



## THE OUTPOST

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COMMISSIONER OF POLICE

EDITOR: H. G. BALDWIN

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## Editor's Notes



### A New Approach

A recent circular from General Headquarters on the subject of recruiting struck a new note. It suggests a unique means of keeping the Force up to strength and action that is within the scope of most of us.

In the days when policemen were not included in the list of world shortages, the name and reputation of this Corps was sufficient to attract the men required; but world conditions are so very different to-day that something more than a name is necessary to give us a supply of good material from which to select our men. A high percentage of those in the Force are making the Police their career, and that this state exists in a young country where opportunities are offered in all walks of life is not due to chance; it is a true pointer to the attractive conditions offering in this Force. If these young men are satisfied with their life and conditions in the Corps, they are our best potential publicity agents, since they are in possession of the true facts concerning their work. They have crossed those distant hills—so green to the seeker—and have seen for themselves what lies on the other side.

If every member who has not regretted his decision to join the B.S.A. Police co-operates on the lines indicated in the circular referred to, the Force cannot fail to benefit eventually. And when the Force benefits, it means that individual members benefit, too.

Establishments are being increased continuously in order to meet the heavy demands caused by the rapid expansion of the population, and this new method of approaching possible recruits will work in conjunction with the existing machinery, which is not able to deal with the increased requirements so readily as in the past.

### Too Much Crime?

In one of the few critical letters received by us recently a correspondent makes the suggestion that we should publish more articles of a general and world-wide interest. He asserts that many

**'Good-  
it's a Gold Leaf'**



When it's that last pause before  
going on to the summit . . .  
make sure the cigarette is  
worthy of the occasion.



**Gold Leaf**  
HONEY  DEW

*Blended from exactly-ripened leaf, from finer tobaccos*

members are of the opinion that too many articles deal with Police topics.

We are very pleased to have such criticism and look forward to receiving the views of other readers on this subject. It is well known to any one concerned with the presentation of entertainment or news that you cannot please everybody; but now that the first move has been made we welcome any real suggestions as to the type of articles required. It should not be forgotten that the magazine is a Regimental one and is read by people of widely differing tastes in different parts of the world—and that they fall within the 18 to 80 age group.

## 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 competition 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.

# NOMAYI

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: The following account of an "aspect of Police work" contains no thrilling story of the relentless tracking down of a dangerous criminal; it is no recital of the successful outcome of long and patient investigation, and there is not a corpse in the whole two thousand words. There are, admittedly, one or two near misses, but I do not think that the maiden Nomayi really had murder in her heart on these occasions. The story is eighty per cent. true. Ten per cent. of the balance may be ascribed to the lapse of time since the events occurred, and the remaining ten per cent. to journalistic "dressing-up").

IT was an odd experience for me, a civilian, to be travelling by car through country which, twenty years earlier, I had patrolled on foot. I had crossed the Otto Beit bridge at Chirundu and spared a thought for the old ferry service which had been conducted by Jim the Greek before the bridge was built. I was now back in the Zambesi Valley, twenty years older and more than twenty pounds heavier than the lean young trooper who had marched his eager way through the Valley on many patrols before the days of motor roads, landing grounds and the Bridge.

Memories came crowding back down the years. I felt again the needle-sharp sting of the tsetse-fly bite on bare knees; smelt again the heavy body-odour of a line of sweating carriers and heard once more the shattering roar of lion not far from the blazing camp fires at night. I sighed nostalgically. They were good days, I thought, with the distance of time lending enchantment to my view.

I was now well into the Valley and trying vainly to identify any landmarks. I slowed up as I reached a clump of noble baobab trees, spaced in a rough semi-circle and forming a leafy amphitheatre. Straining memory said, doubtfully, that this used to be near Chief Chiundu's kraal. One camped at this spot, surely, and from here started that long, waterless trek to an Isolated Grave one used to visit?

I drove slowly on and within a few hundred yards came upon a kraal, with huts on either side of the road. I stopped and got out of the car. An old man, resting in the shade of a hut, gazed at me out of rheumy eyes. As I drew near, he made to get up.

"Sit you, father," I said. "Your hunter's legs have earned their rest. May I, also, sit?"

"Ai!" the old man exclaimed, peering at me. "Who comes, speaking our tongue and knowing Chiundu the Hunter?"

"One who knew you a score of years ago," I replied. "One who remembers how you blew the head off the old wife with your muzzle-loader, mistaking her—so you said—for a baboon in the lands, when the mealies were high. One to whom you showed the little Rain God of the M'korekore and who took pictures of it, giving one of the pictures to you. One who . . ."

"Kamporamu! The Mujoni who always walked fast and slashed through the jesse-grass, instead of taking the longer paths! Kamporamu, who was nearly eaten by the crocodiles when the canoe turned over!"

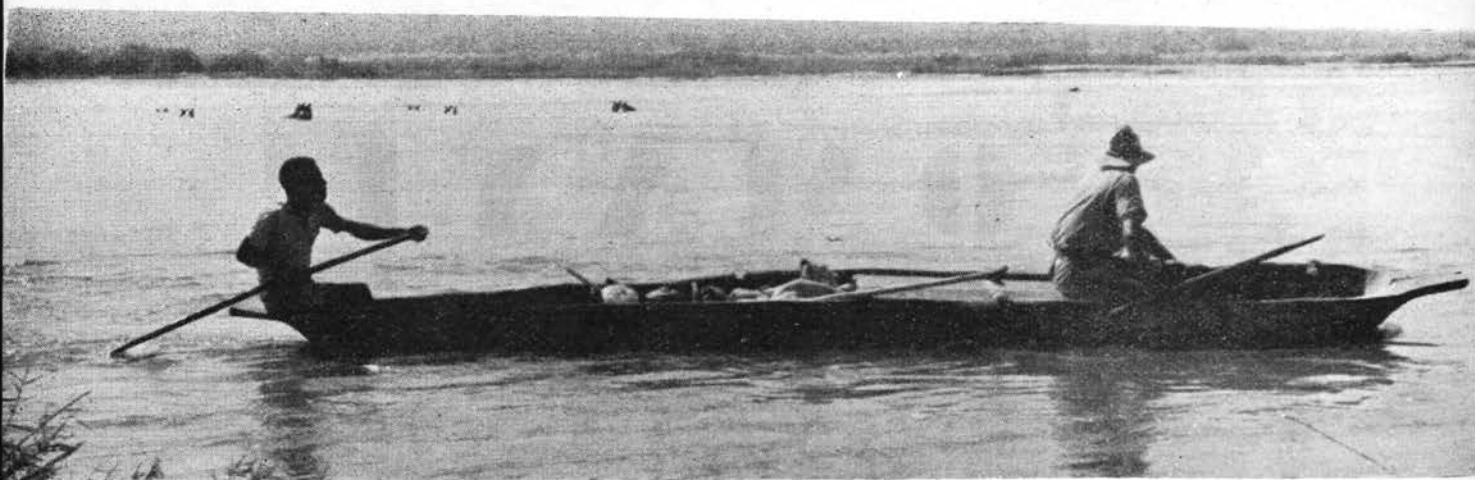
The old man cackled with pleasure and the watering eyes overflowed, tears running down the furrowed cheeks. Clapping his skinny hands together, he called over his shoulder:

"Daughter, we have a visitor. Bring the special beer you brewed, together with my drinking calabash and the White Man's glass from my box. Ai!" he said, turning to me again, "there is one you have cause to remember — my youngest daughter!"

"Nomayi?" I exclaimed. And at that moment a woman came out from the hut, carefully bearing a brimming calabash of beer. Placing this on the ground, she straightened up and gave me one quick, direct look before lowering her eyes modestly.

I saw a woman in the early thirties (as I knew), tall above the average of her people, with features retaining strongly marked characteristics of an old Arab strain. Her naked torso had the





ZAMBESI PATROL.

sheen of old copper and the eyes which had looked briefly into mine were bright with intelligence and laughter.

Nomayi. The years rolled back. . . .

:: :: :: ::

It was about nine o'clock in the morning when we reached Chiundu's kraal, and already a burning sun was beating down from above and throwing up a scorching heat from the hard-packed, narrow path along which we walked in single file, two African constables (they were Native constables then), twelve carriers and myself. We had moved off from our last camp in the light of the waning moon, some five hours earlier.

After a shave and breakfast, I settled down in the shade of one of a semi-circle of huge baobab trees, a few hundred yards distant from the kraal, to talk with Chief Chiundu and a number of elders. A group of inquisitive women sat at a respectful distance away and naked babies played in the sand.

The preliminary exchange of courtesies over, news of weather and crops discussed, the Chief reported various occurrences in the area. A woman at a kraal two days' march away was causing trouble with her witch-like practices; elephant had killed a youth further up the Chewore River; a young man back from a spell of work on the Mica mines had blown his hand off whilst playing with stolen gelignite and detonators at a beer drink. There was a lot more of this and then Chiundu called to one of the group of women.

An old crone came slowly forward, pushing before her a young girl of some thirteen years of age. The child's hands were bound together in front of her with bark-rope and her feet were similarly hobbled. She stood in front of me, erect and bright-eyed. I noted the lighter colour of her

almost naked young body; it had the sheen of old copper.

This was Nomayi, his youngest daughter, Chiundu explained. She was bewitched. When the moon was full, she wandered from the kraal and would often be missing for days. She had nearly killed her grandmother some months previously by attacking the old woman, while she slept, with an axe. In proof of which the ancient dame crawled nearer, that I might see the scar of what must have been a shocking and almost fatal wound on the bent, grey head.

All the time the story of her misdeeds was being told, the girl stared at me and I could swear that there was a mischievous, almost conspiratorial gleam in her bright eyes, as if to say: "Don't listen to these old fogeys—they are making a fuss about nothing."

Chiundu feared that she might kill someone, or herself be killed if she remained at the kraal. I was the *Mujoni*; would I deal with the case?

This sort of thing was not covered in the instruction imparted to me during Law and Police lectures on recruits' course. What did one do? Charge the girl with attempted murder or assault with intent? Were there places in Rhodesia where bewitched African girls could be psycho-analysed and, perhaps, cured? I doubted it. In any case, the child standing before me, with bright, intelligent eyes, seemed sane enough at that moment.

While I was considering what action I should take, the girl herself suddenly spoke up. Holding her bound hands towards me, she asked that they be freed. Pointing to her hobbled feet, she asked me to order that the rope be taken off. I gave her a lecture on her behaviour and instructed that her hands and feet be freed. With the ropes off, she rubbed her wrists and ankles and then, flinging her arms wide, she executed a few, happy dancing



steps before sitting down, cross-legged, a little distance away. She sat alone. A whispering broke out among the women as they hastily caught their toddling and crawling babies to them.

The tough old grandmother volunteered to keep an eye on Nomayi for the rest of the day and the pair stayed at my camp, eating with the African Police and the carriers.

That night Nomayi refused to sleep in the kraal. With a good deal of grumbling, the long-suffering grandmother allowed her sleeping-mat and blanket to be brought to the camp and she and the child made a sleeping place for themselves, a little apart from the Police and the carriers.

At the urgent request of the old lady I agreed, unwillingly, that Nomayi should be secured for the night. We contrived this by handcuffing her to the root of a tree, first packing with rag the cuff on her thin wrist.

Some time during the night I awoke under the stimulus of that sixth sense of danger which one develops in the veld. I lay perfectly still as I awoke and stared into the fire-lit greenery of my camp. Then, turning slightly, I saw the figure at my fire, a yard or two from the foot of my camp stretcher. Nomayi had her back to me and was singing very softly as she sat, cross-legged, gazing into the flames. The hair pricked my neck as I saw the firelight gleaming on the blade of an axe with which she gently beat time to her soft singing.

I lay watching her for what seemed a very long time. At last, she rose lithely to her feet and, swinging the axe slowly in one hand, she surveyed the sleeping line of carriers between their fires and then turned towards where I lay.

Under almost closed lids and with muscles tensed for instant, life-preserving action, I watched her as she stood regarding me. After what seemed an eternity she moved away and began a slow patrolling from one end of the line of fires to the other, pausing before each turn to stare into the night. Her "beat" was a line between the sleeping carriers and my bed.

With the memory in my mind of her murderous attack upon her grandmother, I was, to say the least of it, uneasy about Nomayi's nocturnal prowling, armed with an axe. However, the fatigue brought on by the day's trek finally laid hold of me and I slept.

When I awoke again, the eastern sky was paling with the approach of dawn. Small, restless movements in the camp indicated that the night was over. I sat up and looked towards my fire. Nomayi was there, sitting gazing into the flames as I had seen her earlier.

Suddenly the camp was awake. I could see my cook putting a kettle of water on the embers of a fire. One of the African constables rose, stretched and yawned mightily. Looking towards my bed, he saw Nomayi at the fire and walked quickly over to her.

Yes, she told him, she had slipped the handcuff during the night. How else could she look after the N'koos who had made her father unbind her hands and feet? She had known that danger was close, she said, rising to her feet and leading the African constable by the hand to a bush a few yards away. Slipping into a pair of shorts, I followed them.

"*Mai we!*" exclaimed the A.C., staring at the ground. There lay a huge black mamba, deadliest of snakes, neatly decapitated. Nomayi reported casually that she had chopped off its head when it was within a foot or two of my camp stretcher. Surely enough, the signs of the snake's passage corroborated this.

Nomayi attached herself to us, with supreme self-assurance, and marched with the patrol during the ensuing three weeks before we got back to the Police Camp. She was not secured at night. When she slept I do not know, for, waking at odd hours, I would see her sitting by my fire, singing softly to herself or patrolling up and down the line of fires, her small axe swinging in her hand.

Back at the Police Camp (a one-man station), the problem was what to do with Nomayi. Despite her completely normal behaviour during the patrol, the memory of her grandmother's shocking scar made me cautious. She was placed in the care of the gaol-guard's wife during the day and was locked in a detention cell at night. These arrangements she accepted quite happily.

Every morning she was brought to my office by the gaol-guard and his wife. She would chatter away to me about the events of the previous day and tell me what she had been doing. Her wardress was teaching her to sew and knit. One morning Nomayi proudly presented me with a milk-jug cover, made from a piece of mosquito net on to which she had sewn beads.

Every Saturday morning I gave her a "tickey" and she would go along to the local store with her escort, to buy sweets. Occasionally I would forget about her sweet money and she would remind me, holding out her hand and saying: "Tickey, please."

Christmas fell in the third month of Nomayi's stay in the camp. And it was on the afternoon of Christmas Day that the trouble occurred. An agitated African sergeant reported that Nomayi was missing and had killed an African constable.

It appeared that a junior African policeman had been detailed to keep watch over the girl during the afternoon. Following the morning's Christmas feast of meat and beer, he had slept. Nomayi had picked up a heavy billet of wood, crashed this down on the head of the sleeping constable, and disappeared from camp.

Fortunately, she did not possess the strength necessary to crack the policeman's skull, and the victim soon recovered consciousness, suffering from nothing worse than a rather nasty scalp wound and a violent headache.

African police were despatched, on foot and on cycles, to search for the girl. She was located that evening, two or three miles from camp, heading for the Valley.

Confronted with the bandaged and morose evidence of her lapse, she burst into tears and said she did not remember having committed the assault.

I sent for Chiundu and when he arrived, a week or so later, told him what had happened. He said he had been thinking about Nomayi and had decided that there was only one thing to be done: he would take her to a very famous witch-doctor who lived on an island in the Zambesi River. This man had cured many people who were bewitched and he had little doubt that he could cure Nomayi.

As a reasonably good policeman, my conscience pricked me a little in agreeing to this proposal, but I could think of no other solution. So I let little Nomayi go with her father. Everyone in the camp had grown fond of her, and when she left she was carrying a sizeable bundle, containing clothes, blankets and other gifts.

They left on a Saturday morning, and as they were about to depart Nomayi turned to me and said, somewhat reproachfully: "Tickey, please."

I was transferred soon after this and forgot about the child Nomayi until . . .

:: :: :: ::

The woman placed the drinking calabash and the glass tumbler on a wooden platter on the ground next to her father. Then knelt down beside him, her eyes lowered.

"Ai!" cackled the old man, "you have cause to remember Nomayi. Did she not nearly kill one of your men, many years past?"

"Yes," I agreed. "She also killed a snake many years past."

"The witch-doctor cured her, N'koos," Chiundu said. "A good wife and mother she has become. Four daughters and two sons has she borne—and," chuckling, "we do not have to bind the hands and feet of any of them!"

Nomayi raised her eyes to mine.

"The N'koos was very good to me," she said simply. Rising to her feet, she moved away into the hut.

I went on my way, strangely pleased at the experience of having seen the loose ends of twenty years ago so neatly and satisfactorily tied up.

## NOTICE

Mr. J. Hoare, of 5 Gerard Road, Harrow, Middlesex, England, intends going on a photographic hunting trip to Northern Rhodesia shortly, and wishes to get in touch with any member of the B.S.A. Police who would like to accompany him, the trip to last several months. Trophies to be shared.

