Orbed who had quietly travelled down from Salisbury where he has been resident for some time. It makes one wonder.

Police at Sinoia arrested a man named Saineti in 1945 for breaking into premises at night and stealing. This man committed suicide in the cell whilst awaiting trial. He was a blood brother to John Brown. Perhaps births at that kraal at Miami should be of some concern after all.

The criminal activities of John Brown, his relatives and his friends demonstrate once more that a large proportion of serious crime is committed by experienced criminals and that one of the best forms of prevention is to make a determined effort to keep such known criminals under constant supervision. Steps towards this have been greatly accelerated of late, but manpower and the demands of the public in other directions are the factors which chiefly govern the ability of the Force to give to this important aspect of their work the attention it deserves.

. . . to the Editor

Dear Sir,

"I Remember . . . "

In my opinion Major Nesbitt, V.C., never meant that Brigadier W. Bodle was a "Rough Diamond" in the way expressed by Mr. J. N. Turner.

It is 61 years this month since Regimental Sergeant-Major Bodle passed me into the B.S.A. Company's Police. As time went on, I got to know him very intimately. Admittedly he slipped an aspirate now and then and put one on, but his grammar was not as Mr. Turner has made out in the March number of *The Outpost*

Knowing him very intimately since I left the Police at the end of 1891, and until he left Rhodesia, before World War I, I summed him up as one of "Nature's Gentlemen."

In 1894 I became a Foundation Member of the Bulawayo Club. Dear old Billy became a member (from memory) in about 1897. At first he was a bit strange and very shy. This gradually wore off and as stated he simply became one of Nature's Gentlemen, loved and respected by all. He never forgot his old pals as a soldier and later as a Policeman.

I knew Major Straker well.

Yours faithfully,

J. C. SMITH.

LICENCE AND STAMP ACT, 1870?

EIGHTY years ago, game was much more plentiful in Matabeleland than it is to-day, but this copy of an old Proclamation issued by Lobengula at that time put a premium on hunting. The value of the powder, lead and caps demanded by the old king is not known.

ON THE ROYAL SERVICE, MATIBILILAND

All travellers, hunters, or traders, wishing to enter Matibililand are requested to come by the main road from Ba-Mangwato to Manyami's, where they are to report themselves, as usual, and obtain permission to come on to the King's residence, and receive their respective licences.

The hunter's fee for the districts south and west of the Shashani River, will be one gun of the value of £15 British Sterling, one 5lb. bag of powder, two 6lb. bars of lead, and one bag of 500 caps. No occupation of the country is allowed, nor are any houses to be built, except by the King's special permission.

This note does not in any way affect the Tati gold diggings.

In special cases, reference can be made to Mr. John Lee, of Mangwe River, who has full power to act as the officer and agent of the King for the Southern and Western districts of the country.

All persons desirous of proceeding to the Northern or Eastern districts are to report themselves at Manyamai's, and obtain permission to come to the King's residence to receive their licences as usual.

Given at the town of Gibbeklaik (Bulawayo).

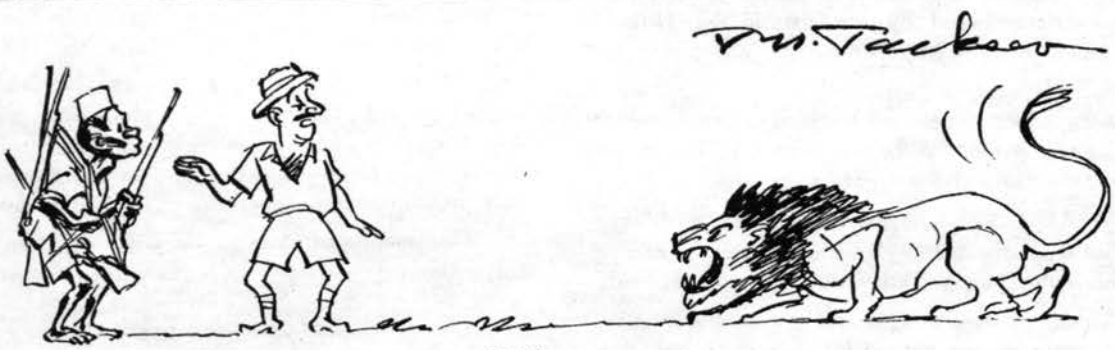
11th April, 1870.

LOBENGULA

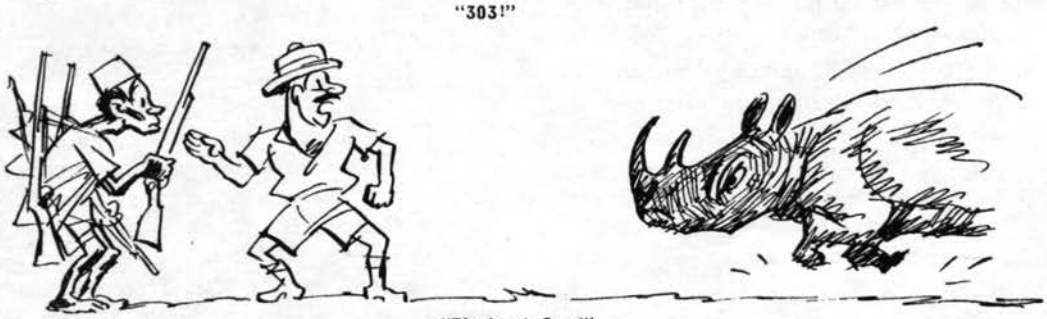
(signed with) His X mark.

King of the Matabele Nation.

Note.—Mr. John Lee mentioned in the Proclamation was an old soldier who acted as Lobengula's agent. He was a perfect Sindebele and Sechuana linguist.



"303!"



"Elephant Gun!"

"Spray Gun!"

Obituaries

SERGEANT JAMES WILLIAM READ

(Regimental No. 4022)

(Contributed)

It was with the deepest regret that we learned of the passing of 2/Sergeant Jimmy Read. He died at the Bulawayo General Hospital on the 20th March some ten days after an operation, much necessitated as a result of an accident in which he was involved at the beginning of the second World War.

Born in London in 1924, Jimmy served for five years during the war with the R.N.V.R. He commanded an Infantry Landing Craft during the invasion of Normandy, with the rank of Sub-Lieutenant. He was one of the first to join the B.S.A.P. after the close of the war years. He attested in April, 1946, and served for three years in the Salisbury Urban area, and will be particularly remembered by residents in the Hillside area, where he was Member i/c the sub-station for over a year.

After long leave in England during which time he was promoted, he was posted to Bulawayo, where he remained for eighteen months.

In April, 1950, he was married at St. Mary's All Saints Cathedral in Salisbury, after which he and his wife came to Bulawayo to live at Hillside.

There are many who will regret his passing, for his easy manner earned him a regard and wide circle of friends, both in Bulawayo and Salisbury.

He was buried with military honours at the Bulawayo cemetery during the afternoon of the 21st March.

We should like to express our deepest sympathy to his wife and family in their bereavement.

FREDERICK WILLIAM KETTLE

(Ex.-Sgt., No. 817)

News has just been received of the recent death of a well-known ex-member of the Corps, Mr. F. W. Kettle, at Dovercourt, Essex.

Born in Harwich in 1875, Mr. Kettle joined the Royal Engineers in 1897, but returned to civilian life about a year later after being garrisoned at Gibraltar. Within a very short time, he was again in uniform, having joined the 1st Suffolk and Herts. R.G.A. Volunteers, in which he served until coming to Rhodesia in 1906 to join the B.S.A. Police.

He was stationed at Bulawayo as a Regimental Tailor throughout his service. He retired on pension in 1928 and returned to England, where he remained until his death.

He was a well-known soccer player in his early days in the Corps, and will be remembered by all who served in Matabeleland.

JOHN NORMAN BLAKE

(Ex-Trooper, No. 2436)

The sudden death occurred recently of Mr. J. N. Blake, who served in the Corps about thirty years ago.

Mr. Blake was born at sea in 1900 and at the age of seventeen joined the 2nd Rhodesia Regiment and was on service in East Africa for over three years during World War I. After his return to civil life in 1920 he was in the Customs Department, but a year later joined the B.S.A.P.

After spending some time in the Fort Victoria district he was transferred to Umtali and in 1925 left the Corps to go mining. In recent years he was a business representative in Salisbury, and was well known in many parts of the Colony.

Our sympathy goes to his wife and family in their loss.

CECIL ARTHUR SHAW

(Contributed)

Old hands in the Police will learn with regret of the passing of Colonel Cecil Arthur Shaw, D.S.O., in Switzerland recently. Major Shaw, as he was then, was adjutant of the S.R.V. (Eastern Division) from 1906 to 1912. Colonel Shaw was commissioned in the 7th Dragoon Guards and won his D.S.O. in the South African War. He was later transferred to the 9th Lancers, from which regiment he was seconded to Rhodesia. He resided at Glen Lorne, near Salisbury until rejoining his regiment in 1914. After serving in France he settled there after World War I, where he was imprisoned by the Germans for nearly four years during the last war. After his release the French Government awarded him the Croix de Guerre and made him a member of the Legion of Honour.

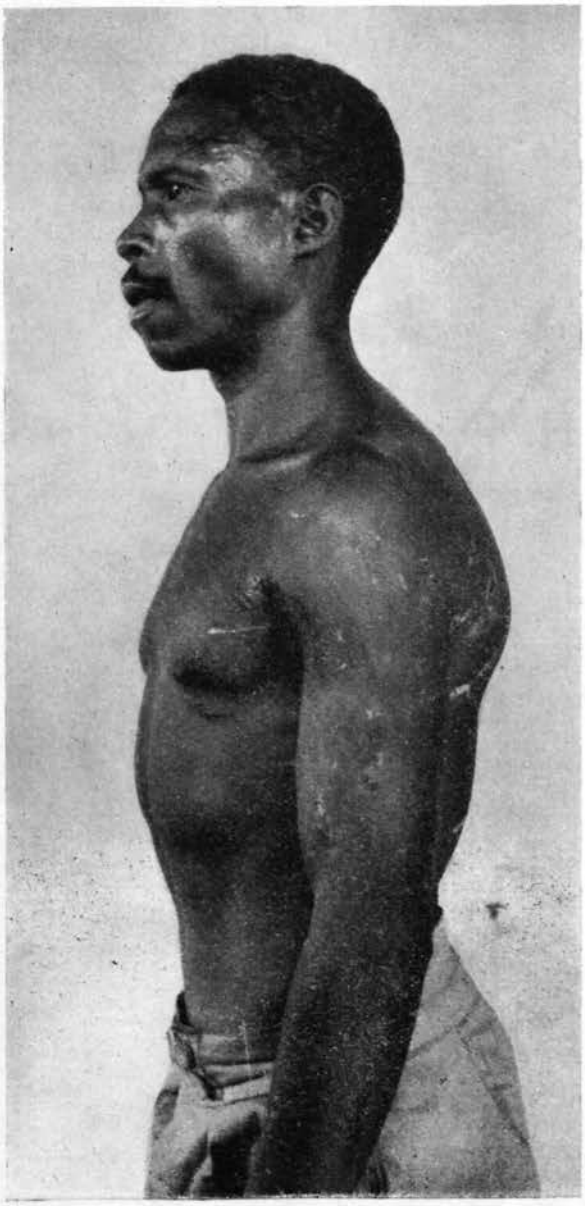
Cecil Shaw was a great sportsman and endeared himself to all who knew him.

