



## THE OUTPOST

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## Editor's Notes



### New Life

A marked revival of interest in the affairs of the Regimental Association was apparent at the Annual General Meeting held in Salisbury a few weeks ago. In addition to what must have been a record attendance of members, very keen discussion took place on matters that required a decision and details of these discussions are published on another page.

The controversial subject of what should constitute the official tie and blazer of the Corps was satisfactorily settled by the adoption of both old and new patterns of the tie for registration in terms of the new Act and in making this decision, the Association showed that it considers the feelings of both past and present members.

A year ago we appealed to our readers to make an extra effort to reintroduce to the Association as many ex-members of the Corps as possible, and we repeat those remarks now. The Regimental Association is not merely the equivalent of an Old Boys' Club, but a live organisation that does a lot of good work without publicity.

### The Memorial Fund

The decision of the Association meeting to keep the B.S.A.P. Cloisters Memorial Fund separate from the moneys that have already been subscribed for the erection of a more utilitarian memorial within the Depot, reflected the feelings of the majority of members and it now remains that further efforts be made to reach the required sum for the Cloisters Memorial at the Salisbury Cathedral.

Nearly half of the original estimate of £250 has been received already and we take this opportunity of drawing the attention of all serving members of the Corps to the gesture made by a few Police Recreation Clubs, in donating small sums. Recreation Club funds cannot be looked upon as the property of members of any particular station; these funds represent those who have come and gone throughout the years and are truly representative of all who have served. A little thought to this aspect might well result in the required total being reached at a much earlier date than seems possible at the moment.

# 'Good- it's a Gold Leaf'



When an old school friend drops  
in unexpectedly to tea... make  
sure the cigarette is worthy of  
the occasion.



## Gold Leaf

HONEY  DEW

Blended from exactly-ripened leaf, from finer tobaccos

## Annual Conference

In a few weeks' time members will be asked to nominate delegates for this year's Police Conference and to make resolutions that may be acceptable to the Executive Committee. During the past few years it has been apparent that many members have not given a great deal of deliberation to their resolutions, as many concern matters that could have been dealt with locally by the District Superintendent or for which legislation already exists.

Much time is spent in annotating and considering each resolution before it reaches the Conference Agenda and we appeal to all members to give this matter their careful attention. In these days of an increasing volume of work for all, a good deal of the Committee's time could be saved by a careful study of the matters proposed for discussion, and by ascertaining that the subject does fall within the scope of the Standing Orders on Police Conference matters.

## B.S.A. Police Memorial Fund

	£	s.	d.
Previously acknowledged .....	91	9	6
J. A. Bruce .....	2	2	0
Major R. Byrne .....	2	2	0
B. Seymour-Hall .....	1	1	0
Sub-Inspector S. Edwards .....	1	11	6
Major J. W. Jackson .....	5	0	0
S. Pritchard .....	2	2	0
G. H. Cuffe .....	2	7	6
Lieut. G. Emes .....	1	1	6
Capt. A. E. Beechey .....	1	1	0
Gatooma Rec. Club .....	5	5	0
E. Mannix .....	1	1	0
Mrs. V. Gregory .....	5	5	0
W. Hughes-Halls .....	1	1	0
D. Graham .....	1	1	0
Lieut. D. McFaddon .....	1	1	0
E. Kinsey .....	1	1	0
Total at 15.6.51 .....	£125	13	0

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

THE OUTPOST, JUNE, 1951

# RESERVE

The interest to be found on any Reserve patrol depends not only on the country, wild life and inhabitants but also on the members of the patrol. It will be noticed that I say members and not member, as the patrol must be a team with common interests and intentions if it is to be at all successful. The man who regards patrolling as monotonous, tiring and a bore in general will never get the best out of his Africans who will follow in the same trend of thought. He is usually the type who sits in the saddle, giving his horse its head, and reads a book. On the other hand the man who, instead of reading a book, sets himself to read and understand the signs and life of the bushveld will find that the weeks spent on patrol have passed only too quickly and returns to camp with a feeling of regret and a longing to return to the fascinations of the "bush."

Although patrols are usually for set purposes such as the checking of area intelligence, dog tax, views and feelings of the natives, no one can be expected to devote every moment of his time to Police work. By this I do not mean that Police work should be neglected in order to chase butterflies or investigate the habits of the bush pig, but with discretion the two mix very well. Moreover, there are times on patrol (usually when riding between water holes) when no human life is met with. I have on occasion ridden 40 miles without seeing a living soul, and apart from checking the patrol maps no Police work has been possible. Thus, unless an interest is taken in the natural surroundings, boredom ensues. In any case the man who takes an interest is likely to be far more observant when it comes to Police work than the man that confines himself to reading James Hadley Chase or similar authors.

It was during one of these periods that I first encountered the "Honey Guides." I had noticed that two small brown birds (they are usually found in pairs) had for some minutes been following the patrol. These birds seemed to me to be very excited about something, and kept flying from tree to tree, constantly twittering. On asking the African detail what was worrying the birds I was informed that they had found a wild bees' nest and were trying to attract us to it. By following these birds for about half a mile we found a hive of wild bees built beneath two large rocks and with the aid of a small but smoky fire we

were eventually able to supplement our diet with honey. Needless to say we did not get away without cost as bees do not take kindly to the pillage of their nests, but what is the sting of a few bees to the satisfaction of the ultimate reward? Before leaving with our spoils the African detail very reverently placed a large piece of honeycomb in a tree for our two little guides, explaining that unless this was done these birds would in future

# PATROL

lead us to a lion or a snake instead of honey. I have, on a number of occasions since, obtained honey whilst on patrol in the same manner, but have never failed to leave my guides their share of the honey. Whether or not they would lead you to destruction if you fail to do so is not for me to say.

In all patrol reminiscences one is inclined to forget the few "off days" but in trying to give a fair account I must mention the only time that I ever really wished to be back to camp and in a nice warm bed, was on a Stock Theft Patrol during February, and the rainy season. On this particular day I had to cross the Bembesi River and as it had been raining quite heavily for the past few days the river was in flood. This in itself was no great obstacle as I had a good horse beneath me and a fairly calm stretch to swim across. Naturally in doing so I was soaked to the skin, but knowing that in the donkey-drawn scotch cart which was then some distance behind I had several dry changes, I was not in the least worried. On completing my investigations and returning to the river I found to my mortification that the young and inexperienced African in charge of the scotch cart, having seen my spoor enter the river had endeavoured to cross with the scotch cart. On my arrival I found that the scotch cart was almost submerged and the donkeys had only their heads above water. It was with great difficulty that they were released from their harness and brought safely ashore, after which the scotch cart had to be unloaded where it stood, the kit and equipment transferred to the bank and finally man-handled to firm ground. This took several hours to complete and as my food supplies and expected dry clothing were completely saturated I was forced to spend a very cold and uncomfortable night in sodden clothes.

One of the finest patrols I have performed is the Shangani Reserve Patrol. This, in my opinion, has all the interest and excitement ex-



pected of Africa. It is the country of the Great Chief Dogamela and Sikobakoba and of the Shangani Patrol of Alan Wilson fame. The 800 or more miles of this patrol includes country and natives of great variety and with the noticeable exception of buffalo, the majority of game found elsewhere in the Colony can be seen.

The Shangani Reserve Patrol usually takes about two months to complete though much depends on the grazing and water positions. If, owing to drought, these are scarce and long periods are spent with only limited water and less grazing, the patrol has to be shortened, due usually to loss of condition in animals. After leaving Inyati, the patrol treks 960 miles to Nkai, the Native Department and Police outpost in the Reserve. Here the patrol spends a day to check stores and equipment and makes arrangements for fodder, crushed mealies, etc., to be left at various kraals, dip tanks and salepens, by the Field Assistant of the Native Department. Thus one difficulty, the transportation of mealies, is overcome, as the carrying of rations for one horse and two trek donkeys for a period of 60 days (about 800lb.) is really a problem. As this patrol is operated only during the winter months (dry season) no tent is taken and a couple of blankets is all that is necessary in the way of bedding.

The first camp is at the causeway on the Shangani River just north of Nkai, though uninteresting in the way of natives, good fishing is to be had and usually the odd duck to be shot.

After this, camp is again made on the banks of a river, this time the Lower Gwelo at Nesikwe.

In the Shangani Reserve



Here a rather amusing incident occurred. My servant took a canvas bucket to the river to fill and in what seemed only a matter of seconds he was back in a very excited condition, without the bucket. He explained that on putting the bucket into the river it had been taken out of his hand by a crocodile. I returned to the river bank and saw the bucket floating on the water about ten yards from the bank, but no sign of the croc. The bucket was retrieved without incident and on examination seemed none the worse. Several crocs were destroyed whilst the patrol remained in the area, as local natives complained that they took a constant toll of their sheep and cattle.

Another area of great interest is the Kafora, a swamp-like area north of the Gobabe. The name means "Many Rivers," which is a very good description. The entire area has been fenced off with a pole and eight-strand barbed wire fence by the Native Department. This is to stop native cattle tramping out the springs. When close to this fence a faint rumbling can be heard. By climbing the fence and following the rumbling, which is not unlike that of distant thunder, one of the springs can be found. When near to this spring the rumblings are quite loud and the whole earth seems to tremble as the water periodically gushes upwards.

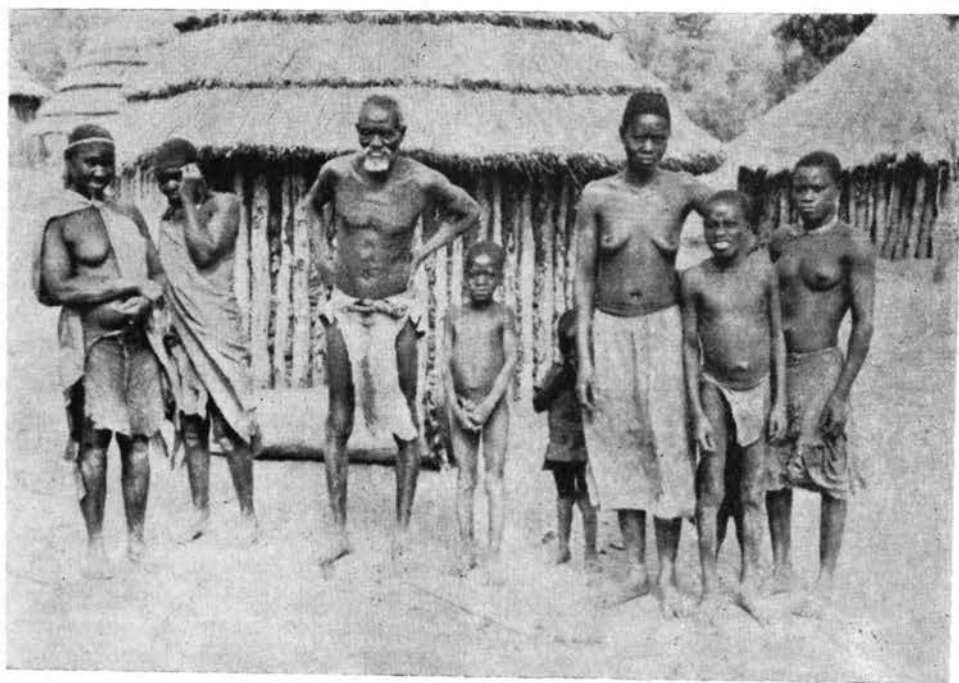
From the Gababe to the Kana Valley. This valley is so sparsely populated that the grass in places stands higher than a man mounted on a horse, and has become rank through lack of grazing. It is the home of the Batonga tribe.