Mr. Hoare, who served in the B.S.A. Police about thirty years ago, expects to arrive in Bulawayo about July 15.

## . . . to the Editor

Dear Sir,

It is felt by many members in the Force that *The Outpost* should not only deal with Police work but also general topics of interest in the world today, as do many other Forces magazines.

If this was done in all probability there would be a considerable increase in the number of articles submitted by members of the Force, as it would offer a larger scope and not merely be confined to articles on Police work in general.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES G. BUTLERY.

THE OUTPOST, MAY, 1951



Recognise this? Horse sick lines in Depot, looking from the new Men's Quarters.



AT the risk of further caustic comment concerning the heading to this page, the Editor has made the change seen above. I am assured that the reason for the change was purely an economic one, as newsprint costs a good deal more these days and the large illustration took up a lot of valuable space. If anyone has any other suggestions to make, the Editor would be very pleased to have them, as he would like to please as many readers as possible.

So now to business and to begin I draw your attention to the notice published on page 6 from Jim Hoare, now living in England. He is asking for a white hunter to accompany him on a hunting trip in Northern Rhodesia—with cameras—and in case the name does not convey anything I should add that he is ex-Trooper Hoare (No. 2407), and served from 1921 to 1928.

Before leaving the Corps he achieved a certain amount of fame following an encounter with a lion whilst on patrol in the Chipinga district in 1927. He is one of those lucky (?) people who have been attacked by a wounded lion and lived to tell the tale. The story is probably well known to those serving at that time, and I will try to get it republished next month if possible. It's a better one than the one about the Native who mistook a crocodile for a policeman, in last month's *Outpost*.

From England I have also heard news of Mr. T. Holroyde, who retired from the Corps last year. He is now married and living in his own stamping grounds of Yorkshire. He seems to find life rather different over there: it is not surprising, as he mentions that it was snowing when he was writing his letter, from 10 Lynton Gardens, Harrogate.

A most interesting letter has arrived from Mr. J. P. O'Grady, who is still rubber planting in Malaya. He thanks the Editor for the regular arrival of *The Outpost*, which is passed on to the local police officers who all appear to enjoy reading it. Owing to business calls, he regrets that he was unable to get down to Singapore to see Paddy Graham when he passed through on his way back to Rhodesia, but Trevor Bevan, of the Singapore Police, saw him and passed on to Mr. O'Grady a

photograph of ex-Sergeant-Major Cima's grave, who he was stationed with at Gwanda in the 'twenties. I mentioned in February that Jock Oliphant is now in Malaya and O'Grady says that he lived only twenty miles from his station. Whilst writing, he endeavoured to speak to Oliphant on the telephone, in case he had any message for us, but learned he had just been transferred. There is still a state of emergency in those parts, and trouble flares up with varying degrees of violence from time to time. He has lost two estate lorries by burning, and an Indian employee was found with his throat slashed. The local Security Forces rounded up a gang of terrorists a short distance from his bungalow only a few days prior to this letter, and the week before the Scots Guards had a bag of fourteen killed in one day, so, as Mr. O'Grady philosophically puts it, life is never dull for long. He sends his best wishes to the Corps, both past and present.

Another of our recent members has gone to the Far East. Ex-Trooper Hale (No. 4213), who was in the Bulawayo district, is now at Police Headquarters, Hong Kong, with the rank of Sub-Inspector. So far he has not met any ex-B.S.A.P. but expects to do so soon. Police work there is not much different to the work in Rhodesia, except

## B.S.A. Police Memorial: Salisbury

The following amounts have been received up to 15th May, 1951:—

	£	s.	d.
Previously acknowledged .....	53	16	0
J. A. Palmer .....	1	1	0
G. R. Smart .....	3	3	0
H. Stone .....	13	10	0
Inspector F. P. Dufton .....	1	1	0
B. M. de Quehen .....	2	2	0
Sub-Inspector T. Moore .....	10	6	
J. Collins .....	5	5	0
Capt. M. M. Buchan .....	1	1	0
Victoria Falls Police Recreation Club .....	3	0	0
Wankie Police Recreation Club ...	2	0	0
Mrs. J. W. Read .....	5	0	0
	£91	9	6

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



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PAGE EIGHT

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THE OUTPOST, MAY, 1951

that the political tension that is absent in Rhodesia is very noticeable.

Mr. Hale mentions in his letter that he spent a few months in England before going to Hong Kong, and whilst there attended the wedding of ex-Trooper Paddy Burkit, who is now an A.S.P. in Malaya. He misses *The Outpost* which has not caught up with him yet, and has gallantly offered to take on the job as our Far East correspondent. The Editor accepts the offer with grateful thanks.

From nearer home I have received a list of the ex B.S.A.P. men known to be living in Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia. I give these in the list below:—

Major N. Brodie (2135) (Bulawayo 1919-23):  
On leave pending retirement from N.R. Police.

Major L. A. Heatlie (2564) (1923-27): Chief Immigration Officer, Livingstone.

Major A. Wallace (2994) (Bulawayo 1928-31): Officer Commanding, Southern Division, N.R. Police.

Inspector "Mike" Bridger (3274) (Fort Victoria 1932-37): Immigration Department (N.R. Police), Livingstone.

Inspector H. G. Wiltshire (1935-38): N.R. Police, Livingstone.

Asst. Superintendent B. G. O'Leary (Fort Victoria 1936-38): Officer in Charge, N.R. Police, Livingstone.

"Barney" Williams: Served between 1903-1907 and now resident in Livingstone.

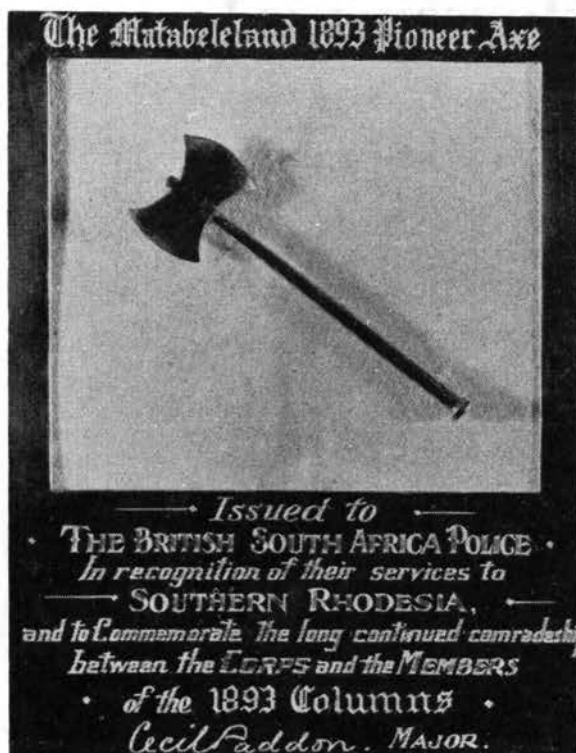
"Johnnie" Hinde (2703), who spent a long time at the Falls during his service, has written from 4 Bardolph Court, Jorissen Street, P.O. Braamfontein, Transvaal. He is with the Kalk Bay Fisheries in Johannesburg, and as their country representative, covers about 1,000 miles a week, his area being the Transvaal, Northern Free State and Swaziland. He sends his best wishes to all in the Force.

Colonel A. V. Adams, recently of Port Elizabeth Club, is now to be found permanently at P.O. Wilderness, Cape Province.

THE CHRONICLER.

## Acknowledgment

The Acting Commissioner has received a letter from Mrs. G. Read, wife of the late Sergeant J. Read, in which she expresses her sincere thanks to all members of the B.S.A. Police for their sympathy in her bereavement.



The Pioneer Axe recently presented to the B.S.A.P.  
It hangs in the Officers' Mess, Depot.

## Obituary

### MR. C. J. LAUGHTON

News has been received of the death at Redruth, Cornwall, of Mr. Charles Joseph Laughton, an early settler in Matabeleland. The funeral took place at St. Austell, where Mr. Laughton had resided.

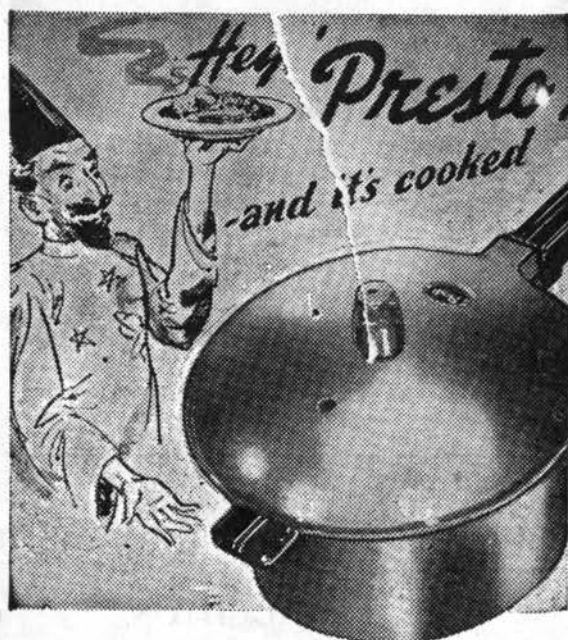
He joined the Bechuanaland Border Police before the Jameson Raid, but was one of those left in camp when the column set out. He took part in much of the fighting in Matabeleland when rebellion broke out there a little later.

Mr. Laughton was a member of the Rhodesian contingent which went to England for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897.

On return to Rhodesia he was employed first at the Bell Mine, then at the Falcon Mines, and finally was manager of the Kenilworth Estates. He retired in 1929, returning to England.—*Rhodesia Herald*.

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THE OUTPOST, MAY, 1951



# Could It Happen?

Investigation into native crime in this Colony often brings the European into sudden contact with the inexplicable, and an explanation offered in all sincerity by an African may to us have little credence. This true account of a series of housebreakings offers such an explanation, which although difficult to believe, may be another instance of the gulf that exists between the two races.

**D**URING the months of February, March and April, 1950, a series of housebreakings occurred in the Mrewa district. In most of them the *modus operandi* was the same, cash only being stolen. The scenes of the thefts were at grain huts, where the money had been buried under the grain for safe keeping, after the local custom. Extensive investigations were carried out by the district police and the C.I.D., but no trace of a suspect was found. There seemed to be little doubt that the offender was a native, but apart from this, very little information was forthcoming; and eventually the dockets were closed and filed away. The total cash stolen was about £300.

Nothing further occurred in connection with the thefts until August of the same year, when a message from the Reserve was telephoned from a nearby farm, in the early hours of the morning. It indicated that a native had been arrested at a kraal where it was thought that he had stolen the sum of £85 in February. £85 had been stolen from a grain hut during February, so we proceeded to the kraal forthwith.

On arrival there we found a Native bound hand and foot. The kraal head stated that late at night this Native had been seen near the kraal and when approached had run away. He was followed and arrested. He escaped but was re-arrested and later handed over to the police. When questioned he admitted breaking into a nearby hut and stealing the sum of £85. This native was slightly known to the people in the kraal as he had worked close by before the thefts were committed. He had then disappeared and the investigating detail at the time thought he may be a possible suspect, although there was nothing definite known against him. This Native was about twenty years of age, and soon told us how many huts he had broken into and entered. He admitted entering nine huts in the area and stealing a considerable amount of cash. He even admitted a hut-breaking that had never been reported and of which we had no knowledge, but which turned out to be correct.

There was one point, however, which I could not understand. In all instances the grain huts which had been broken into contained money, and no attempt had been made to break into any hut which did not have money hidden under the grain. In a large kraal of some twenty to thirty buildings perhaps five or six grain huts may contain money. Further, the accused had broken into huts in kraals separated by many miles and could have no intimate knowledge of many of the kraals he visited whilst carrying out these thefts. Furthermore, he was not a Native of the district. Yet in every instance he had gone straight to a hut which contained money, passing all those that held none. He committed the thefts at night, and as far as I could tell he had not been seen near the kraals where the breakings took place. From the investigations it was fairly certain that he had no intimate knowledge of the owners of most of the huts he broke into, and could not have known where they had hidden money. It should be remembered, too, that although it is a common practice for the natives to hide their money in this way, they most certainly keep the hiding place a secret.

In an endeavour to clear up this matter, the accused, Mberevere, was asked how he knew where the money was hidden and why it was that as far as we could ascertain he never entered a hut in which there was no money. His reply was: "I know which huts have money in because of my magic two-shilling piece."

When asked to elucidate, he went on to say that he had a two-shilling piece that had been given magic. When he was out at night on a hut-breaking expedition, he carried the coin in his trousers pocket and kept his hand on it. Whenever he arrived at a grain hut which contained money the two-shilling piece would jump, indicating that this hut was ripe for the picking. It had never made a mistake.

Being anxious to prove or disprove his story, the kraal head was taken on one side and asked

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if he knew of any hut in the kraal which had money hidden under the grain. He told us his own hut had £30 hidden in it.

Mberevere was then asked to put his magic to the test and point out a hut which contained money. He walked straight to the headman's hut and pointed at it. When asked if he knew how much there was inside he unhesitatingly said: "Thirty pounds."

When he was searched a two-shilling piece was found in his possession and it was distinguished from others by a yellow mark on it.

Perhaps there is an explanation. If there is, I did not find it. It certainly does make you think.

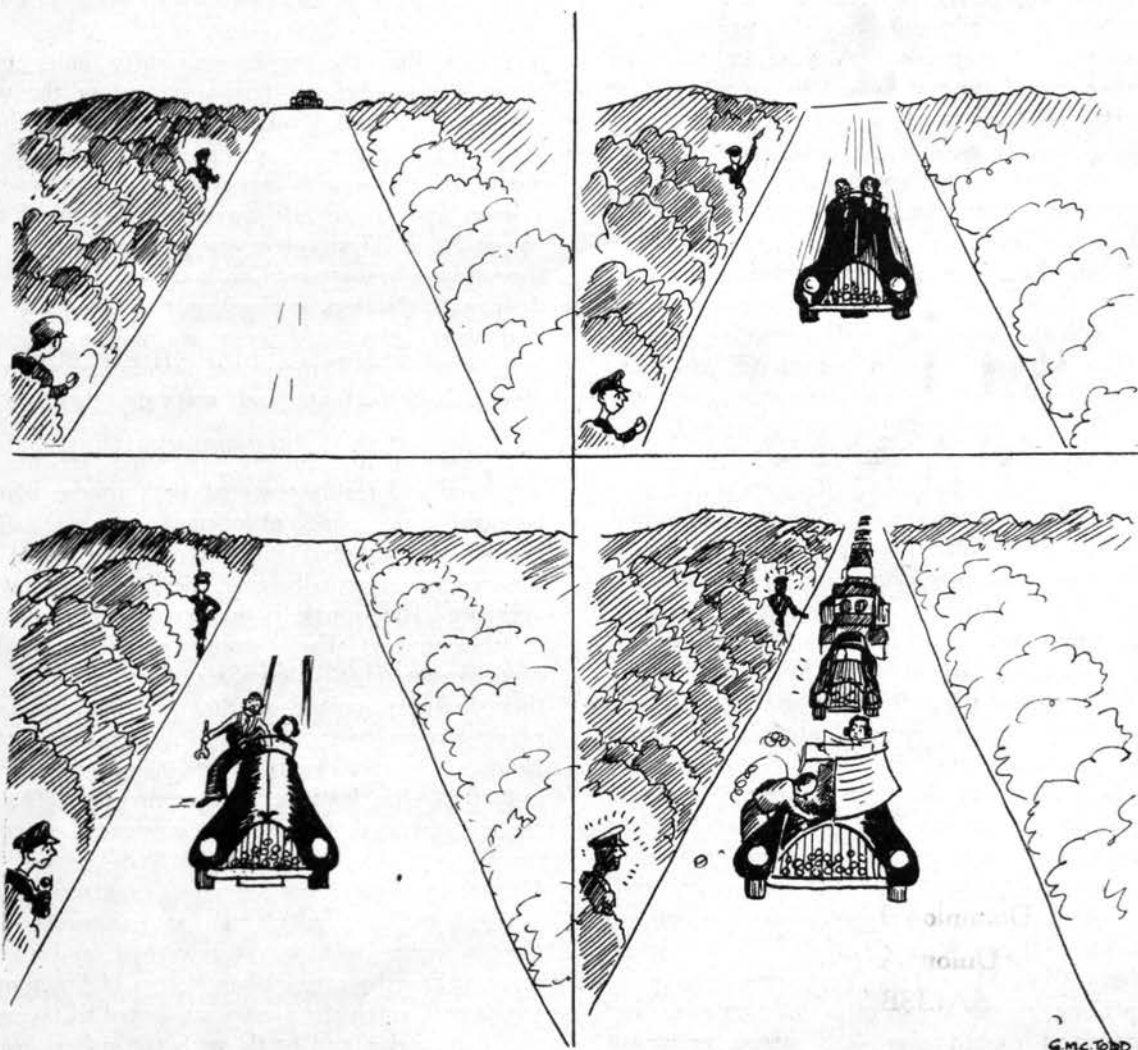
Mberevere was later convicted for his various offences and sentenced to four years in hard labour.