Man versus Croc.

By R. W. GROSSMITH.

While investigating a series of native housebreakings in the Darwendale area, members of the C.I.D. from Salisbury and the Police from Darwendale had to cross and recross the Hunyani River searching for "magandangas" who were believed to be living on the banks of the river and on the islands in the river.

On the morning of 6th March, while trying to find their way off an island which was overgrown with thick bush and trees, they came upon a camp in a small clearing. The camp had been vacated for about an hour, a pot containing meat was on the fire, and on racks around the fire were strips of meat drying in the sun.



The Battle Scars.

Four men were posted around the camp on the island, and the remainder left and crossed to the north bank of the river. Whilst doing so footprints were found indicating that whoever had been on the island had left in a hurry. The party had passed very close to the camp.

After waiting hidden for about three hours a native was seen to cross the river onto the island and disappear into the undergrowth. The waiting party then closed in on the native who jumped into the water on the south of the island in an effort to evade arrest. The water was about 10 feet deep and 20 feet across.

As he made his way through the water a crocodile was seen approaching him, but he did not seem to be aware of it until it caught hold of him by the shoulder. He tried to release its jaws, but could not do so, whereupon he chopped at its head with an axe, which he had the presence of mind to retain. This caused the croc to release its hold, and he returned to the bank where the party were waiting for him. The croc was about 13 feet in length.

When questioned later he said that he saw the crocodile when it was some distance away from him and thought that it was a Policeman and added that he was only able to use his axe because he was not afraid. He managed to get the crocodile across his back and thus lift it up to give him enough power to use his axe. He emphasised that when attacked by a crocodile you must not get afraid and suggests that the only possible way to combat this menace is to let it come to you and then sink to the bottom of the water and catch hold of it, when it can be dealt with.

An old lag walked into a cafe and although without a penny, he did not ask for "a sixpence for a cuppa coffee" or even for a cuppa coffee for that matter. He asked for a tickey. When it was given to him he walked across to the phone and phoned up a cafe down the street.

When his call was answered he said (in a strangely cultured voice), "Listen, this is Jones here, you know me; I am sending round an old fellow for a meal. Give him something good and I will be around later to pay for it." With that he rang off and walked down the street.

He got his meal, but what the cafe proprietor is still wondering, is when Jones is coming in to pay for it.

ROYAL AND VERY ANCIENT

By EDMUND ROBERTS.

ST. ANDREWS— from afar gaunt towers and tall spires overlooking the grey North Sea, proclaim this no uncommon place. In St. Andrews kings and queens have held court; archbishops and priests fulfilled their vows; scholarly figures fostered and disbursed learning down the ages; but above all, St. Andrews is the place where for centuries men have smitten golf balls.

Its courses are world-famous, and the Royal and Ancient holds supreme authority in golfing circles. The R. & A. is the final court of appeal, and recently it convened a momentous meeting. With much solemnity the proposed new "Rules of Golf" were voted upon and carried by a large majority.

But with such a (literally) earth-shaking event as a change in the rules of the game, caution—not to mention canniness—is imperative, and so there is to be a probationary period of two years. One thing is certain; golfers are so enthusiastic that even the slightest change will be debated at the nineteenth hole!

To give one example: a point already arousing debate is that under the new rules any movable obstruction in a hazard may be removed. Now these ideas are all right for places like England and comparatively civilised countries such as Scotland, but the fiat of the Royal and Ancient extends almost round the world, and occasionally in even wilder areas than those north of the Border, some very real hazards are met with.

For instance, what happens if the obstacle happens to be an armed bandit, not such a *rare avis* as might be imagined? There is many a course in the Orient where the golfer in recent years has found an armed guard soothing to the nerves. As for Africa, on one course a lioness has followed the play with keen interest, fortunately so far at a respectable distance. Mention of that continent reminds one that in Uganda a local rule permits the player to lift the ball out of hippo footprints. Removing a hippo is a different proposition, however. Such monsters roam the fairway at their pleasure, and "Fore" has not the slightest effect on them. On the contrary, if disturbed they are liable to become rather nasty, a hazard for which the rules do not allow.

These incidents prove how the very ancient and certainly royal, sport has spread to the globe's furthest confines from the Highl . . . Ah, but wait a moment! Every evidence goes to prove that Scotland was not the original home of "gowff," an old variation of the name which gives the genuine original pronunciation. As someone tersely remarked, the yarn that Scots shepherds abandoned their flocks to their collies while they played primitive golf is unfair to the nation, and unduly flattering to their sheepdogs, unsurpassed in devotion and intelligence though they are.

Golf is Dutch in origin, and the Dutch word "kolf" means simply a club. Somehow or other golf emigrated to Scotland. Perhaps the fishermen brought it, because a number of Scots fishermen settled in the Low Countries, and there was frequent intercourse between the two countries. But was the game known in Gloucestershire 600 years back? It was if the figure of a man depicted in a window of Gloucester Cathedral is really playing golf. Although his club looks rather like a hockey stick, his stance has its good points. The window (said to be the largest church window in England) was erected by Sir Thomas, Lord Bradstone, around 1350, in memory of his companions who fell at Crecy and the siege of Calais.

It is thought that the figure commemorates one who was a medieval devotee of the game, but there is no question that it was to the Scots that golf made its most popular appeal at the outset. In fact, to the authorities it became a nuisance, interfering with the more important pursuit of archery. Golf and football made a twin pair of mischiefs, and five centuries back Parliament decreed that "the futeball and golf be utterly cryit down, and nocht usit." But a Scotsman takes a lot of putting off the scent of a golf ball, and just over a dozen years later there was another edict, followed 20 years after by a final and evidently angry fulmination, with pains and penalties attached.

It runs: "Futeball and Golfe forbidden. Item, in is statut and ordainit that in na place of the realme there be usit fute-ball, golfe, or uther sik unprofitabill sportis . . . " etc. As this was an edict of His Majesty, James IV, it is not a little curious to find His Royal Highness himself setting a very bad example to his faithful commons. For that he was a devotee of this "unprofitabill sportis" is very evident from the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland of the day!

When gunpowder ended the era of bow and arrow on the field of battle, golf had no more to be played in holes and corners. Scottish bow and arrow makers, with native insight sensed the coming depression, and shrewdly turned to making golf clubs for the first golf-minded nation. Very soon golf balls were being smitten everywhere from the Border to John 'o Groats, and from Oban to St. Andrews.

In Smollett's "Expedition of Humphrey Clinker," written nearly 200 years back, the gouty, dyspeptic but benevolent Matthew Bramble was much impressed by the devotion of the citizens of Scotland to "a game called golf." Amongst others he was shown one particular set of golfers, the youngest of whom had passed four score! The observer remarked: "They were all gentlemen of independent fortunes, who had amused themselves with the pastime for the best part of a century, without having ever felt the least alarm from sickness or disgust; and they never went to bed without having each the best part of a gallon of claret in his belly."

This addiction to claret seems to have been pretty general. All the great clubs took their sport with a lavish mixture of ceremony and claret. They played and dined in uniform; one member of the Honourable Company was fined (as the minutes record) for playing in mufti in 1776 "only in Six Pints." At his own request, it is added, "he was fined of Three Pints more." The nineteenth hole was not a glass, but a banquet, and song followed the spread.

Another famous club is the Royal Burgess Society of Edinburgh, already past its 200th year, linked with which was a well-known character called Maggie Johnstone, who kept a "howf." She sold ale by the Scots pint, equal to three Imperial pints, for twopence, which no doubt explains why the early golfers mourned the loss of such a benefactress.

Another famous figure was Alexander M'Kellar, an ex-butler, better known as "The Cock 'o the Green," a drawing of whom (done in 1803) hangs in the Burgess smoking-room. Many tales are told of him, a favourite one relating that he was usually found playing at Bruntsfield most of the day, and sometimes at the short holes by lamplight even though the ground was covered with snow.

His wife is reputed to have tried to shame him by carrying a dinner and his nightcap to him on the links, but like Drake he was adamant. Alexander calmly told her when she arrived that he would partake of what she had brought him after the game was over, if she cared to wait, as he had no time to eat just then. Another legend about M'Kellar, who was an elder at some Episcopalian chapel, when not engrossed in golf, tells of his astonishment at finding a new golf ball in the collection plate, dropped there no doubt by somebody who knew his attachment to such articles. The sight of the ball was too much for Alexander, who forthwith annexed it. However, the collection did not suffer, as he deposited half-a-crown in the plate, then the equivalent of a good feather ball.

Times have changed, of course. Golf balls are no longer stuffed with feathers—they could be driven a good 200 yards—and it is doubtful if golfers insist on going to bed fortified with claret, to drown the awful recollections of that last ghastly putt.

Moreover, golf can no longer claim to be a purely Scottish game, although only in very modern times has it descended from its Highland fastnesses. As late as 1867 the "Cornhill" examined the Scottish curio, observing with superb patronage that "there is a very comfortable little

"EH! STOP PUSHING!"

club at St. Andrews, which is subservient to golf."

The same explorer of Ultima Thule examined the habits of the natives, commenting: "The golfer, having finished a large and late breakfast, lights a cigar. About eleven little knots form in front of the clubhouse . . . During the hours of golf the young ladies are most shamefully neglected."

Almost a decade later a national newspaper sent a reporter to investigate the habits of the inhabitants of a Scottish colony lost among the Sassenachs. The occasion was a medal day at Blackheath, and the Press man described the ritual, and of how "Hardy Scotchmen in scarlet jackets and white breeches, preceded by a scout carrying a red flag and attended by coster mongers out of work, each of whom carries an armful of implements." He concluded that none but stag-shooters from the Isles would thus mournfully plod about the wilds of Blackheath on a misty morning.

Strange doings, but since then many millions have contracted the fever, and gone equally mad. But, as one would expect, things are not what they once were. They never are—not least in golf, and fortunately in some ways, for Scots lads were ever in trouble for playing during sermon time, and a man was hanged at Banff in 1637 for stealing golf balls.

And the veterans declare there are no giants of the game like there were at St. Andrews. Not one of them took trial swings, or lay down on their stomach on the putting green "to see the line," or failed to make up their minds whenever they came to their ball which club to choose. The proper club to use was, as a matter of fact, handed to the player by his caddie. If he insisted upon some other club and as a result disaster ensued, the caddie simply said, "I telt ye that, Sir!" and if he made a good shot the caddie remarked in a loud tone, "Mair luck than guid management there, Sir!"

Which recalls that classical "Golf Widow's Lullaby" by Colonel A. Porter:

Hush-a-bye, baby, hush you to sleep,
Daddy's gone golfing to win the club sweep.
If he plays nicely—I hope that he will—
Mother will show him her dressmaker's bill.
Hush-a-bye, baby, safe in your pram,
Daddy's come back—did you hear the door slam?
Snuggle down closer, baby of mine,
Daddy went round in a hundred and nine.