The Batonga is a very primitive and picturesque native, seldom wearing European clothing or cloth. The women dress according to their custom in small bead decorated skins (Mabetshu), bead work, head bands, earrings, necklaces, nose bones and brass wrist and ankle bands. They also rub a mixture of monkey nut oil and red dagga (Siuda) on their bodies. The menfolk dress in skins without the head decorations but usually wear a sash of bright red material tied round their waist. Earrings, necklaces and nose bones are also worn by the menfolk but the mixture of monkey nut oil and red dagga is not used.

These people are very primitive and hard working, and when the patrol enters any of these kraals the natives present kneel down and clap their hands in respect.

The Batonga usually make large kraals in which live three or four generations of the male side of the family. The sons marry and remain





A typical Batonga family

with their parents, the daughter in marriage going to live with the parents of her husband. These people marry very young and it is not uncommon to find a girl of little more than 14 years with a child of her own. Marriage is usually by native custom and rarely is a marriage registered.

Being primitive, these people still have a great respect for witchcraft, and there is a powerful witchdoctor living amongst them. This is Ngangalutshetsi who is about eighty years old, very feeble and now unable to leave his kraal. When I was last at his kraal I had a very long discussion with him. He said that though he never saw Lobengula he can remember when he was the king, as he (Ngangalutshetsi) was a grown man himself at the time. He has a great reputation and is reputed to have cured snake bites on a number of occasions. I questioned him about this and he replied that this was a simple matter, but to cure leprosy was very difficult. He said that his inability to cure this disease was a great disappointment as the great doctors of his fathers' and grandfathers' days could cure it.

The patrol leaves the Kana for the Musutu River and Wilson Memorial. The former is an area abounding with elephant and great care has to be taken as cow elephants with calf seem more numerous than the bulls. On several occasions these animals were encountered, and to say the least, a horse does not take favourably to them.

The Wilson Memorial requires no explanation as the story of the ambush and stand of Major Alan

Wilson and members of his ill-fated patrol is invariably told us on joining the Corps. The Memorial and original grave of this band of brave men is usually missed by sightseers in the Colony, due mainly to its inaccessibility, but it is of as much importance and interest as the Matopos World's View and Zimbabwe Ruins, and should be seen whenever possible.

On leaving the Wilson Memorial the patrol returns to the Shangani River and eventually to Nkai and camp, thus bringing to an end two happy and well spent months on patrol.

#### PATROLLING TROOPER.

The patrol's scotch cart receives final adjustments before an early morning





## REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION

Addressing the Annual General Meeting of the Regimental Association at Depot on 17th May, 1951, the Acting President, Colonel A. S. Hickman, M.B.E., welcomed the large number present and commented that it was probably a record attendance.

He said that many members would have noticed that amongst their number was Brigadier J. S. Morris, C.B.E. He (the Acting President) thought that it would be most appropriate, in view of the great work Brigadier Morris had done in furthering the aims of the Association in its earlier years, if the meeting showed its appreciation of his services. This remark was greeted with loud applause.

Colonel Hickman further stated that the Association owed a great deal to Brigadier Ross, who had retired during the year under review. In proposing a vote of thanks to Brigadier Ross the Acting President was again applauded.

In concluding his opening address Colonel Hickman stated that he was acting for Brigadier J. Appleby, who was absent on leave from the Colony.

## Minutes of Previous Meeting

Arising from the minutes of the previous Annual General Meeting was the suggestion made by Colonel Surgey regarding the holding of additional social functions. The Acting President stated that 1950 had been a very full year in so far as national and other festivities were concerned, and it had not been found possible to hold any additional Association functions. The matter has not, however, been lost sight of, and he felt sure he could leave this matter safely to the Salisbury Branch to arrange.

Colonel Hickman went on to say that he was happy to be able to announce to the meeting that supplies of Regimental Cuff Links and Badges were now available and had been issued to Branches. For the information of members present specimens were passed round for examination. Colonel Hickman added that at the conclusion of the meeting the Secretary would sell these articles to those wishing to purchase.

## Annual Report

In reading his Annual Report to the meeting the Acting President drew attention, with deep regret, to the number of deaths of members during 1950, and at his request the meeting rose in silence to their remembrance.

At the conclusion of Colonel Hickman's address on the Annual Report the meeting paid tribute to the work performed by the Association by sustained applause.

## Balance Sheet and Accounts

The Acting President referred members to the Balance Sheet and Revenue and Expense Account, which had been circulated for information, and invited comment thereon. In passing he pointed out that these accounts revealed a very healthy financial position. No comment was offered, and Colonel Taylor, seconded by Major Walker, proposed that they be accepted. To these proposals the meeting gave unanimous approval.

## The Disposal of the Memorial Fund

In introducing this subject, to which brief reference had been made in his Annual Report, the Acting President explained the position in detail. Briefly, an examination of Association accounts reveals that the sum of £261 is being held by the Association for the purpose of constructing a Memorial to "Members of the Force who have died on Active Service." He recalled that the 1949 general meeting had directed that this money should be devoted to the erection of a shelter, with a memorial plaque, within the precincts of the B.S.A. Police Depot. It was to be understood that this Memorial would form part of the proposed Sports Centre which was under consideration at the moment, although no date could be given as to when building might commence.

He stated that an alternative project had come to the notice of the Central Committee in the shape of the Memorial Cloisters now under construction in the grounds of the Anglican Cathedral. This scheme had been explained in detail in *The Outpost*, and a subscription list had been raised. Although the response to this call for funds had been good, the greater part of the sum of money required, which was estimated to be something in the region of £400, still remains to be raised, and the Central Committee suggested to the meeting that the existing Memorial Fund could most appropriately be used in furthering the Cathedral Cloisters scheme. Major Berry then addressed the chair and stated that he thought an examination of the early history of the

Memorial Fund would disclose that it was originally intended that the Memorial should be erected to those members of the Force who had "died on Active Service" only, and furthermore that it should be something of practical use to the Corps. The Acting President stated that he had made an examination of Force records, which revealed that the numbers of members who had "died on duty" was large, and he submitted that in many cases "death whilst on duty in the Force" could be regarded as being on "active service." Major Ockenden then spoke at some length, and emphasised that, although the Cloisters are sited in the grounds of the Anglican Cathedral, they will be purely undenominational and without regard to creed or colour.

He suggested to the meeting, amid applause, that the Cloisters was the most appropriate place for a Memorial for deceased members of the Force. In thanking Major Ockenden for his explanation the Acting President stated that a site for a Police Bay in the Cloisters had been reserved next to that allocated to the Pioneer Association. He thought that in view of the Force's long and close association with the Pioneers this was most appropriate. Brigadier Morris then addressed the chair and stated that he had had a great deal to do with the Memorial Fund, and could confirm the point raised by Major Berry that the Memorial should be something within the B.S.A. Police

Depot. He felt that the Cathedral Cloisters were more in the form of a National Memorial and emphasised that the Association Memorial Fund was definitely to provide something for the exclusive benefit of serving and ex-members of the Force. He thought it would be a pity to get away from the original idea and hoped that the meeting would confirm that the fund should remain intact until such time as it could be used to erect some form of Memorial in the B.S.A. Police Depot which would be a "permanent remembrance to all those members who had died during their service." He did not think the Memorial should be restricted to those who "had died whilst on active service."

Brigadier Morris was loudly applauded, and went on to say that he was of the opinion that no difficulty would be experienced in raising the necessary money for the Cloisters scheme, suggesting that it might be a good thing to hold some form of function for this purpose. Following further discussion, a proposal was made by Colonel Taylor, and seconded by Major Byrne, that the Memorial Fund should not be diverted to the Cathedral Cloisters project. On being put to the meeting this proposal was unanimously carried. In accepting the decision of the meeting the Acting President stated that, as up to £400 may be required for the Cloisters scheme, the collection of subscriptions for this will be energetically pursued.

ON PARADE AGAIN.—Ex-members of the B.S.A.P. marching past the saluting base at the King's Birthday Parade in Salisbury on 7th June, 1951.





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## Ceremonial Parades

Referring to his remarks on this subject in his Annual Report, the Acting President stated that he felt sure that the Association could very well form its own contingent, and he would be very pleased to see this take place.

Following the discussion it was agreed that details of parades should be circulated to members in advance so that probable attendance could be estimated.

## Registration of Badges and Uniforms

In introducing this matter to the meeting the Acting President stated that it had come to notice too late to be included in the published agenda, but that it was a matter which required decision by the meeting. He then called upon Major Rolfe, the Chief Staff Officer to the Commissioner of Police, to explain the position as it is to-day. Major Rolfe pointed out that the Protection of Names, Uniforms and Badges Act, 1950, with its accompanying Regulations published under Government Notice 293 of 1951, required that any persons or Associations wishing to reserve Colours, Badges, etc., for their especial use must register details of such with the Department of Internal Affairs. Major Rolfe then explained that there were at the moment two Regimental Ties in use and two types of Blazers. A decision was required as to which of each of the above articles was to be registered as being the official Tie and Blazer of the B.S.A. Police Regimental Association. Considerable discussion then ensued, during which the following points were made:—

### Tie

- (a) Major Richens considered that the new design of the Police Tie was unsuitable and suggested that we should revert to a modified type of the old Tie. There was no seconder to this proposal.
- (b) The Acting President suggested that both Ties should be registered.
- (c) In submitting that the new design of the Police Tie is of distinctive design and that it identifies members of the Force adequately, Major Rolfe proposed that the new Tie only be registered. This proposal was seconded by Lt.-Col. Rowley.
- (d) Amid applause, Mr. Rogers put forward an impressive case for the retention of the old Tie, pointing out that its colours are derived from the occupation of the Colony and that the Tie itself was of great sentimental value for the older ex-members of the Force. Brigadier Morris queried whether or not it would be possible to change any decision

made after registration had been effected. The Acting President thought this would be possible.

- (e) Lieut. Parry then made a firm proposal that both Ties be registered. After some further discussion this proposal was approved.

### Blazer

The Acting President then turned to the question of the official Police Blazer, and suggested that the meeting should leave this matter in the hands of the Central Committee, who would, on behalf of the Association, accept as the Association Blazer the design approved by the B.S.A. Police. Major Rolfe stated it had been proposed that the Blazer to be adopted by the B.S.A. Police should be of plain blue Melton cloth, either single or double-breasted at the wearer's option, with gilt buttons similar to a sample which was available for inspection. The wearing of a Badge on the Blazer pocket to be optional, but if a badge was to be worn it should be identical to the approved badge of the Force, with the Police motto underneath.

At the conclusion of this discussion a vote was called, the result being in favour of registration of the new type of blue Blazer.

There being no other business to discuss, and following a vote of thanks to members of the Board of Trustees, Branch Committees and all present, the Acting President declared the meeting closed, whereupon discussion on a more informal level was continued at a sundowner party arranged on the lawn, at which the Police Band was in attendance.

### Home Branch

The Annual General Meeting of the Home Branch of the Regimental Association was held at Rhodesia House on 30th March, 1951.

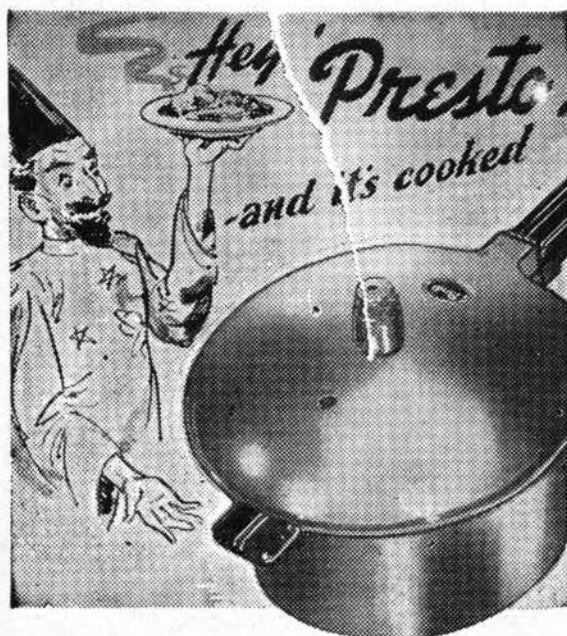
Sir Percy Sillitoe, K.B.E., D.L., was re-elected President, whilst Mr. W. V. Bond, Col. A. R. Bare, D.S.O., M.C., and Lord Baden-Powell were elected Vice-Presidents. Mr. L. A. Barrett was re-elected as Hon. Secretary/Treasurer, and the following committee members were elected:— Capt. J. Green, Mr. L. McDade, Mr. C. Quinion, Mr. G. Wiltshire, Sir Michael Bruce and Mr. E. Richards-Everett.