## SHIPS TO CALL ON SOUTH AFRICA

The Royal Research ship *Discovery II*, which has just left Sydney, Australia, on a long voyage of oceanographic research in the Antarctic, will call at Simonstown or Cape Town on July 15 and at Durban on August 6. The ship may call at Kerguelen Island, and after leaving Freemantle she will return to the United Kingdom via Colombo, Aden and Gibraltar.

The *Discovery II* left Plymouth on her present voyage last May and is expected back at Plymouth about the middle of next December.

Another vessel to visit South Africa shortly will be the British submarine *Sturdy*, which is due to arrive at Durban on June 4 and to stay until about July 12. She is to carry out anti-submarine training with the South African Air Force and South African naval forces.





# China's Oldest Occupation

CIVIL war, Sino-Jap war, Korean campaign—war or no war, none makes any difference to China's oldest occupation: piracy. "There be land-rats and water-rats," said Shylock, speaking of pirates, and the Chinese variety is a combination of both. John Chinaman of the skull and cross-bones (although he does not fly them) is never out of business, and in fact never on slow time whatever wars are raging.

Last year the British steamer *Lady Wolmer* arrived in Shanghai from Hong Kong after being boarded by pirates from Wenchow. These gentlemen of the Oriental Seas approached the ship in a motor-boat and several junks flying the Nationalist flag. They remained on board for three hours and robbed the passengers and crew of their belongings, but left when a Nationalist warship appeared, leaving the ship's cargo untouched. In actual fact pirates have little allegiance to either party, as the following incident proves. A year or two ago a Government gunboat was discovered to be smuggling goods from Hong Kong to Canton and Kwangchowwan, after which it vanished. Shortly afterwards the gunboat reappeared, this time as a fully-fledged pirate, and was busy holding up vessels off the coast.

Before the war several nations maintained gunboats in these coastal waters and on the great rivers, with the assent of the Chinese Government, and their job was to keep the pirates in check. With the breakdown of these international arrangements things have certainly not improved, and three years back piracy had become so serious on the Canton river that many Chinese companies ceased to run, and foreign ones were not permitted to do so. The audacity of the rogues is almost unbelievable, and not long ago three hundred passengers in a Chinese coastal steamer were robbed within sight and gun range of British warships lying in Victoria Harbour, Hong Kong.

Shortly after the collapse of the Japanese, the pirates were almost unprecedentedly active and daring. Airmen flying Spitfires had to be called in to help the naval and port authorities in operations against them, for, equipped with Japanese armament they were making territorial waters increasingly unsafe for any but reasonably well-armed shipping. In armoured junks the pirates even entered Hong Kong Harbour. They held up the ferry from Macao, the Portuguese colony, to Hong Kong at the point of a machine-gun, and stripped and robbed over 100 passengers almost within sight of their homes. Twelve pirates boarded

the ferry at Macao, and when she was 90 minutes out, stormed the wheel-house, knocked out the captain, seized the ship, and imprisoned the passengers in the holds, and then took the ship to a quiet bay, where an armed junk with fifteen more pirates was waiting. The passengers were then stripped and robbed, and the cargo and the ship's strongroom rifled, and by the time the ferry had limped home the pirates were far away in their fast craft.

British Commandos were called in to reinforce the understaffed water police, and the navy used submarines, assault and landing craft, Fairmile launches, and even large vessels to fight the scourge. The pirates' favourite lair was the

**By JAMES E. CARVER**

notorious Bias Bay area, some fifty miles from Hong Kong, where, a few years before the war, the biggest operation was carried out against them. As punishment for the seizure of a steamer, Rear-Admiral Boyle sent in two cruisers, a minesweeper, a sloop and an aircraft carrier against this Pirate Haunt No. 1. The villagers were allowed to collect their belongings, after which houses and junks were destroyed. Notices explaining the object of the raid were distributed as a warning against recurring piracies. Planes were overhead all the time observing, reporting, and covering the landing parties.

Many of the present-day junks are heavily armoured and highly powered, with armour plating beneath their innocent-looking exteriors. This armour was acquired during the occupation of the Japanese, who actually gave them positive encouragement. The trouble is that so much is in favour of the pirates. Their scouts, placed in trading posts, know what cargoes are worth looting, and their lookouts, posted on the ridgetops of coastal ranges, know when the naval escorts leave their charges. Occasionally, however, they themselves are outwitted. For instance, a short time back Canton police frustrated an attempt at piracy on board the Chinese river steamer *Kwai Shan*, bound from Canton to Hong Kong. A party of fifteen pirates boarded the ship at Canton as passengers. The Canton police had been forewarned, and twenty went on board wearing plain clothes. Fifty minutes out from Canton the pirates attempted to take over the ship, and a gun battle with the police ensued. Four of the pirates were killed, two wounded, and

the remainder were arrested. One policeman was wounded, but the crew and passengers were unhurt.

This incident throws light on the way the pirates work. They are no easy prey, for they know every cove, creek and river mouth along the immense coast, and they also know the position of the naval craft, and have a first-class intelligence service, besides plenty of cronies and well-wishers along the water-fronts and even among the crews of their prospective victims. At the quayside the pirates mix among the bundle-carrying, blue-clad clamorous crew, pay their fares, and take their places squatting on the lower deck, jabbering, smoking, talking, eating and drinking floods of tea. Most ships carry armed guards as a precaution against pirates, but the disguised gang on board get to know their movements as the ship puts to sea. At a time and place agreed upon, they reveal themselves, as the following first-hand description shows: "Weapons are drawn from their bundles or from the folds of their clothes; the officers are pounced on, overpowered, disarmed and batted down; the man at the wheel feels cold steel in the nape of his neck and has to keep the ship on the course directed, or the pirates put one of their own crew there, for all are first-class seamen; down below the Chinese greasers are compelled to carry on at the point of the pistol; while "Sparks" is tied up and his wireless put out of action.

"The cowed passengers are impotent, and these gentlemen of the Eastern Seas make them

pay up, rifle their bags and cabins, and select the most profitable ones for ransom. Meanwhile, sampans or junks appear from behind some headland or from out of a shallow creek. Freight and prisoners are tumbled into them, and the pirates often depart dressed in the weirdest assortment of western garments, leaving their own rags piled on deck. The departing guests and their victims disappear into the reed-covered marshes and behind the hills of the China coast. This is invariably the procedure of modern Chinese piracy, and in every case their headquarters can be approached only through tortuous creeks, all of which have been made virtually impregnable against attack by water."

Chinese piracy, however, differs quite a lot from the type associated with Captain Kidd and others of his ilk. To the Chinese there is nothing immoral in it, and piracy is a traditional occupation, a good though risky way of earning a living. A document of 1850 declared that a certain band of pirates would gain their livelihood upon the seas "by plundering the rich and assisting the poor." Loot was to be proportionately divided; any specially valuable articles were to go into the common stock; first to board were to have a bonus; and a pirate vessel which turned back at any opportunity of attack was to get nothing.

In connection with piratical honour and generosity, a remarkable story was reported the year before the one mentioned above, in the "Com-

Winter Cruise? This is not the Mediterranean, but looks almost as refreshing. The Mazoe Dam offers good yachting to the enthusiast and this picture gives a good impression of the setting. This photograph was taken in the pre-drought days.



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mercial List." The account ran: "A large junk, on her voyage from the north to Canton with a heavy cargo of Sycee silver on board, besides a valuable general cargo (it is said she was carrying nearly 3,000,000 dollars, but this is almost beyond belief), was attacked and captured about a week ago by eight or nine large-sized fishing boats close to Tayu-san, which is either the Ladrone Island, or a place very near it; they completely surrounded her and hemmed her in, in such a manner as to have no chance of escape; she accordingly gave herself up without firing a shot. There is generosity among thieves, so says an old English adage: but we never heard of its being carried to such an extent among pirates as was done on this occasion, and least of all could we expect that such conduct could proceed from a Chinese pirate of all others. It seems that the crews of both the merchant junk and the piratical vessels belonged to one place, Hoakyune, and the captain of the trader was an old friend of the chief of the pirates—as soon as they met and recognised each other, plunder was instantly put an end to, and the money that had already been transferred was returned to the last tael. Before parting company the captain and part owner of the junk presented the pirate crew with 100 taels, and their captain with a new sail and one heavy gun. So much for being friendly with pirates." The "China Mail" of the day commented that the amount of specie on board the junk was no doubt greatly exaggerated—but that piracies in the neighbourhood were of almost daily occurrence was unfortunately too true, and that no steps had been taken to suppress them.

In more modern days plenty of steps have been taken to deal with the menace, but so far it has been impossible to eradicate pirates, and, as has been suggested, things have not improved in recent times. Recently they were even demanding safe passage money from ships in the Hong Kong and Canton areas. The alternative was mines. When the Kwangsi Navigation Company opened a service from Hong Kong to Canton with a reconstructed military land-craft, they received a demand for 100,000 dollars as "protection money," which they ignored. However, shortly afterwards, in a narrow passage off High Island, near Canton, a mine exploded only ten feet away from the craft, stalling the generators and rendering steering uncontrollable. Then at eleven o'clock one night, in the Taishek Passage, a mine exploded under the bows, doing grave damage and killing seventeen and seriously wounding eighteen out of the 180 passengers. The scene of the outrage was only six miles below Canton, and little doubt was felt that it was the work of pirate extortioners.



Latest addition to Scotland Yard is a fleet of motor-cycles fitted with two-way radio equipment, for use by the Metropolitan Police Patrols. Approximately 35 machines will be in use to control Festival of Britain traffic and later there will be a squad of 200. Each is fitted with a five-foot aerial and when a call is put through from Scotland Yard an orange light flickers on the dial attached to the handlebars and a buzzer sounds. The policeman can then communicate direct with Scotland Yard by means of the telephone as shown above.

Such incidents prove the audacity and determination of the pirates. The trouble is that in the past—whatever the Communist Government may do, and the chances are it is nothing—Governments never took severe measures to stamp out piracy. Since the earliest days local mandarins made a large part of their income from the profits of piracy. There was excuse for them, since they could never be sure of any salary from official sources; and in modern times, during the era of republican China, mayors, local officials and temporary war-lords took the same view of this opportunity of making money. As long as they were given their rake-off, they did not trouble to curb the pirates' activities. In a word, the system is so ingrained along the coasts of China that it may prove practically ineradicable.

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# Station Notes



## UMTALI

Umtali has certainly fallen by the wayside during the past few months, but in spite of our lack of support, or perhaps because of it, *The Outpost* has continued to deliver the goods in ever-improving quality.

We started the Soccer season with a win over Crusaders by 5 goals against 2, but have failed to produce the same standard since, and have not won another game. On two occasions we have had the lead at half-time, only to fade out of the picture during the second half. Our main fault appears to be lack of training, and our boys really must get down to serious training if they are going to do anything against the much-improved Soccer we are coming up against this year. With plenty of practice and some hard training we can give a good account of ourselves, so it is up to those who are keen enough to play to see that they are in tip-top condition. Another fault very noticeable from the touch line is that our halves fall back too much, and on occasions we are trying to play a five-back game, with the result that they are all in each other's way.

One last criticism. We are far too kind to our opponents, and give them too many chances by leaving them unmarked. It must be said in favour of the team that so far we have not turned out the same team twice. This has been unavoidable, as duties have to be done, and, after all, we are not paid to play Soccer.

We are very sports minded in Umtali these days, and are playing friendly cricket during the winter season and also going strong on the tennis courts. On April 28th we had an enjoyable cricket match against Wattlebank which resulted in a win for Police by the narrow margin of twenty runs.

On April 8 we entertained the Railways to a tennis match on the Police Camp courts and we were well and truly beaten to the tune of 137 games to 59. We hope to give a better show next time. Everyone appeared to enjoy the morning so the primary object was achieved.

We congratulate Sergeants Robertson and Podmore on their recent promotions and hope that it will not be long before those who are waiting will receive their next step up.

Congratulations also to Constables Beaver and Warren on being chosen to play in the Manicaland Soccer trials. Good luck, boys.

Ex-Trooper Aldred, our one-time speed merchant and motor-cycle expert, has left the district after working at the Vumba Hotel for a short time. We understand that he is now seeking his fortune in Northern Rhodesia and we wish him the best of luck in his new venture.

On 22nd April five teams from the Police and Police Reserve met on the Umtali Rifle Range where they fired the King's Medal Practice. There was no really good shooting, although the wind may have been partly responsible. One or two of our younger shots show promise, and if they are keen enough to do the necessary practice, should develop into good shots. Annual Musketry will show whether they have made use of the experience gained during this shoot.

Trooper Morgan has taken over the duties of Mess Caterer and Canteen Steward, and is still a good advertisement for the Mess he conducts so efficiently.

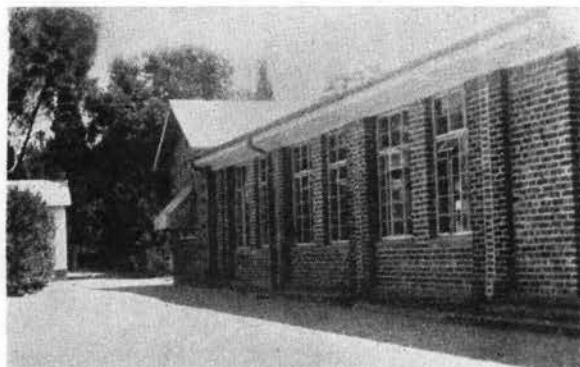
Troopers Hendry and de Klerk are due to leave us shortly; Hendry to try his luck in Durban, but we understand de Klerk intends to remain in the Colony. We wish them both the best of luck in their new undertakings.

We welcome to the district Constable Burns and hope he will settle down and be happy with us. We also welcome Constable Fawcett and hope he will find life at Headlands to his liking; it is certainly a change from the life in Bulawayo.



## GOROMONZI

Perusing old tomes has revealed a certain amount of station history, and Goromonzi apparently first came into the news during early 1897 at the time of the Mashonaland Rebellion. In the rocky kopjes adjacent to the camp lived a particularly tenacious thorn in the side of law and order in the form a native chief, Chiquaqu, who, with his kraal, lived in forts and caves on the kopje, thus occupying one of the strongest posi-



**Important Place.**—In a quiet corner of Depot, Police pay is handled in the building that used to be known as the Cadet Block.

tions in the country. Hand in glove with Chiquaqu was a Portuguese half-breed, Gevare, whose dry masonry fortifications may still be seen.

A B.S.A.P. Fort was established some 1,000 yards from the kraal, which was besieged and the immense caves blown up. The inhabitants, however, had used a convenient back door, and by the time the Force arrived had made good their escape.

The present camp was built in 1907, which must date it as being one of the oldest in the Colony as the original buildings are all in use. Soon after this a high-ranking officer decided that camels would be good for the Force; eight animals were brought out to Goromonzi but they proved unsuccessful.

We certainly seem to have our share of transfers: Sergeant Smith, a shadow of his former self after three weeks in Depot on a refresher course (one name for it, anyway), has flitted off to Hartley and in his place we welcome Trooper West.

Census has us in its clutches, and all will be glad when the statisticians no longer wish to know the name of grandma's boy friend and other vital information. So long for now.

KU MUDZA NYAYA.

## DEPOT

Recruit training has gone quietly lately; a few new arrivals were seen a week or two ago, and by this time they have been absorbed into the machinations of Depot. The Display Team is still working hard, but I have not been able to see what they are doing lately. The other day I did see a man in full-dress on the green square riding "tandem," his leading horse having a beautiful white cockade, or plume between its ears. Most striking, I thought, and it recalled pleasant memories of Bertram Mills show at Olympia.

I see that lately there has been a number of photographs published of the newest stations in the Corps, so to keep the collection up to date I hope the Editor will publish one of the Town Police quarters in Depot, which are almost ready for the opening ceremony. Some of the rooms are already occupied, and from what I have seen of the place, the powers that be could have finished off a really imposing building by giving it a name: something like "Hotel Splendide."

The soccer teams are maintaining their reputation this year, and so far have done very well. Their team is not quite as strong as last year, but we have high hopes that they will retain some of the four trophies they collected in that season. Rugger continues with much keenness, and a most enjoyable game was played at the Umvukwes during the month.

It was too late last month to collect details of the Garrison Sports, to which I made some reference, but I believe this has been included on another page. In view of the many difficulties facing the Police teams, we did very well in some of the events.

Boxing has attracted a few of our younger policemen lately, and they put up a good show at a recent tournament in Salisbury. Given good training facilities, there is no reason why the Police should not have a strong team that would be able to compete under Police colours in these tournaments. At the moment, our boxers fight for one of the local clubs.

The Commissioner left for the U.K. on leave during the month, and Sergeant Kent returned from his leave at the coast. Lieut. van Niekerk, of the A.P.T.S., has also been away for a month, but is back on duty again.