"How long are you in gaol for, chum?"

"Three weeks."

"What charge?"

"No charge, everything free."

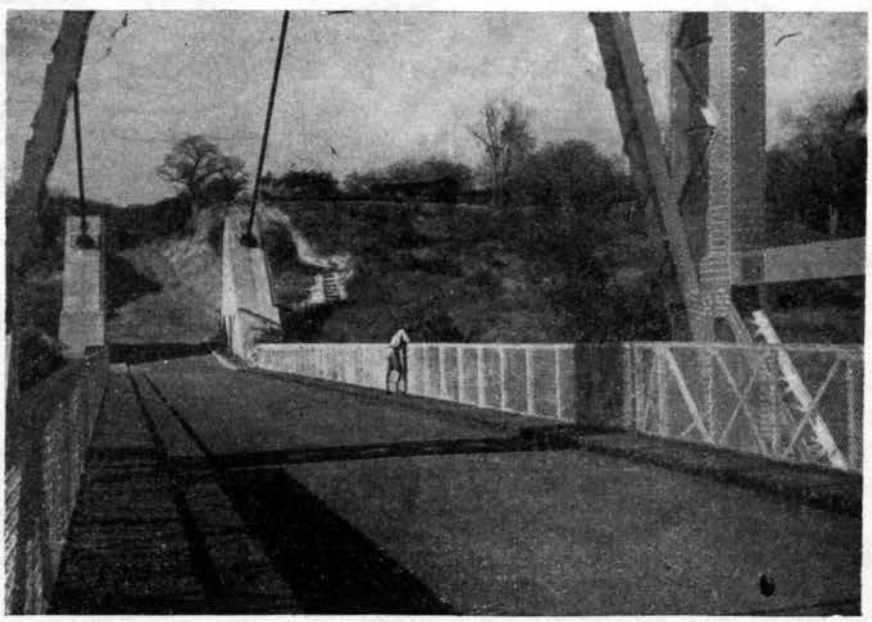
"I mean what have you done?"

"Shot my wife dead."

"Only three weeks for that?"

"That's all. Then I get hanged."

CHIRUNDU BRIDGE AND POLICE CAMP



Station Notes

DEPOT

Depot had a busy month with promotion and refresher courses, Garrison Sports, and training of the Governor's escort for the opening of Parliament, but took it all in the customary smooth manner. I know of no outstanding incidents worthy of mention; the promotion candidates either pleased or displeased the P.A.B., the refresher N.C.O.s were refreshed, the Garrison Sports showed that the Police had to rely on the senior members to uphold the name of the Corps and the Governor's escort received the usual praise of the public and the customary comments of the Commandant.

Farrier Sergeant Cecil Page was married at the end of March and all wish him and his bride long life and happiness.

Other departures, of a more permanent nature, were ex-Constables Ardagh and Dickinson of Headquarters Staff. Ardagh has gone farming and Dickinson into the motoring business.

Returning from leave in the Union we saw Lieutenant Collings, who spent most of his time fishing in the Knysna district, Sub-Inspector Greig and Sergeant Fivaz. Sergeant J. Hustable of Salisbury D.H.Q. also returned from leave in the U.K. Visitors included "Slim" Jones back from the Union; he is settling once more in Salisbury, and Paddy Graham back from the Far East. He also intends settling here again. Both looked fit and seemed happy to be back.

Tandem-riding is still a daily pastime of the Display team, whilst the soccer and rugby enthusiasts turn out for regular practice throughout the week, and play well at week-ends.

NDAIVEPO.

GOROMONZI

In spite of considerable mileage on P.M.C.s only four ex-members of the Corps have been located—all of these sending their best wishes—and heading the list is ex-Sergeant T. V. Dorehill, now farming at Bromley and stationed here long ago when there were officers, troops and the like.

Ex 2667 S/I Collingwood at Melfort was somewhat loath to have his name included in two issues running and murmured something about creditors; however, we have been firm so probably our cups of tea at the Post Office which he runs will abruptly cease.

Jack Court, farming Arcturus way, needs no introduction; stationed at Goromonzi during the war years he now finds tobacco growing more lucrative than being a servant of the public.

And finally, ex 3375 Sergeant Peter Fachie, of Equitation Staff, '34-'37, who is now managing a commercial grading firm for Wilsmer and Hoffman at Bromley, where he can always be contacted. Peter came to Depot from the Indian Cavalry as an Equitation Instructor and during his service he collected a number of "pots" for riding. He has done quite a lot of mileage since he left, consequently losing touch with his old pupils whom he'd be very happy to see if any are down Bromley way.

While other stations freely write of crime they have tackled during the month, we stay somewhat dumb; it is difficult to make "cycle no bell" and "my boy won't work" cases at all interesting. However, Pindu, our escaped bandit, has been recaptured and we have had our fair share of dead bodies—four having gone recently to the "fridge," so we do reckon on earning our sixpence per diem or whatever it is.

At the end of the month Mike Cross leaves for the C.I.D. and we take this opportunity of wishing him all the best. John Davies is back from Extended Patrol and it's hard to say whether he or R/H Joker has lost the most weight. Must end all, otherwise there will be nothing to write about next month.

KU MUDZA NYAYA.

MTOKO

Jock Taylor, our Customs and Immigration Officer is quietly slipping off to Salisbury for a deserving (?) rest. Rumour has it that his ghost has been seen in the Sergeants' Mess, wandering

from the lounge to the bar, and he intends to lay it to rest.

Congratulations to Sergeant Peters who has passed his promotion exams, and is now wondering when he will be able to mount a crown above his chevrons. He will have to think of another reason for his monthly trips to Salisbury now.

We received a terrific shock a few weeks ago when news was received that Barney Kaplan's bar was to close down at the end of March. Necessary improvements, we understand will cost an enormous sum. An appeal to higher authority has given us breathing and drinking space for another few months, we hope. Just fancy—94 miles from the nearest pub and those hard-hearted people in Salisbury want to put us on the water wagon.

We have been without piped water for over two weeks—probably due to blocked lines, which

Quarters, Bikita Camp.

makes it difficult to produce those beautifully starched tunics; and as for baths, we just soap ourselves and forget the rest.

Trooper Gibbons has returned to Mrewa after his short spell of duty here. We believe that somebody was heard to call it a "refresher course." Trooper Cave (Michael Storrar) is expected soon to take over the Customs and Immigration post whilst Jock Taylor is on leave. M.S.C. is not new to Mtoko, having served here prior to taking leave in Blighty.

We have had a complete change of junior staff at the Native Department offices, and Mr. Morris is spending some well-earned leave at the Cape.

Crime. Not very much this month, in fact things may be said to be quiet. Records include only one murder, two attempted murders, three cases of witchcraft and several cases of house-breaking, theft and other charges.

PARAHENDU.

SHABANI

After a lapse of some months—or is it years—from Station Notes, we had better commence with a short resume of Station personnel. Firstly, Lieutenant Sobey who, in his brief respites from contracting silicosis in his 1950 model dust-collecting jalopy on the Belingwe and Selukwe roads, conducts the Sub-district from his brand new office. Secondly, the Member i/c, Sergeant Weston, who, after lecturing a squad of forty Police Reservists on tear gas, use of; grenades, throwing of; and masks, gas, anti, donning of, discovered that his squad contained five ex-A.R.P. wardens, four ex-gas officers, six ex-hand grenade instructors; and that he had his own gas mask container on back to front. Sergeant Dobbin who may be found out of office hours at Umshandige Dam, Ngamo Dam, or since Petrol Regs., 1951, Shabani Town Dam. Trooper Pugh our oldest inhabitant who cultivates all the virtues and only one vice. Trooper Charlesworth who recently celebrated his twenty-first birthday, and the following morning tried to kick-start R/H Frolic and sponge out the rear mudguard of P.M.C. 367. Lastly, Trooper Blank; aforementioned troops will be pleased when the blank is filled.

Charge Office occurrences of late include the interrogation of a suspected drunk i/c. When asked where he was employed he stated with great clarity of diction: "Associated Asbestos Office"; he was discharged without a stain on his character. Try it after a couple of beers some time, which leads us to the story of the prosecutor who, whilst charging an accused with being on a precious metal mining location after having been warned off, discovered that there was a slight defect in the indictment. The arresting detail is still trying to convince the member i/c that asbestos is a precious metal.

The new beat system recently introduced is working smoothly at Shabani. "A" system points 1-2-3, Reverse system points, 3-2-1, etc.; when explaining in some detail to our eldest A.C. (23 years' service), the merits of this system in confusing local criminals, he loyally stated that he would do his best, but he thought he was getting too old to walk backwards for eight hours.

We apologise for the briefness of these notes, but the typewriter is needed for more urgent

matters pending the arrival of the O.C. Province who is shortly visiting Shabani on Annual Inspection.

Shabani has, in the Roland Park Golf Course with its grass greens, one of the finest golf courses in the country.

There is no connection between the two preceding paragraphs (or is there?).

3686.

C.I.D., BULAWAYO

Sub-Inspectors Knight and W. Hodges are congratulated on their recent promotions, when the customary ceremonies were observed in the Town canteen. Lieut.-Colonel F. W. Harrison, who retired some months ago, was amongst several Old Comrades present.

Detective John Coulter has joined our ranks from Gatooma Section and we hope he soon settles down.

Since last month, Detective Sergeant John Stanyon has returned from duty at the Falls and is now enjoying a spell of leave Judging from his conversation, a good deal of his leave will be spent on the golf course.

We were all shocked and grieved at the sudden passing of Sergeant Jimmy Reid of the Town Police, and of Mr. W. Austen-Mushe, who was Civil Messenger of the High Court. Both were well known and very popular in Bulawayo.

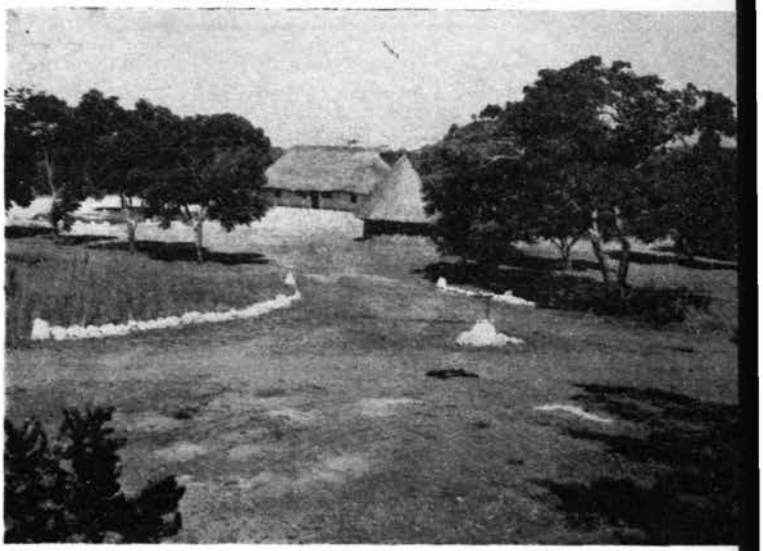
A recent visitor was Dennis Williams en route to Pretoria on duty, who left the Corps some short time ago to join the N.R.P. He is now in charge of a station near Lusaka and says he likes the life up there.