After the meeting a sundowner party was held at the Craven Bar, Strand, which was attended by 35 members.

A Reunion Dinner is to be held at the Charing Cross Hotel on Friday, September 21, when Sir Harold Scott, K.C.B., K.B.E., Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, will be one of the principal guests. It is also hoped that Brigadier J. Appleby, Commissioner of the British South Africa Police, will also attend.

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# Sam and the Mule

Our 'ero Sam Small was in London,  
Feeling friendless—dejected was Sam.  
In the Strand, looking into a window,  
Saw a poster "Join the Police—Be a Man."

It told of the life of a Trooper,  
In the Corps called the B.S.A.P.  
Of patrols, equitation and witchcraft.  
"Apply Within." Said Sam, "That's for me."

Sam went upstairs to an office.  
A stern looking man said, "Sam Small,  
"You can pick up your passport and baggage,  
"Sail next week—just sign here—that's all."

A month later found Sam in the Depot,  
Chasing here, signing forms, with routine  
Inspections and barrack room ballads,  
Sung at night in the Depot canteen.

Along with the issues made to the lads,  
Were horses—their own special care.  
But Hybrid the mule was given to Sam.  
Said the Sergeant, "You make a fine pair."

At this our boy was rightly annoyed,  
A well brought up lad was Sam Small.  
So he made a vow that he'd show them how,  
When the trumpeters sounded "Roll Call."

Saddles were fitted—boots were all spurred,  
T'horses were bridled and ready.  
"Mount horses" was order by t'Sergeant.  
Sam remained at attention quite steady.

"What's all this 'ere," bawled the Sergeant,  
Said Sam, "Do you think me a fool,  
"When you want me to mount Hybrid,  
"You'll say Trooper Sam Small—Mount tha' mule."

The Sergeant then went in a fury.  
Depot Inspector was sent for of course.  
He said, "I've never seen anything like it  
"In forty-five years in the Force."

Up rode the Commandant Depot  
Breathing fire and brimstone and flame.  
Shouting, "Quite an unusual business.  
"Nevertheless—mount the horse— just the same."

"But it isn't a horse," said our 'ero,  
"That's what the trouble's about."  
The Commandant blustered and shouted,  
Saying, "Well, we'd better find out."

Depot staff looked up all regulations,  
Pertaining to horses—their care,  
But the answer was still not forthcoming,  
So the buck had to be passed elsewhere.

Then a huge car was seen in the distance.  
T'Commissioner's flag flying a'top.  
His escort came past with a flourish,  
And the car drew along to a stop.

T'Commissioner was told of the business,  
And gave a disarming smile,  
Ordered, "Trooper Sam Small, stand at ease lad,  
"It's the best one I've heard for a while.

"But I have to make a decision,  
"And I find it's not easy for me,  
"For when I was a recruit here in Depot,  
"They gave me a mule—same as thee.

"There's a shortage of horses, to-day as was then  
"I remember that day on the Square,  
"Six days' C.B. was given to me  
"But to-day I intend to be fair.

"Sam Small I know you're a likeable chap,  
"A good man in the Force you will be,  
"So when t'Sergeant orders 'Mount horses,'  
"You mount Hybrid—for me."

Sam was astonished to hear these remarks,  
And he drew himself up like a man.  
"For thee, Sir, I'll do any duty  
"And do it as well as I can."

T'Commissioner turned to all on parade,  
"This lad 'ere is using some sense,  
"And now that we're all of us happy,  
"Right—let's have the riding commence."

There's a rumour I heard quite lately  
Concerning a rider and horse,  
Who appeared on the front of "The Outpost,"  
With studs in his boots, of course.

It caused quite a stir with the hard riding men,  
But this news will surely cap all,  
For the horse and the man sitting on it,  
Was Hybrid the mule and Sam Small.

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# . . . to the Editor

157 Rhodes Avenue,  
Salisbury,  
15th June, 1951.

Dear Sir,

I should be grateful if you would publish in *The Outpost* the enclosed letter from Mrs. Taylor and allow my Committee and me to offer our very sincere thanks to the wives of the B.S.A. Police and Police Reserve in Salisbury, who responded so generously to our appeal, to the Pioneers whose help was invaluable, and to the Recruits who so kindly sold minerals for us.

Our total of £321 15s. 3d. could never have been achieved if nearly every wife had not come up to scratch—to them all, our grateful thanks.

Yours, etc.,

MOLLIE HICKMAN,

59 Van Praagh Avenue,  
Salisbury,  
8th June, 1951.

Mrs. A. S. Hickman,  
Organiser, B.S.A.P. and Police  
Reserve Dolls Stall,  
St. Joseph's Fete.

Dear Mrs. Hickman,

I want to send my warmest thanks to you and all the ladies of the B.S.A. Police and Police Reserve for creating such a wonderful Dolls Stall in aid of St. Joseph's Fete. As I watched the stall taking shape last Friday, I was completely overwhelmed with its magnitude and realised the hard work, so lovingly given, which it entailed. Your financial result was stupendous and the happiness you all gave to so many little girls was delightful. Well done, Police ladies—you have lived up to the fine reputation enjoyed by your men. I send you my grateful thanks and congratulations—St. Joseph's is indeed lucky in having such friends. The last total I had for the Fete was £2,420, and I am told that money is still coming in. This far exceeds my most optimistic expectations.

Yours, etc.,

MARGERY B. TAYLOR,

Convener.

P.O. Box 744,  
Johannesburg.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Members of the B.S.A. Police, and particularly those who so liberally subscribed to the St. John Ophthalmic Appeal for the establishment of the large, modern, fully equipped Eye Hospital and

Training School at Baragwanath, will be interested to hear of the latest developments.

The site is some ten miles from Johannesburg, next door to the large non-European Hospital at Baragwanath on the Potchefstroom Road. The out-patients' block has been erected on a ridge with a splendid view in all directions. The block is almost square and at present limited to the ground floor. It will be able to deal with large numbers of European and non-European patients.

Near this out-patients' block is a sixteen-bed ward for non-European in-patients and accommodation for nurses.

It is intended to open the Hospital for the admission of patients in July this year provided that there is no delay in the delivery of the up-to-date equipment ordered.

When the Hospital is in operation, the next item will be the establishment of the Training School to accommodate 151 trainees in addition to medical practitioners who are desirous of gaining specialised knowledge in the treatment of eye diseases which are so grievously sapping the man power of Southern Africa to-day.

In closing, just a little story regarding one who was brought back from the realms of darkness and a Government pension of £1 per mensem, to once again being in a position to earn his own living . . . £8 per mensem at the Baragwanath Flying School Club. The patient is named William whose home is in the Rustenberg District of the Transvaal.

William sustained an eye injury which developed into a cataract. His general condition was such that he could distinguish the difference between night and day. He was entirely unemployable.

An operation was performed by a Johannesburg ophthalmologist at the small St. John Hospital at Baragwanath Flying School, which was taken over from the R.A.F., and which has been maintained by the Witwatersrand and Southern Transvaal District of St. John ever since.

William recovered, following expert treatment, and though he has an occasional squint in the left eye, the one which was injured, he is cheery, efficient at his job, and full of praise for the skill of the ophthalmologist which has been instrumental in restoring him to normality.

The same story might be told a thousand times over, in the area of Southern Africa which the St. John Ophthalmic Foundation intends to cover . . . the vast area from the Cape to the Congo Border, so . . . "Long live the Order of St. John and its great work in aid of suffering humanity."

H. M. SURGEY, (Colonel, O.B.E.),  
Appeal Organiser,



## FAREWELL

Three well-known officers have retired from the Force recently, and we give below a short summary of their Police careers covering the past thirty years.

At the same time we join with the Corps in wishing them a long and happy retirement.

### CAPTAIN S. E. COLLINGS



Captain Collings retired on pension on 8th June, 1951, having completed 31 years and seven months service in the B.S.A. Police and nearly 40 years service in uniform.

After three and a half years in the Royal Navy ending in July, 1914, he joined the British Army in August, 1914, and saw active service until 1919 in the Cavalry and Machine Gun Corps. He attested in the B.S.A. Police on 26th October, 1919, and served in all districts and on many stations. Promoted Corporal in February, 1921, Sergeant in July, 1921, Sergeant-Major in 1928 and Inspector in 1934, Captain Collings was commissioned in 1949.

On the outbreak of the last war he was seconded to command "One col" of the Rhodesian Forces serving in Nyasaland during September and October, 1939, and returned to Police duties until July, 1940, when he was seconded to the Rhodesian African Rifles, commanding the 1st Battalion from February to October, 1943. Being over age for service in Burma, he served in East

Africa and Somalia in various posts until October, 1945, when he returned once more to Police duty.

An excellent native linguist and an accomplished horsemaster, Captain Collings's keen sense of discipline and tact earned him a high reputation amongst all ranks, whilst those who had the good fortune to serve under him always received invaluable advice and instruction in their duties.

### CAPTAIN H. T. KILLICK

Captain Killick attested in the Force on 12th July, 1920, following active service with the Welsh Regiment in France from 1914-1919.

After a few weeks' duty in the Town Police, he transferred to the C.I.D. in September, 1920, and the succeeding 22 years were spent in the plain clothes branch at Bulawayo, Umtali, Que Que and Salisbury. He was in charge of the Fingerprint Bureau for many years and had much to do with the establishment of the Photographic Bureau at C.I.D. Headquarters.

In 1940 he was responsible for the formation of the Radio Communications Branch and saw it established on a firm basis. Two years later he was promoted to commissioned rank and appointed Staff Officer, Radio Communications.

He was posted as Superintendent, Salisbury District in 1949 and in 1950 was appointed Recruiting Officer at Rhodesia House, London. He retired from the Force on 17th April, 1951, but his retention as Recruiting Officer in the United Kingdom will keep him in close touch with Corps affairs.

The award of the King's Police Medal in the Birthday Honours List this month marked the close of a long and outstanding career, and we offer our heartiest congratulations to him.

### CAPTAIN F. E. NEWMAN

Completing 31 years' service in the Force this month, Captain Newman went on leave pending retirement in May.

Before attesting in the B.S.A. Police on 29th June, 1920, he was on active service in various units of the British Army during the First World War, having volunteered at a very early age.

He served in the Gwanda District for some time before transferring to the Police Pioneers and was associated with the establishment and maintenance of Police camps and quarters throughout the Colony, before he was placed in charge of the Pioneers at Salisbury, in the early 'thirties, with the rank of Sergeant-Major.

In 1943 Captain Newman was promoted to commissioned rank and in 1949 was appointed Quartermaster at Police General Headquarters which appointment he held until his retirement.

# Pat Phelan

OF all the colourful characters who joined the B.S.A.P. in the earlier days—and we had a few—I think Pat Phelan was the most outstanding. My first meeting with him was in Salisbury, in '05 or '06. I had come in from Mtoko, where I was Corporal-in-charge, and, owing to repeated bouts of malaria, the doctor ordered me into Salisbury for a course of treatment. I brought in some £10,000 or £15,000 in cash, hut tax from Mtoko and Mrewa.