This month's congratulations go to Sub-Inspector Baldwin on his promotion. We shall miss him on those Saturday morning Staff parades.

The most popular publications during the month have been Standing Orders and Police Regs; so 'midst the rustling of their pages I say adieu.

NDAIVEPO.

### BEITBRIDGE

It is three years since this station last appeared under Station Notes, and it would be a waste of readers' time, and the Editor's, to endeavour to fill the gaps, though many interesting personalities have passed by since then.

After conning File 74 it seems that practically the sole topic of conversation in the past has been the temperature. I feel that this has been overdone. It must be admitted, of course, that it is a trifle warm, our maximum this last season being 107, but I know, as I am sure many others do, of hotter and more unpleasant places than this. Of rain we have had our share for the season, about ten inches, yet we still survive and are doing very well.

This is now the busiest port of entry in the Colony, with a never-ending stream of immigrants and tourists to keep our friends at the Customs and Immigration busy.

Det. Sub-Insp. Bill Ward is i/c Immigration, with Det. Sergeant Dunbar and Mr. G. S. Brown assisting. At the Customs "Pop" Shepherd is still going strong, now fully recovered after a recent bout of 'flu.

The member i/c is 1/Sergeant Moray-Brown who, in the absence of horseflesh, has had to take to other pursuits, but luckily for him shootin' and fishin' are available. He is assisted by Constable "Jock" Johnston, now on his own since the departure of "Nobby" Clark after a couple of bouts of fever. The latter, we are sure, will miss the scope he had here for his hobby of mineralogy, and he was the only known resident, apart from "Pop" Shepherd, who climbed Lucheche Kopje for fun.

Crime flourishes, though not overwhelmingly, and with our numerous border activities keeps us fully occupied.

I feel that we have taken up enough of your space, Mr. Editor, but (if you insist) may manage a further contribution.

KAMBEWA.

### C.I.D., BULAWAYO

The recent arrival of Probationary Detectives R. Balchin, N. Newman, Bremner and G. Brown has eased the staff situation, and we trust they soon settle down to their new job.

Detective 1/Sergeant G. G. Lee, of the Active Section, is back with us again after doing a considerable amount of travelling in the interests of justice recently—from Bulawayo to Pretoria, thence to Salisbury and other parts of the Colony.

The recent change in the Police Gazette appears to be popular. The enormous increase in our population and number of crimes reported necessitated a change from the old system, and it was not simply a matter of just bringing our Gazette into line with those of other countries.

The past month has brought news from Ex-Inspector Charlie Raynor, now compound manager at the Antelope Mine; also Ex-Inspector L. Burton, at the Turk Mine, Inyati. Ex-Sergeant L. Bur-



This may recall nostalgic memories to many who now spend their days in an office.

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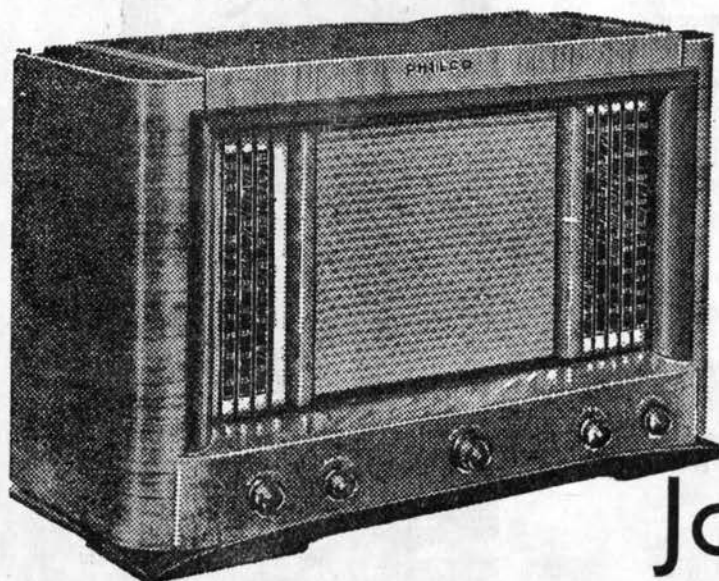
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bridge sends his regards from the Experimental Station at Matopos. A recent visitor to these offices was 2/Sergeant Bill Bailey, from Gutu, who announced his engagement whilst here.

Recent moves within the Department have resulted in Dave Craven entering our Records Department and Detective D. Bennison leaving the C.R.O. for the Active Section. This change resulted in Detective E. J. Sayer taking the chair in the Gazette office. Detective John Brett stayed with us for about a fortnight recently. He is now back in Salisbury. Another visitor was Det./Sergeant McKay, of Gwelo C.I.D.

Interest has been aroused again in the annual snooker competition, which takes place in the near future, when some 64 members play-off for the White City Cup. Judging from the handicapping, the favourites within the Department are Sub/Inspector "Knocker" Knight and 1/Sergeant Dave Williams. We should hear more on this subject next month. Dixie Bruce was seen on the soccer field again recently, thus dispelling all talk of him hanging his scoring boots up for good.

With examinations close at hand, most members concerned can be heard quoting Sections of the Gold Trade Act and the Immigration Regs. during off duty hours. Once again we extend our best wishes for their future prospects.

Before closing, Ex-D/Inspector "Ginger" Harries, now with the Customs Department in Bulawayo, sends his regards to old friends in the Force, as does ex-Detective/Inspector S. Compton, who is often seen in the Town Police Canteen.

Cheerio for the present. CARURO.

## MTOKO

In our last notes we reported the sad news of the closing down of our "local." This has been rescinded temporarily, so there is no need to go 90 miles for a beer—yet! Sergeant Beck, of the C.I.D., paid us a visit last week for the express purpose of tracking down a criminal.

Sub-Inspector Davenport also came on a visit, bringing his dogs, which did some good work in tracking down a wanted man. They followed the spoor for some considerable distance, eventually arriving at a hut in a small kraal; result, the arch-criminal received six weeks' imprisonment and three cuts. Another good piece of work the dogs did was to track down a rat which confessed to stealing three mealies. I hear the poor thing was let off with a caution. Sub-Inspector Davenport and his

dogs gave an excellent exhibition in front of some natives, and to impress them went through their performance of smelling out, with honours.

Constable Cave has returned to Banket after two weeks of strenuous work as Customs and Immigration officer. Jock Taylor is again in office after a quiet holiday in Salisbury. He was very much relieved to find the "local" had not closed down. Major Morris, our N.C., is again in harness after a pleasant six weeks at the coast.

Elephants have again disturbed the peace of Mtoko. About 14 miles from the Camp a large female was doing damage to the farmers' crops; so a shooting party was arranged and twelve crack shots comprising of farmers sought her out. After much trekking they discovered the marauder in a mealie patch, some hundred yards away. It was decided to skirmish a little nearer when, within fifty yards, they all fired together in volley fashion, each hunter expending three shots, making a total of thirty-six rounds. They swear it was killed, but so far we have not seen any evidence of this. One farmer declares she was a 120lb. tusker—I wonder how he knew?

We have a full staff on the border looking after the tsetse-fly control: One ranger and an entomologist. The ranger tells me he's seen one fly and many fleas, but life is pleasant trekking down flies to put in a bottle.

Our Customs Gate has collapsed at last. So we are hoping to have the latest boom installed. This I believe has been promised. Our very young members in Camp are quite pleased, as it can be used when the member in charge is not looking—as a see-saw.

Leopards are again on the prowl. A few days ago two goats and a dog were taken at the Leper Settlement. Our local missionary has to his credit shot 53, many of them on his verandah stoep. The last one was shot in his dining room at three o'clock in the morning. PARAHENDU.

## GATOOMA

Once again we commence with congratulations, this time to Troopers Cordy Hedge and Curt Welch for successfully negotiating the promotion exams. There must be something in the Gatooma air that does the trick, as every one who took the plunge into the deep waters of the promotion exams, this year came out the other side with the necessary number of marks. Applications for transfer to Gatooma District will now be considered.

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Another stalwart of the Gatooma Cricket Club has gone south to Bulawayo. Trooper Johnny Coulter has been transferred to the C.I.D. Det. Roger Sandall, of our own "Cloak and Dagger" Department, has no doubt given him all the gen concerning magnifying glasses, crepe soled shoes and the rest.

Ken Selby, after a very short stay in the "Hub of the Midlands," went to Hartley a few weeks ago and has no doubt been introduced to R./H. Fame and the Mondoro Reserve patrol, this being the standing introduction to all new arrivals at Hartley.

The worm has finally turned and Gatooma follows in the wake of England on the cricket field. The "bogey" of the Dalny Mine C.C. has been finally laid to rest. On Sunday, 29th April, 1951 (mark that date—it's a red-letter one in the Gatooma cricket calendar), Gatooma Police beat Dalny Mine by over 60 runs, after declaring at 177 for 3 in the second innings. C./I. Drewett, as an opening batsman, showed us how it was done in Bindura, and hit up 32 runs in the first innings, then bettered this with 47 in the second. This should permanently settle the question of an opening batsman.

Sergeant Raynor, of Chakari, is also worthy of mention for having the novel idea of daubing horse glue on his hands before taking the field—how else could he have held those catches?

The whereabouts is urgently required of Sergeant Rex Boddington, last seen boarding a south-bound train with wife and family laden down with sand buckets and spades and muttering something about sea air being the right cure for the "Night shift blues." It has just been discovered that there is no one capable of carrying on the job of this worthy Annotator of Statutes.

We welcome in his place Sergeant Townsend from the throbbing metropolis of Salisbury. Roy, having taken a good look at Gatooma—then a second look to make sure he wasn't mistaken the first time—seems to be settling down fairly well.

Now as the sun sinks slowly in the west and all good policemen fall in for sundowner parade, we say cheerio from Gatooma until next month.

HIS "X" MARK.

## Good Work by Police Dogs

Early this year the owner of the Hunyani Estates reported that his store had been broken into and that about £200 worth of stock had been stolen.

Police immediately went to the scene of the crime and, on a search being made of the immediate vicinity of the store, two bundles of new property were found; the cash drawer also was found smashed behind an ant hill.

On the arrival of the dog master he was given details of the crime and shown spots where the cash box and bundles of property had been found.

Dog Emil soon got busy and after several wrong starts found more bundles of property, including a gramophone and suitcase. These were all found within 150 yards of the store.

A bundle of property in a sack was also found in an old ant hill, and on examination it was found to contain new property and an old pair of trousers, in the pocket of which was a Protection Pass. The finding of the P.P. led to the identification and arrest in Darwendale the following day of the accused, who admitted having committed the crime.

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## This Book Brings South Africa Alive

A long while back Sarah Gertrude Millin wrote, by request of a London publisher, a book on South Africa called "The South Africans." It went through many impressions. After seven years it was revised and brought up to date.

The Second World War, the coming to power of the Nationalists, the death of General Smuts, and "Apartheid" radically changed the South African scene. Mrs. Millin, instead of another revision, has written a new and greatly enlarged book with a new title: *The People of South Africa*. (Central News).

The great success of "The South Africans" was due to a rare combination: utter factual accuracy and presentation. Mrs. Millin wrote with an artist's sense of the dramatic, and without distortion. She brought alive South Africa, its history from the first coming of the white man right up to to-day, with the result that the book was as gripping as a tale or play. She handled everything with utmost effect, but left the reader to come to the conclusions.

In her new book she does the same. The land, its history, its politics, its natives; all are handled to new and illuminating purpose. And, as before, from the narrative, the facts and, on occasion, from quoted outside comment (especially as to politics), the reader is left to form the conclusions.

Mrs. Millin is known to be a sympathiser with the outlook of General Smuts; yet, except for a cogent touch of irony here and there, the artist in her preserves detachment. One quote on South African politics from an American stands out in the reader's mind. Arrived, full of goodwill, on a business visit in the Union, he said: "The people hate too much." The author makes no comment on that comment.

*The People of South Africa*, like its predecessor, which it replaces, is a book which, whatever else written on its vast subject be missed, must be read. It stands apart; becomes automatically a standard work.

In *Policy for the West* (Allen & Unwin), Barbara Ward does not in so much fact, enunciate a new policy for Western Europe against the possibility of Russian aggression, as explain the policy already adopted by Great Britain and the United States of America.

This policy is, in the language of to-day, in sum, the "containment" of Russia; but the book has much more in it than the rather non-constructive attitude the word might imply. Miss Ward explains, once again, the Marxist theory of the self-destruction of capitalism. She goes on to stress the need for strength in facing Russia; she analyses the economic and social needs of the West, and, from there on, opens on the whole vast field of development; with the prime need of a continuous raising of living standards of the West and its sympathisers against aggressive Communism. Miss Ward writes well; she is clear from start to a finish which is a plea for a faith for the West.

Those who recall the Royal visit to Southern Africa will remember the super-battleship Vanguard used by the King and Queen. In *Nine Vanguards* (Hutchinson), Lt.-Commander P. K. Kemp has been moved to write the story of the successive "Vanguards" that have figured in the Royal Navy since the days when Britain became a great sea-power. His book, in the event, became much more than that; it is, in reality, the story of the Royal Navy, built as a narrative around the nine famous ships, and, in drama, development and fascinating detail, is one of the most readable books of its type.

Lt.-Commander Kemp has profound knowledge of his subject, and an easy and picturesque style. Nor does he spoil his book by over-romanticism—see his descriptions of life aboard the earliest men-of-war. No wonder Johnson uttered his famous saying about going to sea. The author, an authority on most matters of ships (see his standard work on the "America's Cup"), is productive only too seldom. He is an admirable historian, with the gift of continuously interesting the reader.

When you listen to the B.B.C. Overseas Service does it ever occur to you to wonder about the beginning and growth of this immense organisation and monopoly. If so, the book for you at the moment is *Good Listening: A Survey of Broadcasting*, by Elkan and Dorotheen Allan (Hutchinson). These two experts have devoted much time to investigating and considering the B.B.C. and all its quality. They have inside knowledge, fearlessness and a point of view. This book, as exhaustive as anything of its kind yet published, reflects these things; and with poise, point

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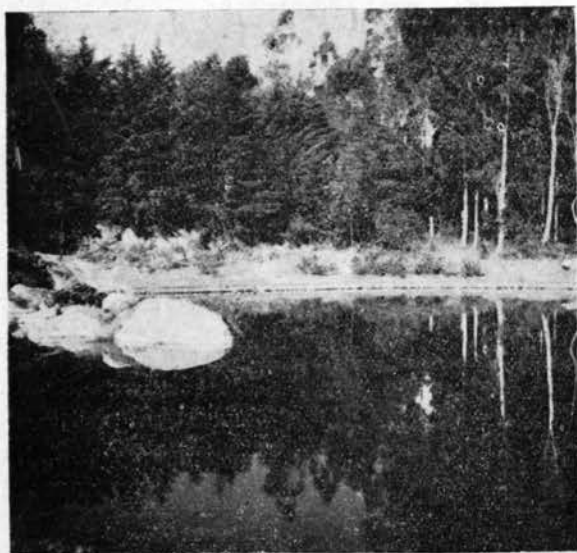
and purpose. Punches are not pulled; more than one of the Mighty of the Past and the Present will be perhaps more struck than pleased at the authors' opinion of them and their works. Nothing in connection with the B.B.C. is left unhandled. Yes, this book handles its subject; handles is the word; and to the entertainment as well as enlightenment of the reader. I beg of you to get hold of it.

For those who hold in their hearts a love of Britain and its countryside, *Watching the Certain Things*, by Ralph Wightman (Cassell) is a book not to be missed. The author, famous B.B.C. broadcaster, shares with A. G. Street the power of imparting to the reader the very atmosphere, unsentimentalised, but delightful, of the land. In this book, which is in structure no more than the record of a journey from Devon to London, Wightman is at his best in his special line. A book to read and browse over again.

---

"What is it exactly, being old? Well, it all depends on who you are: a boxer of thirty is an old man as a boxer. We start to go down the hill physically at the age of twenty—yes, twenty: 'from hour to hour we ripe and ripe, from hour to hour we rot and rot'; but our brain power, our mental alertness, is at its best somewhere about thirty usually, and it goes on about the same level, very little difference at all, until we're eighty—yes, eighty!"—*Dr. Martin Gumpert, the geniatric expert, in a BBC programme.*

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In the Vumba, Umtali.

## EXPANSION OF PILOT TRAINING IN RHODESIA

Plans are now in progress for the expansion of the training of Royal Air Force pilots in Southern Rhodesia, and a reorganisation in the Rhodesian Air Training Group, providing for two pilot training schools instead of one, has been announced by the Air Ministry in London.

Under the new arrangements the training of navigators in Rhodesia is to cease, and the two training schools at Heany and Thornhill will henceforth train pilots only.