News has also been received of Alec Kerr who left the Corps recently and is now manager of Morewood Estates near Salisbury.

CARURO.

BULAWAYO LOCATION

This sub-station, situated in a corner of Bulawayo camp covers the Old and New Locations and the Industrial Sites. Up to the end of 1949 it was known as Commonage Office, with three Europeans, but now covers a much wider area and has a strength of twelve Europeans and thirty-seven Africans. Sub-Inspector Lyon is i/c with Sergeants Bradfield and Watts and Constables Sutherland, Reid, Le Guern, Clark, Hale and Almy, the latter two being concerned with the control of illicit skokiaan brewing Constables Dones and Lennet patrol the Commonage and are making distinct impressions in Government saddlery, whilst our safety at night is in the hands of Constable Cottam.



New Police Post, Doma, near Sinoia.

Constables Stannard and Brough were transferred recently to Umtali and Figtree and the latter, when seen in Bulawayo a few days ago, expressed a preference for the wide open spaces. We believe that certain feminine hearts are pining away since the departure of the first-named.

Our office buildings have been under the builders' hammer lately and the walls are rapidly disappearing. Owing to the sudden influx of fresh air, we now spend most of our time in chasing papers around the office. When operations are complete, we shall have an extra office and other necessary accessories, which will relieve present congestion.

We take the opportunity of wishing all entrants in the promotion examinations the very best of luck.

B.B.

GATOOMA

Congratulations to I/Sergeant Bailey on his success in the recent Promotion examination. After returning from Depot and apparently still in good health, he was heard to remark that he had enjoyed himself, crossed stirrups and all. Troopers Welch and Hedge also went to Depot later in the month and we wish them luck.

Much water has flowed along the Umsweswe since our "Stove, cooking, Troops Mess, for the use of," was first placed on Annual Estimates in Gatooma, but no longer will our Mess and kitchen be enveloped in wood smoke whilst the one and only "Ben" prepares our food. Ben, by the way, is almost included in the Immovable

Assets File of the Camp and eighteen years of wielding a skillet as Mess Cook would appear to be a record for long service. The old wood-burning kitchen range, which was old in the days of the Pioneers, has now been pensioned off and replaced by a gleaming anthracite cooker. The Mess Caterer who in days of yore did not dare to open the stove doors and prayed that Inspecting Officers would not, now goes around muttering charms from the wonderful works of Mrs. Beeton.

Constable Selby recently returned from a horse patrol in No. 2 area, with R/H Jinks. Jinks who still has occasional nightmares when he thinks of Phil Kensett and the Rhodesdale Patrol, no doubt thinks the patrol was a "piece of cake!"

Cricket and baseball do not appear to have much in common, but Constable Vince Hustler is a keen player of both. When he is not talking about leg drives and cover point, you can be pretty sure he is discussing the pitcher in his last baseball match. All are warned against asking Vince what relationship baseball has to rounders.

During the Easter week-end we saw Tony Turner of the Pay Office and Selley of the Farrier Staff. Dave Brownless, ex Hartley and now at Nuanetsi, was also here during the holiday, but seemed to have a distant look in his eyes.

HIS X MARK.

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RETIRED

After serving in the Force for over thirty-one years, Chief Detective Inspector J. S. Young of the C.I.D., Bulawayo, went on leave pending retirement during March.

Mr. Young saw active service in the Royal Flying Corps during the first World War from 1915 until 1919 and came to Rhodesia a few months after his demobilisation, to join the B.S.A. Police. After spending some time at Fort Usher he transferred to the C.I.D. and was posted to Bulawayo on 25th May, 1921. He soon went into the Central Alien Tax and Native Foreigners Identification Bureaux in which Department he remained and was senior member for many years before his retirement.

In the mid-twenties he was a regular playing member of the Bulawayo Police soccer team and will be remembered by many Old Comrades as one of the best defenders in the game.

During his long service, Mr. Young achieved the unique record of not returning to Depot from the time of his recruit training until a few months before his retirement, when he visited Salisbury on Police Conference duties.

As a token of the esteem in which he was held by other members of the C.I.D. in Bulawayo, he was presented with a silver coffee set by his comrades before he left.

We understand that Mr. Young will remain in Bulawayo after spending some well-earned leave, and take this opportunity of wishing him a long and happy retirement.

Devil's Island

By FRANK CHALLENGER

AS part of their dollar drive French authorities are turning the former prison colony on Devil's Island, off the Guiana Coast, into an American tourists' playground. Their idea is based on the assumption that the gruesome tales once told about the sun-drenched penitentiary will provoke the curiosity of holiday-makers.

Recently I met one of the released Frenchmen, who six years ago was put in chains after attempting to escape. When I mentioned the plan to set up a tourists' paradise on the island his face twisted with a wry smile. "Dollars for shivers," he commented.

To-day the huts and shanties which once muffled the sobbing of men undergoing the incalculable agonies of tropical isolation stand empty. No longer can one hear the moaning chant of the labour gangs.

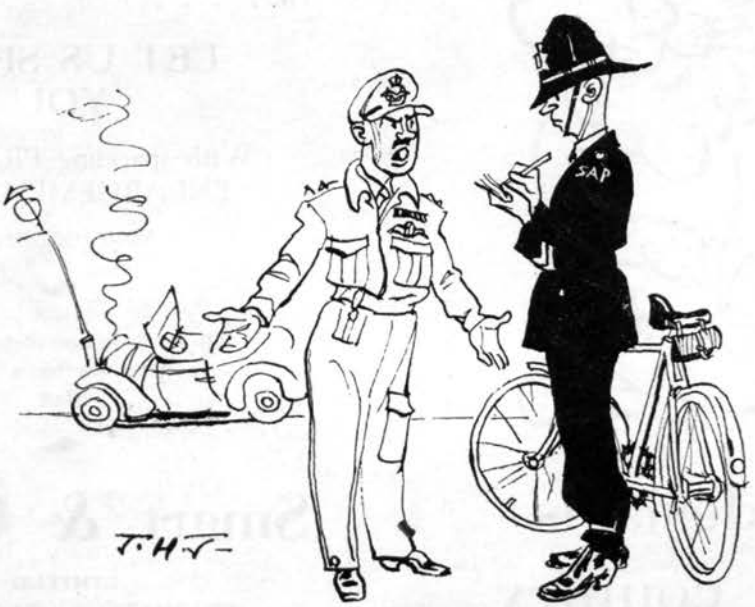
This penal settlement, as stated, has been closed down. The Iles du Salut-Saint Joseph, Ile Royale and, to the south-west, the Devil's Island, are to be converted to normal habitation. In Cayenne the prison doors have been opened, and everything is being prepared for the first "invasion" of tourists.

The climate is not so oppressive as reputation has it, according to friendly ex-warders, some of whom are spending a short leave in France before returning to find new jobs, probably as guides. Former inmates of the settlement agree with them, but a long stay is only for those with good stamina. The best season, say these experts, falls between February and April, when the on-shore winds are quite refreshing.

Dollar and pound sterling visitors will be given a full run for their money, for the cells which, in the Ile du Diable and in Cayenne, are to be remodelled into comfortable bed-rooms, will keep some of their intrinsic attractions. High-mettled tourists will be able to decide whether to sleep in the one-time cell of a murderer whose sentence was commuted, or in the bed of a big-time racketeer. The reconverted cells are to be fitted with all modern conveniences.

The hut in which the rehabilitated Captain Dreyfu. once tossed feverishly is to be turned into a showpiece. Other sights for sensation-mongers will include the mummified heads of executed criminals preserved by the Cayenne prison hospital and the benches to which the men were chained.

But perhaps the biggest attraction will be the ex-prisoners lounging around the coastal districts. At first the department thought it advisable to expel the freed prisoners, but French tourist propaganda experts convinced them that the retention of these men would be a potential asset by providing local colour. About a hundred ex-prisoners are now waiting to play their part in the "dollars for shivers" drive.—The Shoulder Strap.



"There was never all this fuss when I crashed a Spitfire!"

PATROL . . . 260 MILES

EXPERIENCES OF A BECHUANALAND TROOPER

By JEFFREY ELLIS

DISTRICT Headquarters was anxious to obtain a complete list of hut tax defaulters in my area, particularly of natives living at Siambiso's village, which had been visited by only three white officials in the past 20 years. Being the fourth, I know why.

At the time these instructions reached me I was Trooper in charge of the Bechuanaland Protectorate Police Camp at Kachikau, and was responsible for policing the greater part of the Chobe district. This work consisted mainly of extensive patrols into the Masarwa country, inhabited by nomad Bushmen, and as far as the border of Northern Rhodesia, where the Chobe and Zambesi Rivers meet at Kasangula, a native recruiting depot about seventy miles from my police post and fifty miles from the Victoria Falls.

The Batawana country to the south had not been patrolled for several months because of the rainy season, and it was new to me. Consequently I spent some time studying the map and questioning natives about the general conditions of this area. To get to my objective, Siampiso's village, I was permitted by the South-West African Police to patrol through the Caprivi Strip. This reduced the distance on the outward journey by sixty miles. The return journey had to be done on the Bechuanaland side along the banks of the Chobe, a trek of one hundred and sixty miles through swamp, thick thorn bush and tsetse fly belt. This, of course, meant that horses and mules were out of the question, a prospect not too pleasing to a mounted man. With some reluctance I discarded riding breeches for shorts, and got down to the business of preparing for a patrol on foot of two hundred and sixty miles.

The main job was getting carriers. Thought of the "fly" frightened the natives, and physical disability was a good excuse. In every village I heard the same story: Pains in the stomach, sore backs and weak legs seemed to be common. Constant arguing and threatening in the sweltering sun and listening to half-hearted excuses played on my temper. In desperation I ordered my native trooper to collect all the men he could find, check their tax receipts and parade the defaulters before me. I sat under a thorn tree to cool down. After an hour or so he managed to get hold of ten fairly hefty individuals who had not paid up to date. I told them that with the money they would earn carrying my kit and equipment they could pay their long overdue tax. They agreed to accompany me. They were marched off to camp to pick up their loads and there was a considerable amount of grumbling.

We started out at dawn next day. The carriers had 40lb. packs tied to the end of poles and slung over their shoulders, two police boys had Martini Henry rifles apiece and ammunition, and I carried a .303 service rifle. The country was dry, flat and open, with occasional patches of bush. By sunset we had covered twenty-five miles, reaching our first point of crossing the Chobe, and pitched camp near the fresh spoor of an elephant. Before settling down I went off with a few men to make a quick search for buck, as darkness was setting in.