After handing over the specie to the Native Department I reported to the great Jimmy Blatherwick, who informed me that during my month's stay in Headquarters I could act as R.O.N.C.O. (I wonder if the duty still exists?) I took charge of No. 2 barrack room, and found a lot of recruits there, none of whom I knew. Whilst fixing up my kit and bed, etc., I heard some of them discussing someone, evidently not present, in rather unfavourable terms. I ventured to remark that in the B.S.A.P. it was not usual to talk about a man behind his back and that what they had to say should be said to his face or not at all. This met with a stony silence. Shortly afterwards Phelan came and sat on my bed. I did not know he was the man the other fellows had been discussing, but someone must have "put him wise." He asked innumerable questions about the specie—how it was brought in, how guarded at night and so on. I explained the procedure. I usually had my blankets spread on top of the ammunition boxes containing the specie and slept there. A Native Police boy usually stood guard also—when there was one! He kept pestering me with questions about it until at last I asked why he was so curious.

"Oh! I'm going to have a go at that," he casually remarked. I laughed, thinking he was joking, and told him it would be a foolhardy attempt and no one could get away with it, as the Natives would inform the authorities what had happened and where the booty was hidden, etc. Of course, I treated the matter as a joke, but have often wondered since if he was really serious. He had a very fine pointer bitch with a wall eye, Shiela by name, the very best dog I have ever shot over. She ensconced herself on my bed, and Phelan remarked that it was the first time she had ever done so, as he strongly objected to her making up to anyone else. I took a great fancy to the dog, and offered him £20 for

her, but he said he would not sell for any money. Being R.O.N.C.O. was an arduous duty from Reveille to Lights Out, and it also meant being immaculately dressed, as I had to pass "Jimmy" before taking over. Phelan kindly offered to look after my gear, bandolier, etc., and this he did to such good effect that even "Jimmy" had to admit I was spotless. As I did not come off duty till Lights Out there was not much chance of visiting town, but sometimes I would run down on a bike for an hour or two. It was on one of these occasions I saw, for the first time, Pat's prowess with his "dooks." We had arranged to meet at the Queen's Hotel, as Phelan said he knew of a place where some fun was to be had. I found him at the Queen's as arranged with a powerful lumberjack from Canada, whose name, I think, was Allen. After a drink or two Phelan said, "Let's go," and we were leaving the bar when Allen started to follow. Phelan asked him where he was going, and he replied, "With you."

"Oh! No you're not," said Phelan, but when we got outside Allen was still with us. Phelan turned on him and told him to go. He refused, and Phelan, quick as a flash, hit him. He went down and out.

Allen was about twice Phelan's weight and a tough, powerful man. Phelan was of rather slight build, with sloping shoulders, and it was hard to credit that he could knock out a man so easily. He was a quiet, soft-spoken sort of a chap and never looked for a quarrel. He had plenty of opportunity and even provocation during those days, but I never saw him take advantage of anyone.

He had served in the Cape Police during the South African War and after. He was a fine horseman and the best shot with revolver, rifle or shotgun I have ever known. We used to go out on Saturday or Sunday afternoon with the gun, and he could always "wipe my eye" by dropping a bird yards after I had missed it. As remarked before, Shiela was a wonderfully trained pointer. Several times I tried to get him to part with her, but it was always "Nothing doing." He agreed, however, that I could take her out with me when I returned to my Troop, as life in Depot would ruin her. To this I eagerly agreed in the hopes that one day he might change his mind and let me have her. I promised to return her to him immediately I heard he had been transferred outside.

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At the end of the month I paraded the sick at the hospital and asked the doctor (Colonel Fleming) if I could return to my troop.

"Who are you?" asked the doctor. "Not Corporal Wilson? Why, you look a different man. Of course you can go back. Now you can see what a course of quinine and decent food can do for a man."

I did not tell him I had not had a single grain of quinine during my stay in Salisbury and had lived on bread and cheese and stout in the canteen!

"Jimmy" said I could take out the "B" Troop pay that afternoon, so promptly at 2 p.m. I paraded with my little Basuto mare Stella, and, after some delay, I took over the pay and left.

Phelan was waiting just below the camp with the dog. She showed no great reluctance in following me, and I saw a shade of disappointment in Pat's eyes as we parted. He thought a lot of that dog.

I was transferred to the Native Department, and had some four or five months of the best shooting I've ever had, until one day I received a telegram: "Transferred Gwanda. Send Shiela." With infinite regret I sent Shiela off in charge of a couple of boys to Salisbury and asked a friend of mine to see her safely on the train if Phelan had already left, but to this day I never learnt if Phelan got the dog safely. Within a week or so the news of the "Killarney Gold Robbery" was in the papers and everyone was talking about it.

Now, what follows is purely hearsay, being what I have heard and read. My personal contact with Phelan I have already recounted.

It appears that the Belingwe coach had left the Killarney Mine with a quantity of bullion aboard, when a masked figure appeared on the road. He shot the leading mules and, it is said, fired at the mine manager, who was on the box, and missed. I cannot credit this if the figure was Phelan, even if, as was said, he had draped the gun in a puttee or something similar.

The bullion was taken off and the coach allowed to proceed. The hue and cry was on, but the bullion was not traced for some time. Then one night a zealous Corporal in Belingwe Camp followed Phelan when he left camp and watched where he went. The following day a search was made and the bullion found. Phelan was arrested and brought up for trial in Bulawayo. The chief witness should have been the mine manager, but he had gone temporarily insane in the meantime and was unable to give evidence. Phelan was discharged, and immediately he left the court gave the unfortunate Corporal who had tracked him a most unmerciful hiding in the street in Bulawayo. For this he

was fined £10, but became something of a public hero in Bulawayo, where an enterprising publican had engaged him as barman.

The next I heard of him was that he, together with a couple of other hard cases (Moody and Friend), were having a royal time in the Caprivi Strip, at that time a sort of "no man's land." They were indeed monarchs of all they surveyed. They terrorised the Natives and any unfortunate Europeans who happened to come their way. The story is told of a Greek trader whom Phelan is supposed to have relieved of some £400 or £500 and then put him in a canoe and fired shots at the boat to accelerate his progress across the Chobe River. It was on this man's report that the Rhodesian authorities decided to establish Victoria Falls as a Police post and the Germans put a few soldiers or police at Schuckmannsburg.

What happened to Phelan after that I do not know, but I recount the following incident for what it is worth.

In 1915, after we (the B.P.P.) had taken over Schuckmannsburg from the B.S.A.P. and N.R.P., I was sleeping one night in the old German N.C.O.s' quarters at Schuckmannsburg. My room-mate was, strangely enough, Moody. In the middle of the night, as I lay awake, I remarked—"What happened to Phelan, Moody?" Like a shot he was out of bed and across the room, standing over me.

"I didn't kill Phelan," he said.

"Good God, I didn't say so," I expostulated, having a quick squint in the dark to see if he had a gun.

"No, but I believe you think so."

"I never thought anything of the kind," I replied.

"He was very fond of you and often spoke of you," said Moody. He kept repeating, "I didn't kill him," and eventually went back to bed. Later he remarked that Phelan went to South America and was last seen in Francistown. I said nothing but thought, "It's a long cry from Francistown to South America."

I must admit I did not enjoy much sleep that night, as Moody had the reputation of being a "killer." Whatever the facts, I could not help thinking his voluntary declaration was rather incriminating.

Well, dead or alive (and I feel sure it must be the former, as a man of his type could not keep out of the limelight for long), I write of him as I found him. Some may say he was a rogue, scoundrel, desperado. Personally, I only knew him as a clean soldier, a fine shot and horseman and, above all, a good sport.

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# Station Notes

## GOROMONZI

As we sit in our fur-lined boots wondering when the snow will fall news seems more scarce than usual.

Horse Patrols, Annual Musketry, are being taken in their stride with equanimity but the thought of annual inspections adds to the chill already so noticeable.

On Empire Day Ruwa Country Club held a fete and the most enjoyable part, and certainly the most impressive, was a demonstration by the Police dogs under the supervision of Detective Inspector Davenport.

Our new gaol is now complete; there was talk of the bandits having a "house-warming" on Kaffir beer but with the rapoko shortage it was felt to be something of an extravagance. The story of our new gaol is one of bribery and corruption and runs as follows: there is a permanent section of Native Engineering Department at the Goromonzi Secondary School and their next task—having completed many and various edifices for the African—is to be the "biggest and best" Beit Hall in the Colony—for Natives *cete*. Our insignificant lock-up extension (no H. and C. or single rooms available), was built only on the condition that 20 prisoners from the Goromonzi cells were to be provided daily *ad infinitum* for the erection of the said hall. Meanwhile—sitting in our grass huts—we cogitate.

Transfers are on us again and we welcome—from Waterfalls Sub-Station—Jack Hammond; we fear he may miss his Soccer, but his progress in our local game—shove halfpenny—has been most encouraging. More next month.

## KU MUDZA NYAYA.

## MTOKO

During last month Lieutenant Spink paid his monthly inspection visit, and following him was Detective-Sergeant Beck returning to Mtoko on a smelling-out job. Strange how Salisbury folk enjoy the life offered them here!



Constables Oates and Paine have been doing Reserve and Border patrols, and enjoy the freedom offered; the only drawback being the casual meeting of herds of elephants in the Mtoko District. Sergeant Peters has been on a visit to Salisbury, for his annual shooting display, and says that the targets are too far from the butts.

Mr. Morris, N.C., is leaving shortly to take up duties at Amandas, and in his place Archie Wells (ex-B.S.A.P.) is taking over, having been N.C. at Gutu for some time.

Constable Oates has left for a well-earned 14 days' leave and intends visiting Victoria Falls. We hope the Falls camp will welcome him and show him the beauty spots.

Old timers will regret to hear that L. K. Robinson, ex-B.S.A.P., is lying seriously ill in Salisbury Hospital. We wish him a speedy recovery.

We certainly do have our sport. During the month leopards visited the Leper Settlement (a distance of one mile from Mtoko), took the G.M.O.'s dog, and killed several fowls, etc. We thought it time to put an end to this marauding and bagged two. Sergeant Peters had the privilege of shooting one; this was before his sojourn to Salisbury to give his display. Then the peace of Mtoko was disturbed by a herd of elephant which found their way on to L. K. Robinson's farm, causing considerable damage to his crops. The herd, which totalled about 20, was tracked down late in the afternoon about 20 miles from Mtoko, by Mr. Morris, who disposed of a bull, but owing to the failing light was unable to account for more. They eventually left the district, making for the Inyanga hills.

## PARAHENDU.



## UMTALI

Umtali is, we hope, still in the same place but we have some doubts on the subject. Earth tremors make us wonder whether our geographical position has altered lately. Not only have we been in the news regarding earth tremors but it is alleged that flying saucers have been seen on more than one occasion during the early afternoon by persons not given to "seeing things."

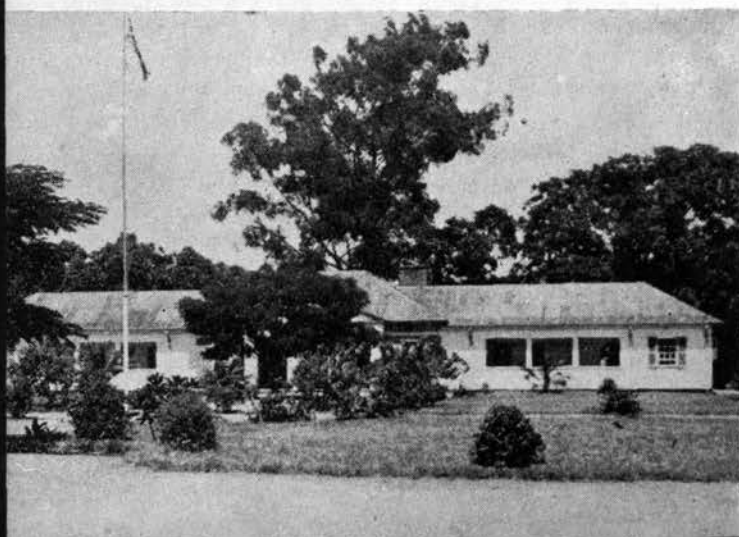
During the first earth tremor one of our African Constables was heard to remark: "I think it is the end of the world." Judging from some of the remarks I have heard since I am sure he was not alone in this thought.