The first pilots' course began at Thornhill, formerly a training school for navigators, in January and the second in March. By mid-September this school will provide no less than five parallel courses. The last navigators' course will pass out on October 1, a month before the completion of the first pilots' course. By that time nearly 300 navigators will have been trained at Thornhill since the revival of the Rhodesian Air Training Group in 1947.

Among the considerations which have influenced the decision to cease navigator training in Southern Rhodesia was the necessity of establishing an additional school for pilot training there and by a reorganisation it was found possible to absorb Rhodesian navigator training into the existing air navigation schools in the U.K.

One of the chief advantages of the change, the Air Ministry say, is that problems of supply and equipment, organisation and maintenance, will be considerably simplified due to the fact that two identical units in R.A.T.C. will both be engaged on pilot training and use the same type of aircraft.

During the last war the air training scheme operated ten stations and an initial training wing in Rhodesia, all of which concentrated on pilot training only.

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DOWN.—1, Dip; 2, Redeem; 3, Flapper; 4, Spice; 5, Kent; 6, Prefer; 7, Serif; 8, Covet; 11, Orange; 13, Also; 16, April; 18, Meets; 19, Nicer; 21, Train; 22, Bonus; 23, Flap; 24, Femur; 26, Peril; 28, Human; 29, Rede; 31, Madam; 32, Dital; 34, Regal; 37, Camera; 39, Salamis; 41, Petard; 43, Recant; 44, Gala; 45, Count; 46, Reign; 47, Girth; 49, Loss; 52, Why.

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# HASSAN, the Hunchback

THE lonely outpost at Wajir is not a health resort at the best of times, and in the hot weather especially, the heat radiating from the arid bush and sand of the Northern Frontier District of Kenya is enough to fray the strongest of nerves, even those of Bill, the District Commissioner, who usually was the most placid of men. After all, who could blame him, for being confined to a small whitewashed stone office during the greatest heat of the day listening to long and interminable bickerings between tribal chiefs over their respective water and grazing rights, was grim with that grimness that passes all understanding and human patience.

I was in command of the 3rd King's African Rifles Detachment at the boma at the time, and not having much to do myself, I used to sit beside Bill in the "Court" and listen to the cases so as to improve my Swahili and Somali languages, and—I pitied Bill.

One particularly trying morning Bill had just concluded a case and was mopping his brow and watching a police askari waving a cloth about the room to rid the heat-laden atmosphere of the pungent smell of human sweat and *ghee* (fat), before he called the next case.

"Thank goodness it will soon be 'brunch' time," he groaned glancing at his watch, for at Wajir, "brunch" was the meal we had at eleven o'clock, a mixture of breakfast and tiffin, after which one rested for a while before returning to the Court.

"Well, Mohammed?" he asked the tall six-foot four Sudanese police sergeant who saluted before him. "What's the next *shauri*? (affair)."

"The village headman is bringing in the hunchback *mtoto*, Hassan Ali, again, Bwana D.C."

"What has the child been doing this time?" asked the D.C. wearily.

Hassan Ali was a small Somali boy of about twelve years of age. He was a miserable looking hunchback, with a large head, and pipe-stem limbs. He owned to no parents while the fanatical children of Islam, through religious scruples, were forced to feed him as they would any other "afflicted by Allah." Hassan belonged to the Mohammed Zubeir tribe, and as he was more or less a cripple, he was not able to accompany the tribe on its nomadic wanderings, therefore he dosed somewhere in the village, where he was fed on scraps, and led a precarious existence. All the same his dark piercing eyes were alive with

cunning and he was always being accused—with just cause—of stealing from one or another of the huts. He could not be beaten, and the D.C. was at his wits end to know what to do with the lad.

Sergeant Mohammed shrugged his broad shoulders. "He has been stealing again, Bwana D.C. The wife of Ahamed Seyyed accuses him of stealing a large piece of meat from her hut, but, Allah, blessings be on his name, only knows."

"Bring him in," grunted Bill, pulling forward his case book.

Hassan looked a miserable specimen as he was led in by a Somali askari. He had a ragged piece of cloth wrapped about his dust-encrusted body.

## By "BADMASH"

His long straight hair was matted and his legs seemed hardly strong enough to hold up the misshapen body with its great hump, above which was a thin neck and enormous head. His beady eyes glared malevolently at the D.C.

The case was soon settled, and not worthy of repetition. Hassan had definitely purloined the meat, and the wife of Ahamed Seyyed went unhappily away. For a few moments Bill stared at the urchin wondering what to do with him, for things could not go on as they were. At last his eyes brightened and he turned to Sergeant Mohammed.

"Ibrahim Saleh, the chief of the Mohammed Zubeir, was in here earlier on, O Shawesh. Is he still without?"

The Sergeant went out and returned in a few minutes with the bearded figure of the Somali chief.

Bill pointed to an upturned ammunition box at the side of the room and the chief sat down, and eyed the D.C. suspiciously, while cracking his knuckle bones in the irritating way they have when their minds are working at lightning speed.

"It is about Hassan Ali, the hunchback," said Bill. "Something must be done about the lad, O Chief."

Ibrahim nodded sagely. "That is so, Bwana D.C. But what? He is afflicted of Allah, and having no people of his own, and being a cripple, he cannot journey with us in the 'nyika.' He must remain in the village."



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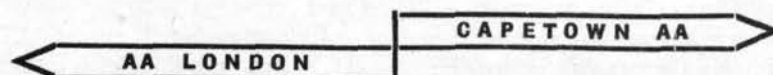
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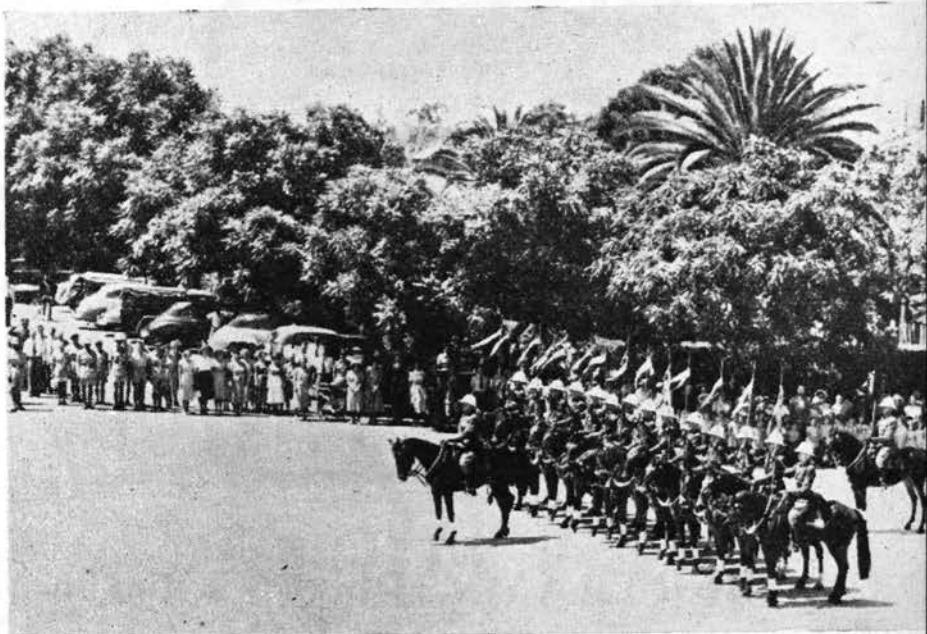
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"That he will not," snapped Bill. "He is always stealing and I cannot punish him by imprisonment, nor beating, but you have many camels, and can carry him on one of their backs."

"But . . ." commenced Ibrahim, and Bill thumped the table. "Take him now, O Chief, and if I find him in the village again, you will be fined. He is one of your tribe. See to it. I have spoken."

Ibrahim stood up, his brows puckered. Then his face lightened. "Bwana, what if he should be cured?"

"Impossible," grunted Bill. "Nothing can cure the lad."

"We know of a good and clever *mganga* (witchdoctor) in the neighbourhood," said Ibrahim. "If he can cure the hunchback shall I be given a good present, O Bwana?"

"You shall, indeed," replied the D.C. at once. "In fact, I shall remit three of the camels I fined you for fighting with the Adjuran over their wells if you can cure him."

Ibrahim beamed. "Then I may take the lad O Bwana?"

"Take him to the devil if you wish, but don't let me see him again as he is." With a deep salaam Ibrahim, with Hassan Ali slinking at his heels, left the room.

Time passed, monotonous days, a purgatory of heat and boredom, and Hassan Ali passed from our minds, until one day something brought him to mind. Bill spoke to the Interpreter sitting at the side of the desk.

"O Yusuf, what of the hunchback Hassan Ali, is there no news of him? I have missed him in the Court these several weeks."

I thought that Yusuf looked uncomfortable for a moment, and Bill saw my glance. The Somali spoke. "There is no news, Bwana, Ibrahim Saleh took him as ordered, and I believe I heard that the lad had been cured."

"If that is so," snapped Bill suspiciously, "why has not Ibrahim been here for his reward?"

Yusuf shrugged. "Allah knows. He might be away in his *manyattas* (villages)."

Knowing the Somalis and their ways, this did not ring true to Bill, but he said nothing more at the time, but after the Court had closed he called Sergeant Mohammed to him, and had a long conversation. The result of which was that two mounted Somali police askaris rode out of the boma that evening and vanished into the neighbouring bush.

A week later the two policemen returned. I was busy with my troops when I saw them enter Bill's office, and was surprised when an orderly came for me some half an hour later with a message that Bill wanted me. I went over.

Bill sat facing the askaris while Sergeant Mohammed and the interpreter stood nearby. Bill was frowning heavily while Yusuf was cracking his knuckles in the usual irritating fashion.

"Listen to this, Mac," said Bill, as I sat down. "These two lads found a deserted manyatta in thick bush some two days safari from here. They made search but found nothing in the huts, nor



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## News at the Breakfast Table

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did they hear anything of the hunchback from Somalis they encountered on the way, although they are certain that something is known, but being hidden. Then Ogleh here," he pointed to one of the police, "discovered several ox skins sewn together and discarded, while nearby there was a deep pit, at least not deep exactly, but say eighteen inches down and wide. Beside the half-covered hole there was a large stone. It looks deuced suspicious. What do you think?"

I agreed with Bill. "What are you going to do, old man?" I asked.

Bill thought for a moment. "I am going to send out a Corporal, and these lads, and four others, to round up Comrade Ibrahim and bring him in, also see if they can find any trace of that *mganga*. There's more in this than meets the eye. I think that Ibrahim will have a lot of explaining to do," he concluded.

Personally, I thought we were well rid of the hunchback, but no one was allowed to just disappear without some investigation, otherwise the district would soon be the scene of all kinds of murders and the like. I saw that Bill was right.

He gave his instructions to Sergeant Mohammed, and the patrol went off with orders to bring in the Chief Ibrahim and the witchdoctor, if they could find him.

Another week passed, when the patrol arrived back accompanied by Chief Ibrahim Saleh, and a decrepit looking specimen. The latter was an old man dressed in rags with a thin, pinched face from which bead-like eyes glittered. He seemed to have no flesh on his bones and was at least eighty years of age, but agile all the same, for he showed no signs of distress after his long walk. He was the *mganga* apparently.

Neither of the two prisoners seemed at all nervous, in fact Ibrahim seemed bursting with indignation at having lost his dignity by being arrested. Several times he had to be stopped by Mohammed as he was about to burst into voluble talk.

The *mganga* merely sat quietly on his box and searched his cloth for lice. Being an old man Bill had allowed him to sit.

Bill began to question the two about Hassan Ali the hunchback, and soon the tale began to unfold, and I shuddered at what was disclosed.

Apparently Hassan had been taken to the distant village, where a meeting of the elders had been held. The *mganga* had been sent for, and

had agreed to "cure" the cripple, but it would take time. The *shauri* was arranged.

First of all two fresh ox skins had been sewn together, then the shallow pit had been dug and lined with the skins. Water had been poured into the hole and the wretched Hassan had been placed therein and fastened. There he soaked for several days. When the *mganga* considered the victim was sufficiently soaked and pliable, he was taken out, and tied face down to the ground. A large rock had been brought which had been placed on the lad's hump. The *mganga* assured the chief that the patient would soon be well for the rock would flatten out the hump and make the lad the same as anyone else.

What torture Hassan had gone through can be imagined, and he died a nasty death. The Chief became alarmed knowing what the Government thought of strange deaths in the tribes, and rated the *mganga* soundly, and the witchdoctor went off in high dudgeon. The body was taken far into the thick bush and buried (later the remains were unearthed as evidence), and the village moved on.

The tale at an end, there was silence in the Court for a few minutes, then Bill commenced to speak. What he said need not be repeated here. The witchdoctor squirmed, but Chief Ibrahim seemed more and more indignant.

"And before I pass sentence, O Ibrahim, what have you to say?" demanded Bill grimly.

The chief began to splutter with self-righteous wrath. "Did you not, O Bwana D.C., tell me to take the lad to the devil, where I hope he is now? Did you not say you did not want to see him again as he was then? Well, I did my best, and if this *Shaitan* here," he pointed a finger at the vermin-hunting reprobate who seemed quite uninterested in the proceedings, "killed the boy, is it my fault?"

Chief Ibrahim Saleh was fined fifty baggage camels, while the *mganga* was sent down for two years in the local "black hole" which was our jail.

As the old villain was being led from the room he turned and shook a fist at Ibrahim, then screamed at Bill. "And what of my fee, O Protector of the Poor? For did I not cure the hunchback of his affliction, even if he did die, which is better so in the eyes of Allah?"

That, of course, was one way of looking at it, but strange are the workings of the Somali mind.

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# Dogs on Beat

*With an outbreak of rabies prevailing in the Colony, the present may not be considered a propitious time to discuss the greater use of Police Dogs. In the B.S.A.P. we use dogs, and indeed successfully, to detect crime; but so far we have not used them in a preventative capacity, our foremost function. Other countries, especially the United Kingdom and Germany, are putting more faith in the use of dogs on the beat, and have found their experience justifiable. The controversy over the value of Police Dogs overseas seems to have settled down to an acceptance of them as a necessity.*

**M**ANY modern Police Forces are viewing the dog in a new light. Practically everywhere he has to date been used for the detection of crime. There is an exception, in Germany, where for many years the Railway Police have used police dogs to prevent crime. As early as 1929 it was commonplace to see the German wolfhound accompanying his master on the beat.

An extract from the Metropolitan Police Commissioner's report for 1949 concerning the use of dogs, reads:—

"The year was one of progress and much experience was gained in the use of police dogs for the prevention and detection of crime. . . . Dogs and handlers working with aids to C.I.D. were again employed in the Royal Parks of "A" Division, particularly Hyde Park, during the summer, with the object of preventing and detecting hand-bag larcenies. A substantial increase in the number of cases was expected this year; instead, there was a decrease of 25 per cent. on 1948, and twelve arrests, one more than the previous year, were made."

The report continues to stress the police dogs' value for preventative work, stating that more dogs will be acquired during 1950 for this type of duty.

Metropolitan Police plans for 1951, published by authority and quoted in the "Police Review," 5th January, 1951, include the following:—

"An attempt is being made to teach police dogs to obey orders from different officers, instead of the present system of obedience to one master. The existing number of forty police dogs is to be doubled."

This Force worked only twenty-three dogs in 1949, which were increased to thirty-five in 1950. Nature, in the form of the police dogs, must have produced some amazing results to warrant the confidence in the animals, especially when the world is turning so much to scientific aids.

The Standing Joint Committee of the Surrey Constabulary covering such heavily built up areas as Croydon, Reigate, Redhill and the many towns

which have grown alongside the electrified railway, have authorised an expenditure of £500 on a training school for police dogs, which have proved their value when used on patrol work in areas where burglaries are prevalent.

The Royal Air Force employs eight hundred dogs on guard and patrol duties, practically all Alsations which, it is claimed, are the best type of patrol animal. They make what may be rather

By

**Det. Sub. Inspector K. D. LEAVER**

an exaggerated claim: that one of these dogs does the work of five men. The Middle East Training School of the R.A.F. is drawn upon by the Military and Naval Police for their needs.

In Southern Rhodesia, we have witnessed some signal successes where police dogs have been used as trackers. They have been used to detect crime, but we have not utilised them for our paramount duty—prevention.

Labradors and Alsations are well known on the Continent. These, and the Boxer, are the animals used on preventative duties, whilst the Dobermann of Palestine fame falls under the category of a tracker.

The use of police dogs for crowd control, strikes, riots, and serious epidemics of crime, is well worthy of consideration. During the severe winter of 1946, German railway drivers were scared to halt their goods trains in any big siding, as local inhabitants turned out en masse, clearing the trucks of food and coal in a matter of minutes. Policemen could only deal with a fraction of the crowd at a time, while the remainder helped themselves. At the appearance of a couple of dogs on the scene, however, the raiders melted away. There was no need for anyone to suffer injury; the effect was a psychological one. (See "Policemen on Four Legs"—*Police Review*, 1st December, 1950.)