A mile or so from our camp we came across a small herd of sable grazing near the water. I picked out a bull and brought it down with a neck shot. This was a good start and put the carriers in the right mood. Their "Moreno" was not so bad after all. He kept the bellies of his men full and figuratively lightened their burdens. That night sleep was easy—the murmur of contented voices and the crackle of wood in the camp fires soon sent me into peaceful oblivion. It is a good life when you are stretched out under the stars and a mosquito net.

At daybreak we were ready to cross the river. In this section it is only forty feet wide, shallow and clean. We waded through chest deep, holding our rifles and ammunition above our heads. It was amusing to watch the general scramble to avoid being last man. It is believed that he is usually the victim of some slimy crocodile. I have always taken delight in shooting as many of these loathsome reptiles as possible, and invariably kept a sharp look-out for them when going through water or swamp. Our next stage was to cross a narrow strip of swampy land with several *'molapos,* or muddy streams. It took us eight hours to get over the ten miles on to the mainland. Some of the *'molapos* were waist deep, and the swamp and tall thick reeds through which we had to force our way seemed endless. By the time we were in the Caprivi Strip we were pretty well exhausted, covered with mud and wet through. My signal to halt that afternoon was welcome.

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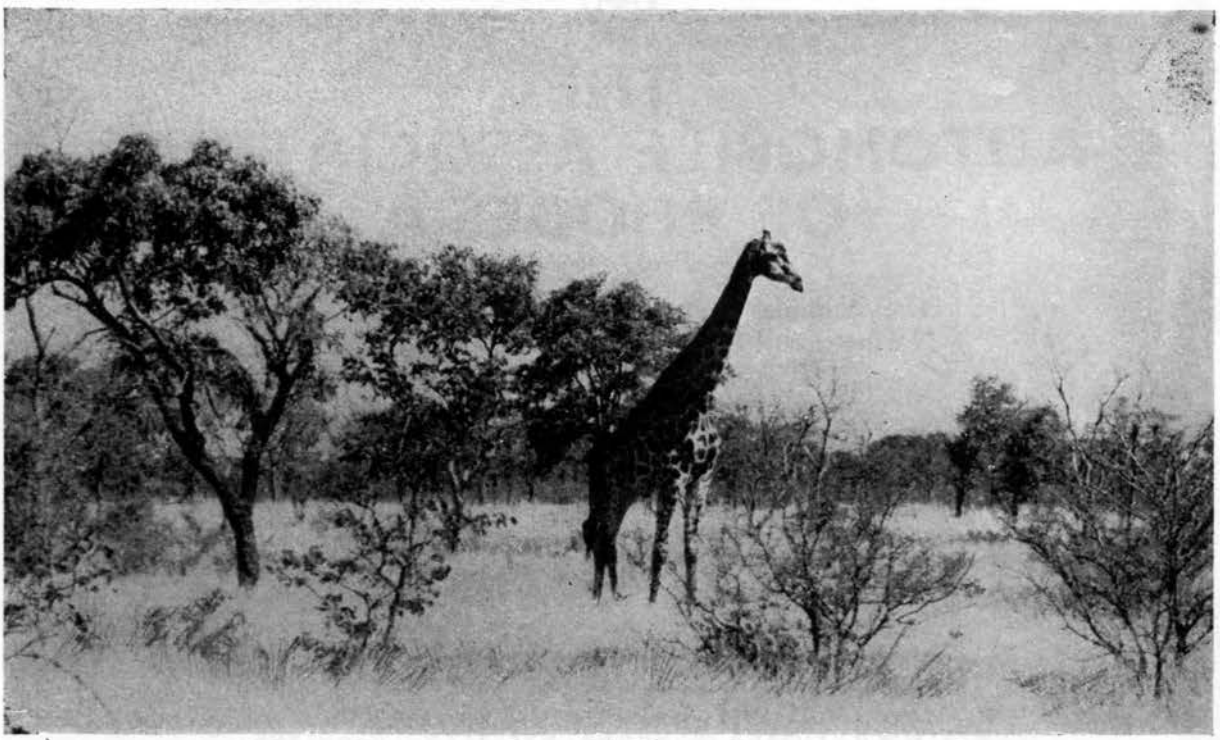
The remaining eighty miles through the Strip was in dry, flat and sandy country. In three sections we had extra long marches to pans which we relied on for water. Game was plentiful, keeping us well supplied with fresh meat. We passed one small village where I examined some exceptionally fine karosses and leopard skins. The natives of the Caprivi Strip spend months trapping these animals, and travel over two hundred miles into Ngamiland to sell the skins for a tenth of their value. I could have obtained otter skin, *macloutsi,* red cat, silver jackal, tsipa and other expertly made karosses for less than £1 apiece. When one thinks of the work and time the natives put into the making of these, it hardly seems fair that the real value is unknown to them. But they are hunters, and are probably satisfied with what they get, whether it is money, food or tobacco. Anyhow, as I was on duty on foreign soil I had to leave these attractive things and carry on.

After five days steady trekking we arrived at our second point of crossing the Chobe, about a mile from Siabiso's village. A *makora* was available here and we had to use it to cross, as the river is wide and deep at this point. I was a bit nervous about the *makora,* which is a native dug-out, similar to a canoe, and cut from the trunk of the mopane tree. The thought of over-balancing in waters infested with crocodiles was unpleasant. But if you sit perfectly still in a loose but controlled manner, there is little fear of capsizing. We crossed in relays, and it was over an hour before men and baggage were safely deposited on the opposite bank, once again in the Bechuanaland Protectorate.

Camp was pitched on the outskirts of the village, where I decided to remain for two days to give the carriers a good rest and patiently to do my duty. It was not long before the headman and his five councillors came to pay their respects to the white "Moreno." In silence they squatted in a semi-circle round my kit-bag where I sat idly smoking a cigarette, and in the customary manner of natives in those parts, gently clapped their hands in greeting. I returned the salute with as much dignity as possible, hoping that I had clapped the correct number of times. Then gifts of welcome were offered to me: four bowls of fresh milk and one frightened goat. I appreciated this simple token of respect. The next morning was spent in palaver. This meant enduring for hours long drawn-out complaints that seemed to have no point: talk of sick cattle and bad crops and hunger, notwithstanding the well-fed appearance of the villagers.

The question of taxation was evaded until I managed to introduce it during a brief lull in the



conversation. No one had paid for years. The list of defaulters was long and complete, including men who had only paid £1 when they possessed two wives. Actually, the tax is paid according to the number of huts a man possesses, and that usually depends on the number of wives. Polygamy seems to be a good source of revenue to the Government, but not in those parts. The most up-to-the-date receipt I examined was three years old, and the excuses were much older. Before departing, I took a few hunters out and we bagged four fat rietbok which the headman and his people were delighted to accept.

We started off, as usual, at dawn on the return journey. In contrast to the Strip, the going was very rough through miles of thick thorn bush and swamp. Whenever possible we followed the banks of the river, where the country was open and cooler. The heat was terrific, forcing us to halt for long periods during the hottest hours, but we averaged eighteen miles daily, making Magwanem, which is the southern limit of the tsetse fly belt, a distance of seventy-five miles, in four days.

After this we left all signs of habitation and the "fly" found us. It was agony. Every vulnerable part of our bodies were attacked. It seemed as if red hot needles or miniature stilettos were being continually plunged into our flesh. One police boy whose whole neck was swollen with bites asked my why God made such things that seem to be of no use but to madden man and beast. If you can study the tsetse fly without being overwhelmed by the urge to annihilate it, you will find that it is about twice the size of the ordinary house fly, greenish in colour, and that its wings overlap. I don't know what effect they have on man, but four years ago two native policemen patrolled this area for several weeks and within a few weeks of their return to camp both died of sleeping sickness. The thought of this worried me a little.

At night the "fly" disappeared to make way for swarms of singing mosquitoes. I felt sorry for my men who had no nets. Life was almost unbearable even with one. Although the conditions were hard, I found the trip extremely interesting during this part of the patrol.

Game of every description was abundant, including the much sought after situtunga and gemsbok. Lions were fairly plentiful. At times we saw as many as ten together.

One evening at sunset I climbed a mopane tree a short distance from our camp, and had an excellent view of buffalo, giraffe, eland, zebra and wild pig drinking at the river.

A few days later after having picked our way through miles of thorn bush and mopane forest, we came to a long stretch of open grass country on the banks of the river, where a herd of about two hundred buffalo were peacefully grazing a short distance away. We happened to be on the wrong side of the wind, and they scented us. Then the fun started. Without warning, the whole herd stampeded in our direction. We were off. Kit was unceremoniously abandoned and police and carriers ignominiously sprinted for the nearest trees. I clung to my rifle and scaled a small thorn tree in record time. My shirt was ripped and I was bleeding from scratches, but at the time this was a mere detail and passed unnoticed.

When I was safely perched I breathlessly took stock of my surroundings. All I could see was a cloud of dust and an army of buffalo disappearing across the plain. They must have stopped short after charging about fifty yards, and then swung around in a circle and retreated. At any rate, I could have sworn they were after us. I felt a fool. My men were panting on neighbouring trees. I shouted at them to get down and collect the kit. They did so with sidelong glances at me as if waiting for the cue to laugh. It was a good laugh and it relieved our pent-up feelings.

The remainder of the journey was through elephant country. We followed their spoor for over one hundred miles. In some parts they had crushed completely through the bush, leaving a trail of torn-up thorn trees. Although we were often on fresh spoor, we never came face to face with any of those hulking fellows. In this area we saw signs of hunters: crude pole frames made for drying meat and skins. These appeared to be

"Not roadworthy, indeed!"

several weeks old, and as there was no spoor or distinguishing marks, I could not tell whether they had been left by natives from Ngamiland, who sometimes hunt in this district, or by wandering Bushmen who hunt anywhere.

The hunting of royal game and certain types of big game is prohibited in the Chobe, and it was my job to endeavour to trace and arrest any poachers. But in this case it was impossible to get a clue. A short while afterwards we came across a lion, two lionesses and three cubs basking in the sun on a patch of green grass at the edge of a swamp. Our appearance disturbed them and they resented our presence. The growls and snarls were exceedingly unpleasant. We stood perfectly still until, not understanding the line of stationary objects, they casually sauntered off into the bush. This was the only time we were worried by lions and it was purely because of the cubs.

The next day I got my chance to bag a full-grown male. It was standing about eighty yards from us. We stopped dead. I aimed just behind the shoulder and luckily dropped it with a shot through the heart. The carriers were jubilant, and so was I. Tsetse flies, mosquitoes, heat and bush were forgotten. It was worth it just to have bagged that one lion, and to make it the most exciting day of the whole patrol I shot a buffalo five hours later. The meat tasted better than that of any buck. Around the camp fires that night there was much talk. I lay stretched under my mosquito net listening to it all, and dreamily thinking of the letters I would write. On the eighteenth day after leaving Kachikau we arrived at Shanezambo, the end of the tsetse fly belt. Our condition was not very good. Several of the carriers and a police boy were suffering from painfully swollen faces and necks caused by the "fly," others had badly chafed shoulders. We had forced the pace for eight days just to get out of the belt, and deserved a rest. We camped there for two days free from any pest. Another thirty miles, which we did in less than ten hours, and we were home.