During the month we were glad to see ex-Sub-Inspector Noakes, who was spending a few days holiday in Umtali and making good use of the golf course. We were pleased to see him looking so well and not a day older than when he left us.

Winter cricket has provided some good and exciting games. Against Odzi we just managed to win by the narrow margin of two runs and against Nomads we brought off an unexpected win by 17 runs. With only five of their wickets down they required 19 runs for victory. Then followed a remarkable over in which four wickets fell for two runs. The next over produced a wicket and from almost certain loss we found ourselves the winners by seventeen runs.

On Empire Day we held a tennis tournament on the Police Camp courts. We played men's doubles only and a most enjoyable morning was spent. Chief Inspector Genet and Constable Dunn were the winners, with Major Thatcher and Trooper Morgan the runners-up.

Men's quarters, Umtali Camp



The soccer team have had a month of varying fortunes. They started the month with a good 4-1 victory over Wanderers, Constable Powell, whom we were trying out at centre forward, getting three of the goals. The following week we were beaten by the same team and then the Town Rangers gave us the biggest beating of the season, although we had the distinction of scoring three goals against them, more than any other team to date. We finished the month by playing probably our best game so far this season. Umtali United are a strong team but we were decidedly unlucky not to win this match. We were leading 3-2 until the last thirty seconds of the game when a slight misunderstanding between the backs and the goal-keeper allowed the ball to roll in the net; there was no time to restart the game, the final whistle going before the game could be restarted.

It is very pleasing to see the big improvement in our players. They are now more fit and playing together as a team and if only we could turn out the same team regularly I feel sure we would give a very good account of ourselves; duties and transfers usually interfere, and it is almost impossible to have the same eleven players on the field two weeks running.

After attending the Refresher Course in Salisbury Sergeant Mason returned for a few days and then left us for Bulawayo where we hope he has settled down and is not too home sick for Umtali. Sergeant Baker has been transferred to Rusapi and we hope he enjoys the change from Town duties.

We welcome Trooper Tyrer to the district. He has been stationed at Umtali since his arrival but is shortly to leave us for the delights of Headlands. Constable Watts, our Jack, has gone on leave overseas; we hope he has a good time but we also hope he will not put on any more weight.

Two Police teams entered for the weapon meeting held at Chipinga on 26th and 27th May, and although they did not carry all before them they did collect a few prizes and had a good time.

We hope these notes will not give the impression that Umtali life is all play and no work. Far from it; we work hard and play hard and I think perhaps therein lies the secret of a happy camp.

NGITI.

## DEPOT

The King's Birthday Parade at the Drill Hall was one of the most outstanding events of the month and the B.S.A.P. turn-out of both mounted and dismounted units was of the usual high standard. It was a colourful ceremony, and the Governor's mounted escort always gives a final touch of atmosphere to the occasion.

A farewell parade by the Police Reserve (Salisbury Division) to their Officer Commanding, Lieut.-Colonel Shillingford, O.B.E., on the occasion of his retirement, was well attended on the afternoon of Saturday, 2nd June.

A very successful meeting of the Regimental Association ended with the usual sundowner party on the Institute lawns, when many "do you remembers" were heard from the groups of old timers and younger members. The Band gave just the right touch of background to a most friendly and enjoyable gathering.

We congratulate two well-known members of Depot precincts on achieving some fame during the month. Firstly, to Miss Madeline Perry, of the Printing Staff on being awarded second prize in the "Miss Salisbury" beauty competition. She has been with us for nearly three years. And to Constable Wilkin, of Salisbury Urban strength, who was photographed with his well-known python at the local newspaper offices and later published under headlines in the Sunday Press. It is not known whether the python still enjoys the comfort of the new Town Police quarters.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Lieutenant Thompson on his appointment to commissioned rank, also to Pioneer Inspector John Rudd on his promotion.

The usual visitors have been in and out of Depot and they are too numerous to mention in detail, but it was interesting to note that three ex-members who were serving before most of us in Depot were born, are back here again in harness. Mr. Frank Cross, who has been at Headquarters for some time, in charge medical records, has been joined by Mr. Rodney Stone, who is performing similar duties. The third is Mr. Paddy Graham, who is similarly employed at the Police Ordnance Store, and looks no older than he did before leaving to go East shortly after the war.

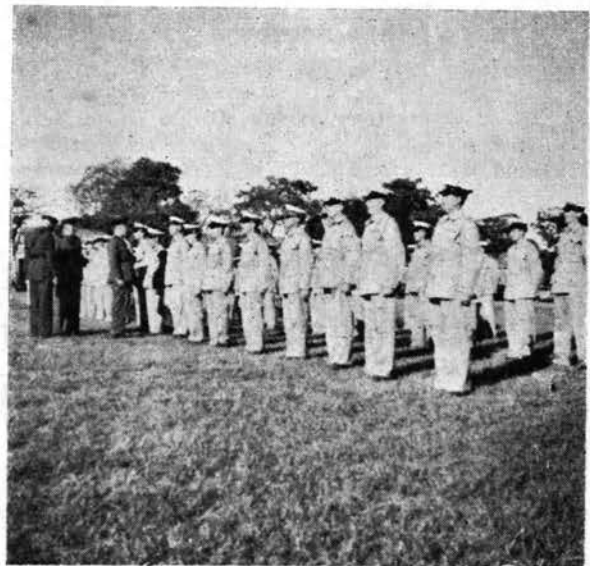
Returning from leave in the U.K. was Sergeant John Pestell who spent a few days in Salisbury before being posted to Marandellas. Sub-thair leave.

Inspector Stanley Edwards was also seen in Depot (in plain clothes) having returned from the Cape. Both have put on a good deal of weight during

We also saw Sergeant "Monty" Moncreiff during the month. He returned from leave and owing to his continued ill-health has retired from the Force. We wish him all the best and renewed health in the future.

After nearly ten years on the staff at Headquarters we have said farewell to Mrs. Bates who has left for the United Kingdom. During the war years, Mrs. Bates served in the S.R.W.A.P.S. and left with the rank of Woman Inspector after representing her Corps on the Victory Parade in London. We hope to see her back again before long.

With cricketing hopes high as a result of the Trent Bridge Test match and the temperatures low as a result of the weather at Salisbury, Ndaivepo waits impatiently for another month to pass.



Lieut.-Colonel Shillingford, O.B.E., inspecting the parade in Depot on the occasion of his retirement from the Police Reserve

## GATOOMA

The Soccer season being upon us, Gatooma types have begged, borrowed or otherwise procured the items necessary to the playing of this noble sport. The first two matches have resulted in decisive victories, although the fact that they were both played against Jameson School need not be pressed. From the fastnesses of D.H.Q. Sergeant Bonner rolled up in support and hereafter will be referred to as "Twinkletoes." We look forward to the suggested Saturday afternoon league in Gatooma.

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Our good wishes go to Vince Hustler on his forthcoming marriage to Miss Lillian van Blerk, of Gatooma. By the time these notes appear in print Vince will be a very much married man and en route to England, the Festival of Britain and the England-South Africa Test series.

Sub/Inspector Watson, having laid down his duties as Public Prosecutor, has cancelled his Stop Order in favour of the Magistrates Court Tea Fund. Sergeant Bailey now takes the helm in his stead.

Constable Brian Lovell, having recently been transferred to Traffic Section, appears to have mastered the intricacies of the motor cycle combination without mishap. It is emphatically denied that a betting book was opened as to how long it would be before Brian tried to take the motor cycle on one side of the lamp-post and the combination on the other.

The latest addition to private transport strength in Gatooma is a Model "A" Ford, date of issue unknown, jointly owned by Constables Loftly Nayling and Jim Lindsay. We believe that the purchase price was paid in quarts of beer. The African Police, needless to say, already have a name for it—it is something to do with pushing.

Fred Wolstenholme, after a very short attempt at tobacco farming, is now on his way to England, having been accepted as a Cadet Pilot in the Royal Air Force. Happy Landings, Fred!

Sundowner time now being upon us, all other items of scandal, libel and literary genius, must now wait over until next month.

HIS X MARK.

## BULAWAYO TOWN

Despite the fact that there has been a noticeable absence of Notes from this Station during the past few months,\* we can assure you that the Bulawayo Town Police are still in existence. We apologise for the lack of news in the past and hope to make a better show in the future.

Many new faces, too numerous to mention individually, have appeared on the Station from Depot and various Districts. We welcome these new members to the fold.

We congratulate the several members in all ranks who have qualified for and received promotion.

During the past month, three members of the Bulawayo Town Police have left the Force, namely, 2/Sergeant Moore Stevens, Constables Hale and Stuchbury. "Steve" is at present residing in Salisbury, "Geordie" Hale has left the Colony and is now on his way to the U.K. "Jeff" Stuchbury has gone to the Nyasaland Police.

Our best wishes are offered to 1/Sergeant Sheriff and Constable Ashworth, both recently married.

As far as sport is concerned, our hockey team is making quite favourable headway and should very shortly be affiliated to the Matabeleland Hockey Board. The standard of Soccer is not quite so high as in 1950, but this can probably be attributed to the fact that a number of players have received minor injuries. Two teams of marksmen have now been formed and appear to be progressing well with local weapon meetings in which they have taken part.

The African Police have given a very good account of themselves during the current season, and providing that they carry on at their present rate until the end of the year, they should turn out to be by far the finest athletes amongst the Bulawayo African community.

Ex-Constable "Paddy" McLernon, who visited the office recently, states that he is now farming in the Marandellas area. He produced a well-worn trilby hat, darkly stained with what he described as the sweat of his brow. He claims that farming is very hard work, but this does not appear to have altered the magnitude of his girth.

Until next time, all the best,

UHLANYA.

## C.I.D., BULAWAYO

Having concluded our May notes on the topic of snooker, and the White Cup competition, we commence these notes in the same strain. Most of the preliminary rounds have now been played off, and not without the usual surprises. One of the favourites, D/Sergeant David Williams, was eliminated in the first round, and Inspector Fulton, another fancied candidate for the Cup, came off second best in the second round. Detective Jack Denley played well to overcome Captain C. Duncombe, and was very unfortunate to lose to 2/Sergeant "Paddy" Ogle in the third round.

Amusement was caused recently when a native from the Union, who had been brought to these offices to prepare for his deportation after serving a sentence for a contravention of the Gold Trade Act, insisted on giving a demonstration to both European and African Staff on how to "throw the bones" the proper way. His method would startle the many known professional "bone-throwers" now under detention. None of this "flipping" accompanied by mystic allegory for him. A combination of the Indian rope trick and a decorated calabash was sufficient for him to foretell his future movements within the Union.

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Visitors during the past month have been Syd Bristow, George Light and Dennis Coetzee from Salisbury, and Will Sunter and Jimmie Dunbar from Gwelo and Beit Bridge, for the recent promotion examinations held at Headquarters. News has been received of Frank Tyrrell (ex-Sub-Inspector No. 2968) now a hotel proprietor in the Gatooma area; also ex-Corporal S. M. Swiney (No. 2730) of Mashaba fame, who is now with the Premier Portland Cement in town.

By the time these notes are in print, Detective Dereck Bennison will be touring the Colony on his honeymoon, and we take this opportunity of wishing him and his bride a very happy married life. No doubt a suitable presentation will be made which we can say more about next month.

A spot of good work on the part of the Radio Branch during the month deserves attention. At one stage it was found necessary to contact the Police Printer in Salisbury within a matter of minutes in connection with the publication of the Police Gazette. The query was passed to the radio station at Bulawayo at 10.40 a.m. and at 10.46 a.m., just six minutes later, a reply had been received by these offices direct from Salisbury. Good show!