A case was recently reported from Surrey where a constable on beat with a dog saw a man



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down a lane interfering with a stationary car. On seeing the police uniform the miscreant absconded, to be chased by the dog which was released. As he neared the fugitive the constable shouted his order, which resulted in the dog standing and holding the suspect at bay until arrested. The fear that dogs might injure their prey resulting in a claim for damages appears to be unfounded. The commandant of a German Railway Police Training School made exhaustive enquiries on the Continent and in Britain, stating that up to the present time no such claim has ever been made.

Is it a feasible and economic proposition to use more dogs in the Colony for preventative duties? The African population have from time immemorial recognised the dog as a preventative force. Their only use for the animal is a protective one. They take them on long journeys with them, turn them loose round the kraals at night, and have over the years trained them as trackers. Never have they been considered pets; they are ancillary to the household.

A sense of security is enjoyed by the European population when there is a dog in the house. The dog, therefore, is a great psychological element on the population from the preventative angle. In our towns we are frequently troubled with epidemics of housebreaking, room thieving, thefts from cars and, of course, cycle thefts. The use of dogs on the beat might be a great factor in preventing these types of crime. They could be worked by European or African details, and, should a serious outbreak occur, dogs could be switched to the area

affected. With long straight streets and sanitary lanes, they would appear ideal. Like the German police, they could be taught the elementary lessons—"stand," "heel," "sit," etc., and be contained on the beat with medium length strops with a quick release catch. The human element, of course, has to be considered. Nobody can anticipate or fathom the Bantu mind, but hungry people such as the German population of 1946 were very much the same.

We have far greater scope for the use of dogs on the beat in Rhodesia than overseas, and the psychological effect would equal that of the horse on the population in rural districts. Alsations or Boxers regularly patrolling crime areas would, no doubt, prevent a lot of the crime we are called upon to detect. As soon as an outbreak is recognised as such, dogs could move in to the area. The news would soon reach the right ears that they were on the beats. They would also be an asset in outlying suburbs, especially where the lighting leaves much to be desired. At the larger railway stations they would act as a deterrent to the would-be pocket pickers.

So far, we have utilised the dog only in the final duty category under which they are placed—detection. Their use on the other two, preventative work on the beats and guard duties in enclosed premises, is worthy of consideration, especially now that other forces are accepting them as a necessary adjunct to successful policing. Greater satisfaction is derived from prevention than detection.

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# Bolts from the Blue . . .

"PLEASE send a piece of star to my King George, and tell him what happened in my country, and what has visited us, for I know that he will be interested."

This message, from Chief Chongo, of Nteme, in Northern Rhodesia, is given in a despatch from the Governor of Northern Rhodesia, Sir Gilbert Rennie, to the Secretary of State for the Colonies. Enclosed with the despatch was a fragment of the meteorite which was observed high above the Rhodesias in the early hours of October 5, last year. The "piece of star" has been accepted by the King who has commanded the Governor to convey to Chief Chongo His Majesty's sincere appreciation of his action.

The meteorite was low and bright enough to awaken people from their sleep, and appeared as a large ball of fire, with an illuminated tail. When it exploded near Monde in the Mazabuka District of the Southern Province of Northern Rhodesia, the detonation was heard over an area of approximately 20,000 square miles. Experts consider that the meteorite must have weighed at least 20 tons.

In his description of the occurrence, Chief Chongo said that after the reverberations of the explosion had died away, a strong and very cold wind came from the direction in which the meteorite had disappeared. It was difficult to determine the actual line of flight owing to conflicting reports, and in this connection it is pointed out that the meteorite, when still fairly high in the sky, would be reported by two observers, 30 miles apart, as being overhead at both points at the same time. Many fragments were recovered, the majority ranging from one and a half to two and a half inches in diameter. Experts who have examined them found nothing new to science, but suggest (subject to the results of final analysis) that the metal constituent may be from the platinum-palladium group.

The report of a geophysicist adds: "It appears then, that once again there is nothing new in this meteorite which is not known on earth—both in elements, minerals and rock type; but it serves to indicate, even more, how much we and our earth are an integral part of the solar system and of the Greater Universe." Aerial surveys have been carried out to locate the "head" of the meteorite, but without success.

The Natural History Museum, South Kensington, London, possesses the finest collection of meteoric relics in the world.

A curious history attaches to one of the meteorites there, which unknown ages ago hurtled from the heavens, and which was found in the Gran Chaco province of Argentina. About 1810, when Spanish ships were blockading the coast at the beginning of the struggle for independence, the Government at Buenos Aires, being short of iron, thought of making use of the meteoric iron known to exist in the Gran Chaco.

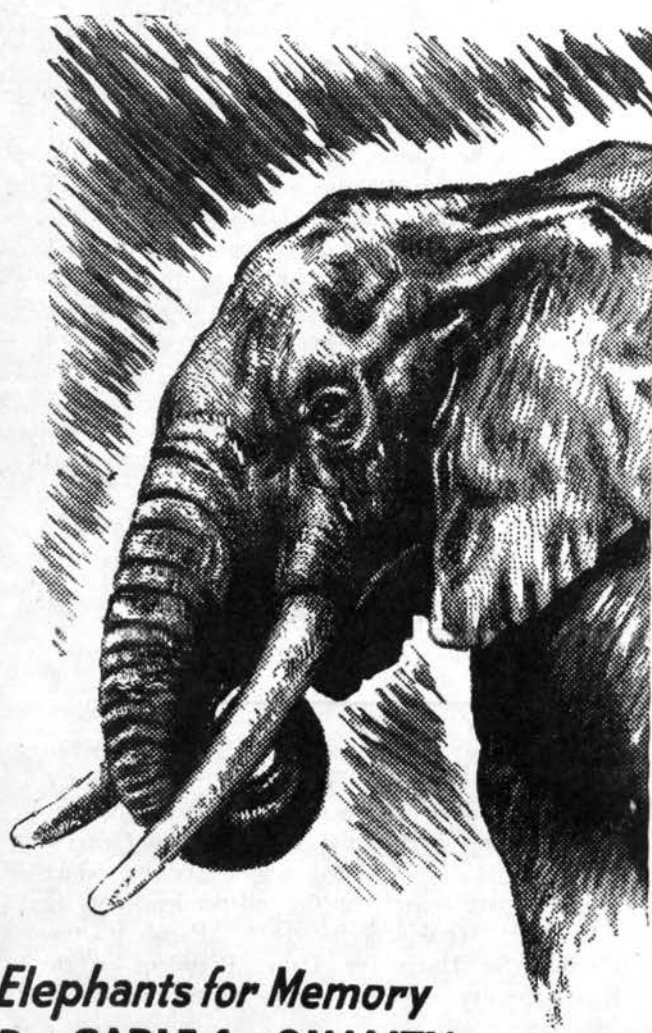
The mass, now loaned to Glasgow, was brought to the capital at great expense, but when it arrived the blockade had been raised. As an experiment a pair of pistols was manufactured

**By E. R. YARHAM  
F.R.G.S.**

from the iron, and sent as a gift to the President of the United States. The main bulk, however, was not used in the arsenal, but was given to Sir Woodbine Parish, the British Consul-General, when in 1825 he signed the treaty by which Great Britain recognised the independence of the Argentine Republic. In 1826, Parish, acting through Sir Humphrey Davy, President of the Royal Society, gave the meteorite to the British Museum.

The history of many of the world's most noted meteorites is extremely interesting. Not long back there came news of the discovery of an enormous meteorite for which explorers have searched 400 years in vain. A coincidence is that this newly-discovered meteorite also lies in Argentina, and the finding of it is not only of scientific importance, but it may also involve the transference of 1,500,000 acres of land from the Gran Chaco to the province of Santiago del Estero.

It was as long ago as the middle of the sixteenth century that the Spanish conquistadores noticed that the spears used by the Indians of Northern Argentina were tipped with iron. The natives told them of a legendary meteorite, which had crashed in "the long ago," causing widespread terror, but they had never been able to discover it.



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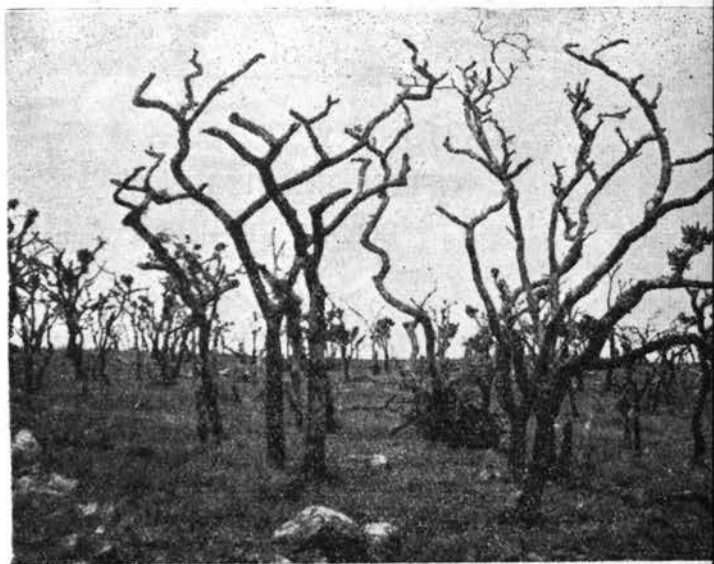
The mysterious meteorite was called "Meson de Fierro," and in 1884 the Argentine Congress decreed that the boundary line between the province of Santiago del Estero and the Gran Chaco was to pass over the "meson." A line subsequently drawn at hazard in accordance with this provision has now been found to be about thirteen miles distant from the spot where the meteorite lies buried.

Similarly, in many other parts of the world the descent of a gigantic meteorite was so impressive that traditions of the event have been handed down for generations, even centuries. In the heart of Central Australia are many great meteoric craters which the Government has taken steps to preserve. The largest of these is 220 yards by 120 yards, and is from 50 feet to 60 feet deep. Others are circular, 80 yards and 60 yards across. When, six years back, scientists went to examine the site they found the blacks would not come within two miles of it, calling it the "sun walk fire devil rock."

One of the most celebrated legends in Arabia declared that in the centre of the "Forbidden Quarter" (crossed only by two white men, Mr. Bertram Thomas and Mr. H. St. John Philby), lay the ruins of a once magnificent city and that there was also a weird block of iron as large as a camel. A writer tells us that: "The Arab geographers of old have many strange and fabulous tales to tell of this city of Warbar and its semi-simian, mono-membranous occupants—one-legged, one-eared, one-eyed, one-armed monsters."

In more modern times the story speaks of Warbar as being the capital of King Ad Ibn Kin Ad. He maintained a riotous court and, neglecting warnings, was finally destroyed with his concubines by fire from heaven. When Mr. Philby reached the site of the supposed city he found it consisted of a collection of huge meteoric craters, some opened, others buried by the sand. A block of iron was found, and it now rests in the British Museum, but it is nothing so large as a camel, rumour having magnified its size. Possibly the legend was founded on an eye-witness account of the meteorite's fall.

During modern times the Siberian meteorite was, without doubt, the largest that has hit the earth. It met its end in 1908 in the heart of a vast pine forest. If it had fallen upon a large city the results would have been too awful to contemplate. As it was, so isolated is the district, that although the fall took place 30 years ago, even now much remains to be learned about the catastrophe and news of what had happened only petered through months after the occurrence. But the disturbance of the atmosphere and the terrific



SCORCHED EARTH.—Result of a veld fire.

"clouds" of dust and minute particles caused brilliant sunsets which were visible almost round the world.

The site is only approachable over rough trackways and the Soviet authorities are not very willing to give permission to scientists to visit it. In summer the region is one of peat bogs and mosquitoes; in winter it is deep in snow and blasted beneath from 40 to 60 degrees of frost. Nobody will ever know what actually happened when the meteorite plunged into the bog, for no human beings were near. If they had been they would have perished. Sir Richard Gregory, a year or two back, stated that at the nearest settlement, 50 miles away, people were scorched by the heat and houses were damaged.

Many herds of animals were destroyed including 1,500 domesticated reindeer. The heat of the explosion as the meteorite shattered fired the country for miles around, and the blast of air laid waste the forest over hundreds of square miles. Incredible as it may sound, the pines collapsed like ninepins over a radius of 37 miles. Millions of them still lie as they fell as photographs show.

Easily the most marvellous and awe-inspiring meteoric crater is that known as the Canyon Diablo, in Arizona. The impact of some enormous meteorite at an unknown period gouged out this great basin known from the earliest times to surrounding tribes. It is four-fifths of a mile in diameter and 1,200 feet deep. The force of the collision and resultant explosion were so immense that the surrounding strata have been completely



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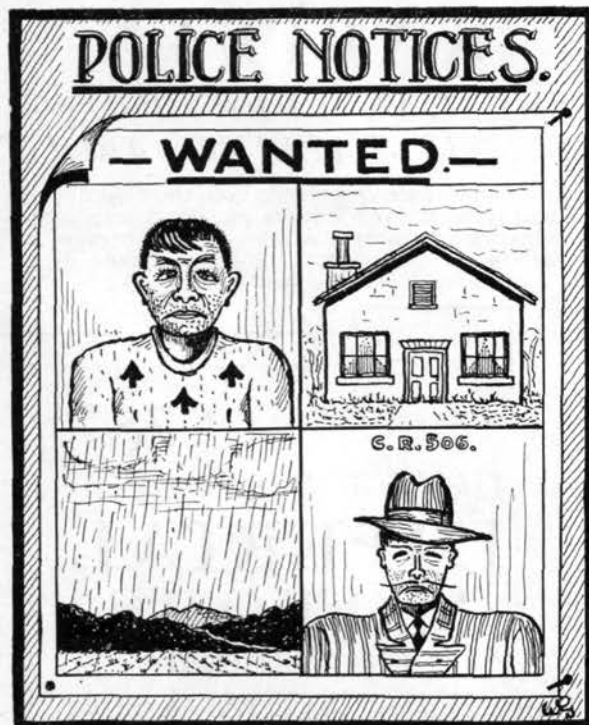


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buckled out of position. Dr. Spencer, Keeper of Mineralogy at South Kensington, says the mass probably weighed 14,000,000 tons. Within a radius of six miles of the crater there are said to have been picked up more meteorite fragments, shattered from the main mass, than on the rest of the earth's surface.

South Africa has two notable meteorite sites. A year or two back a mass weighing  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cwt. was sent to Kensington from the desert near Gibeon, in Namaqualand. The masses of iron there were first heard of about a century ago, the natives showing weapons tipped with iron. Four hundred miles north lies the Hoba meteorite, weighing between 50 and 70 tons. Peary, of Polar fame, shipped a tremendous 36-ton meteorite from Greenland to New York, where it can be seen in the Natural History Museum.

Another noted Greenland meteorite has been lying on Bisco Island, close to the coast, for unknown ages. It is reputed to weigh about 100 tons. Fragments from it show the mass contains copper, iron, silver, and the rare mineral polonium, one of the decomposition elements of radium. About one in ten meteorites are composed of nearly pure iron, but besides the metals mentioned, nickel, cobalt, chromium and magnesium are found.



## NEW WAYS WITH THE TARTAN

One of the most cherished privileges of the Highlander in Scotland is the right to wear his clan tartan, material of a specially woven and coloured check. Each clan has its own tartan pattern and only members of the clan may rightfully wear it. No McInnes would wear the Robertson tartan, and no Gordon would wear the Campbell, whilst no Lowlander with a spark of decency would dare to wear a tartan at all. That is how the matter stands in Scotland, but Leonard Miall, the BBC's Washington correspondent, spoke in "Radio Newsreel" of the craze for tartan that is sweeping America. No one bothers about having any ancestral claim to a tartan, which is THE thing at the moment, a craze exceeding anything of its kind that has been known before. Women go far beyond a mere tartan skirt or suit and have tartan handbags, shoes and even tartan deerstalker hats. But it is men who have taken to tartan in the biggest way. The really up-to-date American does not limit himself to anything so simple as a tartan dinner jacket. He has a matching tartan bow tie, a tartan cummerbund, tartan bows on his pumps and tartan cuff links. Conservative Highlanders' hair would stand on end at the sight of the sports jackets trimmed with brass buttons which are sold in New York and the tweed jackets with tartan backing to the collar and tartan turnings to the side pockets. Miall mentioned a friend, an advertising agent in New York, who used to have a waistcoat with the back made from his own clan tartan. This, not seen until he took his jacket off, was referred to as an invisible export. This agent hopes that as Americans have taken to tartan so violently they may take the next logical step and venture out on Broadway in the kilt.

## THE MAD ENGLISH

"I'm a supporter of English pubs—on the whole, I think they're admirable—though there's one little thing they don't understand, and that's the odd habit some people have of reading in bed. Almost invariably they have one glaring, naked light bulb in the ceiling directly above the bed, so that it beats down into your eyes when you try to read. I happen to like reading in bed, it's the one peaceful half-hour of the day, and I solve the problem in these pubs by wearing my hat, as a protection against the glare. My wife, however, hasn't a suitable hat, so she was reduced recently to putting her umbrella up, and using it as a kind of tent. It made an odd little picture of the eccentric British in pursuit of comfort."—Howard Marshall.