It had been a hard patrol. The carriers were splendid throughout, never complaining once. District Headquarters got its rather lengthy official report, which I hope enlightened them on the conditions of the little known country. At the time I was more concerned with a hot bath, a soft bed and a horse to ride. Kachikau gave me all that.—(The Nongqai.)

Is it Relevant

One of the first lessons a Police recruit is taught during training in Depot is what to include and what to avoid in the recording of statements from witnesses.

Apart from having a neat and tidy appearance and being grammatically correct, a statement is not considered to be good if it includes irrelevant information. Time is wasted if salient points have to be included in a second interview with the witness and it upsets the routine of station work if men do not take statements that are correct in detail and ready for the Prosecutor at Court.

As in most things, experience is the best master, and the young policeman should absorb all the instruction he can on this important part of Police work.

The following reminders apply to all statements:

1. Always remember the wording of the indictment. If this is done, it will be easy to include in the statement only what is necessary to prove the charge.

The need of a sound knowledge of definitions of certain crimes is one of the reasons for its inclusion in most promotion examinations from Constable to Sergeant.

2. It is unnecessary to go to great lengths in statement, when a few words fully explain the issue. The Investigation Dairy should contain details other than those essential to a statement for Court.

3. Always see that the identification of the witness has been effected; i.e., full particulars of name and address, to ensure location at any future time, if necessary.

4. The statement should be written in correct chronological sequence.

5. The statement should be read back to the witness, in order that any alterations may be made immediately.

Monty Wooley spent a week-end at a New York hotel. On leaving, he presented the manager with a huge bouquet, saying: "These are for the telephone operators."

"What a nice compliment," said the manager.

"Compliment, don't be a fool," retorted Woolley. "I thought they were dead."

The Public, the Police and the Press

THOSE who have the good fortune to live in Southern Rhodesia, or in any other country where the British code of justice and democracy obtains, are privileged to expect that a free and orderly state shall exist for their collective comfort. This commendable state of affairs finds its origin in tradition and has, throughout the ages, become ratified by legal enactment presenting us all with a "yard-stick" for our individual conduct and providing punitive redress against the transgressor.

But the matter does not end there. The solid foundation on which it stands is liable to disintegrate and become a ruin if constant watch is not kept on it in the same way as with more tangible structures. In fact, reference to English history indicates that despotism, apathy and weakness as displayed by those in power at various times since co-ordinated machinery for the preservation of internal peace came into being during the reign of Alfred the Great, have acted detrimentally towards the attainment of that degree of near perfection concerning communal living, towards which all right thinking people aim. Further, a general deterioration in moral standards which becomes apparent invariably as an aftermath of war in turn leaves a mark of retrogression in its wake.

Are we not all inclined to take as too much for granted the infallible and inexorable working of our modern security organisation instead of acknowledging it to be a heritage, jealously to be guarded and preserved? Consequently, such attitudes as "It can't happen to us" or "It is the job of the Government, the Police, or the Municipality" are bound to rear their ugly heads in tempting us to shirk our personal responsibilities, and they are the more dangerous because there is an element of truth in some of them.

It is said of British territories that in them "a man may do as he likes so long as he does as he is told." And that sums up the matter extraordinarily well. There must be a Government, there must be laws, there must be a Police Force, and there must be properly organised authority so that a paid and selected few can operate in a co-ordinated way for the common good instead of the masses acting independently in an unsystematic manner without cohesion. Without delegated authority in the few and obedience in the remainder everybody's business soon becomes nobody's business. But above everything else there must be that individual obedience and an acceptance by each of us of the status of others based on a sound realisation that only by an understanding of the other man's difficulties and duty can the inter-meshing of the various cogs result in the smooth working of the mechanism as a whole.

By
"Robert Peel"

It is this factor that gave rise to the old adage that always we have the Government we deserve. The results of any undertaking become commensurate with what we collectively and individually put into it. So it is just as true that we, as citizens, also have the Police Force we deserve. Where corruption is present in the morals of a large proportion of the people it is not unlikely that the taint of it will take root, sooner or later, amongst the ranks of the Police. Crime cannot become profitable in a community where honesty and straight dealing predominates, and the root cause of any persistent high level of unlawfulness is seldom due primarily to inefficiency on the part of the Police.

When the honest tax-payer seriously takes the trouble to understand that each Policeman is a fellow citizen paid by him to perform on his behalf some of those duties which belong to each one of us he may, perhaps, be better equipped to add that quota of aid still due from him in protecting the community as a whole from the selfishness of individuals who disregard their duty to their neighbours. How he may achieve this will be stated a little later.

The claiming of rights is now a daily and constant cry. Yearly it is becoming more insistent. But one has to listen very carefully indeed to hear any similar demand to a claim to duty. The other fellow, of course, is there to do the duty. And the other fellow is usually the Policeman.

Now what, in effect, is a Policeman?

He is a servant we collectively engage and pay to enforce the Laws which we, through our

representatives in Parliament, have ourselves ordained or accepted as necessary for the common good. Human nature being frail as it is we are all liable to fall from grace to a greater or lesser degree at some time or another and, under certain circumstances, it becomes the duty of the Policeman to prevent our falling or to see that we pay the penalty if we should have erred. So we are, in reality, paying for the stick which beats us and the Policeman thus becomes very like our own conscience, does he not?

He fulfils one important function for us, however, which leaves us free to follow our own private business or pleasurable pursuits with little fear of being called upon to perform "watch and ward" except in times of unusual strife. The Policeman maintains constant vigil day and night on our behalf and remains on call should his presence be required.

Before organised Police Forces came into being every able-bodied male was liable to be called upon to undertake such tasks at given intervals and whenever circumstances necessitated, irrespective of the demands of his private affairs. This led to the system whereby persons able to do so paid others to carry out their public duties for them, and that in turn developed into the formation of Police Forces, as we now know them, paid out of public moneys to relieve us all of an irksome task and with better effect. In other words, everybody was a Policeman in the initial stages of the scheme which has evolved into its existing form.

The law of this country, as enacted chiefly in the Criminal Procedure and Evidence Act (Chapter 28), confers certain powers and obligations on every one of us regarding the prevention and detection of crime and with regard to the apprehension of offenders. Some of these statutory provisions confer optional power on us whilst others are obligatory and carry personal penalty if we fail to observe them without good and reasonable cause. Many of us will not know of these provisions at all. Some will be aware of their existence only. Very few will be able to recite them or even outline them baldly. One of the objects of these provisions is to ensure that we have neither divorced ourselves entirely from our obligations nor irrevocably delegated our powers to our paid Police. Normally, it is wiser to leave Police work to a properly attested officer of the law, but it is very good sense to know what we are all empowered and obliged to do and how to do it on those occasions when "there is never a Policeman about when we want one."

Who is this Policeman for whom we pay? What sort of fellow is he?

Firstly, he should be strictly honourable and above approach. To be successful he must demonstrate common sense, tact, tolerance, zeal, discretion, courage, initiative, intelligence and an acceptance of responsibility. He must be able to apply the theoretical knowledge of law and procedure he learns from his own experience or that of others. His personal feelings must be curbed to give place to the answer which turneth away wrath. The spirit of the law must be interpreted by him as well as the letter of it. He must be impartial and is there to protect the weak from the oppression of the powerful, to prevent disaster and crime, and to preserve law and order at all times and places. As a symbol of reality and an example for emulation he should instil feelings of fear in the evilly disposed and of security in the law-abiding amongst both the ignorant and enlightened of us.

That is the kind of servant we expect for our money. Quite a fellow he ought to be, but no-one expects such complete paragons in the ranks of their Policemen although they should all strive to become as near this text-book example as possible. Do we ever stop to consider how adequately we could fill the role ourselves? After all they are doing our job. A point we are liable to forget is that the Police are open all the time to our right to criticise—and they welcome constructive and intelligent criticism — whereas they have no desire or right to retaliate. Surely, therefore, it is worth while considering and putting into practise methods by which we can assist the Police not only to give us good value for our money, but which will give them the opportunity of performing their manifold duties as efficiently as they wish to carry them out. By the same token we shall reap the reward of greater security and personal satisfaction.

Here are a few of the methods we can adopt to that end. None of us can claim truthfully that there is no room for improvement in our personal observance of them.

Abide by all laws and regulations yourself. The laws apply to you as well as any one else. It is just as serious, say, to ride a cycle without a light, to exceed the speed limit, to park badly or cycle on the pavement as to fire a gun without due care. The average one of us would not do the latter but might be guilty of any of the former without a thought. The possible result of any of these acts may be serious injury to someone.

Don't blame the Police if you are caught contravening the law. Remember the law was made on your behalf by your elected representatives in Parliament. The Police did not make it nor are they there to catch anyone except you. Your excuse, anyway, will be no better than that of the next man.

Stop being careless and neglectful. There are few places in the world where we can leave our houses, our cars, or our property unsecured, so do not expect to do it in this Colony with impunity. Should you consider the situation here bad in this regard try living elsewhere and learn the truth the hard way.

Do not take unwarranted risks with strangers. You may have to call in the Police if you do, unless the risk proves successful, in which case you will erroneously consider yourself astute instead of extremely lucky.

Do not fancy Policemen are lolling about waiting for you to call them to your aid at any given moment over trifling matters. Policemen on duty always have plenty to do. When you want them it is just as likely other citizens are also requiring them for something more serious. Your request will be answered at once if circumstances permit but be reasonable if you have to wait.

If you have complaints about the Police make them in the proper way and to the proper authority. Anonymous letters to the Press or loose criticism passed on by word of mouth can do little good; it is taking an unfair advantage and can result in disharmony between the public and the Police.

Settle trivial matters yourself. Whilst Police will assist you, if possible, to deal with your domestic or labour troubles and petty pilfering or annoyances you will gain better prestige in the eyes of all if you can legitimately solve the problems yourself. Call the Police only if you fail or the situation assumes serious proportions.

Report thefts and unusual or interesting occurrences. By doing so you may provide the key to solving some epidemic or other problem. The Police will investigate if your information is likely to be of use. Do not, however, expect protracted or useless enquiry in all cases or in those where it is obviously unwarranted. Let the Police be the best judges in that regard as they have overall knowledge you do not possess. It may surprise some of us to know the percentage of crime detection in this Colony is high in comparison with other countries.

Volunteer evidence if you have witnessed the commission of a crime. Do not wait for the Police to seek you out or learn of your knowledge by a long process of time wasting enquiry. There is no greater enemy to the community than the person who remains silent deliberately to avoid being involved in unpleasant Court proceedings.

Assist the Police should they appear to need help. Do not stand and stare or walk away. Remember African Police in particular come up against serious difficulties and many have faced grave danger to preserve your safety.

Join the Police Reserve. Be prepared for the time you may be needed in a hurry. Very little will be asked of you regarding training and many privileges concerning Police amenities are open to you.

Many other ways present themselves, of course, but the above are sufficient to drive home to us that the Policeman's power rests on the support, both moral and physical, of his fellow citizens.

Sabi River, Chipinga.