1/Sergeant John Stanyon has now left us for the Victoria Falls and his place in Headquarters will be taken later by 1/Sergeant Glen MacDonald, who has spent some time by that famous beauty spot.

Until next month it's

Cheerio from Bulawayo.

CARURO.

#### FORT VICTORIA

Unfortunately for the readers of *The Outpost* there is apparently no one with literary aspirations in these parts . . . . .

In spite of the T.M.B. having decided that tarred streets are now necessary in the Township, to the temporary inconvenience of all concerned, Fort Victoria has not changed much fundamentally in many years. There is still that friendly, informal atmosphere, and Ginger Pritchard still occasionally appears from the "bundu."

Of course, the Victoria Sports Club and the Police Canteen have done much to alter the venue of our after hours amusements. This is just as well as the "pub" is perpetually full of travellers, tourists and others.

Incidentally it is rumoured that a new hotel is shortly to be built in the town.

A gymkhana was run on the Club ground in May, in aid of M.O.T.H. funds. Inspector Cooke won the open jumping on R/H Inky and riding with Constable Bennett on R/H Democrat, they came second in the half-section Tent-pegging.

Polo-Crosse is keenly supported here. Matches or practice games are played every Sunday afternoon, and it is usual to see some 25 horses turned out. In matches, a player will use only one horse, playing alternate chukas. There are six members to a team, three only playing at a time.

Gwelo, Umvuma and other centres are taking up this game which was introduced to this country by Dr. (Minto) Strovers. In centres where numbers and cash prohibit the Royal Sport of Polo, this game will doubtless attain the same popularity that it has in parts of England.

Musketry has been completed and in spite of every encouragement (?) only one Marksman has emerged, although eight of the 31 members fired King's Medal.

Police put in a team at the Fort Victoria Weapon Meeting. Results were what could have been anticipated. Trooper Howard managed to collect a third prize, otherwise Police did not figure in the prize lists.

ZWAKANAKA.

## Correspondence Courses — Sindebele

Correspondence courses in the Sindebele African Language, which were curtailed two years ago owing to reproduction difficulties, are being re-commenced by Det. Sub-Inspector K. D. Leaver, C.I.D., Box 349, Gwelo.

The course offered is designed to coach students for the B.S.A. Police Promotion, Civil Service Oral and the written examinations, the latter being courses of the Lower Diploma of Bantu Studies.

The course covers nearly a hundred pages of foolscap paper and includes special lessons on the new orthography, idioms, coupled consonants, translations and proverbs, as well as many new rules of grammar and a series of question papers for submission which are returned with correction sheets.

The Author was Lecturer of Sindebele and Zulu at the Bulawayo Technical School during 1945, inaugurating these subjects in the curriculum of the Adult Education Classes.

The fee for the complete course is £6.

Anybody desiring further information is asked to communicate with the above named.



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Do you recall the "British Generals' Black Week" in the war; when, in the midst of a big offensive against the Italians in N. Africa, a hatful of our higher-ups were accidentally trapped and captured?

Some time before then a special plane bearing an R.A.F. Vice-Marshal on his way to take command in the Desert, crash landed, with, too, a quarter of a million cash aboard, in Sicily, and Air Vice-Marshal Boyd was captured.

With him on special mission was a business man on war service, Mr. John F. Leeming, famous in peace time as author of the best seller "Claudius the Bee," and a flying enthusiast who, incidentally, once came down on the top of an English mountain. All these noted folk ultimately found themselves prisoners of war in the same Italian fortresses.

In *Always To-morrow* (Harrap) Mr. Leeming tells the story of their long sojourn together as captives. Another prisoner of war story? Yes; but one that is quite different. Escapes and attempted escapes it has, and exciting they are, but it is the story of the days in captivity, as told by Mr. Leeming that makes this book. For discernment, human detail, and above all, the sense of humour disclosed by the author, this war book is in a class quite apart, and is on those accounts a narrative which makes an irresistible appeal.

I shall be very much surprised if this book is not received with acclaim as a work unique of its type. Not the least notable part of it is that which Mr. Leeming reserves for the end: the story, made all the more astonishing by the author's restraint in its telling, of how, by an astonishing exhibition of self-control and will power, he planned and successfully carried out a scheme of shamming madness in order to secure release and repatriation.

*The United Nations and Power Politics*, by John MacLaurin (Allen & Unwin), is a book the matter-of-fact title of which conceals some of the most outspoken writing yet put forth on the proceedings, behind-the-scenes influences, and vital debates held at the meetings of this new instrument for international justice and preservation of peace. The author, a constant eye-witness and an expert on his subject, exaggerates nothing, but, instead, wholly depends for his effects and arguments on descriptions of and speech-quotations from crucial

occasions. He reveals, without profitless bias, what exactly the attitude of Russia has meant from the beginning; analyses the alignment in regard to issues of world significance. His lack of bias is shown in the manner in which, in connection with more than one such issue, both Britain and the U.S.A. have fallen short in breadth of view and foresight.

No more cogent indictment of Soviet world-policy has thus far been penned; the evidence, that of actual speeches, cannot be rebutted. The whole book is one which all alert to the perils of the days in which we live should make a special point of getting hold of.

A specially large number of overseas folk will be, and are planning to be, with us this Festival of Britain Year; and after seeing the now famous South Bank, London, and its attractions, as well as those of the cities and provinces, will no doubt include in their trip a tour of England's countryside and shore. To those about to start I would recommend to their attention one of the most delightful books. It is *We Wander in the West*, by S. P. B. Mais (Ward, Lock). Mr. Mais, a practised writer and a specialist in this type of work, knows his territory inside out; he is richly informative, and here at his very best. He covers some of the most beautiful and picturesque country in England, and his book is illustrated by pictures that superbly set off the letterpress.

Fiction this month starts with the new, the topical and the big scale *Festival at Farbridge* (Heinemann), by J. B. Priestley. In this novel, produced, as it were, for the Festival Year, Mr. Priestley has created more than 100 characters and a story itself peculiarly fitted to the occasion. The leading figures are three: an ex-Naval Commodore adventurer on the loose, a girl typist who has just (and unjustly) lost her job, and a young man from overseas, with both time and money to spend. Chance brings these three together in Farbridge, a rather humdrum smallish English midland town, the local authorities of which have already decided that they will take no corporate part in the Festival Year. The Commodore thinks otherwise; the girl joins him; so does the young man (who has "fallen for her"). The story is the narrative of how, in spite of opposition, and a long series of bustling adventures and schemes, they ultimately succeed, and Farbridge has its festival.

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*Shadows*, by Winifred Duke (Jarrolds) a highly unusual and gripping performance, is the story, told with very marked technical skill and from a quite fresh angle, behind the murder trial of a woman charged with the use of poison. Miss Duke has, as always, a complete command of her material, and in this sombre yet extremely live performance reinforces her position as one of the truly accomplished of present day story tellers.

*Veronica*, by Laura Pope (Longmans), is the story, told in the first person, by the man concerned, of his return to a North African town, where, himself ageing and afflicted, he fell in love with a young woman. The theme is in certain aspects unsympathetic, yet moving, too; the atmosphere is done with very great skill, and the most powerful part of the book is that in which the author gives us a picture of a woman religious devotee and the family which is her background.

Naomi Jacob can be relied upon to give us without fail a full and dramatic story with living characters. She has notably done so in her new novel, *The Heart of the House* (Hutchinson). As so often, the scene is set in the Yorkshire which she knows so well. It is, in essence, the story of a women's secret love, its object the physically attractive squire's son, whose father, however, is set on his marrying money and thus restoring the fortunes of his house. Now, that is no new theme. The point about this novel is the way in which the author, by her robust creation and handling of character and event, brings freshness to it. It is easy to explain Miss Jacobs' sustained success; and, in the class of the popular novelist, that success is without question deserved.

What sort of a novel can a man write in his 90th year? For answer, I refer you to Mr. Eden Phillpotts and his latest, *Through a Glass Darkly* (Hutchinson). The scene, as always with Eden Phillpotts, is Devon; the story that of two old friends, and retired merchant service shipmates, looked after by a young woman relative, and what happens when she falls in love with a young stranger the older people do not approve of: with dramatic result. All the long-standing Phillpotts qualities (the Phillpotts of the lighter type of writing) are here: invention, naturalist characterisation, humour, and effortless command of the art of narrative. It is in short a delightful book: and, I will needlessly add, its author a highly remarkable man.

*April Wooing*, by Iris Bromidge (Hodder and Stoughton), author of the charming "The Golden Cage," is light romance in the mountains; modern

in setting and approach, and as pleasant a story as you'll find this season. *Bright Meadows*, by Claire Ritchie (Hodder and Stoughton), in similar key, is a homely story of an ordinary young man and woman, and the often amusing complexities of life due to a houseful of youngsters adored by the woman. This author has an engaging touch.

Finally two thrillers to note: *The Customer's Always Wrong*, by Kevin O'Hara (Hurst and Blackett), in which that excessively live wire Chico Brett keeps us on tiptoes; and *The Tontine Treasure*, by H. M. Webster (Hurst and Blackett): Mystic deeds and startling developments which begin in an old and most disagreeable castle.

## Domestic Notices

### BIRTHS

BOTHA.—To Inspector and Mrs. Botha at Salisbury in 30th May, 1951, a daughter, Moira Crosbie Macdonald.

MORGAN.—To Sergeant and Mrs. Morgan at Bulawayo on 27th March, 1951, a daughter, Anne Margaret Phillippa.

VAN EEDE.—To Detective and Mrs. R. T. van Eede, at Salisbury on 28th May, 1951, a daughter, Deirdre Illawyn.

### MARRIAGES

ASHWORTH—WREY-WATHEN. — Constable J. B. Ashworth to Miss Patricia Mary Wrey-Wathen, at St. Mary's Cathedral, Bulawayo, on 5th May, 1951.

TRANGMAR—HARMER. — 2/Sergeant R. F. Trangmar to Miss Gladys Mary Harmer, at the Cathedral, Salisbury, on 26th May, 1951.

BRADFIELD—ROBINSON. — Constable J. D. Bradfield to Miss Joan Robinson at the Methodist Church, Marandellas, on 19th May, 1951.

BUCHANAN—LAWRANCE. — 2/Sergeant W. R. Buchanan to Miss Peggy Joyce Lawrance at the Presbyterian Church, Salisbury, on 5th May, 1951.

OWEN—LONG.—1/Sergeant P. T. Owen to Miss Dorothy Somerset Long at St. John's Church, Umtali, on 12th May, 1951.

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# Case for the Prosecution

There were no witnesses and not one clue was found at the scene of the crime

Laughton Davis felt drowsy, even before he had driven twenty-five miles out of Kimberley. The bad roads, the hot day, the dust-devils and bad news drove all thoughts of business from his mind and he thought only of his own personal troubles. If Sheila really meant to throw him over, because he had not enough money to satisfy her wishes he had to think of ways and means to get some; by fair means if possible, but otherwise by foul. He wanted her above all else.

His train of thoughts was suddenly interrupted by the sight of a small trading store in the distance and he fell to wondering, why any man should select such an isolated spot to carry on business. He could see no other houses nearby. There it was, a typical dorp store; sash windows heavily barred, a portable petrol pump and on the stoep the usual mealie grinder and scales. The front doors were closed. As he drew up at the front of the store, he was greeted by three native dogs, which promptly fled as he left the car. Walking round to the back, a scene of desolation greeted him. Not a soul was in sight; not even a native picannin to stare rudely up at him; but just as he was about to retrace his steps, having knocked on the back door, the door opened and a wizened old man appeared, blinking in the sunlight.