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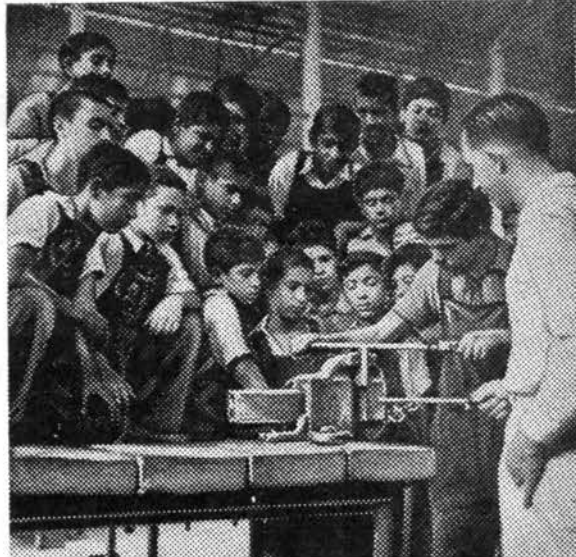
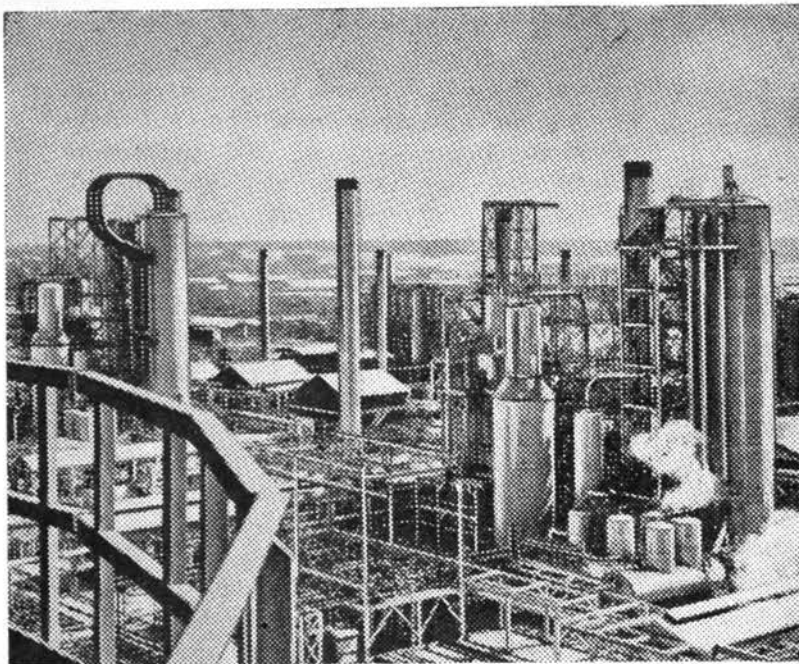
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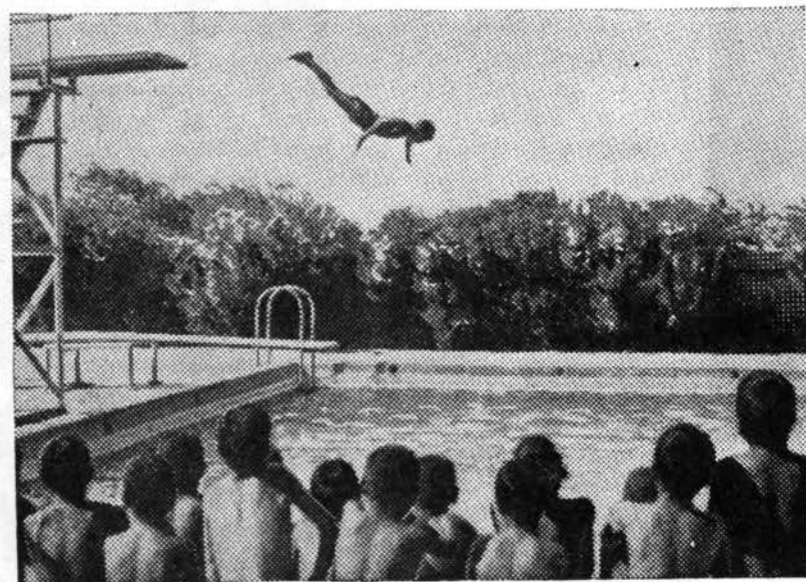


Above: Persian youths are trained by the company to become skilled craftsmen in the oilfields.

Left: Fifty years ago Abadan, site of the world's largest refinery, was a barren, uninhabited island.



Above: The oil company built this £100,000 Technical College in Abadan. Here Persians can train to become highly skilled technicians and fill some of Anglo-Iranian's most senior posts.



## PERSIAN OIL DISPUTE

THE vast oil undertaking in Southern Persia, which British capital and enterprise have built up in the last 40 years into an asset worth well over £100,000,000, "... has been faced by the Persian Parliament with a unanimous vote in favour of nationalisation".

Oil has meant much more to the country than money alone, although the £70,000,000 so far paid in royalties and taxation constitutes a big proportion of the national income. Persia is depending upon future oil revenue to finance her Seven-Year Plan.

Abadan not only boasts the world's largest refinery, but its private social welfare organisation is unique in the Middle East. There and in the oilfields the British Anglo-Iranian Oil Company has provided schools, hospitals, clinics, houses, cinemas, swimming pools and sports stadiums for Persian employees and their families.



Above: Remarkable results have been achieved by the company's health and welfare services in preventing epidemics. Left: Over 16,000 Abadan employees, including many labourers, live in company housing schemes with full recreational facilities.

# SPORT.

## SOCCER TEAM VISITS BEIRA

PORTUGUESE hospitality at its best was recently enjoyed by members of the Salisbury Police Soccer team which visited Beira at the invitation of the Grupo Desportivo de Beira to send a strong team to play in two matches. Chief Inspector Thompson, as manager, and Constable Rowland as trainer accompanied the team, which arrived at the seaport on the morning of Saturday, April 14. They were welcomed at the station by the Commissioner of Police (Captain Pinto), Mr. Marino Moreira and various club officials, who all accompanied them to the hotel on the beach, where the visitors were to stay.

The first match, played in the afternoon, was against the Grupo Desportivo Club on the Beira

Amateur Sports Club ground, the winners of which were to receive a cup presented by local soccer supporters. Before a large and appreciative crowd, some very exciting play was enjoyed, and at one stage the home team led by two goals. After a rally by the Police, however, the match ended in a draw, the final score being 3—3. In spite of the result, the Police were presented with the cup, as the Beira soccer authorities insisted that the visitors were at a disadvantage owing to the difference in altitude and made it a rule that the local team must win to retain the cup.

After the match the police visitors received their first taste of Portuguese hospitality at a sundowner at the Beira Police Headquarters. Good fellowship was the order of the evening, and amidst much vocal entertainment from both hosts and guests, a most enjoyable evening was spent, ending with a dip in the sea.

After such a strenuous afternoon and evening, the visitors spent the next morning relaxing on the beach and in the sea, both very welcome in the unaccustomed hot weather.

The second match, played on Sunday afternoon, was against the Beira Railway Team, and although it did not produce the thrills of the previous day's play, the large crowd present showed their appreciation continuously. This match also ended in a draw, 2—2.

The Grupo Desportivo Club entertained the visitors to a sundowner after the match, and at this function they were able to watch a basket-ball game—a sport which is very popular in Beira. The Club hopes to find some good competition when their basket-ball team visits Salisbury at some future date.

Following this sundowner party, the Club entertained the Police to a dinner at the Miramar Hotel. Amongst the guests were Captain Pinto, the Commissioner of the Beira Police, Mr. Baggott, the Rhodesian Consul, officials of the local sports clubs and members of the British community in Beira. The guests were welcomed by Mr. Marino Moreira, Chairman of the Grupo Desportivo Club, and in replying on behalf of the visitors, Mr. Thompson referred to the good relations that exist between the two territories and to the fact that sport could do a great deal to bond this friendship still firmer. A most enjoyable evening was spent at this function.

The sea and beach again attracted the players the following morning, and later Captain Pinto entertained Mr. Baggott, Chief Inspector Thompson, Sergeant Buchanan and Constable Rowland to a private luncheon. At this function Chief In-



The plaque presented to the B.S.A.P. by the Commissioner of the Beira Police.



spector Thompson accepted from Captain Pinto, on behalf of the Police players, a mounted plaque in commemoration of their visit to Beira. This plaque will remain in the Sergeants' Mess in Depot, together with other souvenirs. It was noted that great care had been taken in the decoration of the luncheon hall, and much emphasis was placed on the British aspect of life. The menu also bore reference to the British Industries Fair and the main events taking place during the Festival of Britain.

To end a most enjoyable visit to Portuguese territory, the team was given a warm and friendly send-off at the railway station by Police and Club officials, and it was with much regret that they returned to Salisbury. They look forward to entertaining their Portuguese friends in Salisbury at some not-too-distant date.

## SOCCER

### FIRST LEAGUE

*Police vs. Municipals*

22nd April, 1951

The game opened at a fast pace and within four minutes Municipals scored. After this, play was fast and robust, with Police having slightly the better of exchanges; but their efforts failed to produce results. At the interval Municipals were still leading by one goal.

In the second half Police went on to the attack, and Clapham, after receiving a pass from Jimmie Marnoch, scored the equaliser. Despite further efforts by the Police the game ended in a draw, 1—1.

*Team*—Rawson, Inglis, Taylor, Marnoch, Reid, Buchanan (captain), McCrory, Clapham, Dick, Wright, Bester.

*Police vs. Callies*

28th April, 1951

In a thrilling Austen Cup match at the Police ground, Police just managed to beat Callies.

In the first ten minutes the Police goal was under fire, and only superb efforts by Basil Taylor and Hanley saved Police from being two goals down. The ball was cleared, however, and after eighteen minutes' play Clapham scored with a shot that gave the Callies goalkeeper no chance. However, Callies rallied and Blakely equalised with a beautiful header.

After the interval McCrory passed to Clapham, who pushed the ball to Wright, who scored from close in. Result: Police 2, Callies 1.

*Team*—Rawson, Taylor, Hanley, Marnoch, Reid, Smith, McCrory, Clapham, Wright, Buchanan (captain), Bester.

*Police vs. Forces*

6th May, 1951

In this game play was not of a high standard owing to too much aimless kicking. McCrory opened the score for Police and Jones of Forces equalised. In the last ten minutes Wright scored two quick goals. Result: Police 3, Forces 1.

*Team*—Rawson, Taylor, Marnoch, Gilmour, Reid, Gillson, McCrory, Clapham, Wright, Jannaway, Bester.

### FIRST ROUND: CHARITY CUP

*Police vs. Callies*

3rd May, 1951

With Buchanan and Coop absent, many were of the opinion that our chances of winning were very slight.

"Stormer" Clapham skippered the side and led his team on to the field before a very large crowd. Thanks go to all members of the Corps who turned up and gave the side their whole-hearted support, in particular "Wall" Sherringham, who has never missed a match and who always declared after each match that he will never watch us play again.

From the start Callies put on the pressure and play was mostly confined to the Police half, with Rawson playing a grand game in goal. At the interval there was no score.

On resumption Police pressed hard, and after fifteen minutes Inglis crashed home a goal that had the crowd on its feet. A few minutes later Clapham stormed through and put Police two up. Callies then attacked and from a penalty they scored their only goal. Soon afterwards Gillson scored the third Police goal. Ten minutes before time Police scored again when Jannaway took a corner kick and Clapham headed the ball into the net.

Result: Police 4, Callies 1.

*Team*—Rawson, Taylor, Marnoch, Inglis, Reid, Gillson, McCrory, Clapham (captain), Wright, Jannaway, Bester.

### SECOND LEAGUE

21st April: Police 1, Postals 2.

25th April: Police 8, M.R.U. 1st 0.

29th April: Police 5, Alexandra 1.

12th May: Police 5, Municipals 0.

13th May: Second League K.O. Cup: Police 0, Municipals 2.

On the occasion of the wedding of the popular Police skipper, "Buck" Buchanan, to Miss Peggy Lawrence, all members of the soccer club wish them happiness and good luck in the future.



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## RUGBY

### *Police v. Lomagundi B*

Police opened the scoring with a try by Smithyman, converted by Naested, during the first ten minutes of the game. This was the only score before the interval. The Police seemed to take things easily during this half.

After half-time, as a result of some very good passing, Naested went over the line for a further try, which was unconverted. This was followed shortly by a penalty and a very good try by O'Shaughnessy on the wing after a neat collection of the ball and a run down the touchline from over halfway. The scoring was rapid from this point onwards. The next try came from Reynolds, who took the ball all the way from the Police half to under the posts. The Police then led 19-0. Leppan scored next, and this try was also converted. Lomagundi replied with their only points of the match. This was followed by a combined effort on the part of the Police pack which led to a try by Tom Eggleton, which was converted. Police won 29-3. The team was as follows: Reynolds, Holmes, Lovegrove, Leppan, O'Shaughnessy, Smithyman, Jacques, Armstrong, C. W. Humphries, Swan, Duncan, Moon, Naested, Eggleton and Harrison.

### *Police v. Umvukwes*

This match was played away, and prior to the match we were entertained very well by the Umvukwes Rugby Club.

There was nothing outstanding about this game. The ground was against fast play as neither side seemed to be able to get moving. After having failed to convert two penalty kicks, Police opened the score by a penalty from under the posts, which was converted by Reynolds. The game then swung backwards and forwards with neither side being able to score. The Police missed several chances through lack of clean handling.

Police led 3-0 at half-time. During the second half it seemed that Umvukwes would win, but they were unable to cross the Police line. The last score to be made in this rather dull match was a try scored by Duncan, who, after coming from behind a loose scrum near the opponents' twenty-five line, ran through the defence to score. This try was unconverted. Final score, 6-0.

After the match the team was again entertained by the Club and everyone enjoyed himself.

The team was: Reynolds, Holmes, Riddle, Lovegrove, O'Shaughnessy, Leppan, Hamman, Moon, Duncan, Humphries, Armstrong, C. W. Eggleton, Naested, Bulman, Swan.

## BOXING

An interesting evening's boxing was witnessed by a large crowd in the State Lotteries Hall, Salisbury, on April 28, the occasion being the Star Club's annual tournament. The Police were represented by L/Sergeant Barry Stamp and Constables Jannaway and Savage, of the Depot Staff. The final stage of their training was undertaken by Rhodesia's undefeated South African lightweight amateur champion, Mr. Willie Fulton.

### *Jannaway vs. Marais (Star)*

Marais left his corner in the first round with the intention of ending the fight inside the distance, but Jannaway weathered the storm with neat and accurate lefts and good footwork. Towards the end of that round Marais was showing signs of weakening after having taken several well-timed lefts to the face.

The second round was shortlived, for after both boxers had taken and given hard punches, Jannaway's speedier left hook caught Marais on the point, and he was down for nine. Soon after rising again he took another left hook to the jaw, and was counted out.

### *Stamp vs. van Niekerk (Star)*

The first round opened with van Niekerk scoring with several lefts which did not worry Stamp, but after weighing up his opponent the latter scored freely with blows to the face and body. Both boxers were hammering away mainly to the body, but, on countering with his right, Stamp opened a nasty cut over van Niekerk's right eye, and the referee stopped the fight in favour of Stamp. This was disappointing as the fight promised to be full of thrills and hard fighting.

### *Savage vs. Whittaker (Star and ex B.S.A.P.)*

The opening round saw Savage boxing cautiously with his opponent back-peddalling, and he soon caught Whittaker with a few well-timed blows which seemed to steady the latter, who was then against the ropes.

The second round was a repetition of the first, and soon Whittaker was down for six. After the referee had had a word with Whittaker he awarded the fight to Savage; but there was some misunderstanding on the part of Whittaker, who protested and asked to carry on with the bout. This was allowed and soon after the re-start Whittaker was clearly out-matched and the referee again stopped the fight in favour of Savage on a t.k.o.

The spectators were obviously pleased to see the Corps in the ring again after so many years' absence. So here's hoping that interest will again be taken in this line of sport, and that a suitable building will be allotted to training.

## INTER - SERVICE SPORTS, 1951

During the week-end 14th/15th April, 1951, the annual inter-service sporting competitions were held at Salisbury, and although the Police were unable to win a single event on the running track, they did very well in some of the team events. It was a great pity that the younger members of the Corps were not fit and trained sufficiently to make a more determined challenge to their rivals.

### GOLF

Returning some good scores, the B.S.A. Police and Police Reserve tied for first place in the golf challenge cup in the inter-service competition. Out of teams of eight, the best six net scores were counted, the winners both returning 432. Other teams competing were Royal Air Force, Mashonaland Troops, Matabeleland Troops and S.R. Staff Corps.