We may rest assured our Police will carry out their obligations to the public the better for the consideration to which they themselves are entitled, from us all. Newly joined members cannot be expected to be up to professional standard from the start and we should congratulate ourselves on having any recruits at all, in view of the general shortage of Police in most countries. In actual fact the greater proportion of the post-war recruits to the Police of this Colony have more than justified their selection for enlistment.

Where does the Press come into all this?

Any newspaper with a reputation for reporting truthful news impartially plays a very big part in modern life and the preservation of law and order. Through the medium of such publications the public is kept advised regarding wanted persons, missing or stolen property, and the incidence of certain types of crime in particular areas. That is our cue to take part in the hue and cry or to take necessary precautions to prevent further opportunities being available to the criminals.

The reporting by the Press of cases tried in our Criminal Courts not only acts as a deterrent to others who might also be tempted to contravene the law but for fear of the publicity of having their names in the newspapers, but it also gives the layman an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the law and its requirements. Public opinion regarding Law and the Police is intelligently exposed in editorials and news items as occasion demands.

It is easy to see, therefore, that the newspaper reporter's task comes into the picture not only as a means of adjustment of understanding between the man in the street and the Police he employs, but also in the overall performance of our collective duties.

In this Colony the Press is very mindful of its opportunity and duty. It operates in complete accord with Police authorities thus presenting us all with up-to-the-minute information regarding local criminal matters. The withholding of any such news items is agreed upon only when it is in the Public interest to do so, and in that regard the mutual discretion of the reporters and Police officials comes into play. If some particular item of crime news is not in the newspaper you can rest assured the omission is based on sound reason.

So whether we are Policemen, Newspaper reporters, or other members of the public there is a definite duty for us all to perform. Let each of us, as an individual, see to it that we are not found wanting and the collective results will ensure the continuance of that peace and security which is one of the more desirable of our many blessings in this happy land.

"Typical die-hard of the old school, eh?" (J. H. Jackson)

By JOHN COLOPHON

Japan Was Beaten Before The A-Bomb Burst

FOLK (among them many in Southern Africa) with experience of the Japanese in the 2nd World War have since been heard to wonder how the peacetime tales arose of Japanese good breeding and chivalry.

In *The Rise and Fall of the Japanese Empire,* by Captain David H. James (Allen & Unwin), which should be with you when these lines see daylight, the author tells us.

He tells us, too, much more; in fact, he has written about the most complete work on record about Japan, from the time, 90 years ago, when she emerged from age-old isolation; and, currently with this, gives the inside story of the fall of Singapore, and of his three and a half years as P.O.W. there and in Japan; a country he has known for more than half a century.

Captain James attributes the Japanese character and outlook, and the Japanese Imperialism that led to her utter crash, to two main factors: a religion so full of hocus pocus as to close the mind to progressive thought, so essentially barbaric as to make barbarism to foreigners commonplace; and gross over-population of a set of small and not truly fertile islands.

Captain James makes no pretence of style, but backed by the knowledge, both intimate and almost continuous, of the people, gives us a masterly narrative of emergence in less than a hundred years, from a medieval state to a gross and overwhelming Imperialism clamped on a half-starved populace.

His story of Japanese conduct to prisoners of war, detailed and stark, has to be read to be believed (unless the reader is one of the comparatively many who survived); incredible, even to the evidence that Japanese Higher Ups gave written orders allowing cannabalism in respect of the foreigner during the time of growing food shortage before the collapse.

Captain James proves, incidentally, that the atom bombs were not necessary for victory: Japan, as the result of three major naval battles that strangled her lines of communication, was beaten before then—and knew it. Captain James quotes written evidence in support of this and all else.

And of outstanding and melancholy interest is his story of Singapore; a chapter at once terrible and absorbing in a book that compels your attention from beginning to end.

With us in Britain a tardy spring is at present succeeding a severe winter; so that such a book as *South-East England,* by Richard Wyndham (Batsford: "The Face of Britain" series), has a refreshing appeal. I make no doubt that to many of you, too, it will appeal. For it deals factually, yet with the real open-air touch, with one of the most beautiful stretches of our island. And as a book it has all the usual Batsford merits: superb illustrations and get-up.

Here I must mention a small but delightful production of outstanding interest to young folk among you: *Let the Stamps Tell: Africa Section,* by Kim Taylor (Hodder & Stoughton). It is a series of bound maps and notes, with special spaces for the stamps of each country in Africa; a lesson in stamps and geography in one.

The English spring publishing season always abounds in fiction, of which I have made a special, and, I hope, sufficiently varied, pick.

I start with *To Comfort the Signora* (Benn), the new novel by E. G. Cousins, whose "Come Like a Storm" was, with justice, so warmly received. Mr. Cousins, a writer of great versatility and a man with much experience of the world, has deferred to his rich maturity embarkation on novel writing. In his new story, which sustains his reputation, is based in post-war Tunisia, its hero the Town Major, its theme the events, and the drama, of one day. In this atmosphere and time-compass, the author has, with sure tricks and not without humour, pictured for us a remarkable diversity of characters and a thread of human incidents leading to a clever and moving climax. Mr. Cousins holds you, and proves himself an artist of most genuine calibre. A novel not to be missed.

Night Journey, by Albert J. Guerard (Longmans), has distinction, too; great distinction, on a theme of totally different type. The book is a study in action, and gripping action, of a man whose mind, and a sincere one, tortured by idealism, is split by pressure of circumstance, so that unwittingly he is a traitor to what he originally stood and suffered for. The book has by inference a forceful moral for these days.

Idiot's Vision, by Harry Williams (Hodder & Stoughton) is an unusual novel: the story of a man who sought peace from conflict by escape to what seemed ideal Eastern surroundings. But

he did not find it; instead evil and horror and the torturing memory of a woman. There is a vividness of writing here which successfully carries a difficult theme, and fascinates the reader.

Mate in Two Moves, by Viola Carstang (Hurst and Blackett), is easy reading; its subject the eternal triangle, but carried to a far stage; the woman in the quandary; the setting right up to date. Miss Carstang redeems triteness of theme by wit and considerable irony.

In *The Jade Lizard* (Hodder & Stoughton), "Taffrail," that practised veteran, gives us one of his best straightforward naval occasions, complete with bright action, and a heroine as alluring as brave. First class and authentic "Taffrail."

The Haven of St. Garth, by E. Laurice-Long (Ward, Lock), is another sea yarn by a writer whose salt water tales have earned him an established name and large public. During the recent war a Britisher on service in India sees a picture of an old English mansion and recognises it as a place where he was billeted before being sent abroad. Later he returns to the old place, now damaged by bomb; a damage though, that enables him to locate an exciting tale of local history. The book is that history; and a rattling good story is the result.

Everyone (or quite a number of folk anyway) like a "Western." *Guns at Lone Star,* by Colt Henderson (Hodder & Stoughton), a name new to me, is one of the best of its type I've recently come across; and if you do not like Red Curran and "Doc" Norman and the spate of quick action and surprises that attend them, then you have my leave to hold me up with a six-shooter at earliest opportunity. Yes, sir!

The mass production of thrillers and whodunits continues as ever. My plan here is to make what I consider a pick of the best. I start on a set of three, with one by Rhodesian-born Julian Ward: *Death Sleeps in Kensington* (Hodder & Stoughton). In Kensington a man, unwilling at first to have anything to do with the business, finds himself drawn into an affair that looks incredible, grotesquesly fanciful—until murder shows up. A second triumph for the author of "The Compass Points to Fear."

In *Miss Silver Comes to Stay* (Hodder & Stoughton) Patricia Wentworth takes her inimitable mild knitting-lady into the country—and a mystery that is held close until the very end. There is only one Miss Silver.

A Grave Case of Murder, by Roger Bax (Hutchinson) is described on the blurb as a piece of crime-fiction for connoisseurs. Well, in plot as in writing, it is a death-mystery that springs from the 100th birthday celebrations with his family of a man in a remote village. Mr. Bax provides us with not only a riddle, but one with many touches quite new to me.

Finally, the new Pan-Book issues (those wonders at the price), include Rider Haggard's immortal *King Solomon's Mines,* based originally on the Zimbabwe's riddle used romantically; and that vintage MacLeod Raine "Western," *Hell and High Water.*

At a clock-golf party in West Africa, Cherry Kearton, the naturalist, claimed that he could get his pet ape to imitate his action in knocking the ball into a hole with the club. He assured the onlookers that he had not tried it out before. Kearton twice demonstrated the action to the ape, which looked on with great interest.

"Now let me see you do it," said Kearton, putting the club in the animals hands.

But the ape was clearly puzzled and surprised. Finally it threw the club contemptuously aside, picked up the ball and dropped it in the hole, looking at Kearton as much as to say: "That is surely the way to do it. Why all the foolishness with the stick?"

The instructor in the Medical College exhibited a diagram.

"The subject here limps," he explained, "because the one leg is shorter than the other."

He then turned to one of the students, and addressed him.

"Now, Mr. Sneed, what would you do in such a case?"

Young Sneed pondered earnestly and replied with conviction:

"I have an idea, sir, that I should limp too."

A firm advertised for a stenographer and next morning was overwhelmed with applicants. The office boy was told to admit no more.

Shortly after this an aggressive lady arrived, and pushing her way past the others, demanded to see the boss. By this time the office boy had grown deaf to all protestations, and had but one answer.

"Not to-day, madam," he said.

"But I'm his wife."

"Not to-day, madam," was the inexorable answer.

Domestic Notices

BIRTHS

WEIMER. — To Dorothy, wife of Sergeant Thomas Edward William Weimer, on 30th March, 1951, at Gwelo, a son, Timothy John.

MARRIAGES

PESTELL-PARISH. — 1/Sergeant John Richard Pestell to Miss Betty Parish at the Cathedral, Salisbury, on 11th January, 1951.

BAKER-KING. — 2/Sergeant John Houghton Baker to Miss Margaret Jean King at the Aspinal Methodist Church, Gorton, England, on 27th January, 1951.

BLACKMORE-MORRIS. — Detective Sergeant Ronald Percival Blackmore to Miss Eileen Dorothy Morris at Bulawayo, on 3rd March, 1951.

BARRATT-WOLNO.—2/Sergeant William John Barratt to Miss Sylvia Yvonne Wolno at the Norton School Chapel, on 3rd March, 1951.

PAGE-BRADFIELD.—1/Sergeant Cecil Walter Page to Lily Winifred Bradfield at the Presbyterian Church, Salisbury, on 17th March, 1951.

In the Vereeniging Magistrate's Court one Saturday, a native John S., was being tried for the theft of a bicycle, and a lawyer put up a great fight for his aquittal.

It was a complicated case and during the three hours which it lasted the attorney fought every inch of the way.

At the end, however, the Magistrate did not believe the accused's story and sentenced him to six months' imprisonment.

While the lawyer was collecting his papers the court orderly called the next prisoner, John M.

The lawyer looked up, puzzled.

"But that was John M." he said.

"No," replied the prosecutor, "that was John S."

The lawyer put his head between his hands. He had defended the wrong man.—*Cape Times.*

The reporter came idly into the office.