"Ah, Mr.——?" began Laughton Davis instantly donning his salesman's manner. "I'm travelling in ploughs and other farming implements. I wonder if I could interest you?"

"Well, you know I don't usually talk business on a Saturday afternoon," answered the old trader, "but some in and sit down."

"Oh! Yes, of course, I forgot it was Saturday, one loses count of time and day on the road. I suppose that accounts for all your boys being away?"

"Yes, everybody sleeps on a Saturday afternoon here when it is so hot, so I suppose the boys have gone."

It was not long before Laughton Davis was given an order for a plough, but the old trader was lonely and kept the salesman talking as long as he could. A bottle was produced and glasses were filled. The conversation turned to the latest farm inventions and the old trader, who became very talkative after a few drinks, confided in Laughton Davis, that he had an idea he had mentioned to no one else; which, if applied to wind-mills would enable them to work in even the lightest breeze.

There were still a few details to work out, he went on to explain.

"Have you thought of patenting this idea?" asked Davis, as casually as he could, seeing the great possibilities in it.

"Well, yes, I had thought of it," the other answered guardedly; a faint gleam of suspicion, that the salesman might try to forestall him, being aroused in his liquor-dulled mind. He didn't quite like the look in the young fellow's eyes when he enquired if the idea had been patented. He must send to the patents-office and get it provisionally patented at least, without delay. He would post it on the passenger train due in a couple of hours. First, he must get rid of the young fellow; he would pay him for the plough now.

Excusing himself, he rose from the table, crossed the room and opened a door at the further end. Through a gap in the door, which had swung slightly ajar, Davis could just see him count out the money from a large roll of notes, watched him, also, push back into the safe two other rolls of notes, which had fallen out on to the floor.

When the trader returned to where the salesman was sitting, it was to find him entering the transaction in his sales-book. Counting the money out, the old man asked for his receipt; spelling out his name V-A-L-E-S, and supplying the date, after consulting the calendar to make sure . . .

It was done! He couldn't resist the temptation to strike the old man down. After all, why shouldn't he have the money instead of this old wreck; it meant so much more to him and his future.

Laughton Davis, glancing nervously about him, hurried round to the front of the store and jumped into his car. He was now in possession of the wind-mill plan, a first rate idea, which he was sure would make a lot of money and he was also in possession of a large sum of money from the safe. Then he gave an exclamation of annoyance, as he left the car again and ran round to the back of the store once again. The old man still lay in the same position as he had left him on the floor. Hurriedly searching the room, he found what he wanted—the receipt for the plough.

As he sped away from the lonely little store, followed by the shrill of Christmas-beetles, he grinned with satisfaction. He was clever; these little



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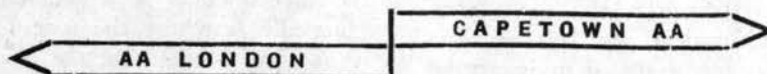
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details were very important; men had been hanged for overlooking such things before. Had the police found this receipt for the plough, they would have asked awkward questions. Now, no one knew he had called at the store. The natives would come under suspicion as soon as it was found that the safe had been opened and the money taken, but no finger-prints would be found, because he had only to pick the money up. The dust would soon cover his tracks on the road. After driving a few miles further, he pulled up under the scanty shade of a small tree, to count the money contained in the rolls of notes; being impatient to find out how much he was worth. Then another thought struck him and producing his sales-book he hurriedly tore out the page recording the sale of the plough and destroyed it.

Suddenly, in the far distance, he noticed a car approaching in the opposite direction from which he had been travelling. This was awkward; he had not thought of the possibility of passing anyone on the road. He might have driven into the bush until the car passed him, but there might be other cars to pass and, anyhow, what cover had this part of the country to offer him? The idea dawned on him that he was not so clever after all; there were so many things that could go wrong, or turn up unexpectedly; but as he thought, so an idea came to him. He reversed the direction of his car, so that it looked as if he were heading for the place he had just left. Then, unscrewing the valve from one of the car tyre tubes, he let out the air. As it escaped noisily, he got out his tyre repair outfit and scattered the levers and tools about. He was busily pumping up a nearly deflated tyre when the other car drew up and the driver, a police sergeant, asked if any assistance was needed.

"No, thanks, just finished repairing a rather bad puncture. By the way, how far am I from Kimberley?"

"Just thirty-two miles. I will carry on behind you as far as Vale's store, which is a few miles from here; I have to call there."

"Right, thanks very much. I would be glad if you would, I might have trouble again with this tyre."

What luck! Here was a perfect alibi; they would discover the body together. Yes he *was* very clever.

\* \* \*

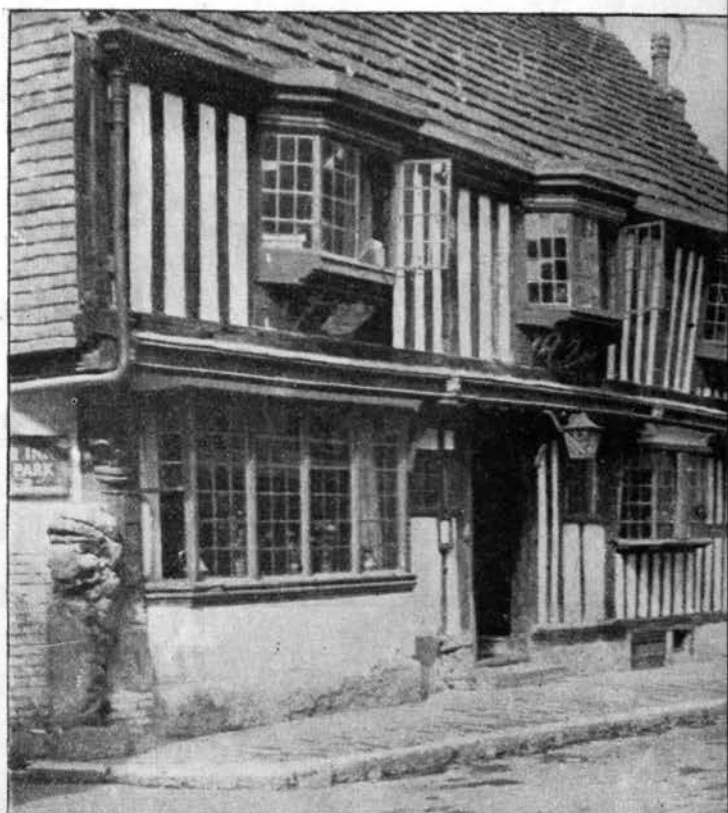
Laughton Davis sat in the office of a patents agent. The manager of the firm nodded his head

THE OUTPOST, JUNE, 1951

with satisfaction as he studied the paper on his desk before him. Then he smiled and glanced up. "This looks like a really first class idea, Mr. Davis, and if patented, after a few details have been worked out, it should make money for you." He wrote something on a slip of paper and excusing himself, pushed a button on his desk to summon a typist. When she appeared, he handed her a few letters. "Get these posted right away, please, Miss Smith, and give this to the chief clerk on your way, will you?" Not long after, Miss Smith again appeared, looking rather nervous, and announced detective Green; who, without any preliminaries, delivered the usual police warning to Laughton Davis.

"Now, Mr. Davis," began the head of the patents office, leaning forward, I would like to ask you a few more questions about this idea you say is your own. When you handed me this sketch, it struck me it had several points in common with a similar idea drawn on the bottom of a letter I received a few weeks ago. The writer wanted to know if it was worth patenting, but we told him it would have to have a few details worked out first of all. We advised him, however, to take out a provisional patent for it in the meantime. He did not do this."

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Then, looking straight into Davis's eyes, "The man who wrote that letter was Jacob Vale, who was recently murdered." A push button again summoned Miss Smith into his presence. "Please bring me that letter about the windmill improvement sent to us by the late Mr. Vale."

While she was away, the patents office manager addressed himself to the detective. "I hope I have not put you to this trouble for nothing, Sergeant, but it struck me that this might be a clue; so I scribbled a note on a letter I had just signed, asking Miss Smith to 'phone you."

"Ah, here we are, thank you, Miss Smith. You will notice, Sergeant, the points of similarity in these drawings are far too many for us not to place the greatest importance on them. Another significant fact is that the dimensions on both sketches, though drawn by a different hand, are identical."

The detective turned to Laughton Davis. "You have been cautioned," he warned, "is there anything you wish to say before I take you away, because I intend to hold you on suspicion."

Davis shrugged his shoulders, smiled, reached for his hat, then rose to accompany the detective. "I have nothing to say"; then, turning towards the man behind the desk: "This won't do your firm any good. You will be the laughing stock of the city when this is over. I can answer any question the police wish to put to me, but I'm not going to talk here. You've acted on very flimsy evidence, which proves nothing . . .

\* \* \*

The prosecutor shuffled his papers importantly, then, after first glancing over his spectacles at the prisoner in the witness-box, he slowly removed them and placed them on the table in front of him, before rising to cross-examine the man before him.

"You say," he began, "that the first time you saw the deceased was when you and Sergeant van Rooyen entered the store?"

"Yes, that's right."

"Tell me, now, where did you first gain possession of the windmill plan?"

"I bought the sketch from a man I met in Joubert park, who said he was hard up."

"Come now, you said the idea was your own."

"Yes, vanity caused me to say that; I wanted to impress my fiancée, but I admit now that it was not my idea at all."

"Who is the man who sold you the idea?"

"I don't know."

"Do you think that he would be prepared to come forward to assist us if an appeal were made through the press?"

"I shouldn't think so, especially after reading about the trouble it is causing in the papers. The police shouldn't have let the papers know about it yet."

"Ah . . . Yes. Please confine your remarks to the matter in hand. We do not wish to know what you think of the police. It has no bearing on the case at all. Just say yes or no, as an answer, or if you do not know, or are not sure, say 'I don't know.' I agree it is possible to meet strangers in parks and be offered things to buy from them."

"Now bearing on the point of meeting Sergeant van Rooyen on the road, can you remember his remarking on some blood you had on the under part of your sleeve? When you first met him, he says he offered to bandage the wound if you wished it; he carried a first-aid box in the car, but you said it did not matter; you seemed surprised to see the blood. The prison doctor who examined your hands, reports that you had no signs of cuts, scratches, or abrasions, on either hand. Can you account for the presence of the blood?"

"Yes, I can."

"Well, please tell the court about it."

"While I was mending the puncture in my car tube, one of the levers slipped and struck me in the mouth. I remember drawing the back of my hand across my lips and noticing the blood."

"Yes. Yes. I see, quite a feasible explanation; it satisfactorily accounts for the absence of a wound on your hands, but it was strange that you should keep your coat on, while you were mending a puncture, especially on a hot day. Now tell me, while we are on the subject of punctures, did you or did you not tell Sergeant van Rooyen at the time that the puncture was a bad one, by which I take it you meant a large hole or slit?"

"Yes, I did."

"Now listen carefully. While you have been held on suspicion, the police have examined all the tyres on your car and none of them have ever had a puncture on them; not even the spare."

The court might have been empty for all the noise that could be heard. All eyes were on the prisoner. Laughton Davis, conscious of being the centre of attention, straightened his tie, cleared his throat, then smiled. It was a smile of confidence. He would be outside in a little while; a free man. He was clever. Had he not told that chap in the patents office that he could answer any questions put to him. He would show them.

The voice of the prosecutor interrupted this pleasant train of thoughts. "You have heard what I have said. The police state there was not a single puncture on any of your tubes. Can you explain that, in view of the statement you made to Sergeant van Rooyen?"