The following were the teams:—

B.S.A.P.: Brigadier Appleby, Major Rolfe, Captain Shewell, Lieut. van Niekerk, D/S/I. Cowling, D/S/I. Fleming, Sergeant Broom.

Police Reserve: Lieut. Dickenson (Bulawayo), S/I. Wastie, Sergeant Innes (Bulawayo), Constables Gould, Nuble, Modera, Birch, Shearer.

### SQUASH

The Corps defeated the S.R.S.C. by three matches to nil, the T.A.F. Mashonaland beat the R.A.F. by a similar score. The T.A.F. Matabeleland team did not turn up for play.

In the final the B.S.A.P. retained the cup won last year by defeating the T.A.F. Mashonaland by two matches to one.

Sgt. Gauntlett beat Rifleman J. Field 3-2.

Tpr. Smithyman beat Lt. D. Barbour 3-1.

Sgt. Buckley lost to Cpl. J. Young 2-3.

Tpr. Smithyman played extremely well to defeat Barbour, an experienced player.

Sgt. Buckley won the first two games from Young, but then lost the initiative to a determined opponent.

Sgt. Gauntlett showed that fitness is essential in match play.

### TENNIS

In defeating the T.A.F. Matabeleland in the first round by three matches to nil, the Police were fortunate in drawing a bye into the final, when they met T.A.F. Mashonaland. The Police team,

on previous form and on paper (the most unreliable guide), should have won, but once again fortune did not favour the Corps. Their third string, Ashley and Trubi, in their match won the first set and were leading five games to three in the second when they struck a bad patch and were beaten. The second string, Greig and Bennett, a most reliable and consistent couple, were both playing much below form and consequently lost their match.

Sherren and Gauntlett played the opponents' strongest pair, and after an extremely good game game ran out the winners.

T.A.F. Mashonaland beat B.S.A.P. by two matches to one.

### ATHLETICS (FIELD EVENTS)

The Police team consisting of Sergeants Fisher and Trangmar secured first place in the Shott Put, Hammer Throw and Discus Throwing events.

### SERVICE BISLEY

Some of the B.S.A.P. team were not up to their expected standard on the range, and Sub-Inspector Woodgate was unlucky in having trouble with his rifle during the morning shoot. He did better after some hasty lunch-time repairs.

The event was won by the R.A.F. with a score of 1169 with an average of 146.1 per man, whilst the Police scored 1118 with an average of 139.75 per man. Final results were:—

R.A.F. ....	1169
S.R.S.C. ....	1162
Matabeleland Troops .....	1122
B.S.A.P. ....	1118
Police Reserve .....	1048
Mashonaland Troops .....	1002

The Police Reserve won the Falling Plates competition. Individual scores of the Police team were:—

2/Sergeant Isikson .....	153
Lieut.-Colonel Lombard .....	151
S/S/I. Woodgate .....	151
1/Sergeant Stidolph .....	148
Inspector Cooke .....	139
1/Sergeant Mays .....	133
1/Sergeant Moray-Brown .....	130
Constable Bradfield .....	113

1118



## CRICKET

Batting Averages for 1950/51

	Matches Played	Not Out	Highest Score	No. of Runs	Average
Smithyman ...	18	4	131	918	48
Robertson ...	17	4	29	170	18.88
Banister ...	16	2	61†	287	18
Reynolds ...	15	2	84	200	14.3
O'Shaughnessy	17	2	44	260	13.66
Riddle ...	17	4	56	231	13.66
Buchanan ...	9	2	36	118	10.8
Gilfillan ...	14	3	26	72	10.3
McGuire ...	10	1	40†	132	10

## BOWLING ANALYSIS

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Aver.
Reynolds ...	219.5	54	598	56	10.66
Smithyman ...	120.6	13	417	38	10.9
Gilfillan ...	117	22	440	39	11.3
O'Shaughnessy	39	4	134	11	12.2
Banister ...	153.4	27	492	38	13.4
Robertson ...	135	23	422	29	14.4

(League Matches only)

## SEA STORY

This is a true yarn told by Admiral Sir Herbert Packer, Commander-in-Chief, South Atlantic:—

Lady Packer was interviewing two South African ratings for a broadcast feature and asked one of them: "Is it true that a sailor has a wife in every port?"

Back came the reply: "I don't know. I haven't been in every port yet."

Then there was the naval quiz question. A rating was asked: "If you were given £1,000,000 to spend and spent 10d. on bananas in Durban, how much would you have left?"

"Dunno," answered the rating, "I've never been in Durban."

## IN ANOTHER MAN'S SHOES

"I do a lot of inspecting units. Last week at a parade—I'd better not say where—one lad was wearing brown shoes. I asked why. He said his twin brother was getting married that day, and he'd taken his black ones." — Group Captain Donaldson, R.A.F. Staff Officer in charge of the A.T.C.



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SALISBURY

# TESTING LONDON'S BUSES

HERBERT HODGE is a London taxi-driver who finds out each week what it is like to do someone else's job, and then tells listeners about it in a BBC programme. He recently spent a day with Frank Forsdick, the foreman in charge of the London buses testing department. Frank's department looks very much like an ordinary bus garage; it has the usual high roof, just clearing the tops of the tall double-decker buses, and right in the middle of the concrete floor are two deep trenches just a little narrower than the width of a bus. This means that a bus can be driven along straddling the pit, and the tester can go down and look up at the underside of the chassis. Herbert Hodge arrived at the testing department at about ten o'clock in the morning, and saw a line of buses standing over both pits waiting for their final examination before they went out on the road. There were new buses just delivered from the makers, and there were some old ones that had just been overhauled. The bus that Herbert Hodge found most interesting was a brand new one, and he was much surprised to see that the first thing Frank did was to weigh it. He was told that the Ministry of Transport lays down regulations about the maximum weight of all road vehicles, and the measurements—twenty-six feet long, seven and a half feet wide and over fourteen feet high—have to be checked, too. Most visitors to Britain are puzzled by the top-heavy look of Britain's double-decker buses which they feel must surely topple over. Herbert Hodge put this point to Frank, who said that all buses are tested for this, and showed him how it was done. The worst condition for a double-decker bus is on one of those sunny days when all the passengers want to ride on the top deck and there is nobody down below, and Herbert Hodge watched some of Frank's men taking bags of sand—to represent passengers—on to the top deck; one of the men drove the bus on to a steel platform, and when everything was set they started to haul on the tackle and gradually raised up one side of the platform, thus tilting the bus. Frank stood by with a spirit level and a protractor to measure the exact degree of the tilt, and the bus gradually tilted over until it was leaning over at an angle of twenty-eight degrees. The bus still stood firm without a quiver. Herbert Hodge wondered what it would feel like

to be a passenger in a bus that was lying at that angle and asked Frank if he might go on the top deck. When he reached the top the floor was at such a steep angle that he could not stand upright, and although there was no real danger as the bus had thick safety ropes slung loosely over it, he was glad to get down again.

The next thing Frank did was to drive it over the pit to examine the chassis, but before he did so he let Herbert Hodge get into the driver's seat and try the controls. He had driven a double-decker bus many years ago and he saw how easy and safe this new model would be to drive. Then the bus was driven over the pit and he and Frank went under to take a look at the chassis. He was most intrigued with the automatic oiling system which lubricates the chassis as the bus goes along—that is every time the brake is pressed. When Frank had made one or two small adjustments and had satisfied himself that everything was all right, a Ministry of Transport Inspector came on the scene to see if any faults had been missed. The bus was examined again and then given a road test before it was granted a Government certificate of fitness as a public-service vehicle. Herbert Hodge finished the broadcast by saying: "I came away feeling quite certain of one thing. If ever I get involved in an accident—as a passenger on a London bus—I'm quite sure it won't be due to any oversight on the part of the men who spend their lives testing our buses."

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## THE THUNDERBOLT SOW

"On our way up to Lhasa we passed near the monastery of Sam-ding, 'The Soaring Meditation,' where lives the holiest woman in Tibet, the eleventh incarnation of the goddess Dor-je Pa-mo 'The Thunderbolt Sow.' She presides over some sixty monks—not nuns—and has the power of turning herself into a sow—for what purpose I don't know. She is the only woman in all Tibet whom the Dalai Lama blesses by placing one hand on her head. All other women and lay-men (but the very highest) are blessed by his touching their heads with a tassel held in his hand."

—F. Spencer Chapman, speaking in a B.B.C. programme on "The Women of Tibet."

# *Culled from Corps Orders*

## *Appointments*

Colonel Arthur Selwyn Hickman, M.B.E., Deputy Commissioner, as Acting Commissioner, British South Africa Police, during the absence on duty and leave of the Commissioner, Brigadier James Appleby.

Lieutenant Sidney Edward Collings, Assistant Superintendent, to the grade of Superintendent in the British South Africa Police from 18th April, 1951.

## *Medals and Awards*

• Bar to the Colonial Police and Fire Brigades Long Service Medal: No. 2778, Sub-Insp. Morris.

Colonial Police and Fire Brigades Long Service Medal: No. 2243, Chief Inspector Plummer.

## *Promotions*

To Staff Sub-Inspector: No. 3648, Staff 1/Sergeant Baldwin, Depot; No. 3685, Staff 1/Sergeant Wallace, Depot.

To 2/Sergeant: No. 4182, Constable Sowden, Bulawayo; No. 4027, Constable Taylor, Salisbury; No. 3996, Constable Bottriell, Salisbury; No. 4126, Constable Jackson, Bulawayo; No. 4172, Constable Johnson, Bulawayo; No. 4053, Constable Large, Bulawayo; No. 4240, Constable Warwick, Bulawayo; No. 4335, Constable Stannard, Umtali D.; No. 4319, Constable Alford, Salisbury; No. 4332, Constable Short, Bulawayo; No. 4302, Constable Wilson, Salisbury; No. 4320, Constable Armstrong, Salisbury; No. 4356, Constable Townsend, Salisbury; No. 4324, Constable Cunliffe, Bulawayo; No. 4265, Constable Mein, Bulawayo; No. 4330, Constable Riddle, Salisbury; No. 4371, Constable March, Salisbury.

## *Retirement*

Captain H. T. Killick, Salisbury D., 17th April 1951.

## *Discharges*

No. 4128, 2/Sergeant Quinn, Gwelo D., "At Own Request" as from 8th April, 1951.

No. 2778, Sub-Inspector Morris, Salisbury U., "Retirement on Pension" as from 15th April, 1951.

No. 4043, Trooper Duffield, Bulawayo D., "At Own Request" as from 17th April, 1951.

No. 4594, Constable Ardagh, P.G.H.Q., "By Purchase" as from 16th April, 1951.

No. 4251, Trooper Hendry, Umtali D., "Time Expired" as from 7th May, 1951.

No. 4269, 2/Sergeant Stevens, Bulawayo U., "Time Expired" as from 30th April, 1951.

No. 4273, Trooper Lee, Salisbury D., "Time Expired" as from 10th May, 1951.

No. 4277, Trooper Somny, Bulawayo Urban, "Time Expired" as from 10th May, 1951.

No. 4280, Constable Hale, Bulawayo Urban, "Time Expired" as from 10th May, 1951.

## *Attestations*

No. 4705, Constable Ronald William Dowling; No. 4706, Constable Peter Stanley Hall; No. 4707, Constable Charles Anthony Johnson; No. 4708, Constable Peter Munson; No. 4709, Constable Ronald Stanley Peters; No. 4710, Constable Ronald Doveton Wall.

# *Domestic Notices*

## *Births*

BAILEY.—To Sergeant and Mrs. R. J. V. Bailey, at Gatooma, on April 10, 1951, a daughter, Madeleine.

ALDERSON.—To Det./Sergeant and Mrs. Alderson, at Bulawayo, on March 30, 1951, a son, Gerald Douglas.

DAVIDSON.—To Detective and Mrs. G. Davidson, at Salisbury, on April 24, 1951, a daughter, Susan Mary.

SHARPE.—To Sergeant and Mrs. M. A. Sharpe, at Bulawayo, on April 26, 1951, a son, William Reginald.

PARRY.—To Lieutenant and Mrs. R. J. Parry, at Salisbury, on May 5, 1951, a daughter, Susan.

WORDSWORTH.—To Sub-Inspector and Mrs. J. Wordsworth, at Bulawayo, on May 3, 1951, a son, David John.

## *Marriages*

HAYHURST-TRUTCH.—Constable Hayhurst to Miss Margaret Pamela Hyde Trutch, at the Catholic Church, Gwelo, on May 5, 1951.

COULTER-VAN TONDER. — Detevtice D. J. Coulter to Miss Ivy Van Tonder, at Bulawayo, on May 3, 1951.

## *FOR SALE*

AGFA folding camera, 4.5 lens, in good condition, complete with solid leather case. Offers invited. Apply: Editor, *The Outpost*, P.O. Box 803, Salisbury.



## HOW TO AVOID GETTING OLD

Always drive fast out of side streets.

Always race locomotives to crossings. Engine-drivers like it; it breaks the monotony of their jobs.

Always pass the car ahead on curves. Don't use the horn; it may unnerve the other fellow and cause him to pull out too far.

Always demand half the road—the middle half. Insist on your rights.

Always speed. It shows people you are a man of pep—even if not much of a driver.

Never stop, look, and listen at railway crossings. It consumes time.

Always lock your brakes when skidding. It makes the job more artistic.

Always pass cars on hills. It shows you have more power. You need not worry about what will happen if you meet a car at the top.

Never look round when you reverse. There's never anything behind you.

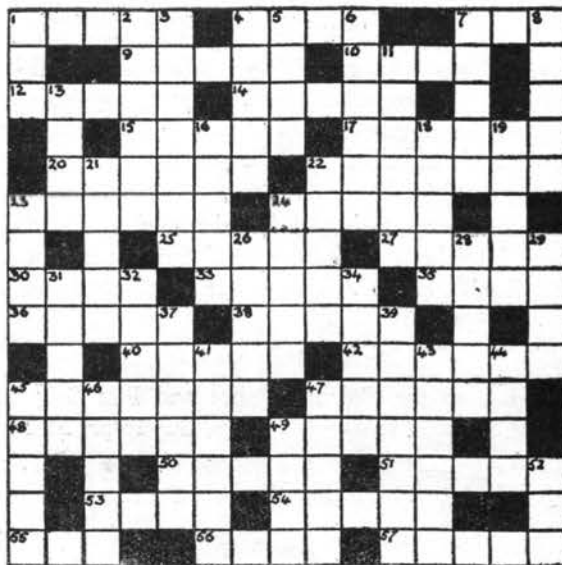
Reporter: "To what do you attribute your long life?"

Nonogenarian: "Because I was born in 1854."



From the centre of the Depot Parade Ground, few ever appreciate the shady avenues of trees that flank its south boundary.

## CROSSWORD



### ACROSS

1. Little fellow with strife at heart.
4. Bound.
7. Dry in secret.
9. Cut off this escape in the middle.
10. Gown that has honour about it.
12. Pandora hides this animal.
14. Deduce.
15. Moon's age.
17. "They that die by \_\_\_\_\_ die by inches." (Matthew Henry).
20. Uncultivated plain sounds like a tread.
22. Fine bet is in favour.
23. Past.
24. Counterfeit workshop?
25. Mature.
27. Colourless liquid might be there.
30. Maid in disguise.
33. Animal that is a bird at heart.
35. Trick is certain this way.
36. Sudden fright.
38. Frauds.
40. One animal is more than a pair!
42. Fill up here.
45. Kind of confection makes a mixed meal at last.
47. This mineral contains ale.
48. Pancake.
49. Flowering tree.
50. It should be keen on beards.
51. Is this a Scotch bird?
53. Learner finds this difficult to change.
54. Discolouration hides a saint.
55. Large cask.
56. Outwit colloquially.
57. Account.

### DOWN

1. Sink.
2. Atone for.
3. Flightly maid is a wild young duck!
4. Aromatic substance.
5. County pole?
6. Exalt.
7. Looking back on fires.
8. Wish for eagerly.
11. You'll find an ogre in this fruit.
13. Further.
16. "\_\_\_\_\_, thy girlish laughter; Then, the moment after, Weep thy girlish tears!" (Sir William Watson).
18. Encounters.
19. Pleasanter.
21. Discipline in the railway station?
22. Extra dividend is mainly burden.
23. Beginning of No. 3 down.
24. There's bird in the bone, not bone in the bird!
26. Danger.
28. Obviously not animal.
29. Broken reed.
31. Form of address.
32. In one way it is tidal.
34. Glare takes on kingly aspect.
37. It takes things without removing them!
39. A slam is a genus of insects!
41. Kind of mortar.
43. Trance is broken here.
44. Festivity.
45. Particular charge.
46. Rule.
47. Measure of the Corporation?
49. There's no gain here.
52. Wherefore.

(SOLUTION ON PAGE 29)

Man Driver: "But, my dear, why didn't you signal?"

The Cutie: "There is no signal for what I wanted to do."