"Well," said the editor, "what did our eminent statesmen have to say?"

"Nothing."

"Well, keep it down to a column."

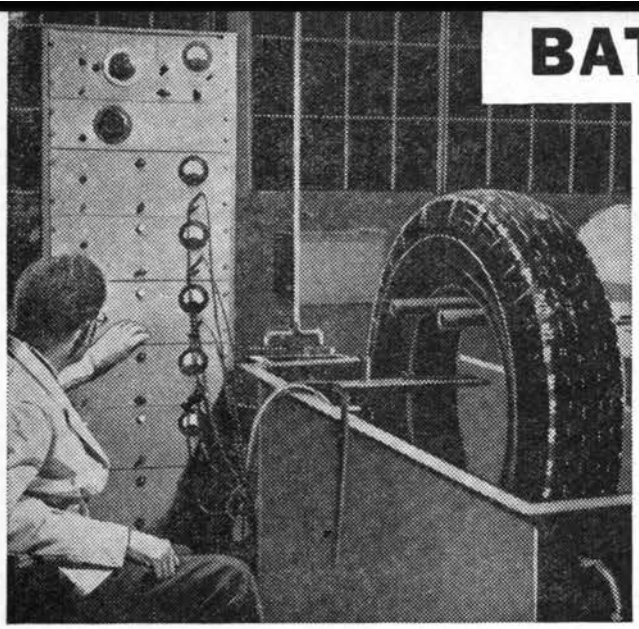
BATTLE OF THE SKID

New British Tyre Research Centre

IT would be difficult to imagine the development of the motor vehicle as we know it without John Boyd Dunlop's invention of the pneumatic tyre. Much the same can be said about aircraft. Designers of car engines and suspensions quickly come to the point where the degree of adhesion between the tyre and the road is a most important factor.

Aircraft manufacturers, similarly, have to throw the ball to the rubber experts when it comes to getting their several tons of inventive genius safely down on the tarmac again.

As performance in both fields has risen steeply since the war, it is a good thing that most rubber manufacturers are ready to spend considerable sums of money on research projects.



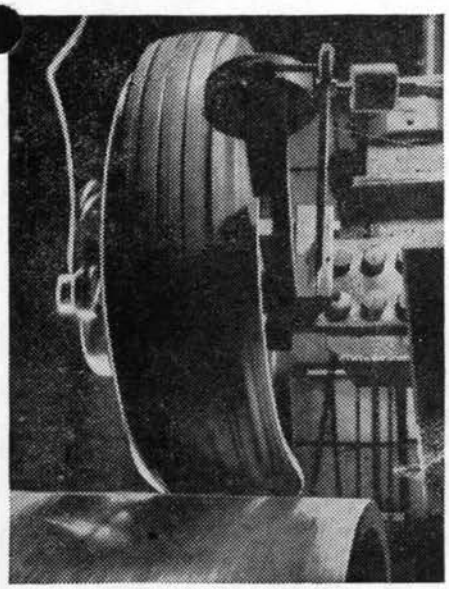
Ultra-sonic waves are used to find minute flaws between the layers which make up a tyre.

SKILL AND NERVE

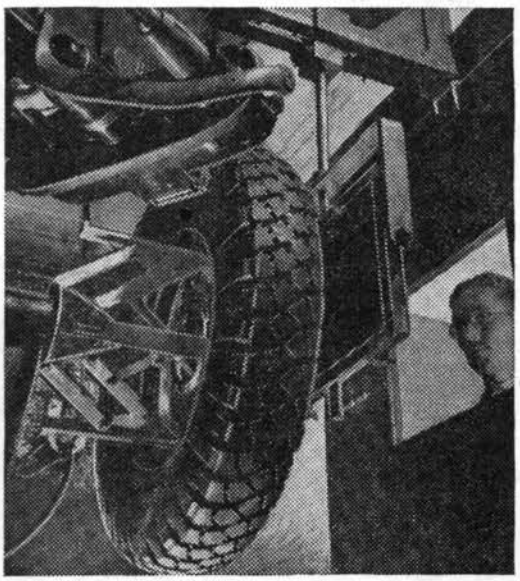
Generally with the idea of replacing opinion with carefully measured facts, the world-wide Dunlop organisation has opened at Fort Dunlop, England, a new research plant which they claim is without peer anywhere. On the automobile side there is still a place for the test driver and the test car, since the behaviours of tyre and vehicle are inseparable. The final check is still the man with nerve enough to drive a standard saloon car at speed on to a skid rink, lock the wheels and put his helm hard over at the same time.

The man provides the nerve and the fine judgement to make this test possible ; but the conclusions are the concern of instruments which record quite accurately just what happens to the tyres, the suspension and the road during the process.

The locked wheel test is used not because anyone thinks it is the quickest way of stopping a car at speed but because it limits the factors involved. Vehicle characteristics are still important but less so than in any other test.



A standard tyre is subjected to high speed and hideous distortion.



An X-ray test on a tyre, the operator standing behind a protective screen.

Dirt flies as a test car is driven on to the skid track. It is a tarred road well sprayed with water.

SPORT

RUGBY

Police v. Old Hararians (Friendly).

Hararians started in fine form and crossed the Police line in the first few minutes, but failed to convert. Police scored shortly afterwards, when Reynolds made a perfect drop from a long distance. From a penalty kick on our twenty-five line, Hararians scored again which led to some good play by Police ending in a try by Lovegrove close to the posts. Reynolds converted. Old Boys scored from another penalty kick giving them a lead at half-time of 9-8.

On resumption, a good move started by Naested led to another try for Police by Chaston who literally dived over the line. Play was somewhat scrappy after this and Police tackling was not good. The final try by Police was opened up by Reynolds who side-stepped a number of Old Boys and kicked to O'Shaugnessy, who took the ball low before making the try which was converted by Reynolds. Final score 16-9.

The main criticisms were bad tackling and indifferent play in the set scrums when Police rarely got the ball.

Police v. Gwebi.

Police had a chance of opening the score from a penalty kick, but it failed. Ten minutes later they scored their first try from a movement starting from a line out, when the forwards got the ball back cleanly to the three-quarters. This was converted. Soon afterwards Graham was injured in the right arm which caused him to leave the field. From a penalty, Naested scored, and just before half-time Gwebi also scored from a penalty. Graham returned to the field at this time, but as his arm was still useless, he had to change his position.

In the second half Smithyman played well, when he enabled Egleton to go over the line to score. The kick failed. The final score from Police was a dropped goal by Leppan, which resulted from a quick disposal of a ball from a line-out. Gwebi scored again from a dropped goal from near the half-way line, just before time.

Play was good on the whole, but a good many of the Police movements were spoilt by knocks-on in the three-quarter line, and by failure to pass the ball out to the wings. Police won 12-6.

Police Team: Reynolds (vice-capt.), O'Shaughnessy, Savage, Leppan, Thorne B., Smithyman, Jacques, Humphreys, Graham, Armstrong, Moon, Duncan, Naested, Dickenson, Egleton (capt.).

SOCCER

1st LEAGUE

Police v. R.A.F. Heany, 25.3.51

The visitors from Bulawayo were no match for the heavier Police side, but they gave an excellent display of ball control and had a superb goalkeeper in Lingwood, who made some spectacular saves. Heany scored first with a shot which gave Rawson no chance.

In the second half, within a few minutes of play, Lingwood made some grand saves and the equaliser came fifteen minutes later, when Buchanan passed the ball to Bester who drove the ball passed Lingwood. Police took the lead shortly after this when Clapham scored from a powerful shot. A Heany player was unfortunate in deflecting the ball into his own net giving the Police a 3-1 win.

Team: Rawson, Taylor, Hanley, Hider, Marnoch, Coop, McCrory, Clapham, Wright, Buchanan, Bester.

Police v. Callies, 31.3.51

Before a large crowd, Police were worthy winners by five goals to two, after being held 2-2 at half-time. Basil Taylor was unable to play and Jock Inglis was a worthy substitute. Rawson was not at his best in the first half, but put up a good show later, when he brought off some grand saves. McCrory and Coop were outstanding. *Scorers*: Wright 1, Clapham 2, McCrory 1, Coop 1. *Team*: Rawson, Inglis, Hanley, Marnoch, Reid, Coop, McCrory, Clapham, Wright, Buchanan, Bester.

Police v. Forces, 8.4.51

In the first round of the Challenge Cup Police scored a decisive 4-1 victory over Forces.

They opened the scoring when Buchanan converted a free kick from just ouside the Box. Forces fell further in arrears when Wright drove into the net from four yards out. Police dominated the play and only superb goalkeeping by ex-Police player Blair kept the score down.

After half-time Police increased their lead when Buchanan took the ball half the length of the field and netted. Forces' only score came from a penalty converted by Weston. Wright scored the remaining goal for Police.

Lawson was very safe in goal, whilst Inglis and Marnoch played very soundly, as did McCrory and Buchanan, who gave his best display of the season. *Team*: Rawson, Taylor, Hanley, Inglis, Reid, Marnoch, McCrory, Clapham, Wright, Buchanan, Bester.

Following the match against Callies, Buchanan was re-elected Captain of the 1st Eleven with Coop as Vice-Captain.

An invitation Police XI will visit Beira on 13th April, where they will play the Grupo Desportivo da Beira Club and the Beira Railway Club. We are looking forward to this visit and will give a report of it next month.

2nd LEAGUE.

Police v. Terriers. Won. 7-1.
Police v. M.R.U. Won. 14-1.

ROAD SIGNS:

Dangerous Curves.
Men at Work.
Danger.
Look Out for Children.

SNOOKER CENTRE

Thurston's in London's Leicester Square, was a world famous centre of billiards and snooker before the war. Everyone who was anyone in the billiards and snooker world, both amateur and professional, played there. But in 1940 Thurston's was badly bombed and the once popular building remained derelict and deserted until the war was over. It was then completely rebuilt and renovated and is now known as the Leicester Square Hall, which since 1947 has been in constant use for series of exciting professional matches and championships. The first outside broadcast of snooker on television came from there recently when the B.B.C. cameras visited the Hall to watch Walter Donaldson, the world snooker champion, play Joe Davis, who was world champion from 1927 to 1946, when he retired undefeated after reigning for twenty years.

Spectators at Thurston's appreciated the fact that the hall was very like their own clubs or institute billiard rooms, where they could sit near enough to the players to hear their comments. Viewers saw on their screens that the tradition and intimate atmosphere of Thurston's were maintained in the new Leicester Square Hall, which seats two hundred people. But the smallness and intimacy which means so much to spectators presented a problem for television; siting the cameras was far from easy. Another difficulty was how to differentiate the coloured balls. A special set was made, each coloured ball numbered in six places to represent its value, which made it easy for commentator Sidney Smith, an expert player who was United Kingdom professional billiards champion for two years before he retired and who was also twice runner-up to Joe Davis in the world's snooker championship.

Two battered old wrecks of humanity were sitting on a bench when one remarked: "I'm a man who never took advice from anybody."

"Shake, brother," said the other. "I'm a man who took everybody's advice."