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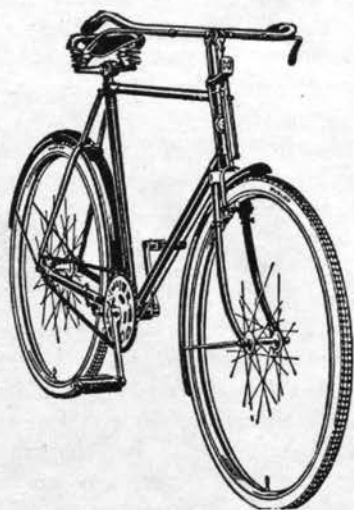
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"Yes, I stated that it was a bad puncture. When I got home I decided not to use the tube again, in case it gave trouble, which was quite a natural thing for me to do."

The tension in the court was released. People turned to look at each other, some nodded, others smiled and all eyes were now turned on the prosecutor once more, as he again addressed the prisoner.

"Tell me now, at what garage did you have the tube changed?"

"I changed it myself; I always carry a spare."

"I see. I see. Then I suppose you can produce the old tube, because when the police searched your place, they did not come across any old tubes."

"No, they wouldn't," Davis almost sneered.

"Why not?"

"Because I gave it away."

"Gave a useless tube away? To whom did you give it?"

"A couple of young boys who happened to be passing; they wanted it for catapult elastic. I heard one of them say that they mustn't let their parents know they had it."

"Yes. Yes. That is quite possible, quite possible." Then, glancing down at the papers on his table, the prosecutor looked up, cleared his throat and placing his hands on the lapels of his gown once more addressed the prisoner, as he announced: "There is just one more question I would like to ask before I finish."

"When the police searched your room, they came upon a small suitcase such as might be used by commercial travellers. In it was this book"; and the prosecutor held up a small book. "You may recognise it, here is your name on it."

"In this book, a sales book and diary combined, written in your own handwriting, is the most damning evidence against you. In this book, under the date on which the deceased was murdered, is a small memorandum to the effect that, you had sold to him on that date, one plough for which he had paid you cash."

All attention was now focussed on the prisoner who looked rather startled and perplexed, but he simply answered: "There is no such note in that book; you are only suggesting that I wrote it."

"Then you did not make a note about the sale of a plough to the deceased on the date of the murder?"

"No, I defy you to show me anything to that effect in that book."

"Perhaps the date is wrong; perhaps you sold it to him a day earlier?"

"I had never seen the man, or his store, before the day of the murder."

THE OUTPOST, JUNE, 1951

"Tell me, why did you tear out that page in your sales diary, where the date of the murder should have been, if you were not guilty. I put it to you. Why did you tear out that page?"

"I can explain that. A passing motorist asked me for directions and as he couldn't follow what I told him, I made a sketch for him in the book and tore out the page."

"I see. I see. Tell me now, does it not seem strange to you, that you should tear out a page with business notes written on one side, when you could have used any one of a dozen blank pages, provided at the back of the book? I suggest you had good reason to tear out that page." With that, the prosecutor placed the book on the table in front of him and continued: "I will spare you the trouble of answering that question."

The prisoner, suddenly interrupted and pointing dramatically to the book on the table he shouted, "There is nothing about the trader, Vale, in that book. Show it to the judge. Show it to the jury. Show it to me."

Ignoring this outburst, the prosecutor again picked up the book and continued. "After you had committed your foul deed, you made sure of destroying any clues there might have been. If you gave the store keeper a receipt, you must have destroyed it. It was not found."

"There were no witnesses and not one clue was found at the scene of the crime. You made sure you tore out the page from your book recording the sale, but unfortunately for yourself, you used a hard pencil and, being heavy handed, what you wrote on that page, made a very good impression on the blank page, under that on which you wrote."

"Anyone who tries this out, on a smooth, rather glossy paper, using a hard pencil and a heavy hand, will find that out for himself. The proof that you were at Vales store on the day of the murder, is written in this book by you, for all to see."

The rondavel occupied by Cecil Rhodes at Bulawayo





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# When Gwelo Burns

REMEMBER that little blue book which Rhodesia House gave to recruited personnel in Blighty? There was a phrase in the conditions of service which left no doubt that all one's time was at the disposal of His Excellency the Governor of Southern Rhodesia. Apart from driving an ambulance in Bulawayo during spare time I think that the Gwelo Fire Brigade is about the next best paying spare time job which one can do during His Excellency's pleasure.

Prior to March, 1950, any member of the Town Police posted to the Gwelo Town Section became automatically a member of the Gwelo Fire Brigade. At that time the brigade was as it is to-day, manned entirely by the B.S.A. Police.

Haphazard is a good word to describe the brigade as it was in those days. Practices took place, but not very often, and new recruits to the Town Section were hardly proficient in the use of the equipment at their disposal, or in firemanship generally.

When a fire call came we turned out and eventually extinguished the fire, but I hate to think what a real fireman would have thought had one been present. We were lucky if we had someone in the crew who could operate the pump in double quick time and gauge the pressure required for a certain length of hose—things like dividing breaches, breathing apparatus and so forth, were unknown quantities.

The turning point in our careers as firemen came with the arrival in town of a Mr. Johnson. Mr. Johnson was for twelve years a Station Officer in the Croydon Fire Brigade, and there is very little he does not know about fires in peace-time and war-time. Although employed in a different capacity in Southern Rhodesia, he still eats, breathes and sleeps firemanship. Designated by the Gwelo Municipality as our instructor and guardian angel we have been under his instruction since March, 1950.

Have you very thought what a professional fireman has to know? It is really staggering. He has to be an expert on dynamics, hydraulics, chemistry, upholstery, diplomacy and possess exemplary tact and commonsense. In short, we got a bit of a shock when Mr. Johnson descended on us—we had to wake up and really earn our monthly pay.

We started with Wednesday evening lectures and they still continue—we learned how not to roll a hose out (if you do it the wrong way you get abrasions and burns all along the forearms and hands—very unpleasant). How much water is required for a certain length of hose and how to prevent the man on the end from being swung around like a feather in a breeze. How to pick up a man twice your own weight and not have to visit the G.M.O. the next day to have a permanent contraption fitted. We learnt that that brass thing at the end of the hose is not a nozzle or a squirter but a "branch," etc. etc. That cracking a delivery means opening a valve and that hydrants are often blocked by stones and that dilatory workers often bury them during road repairs. We learnt the difference between male and female joints and what to do if you suddenly find yourself with two females.

Most important of all we learnt the psychological attitude which a fireman must adopt if he is to prevent himself from becoming a worried wreck after his first few fires—in short, what to think of adverse public opinion, as it nearly always is.

We learnt all that and much more under the able tutorship of Mr. Johnson. The first thing that he did, apart from lecturing his pupils, was to reorganise the equipment at our disposal. Back in the early '40's our equipment consisted of a Ford truck and a trailer pump of wartime Britain pattern painted in approved pillar box red colour. Quite fast and handy, but hardly sufficient for up and coming Gwelo. Almost forgotten in the garage was our old Merryweather engine which had been standing the blasts and criticism of the Gwelo public since the Occupation.

Mr. Johnson started by taking away the old warrior and re-designing, re-organising and re-building it. The solid tyres were taken off and pneumatic ones fitted, a completely new super-structure, including a capacious storage tank, was installed. The old engine (30 m.p.h. flat out) was still there, plus the springs, almost pre-Zeederberg coach style, but she sported a gleaming new super searchlight, M.T.B. type. We are still waiting for the ladder, without which no fire engine is complete, and then she will be there in all her glory of red paint and shiny brasswork, a credit to any town.

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Mr. Johnson had provided the equipment so he decided to dress his firemen appropriately. Of course, we could not leave the Police Ordnance store completely out of it—our helmets are the usual Police issue but are painted blue—you can laugh with pictures of real firemen's helmets in the back of your mind but we are assured by our resident expert that they are just the thing for the job. White overalls and gum boots complete the outfit.

The point is—do we have any fires? Of course we do; not many, it is true, but nevertheless we do get some wet practice on occasion. The last effort was a fire in a furniture store which Sergeant Rowley, by using the new hose reel contraption, extinguished almost single-handed, before the fire could spread to the rest of the store.

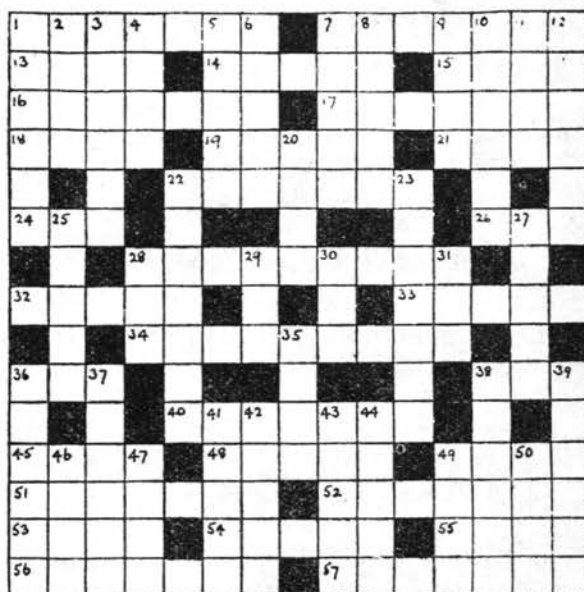
Pise house fires are still our main bugbear, and although once a fire has started in any dwelling with a thatched roof nothing much can be done, we do prevent the conflagration from spreading to neighbouring buildings. Trying to reconcile the non-extinction to members of the public is still the main battle—they seem to think that merely playing a jet on a raging inferno is sufficient to douse it at once.

Due to our training we find that now we can get to the scene of a fire with a minimum of confusion and that once there every man knows what to do and when to do it and he can take over the next man's job with no trouble.

In fact, now as never before, we feel that we are earning our pay. The Brigade is no longer open to every new arrival—a few old timers form the nucleus and the rest are recent additions who have to work pretty hard to catch up and so qualify as proficient members. We are not experts by any means but we do consider that we are capable of tackling most fires that Gwelo can produce and of acquitting ourselves creditably. In fact, if you ever think of leaving the Police there are worse jobs than a fireman's and I can assure you that for a sense of work well done there is little to beat it.

Above all it is a lot of fun and the beer tastes a lot better afterwards . . . . Speaking of beer—the other day we had a fire at the Bata Shoe Factory Club and when we arrived it had been put out by a civilian. Well, we all went into the bar . . . but that's the lighter side of a fireman's life.

## CROSSWORD



### DOWN

1. She's Ma that mixes malt and water!
2. Enclosed space.
3. Jupiter is in merry mood.
4. Somewhat sheepish pitcher?
5. Broken strap set to catch you.
6. Cries with good measure, and in two voices!
7. The steer has run amok.
9. Am later than anno domini, though he was before.
10. You may watch it move while the Yard looks for it.
11. 9's wife in smooth form.
12. Stayed "put."
20. And graces may go with those unsung.
22. It seems as if one permitted the creditor everything.
23. Seen, let, put in order.
25. Hautboys, if you like.
27. Wants.
28. It is noticeable in the colliery.
29. Jack Tar's skill.
30. A custom of ours out east?
31. Well, if I got in, it would be said!
35. Tardy bird.
36. I'd a far sense of fear.
37. Gentler with the relatives at first.
38. The country whose story was told by night?
39. He married "dear Prue."
41. Mohammedan title.
42. Trials held chiefly out of court.
43. French royal duke assassinated at the opera.
44. Insect creeps under a French article.
46. Scandinavian folk-lore.
47. "My — would hear her and beat, Had I lain for a century dead." (Tennyson).
49. Jacobean favourite and poisoner.
50. Somewhere for a simpleton to live? Well, he can't be sharp, now can he?

### ACROSS

1. A joke in May has a royal ring!
7. He is not necessarily a sleeper as well.
13. In a line.
14. Sounds like something for the C.O. to carry out, but it's too sketchy for him!
15. Waiting to bear the olive.
16. So young Sarah gets about always?
17. Fortunes.
18. The hirsute have plenty.
19. A well-known river may be silver at home.
21. Fragrant in the garden, moneyed in the city.
22. Aids.
24. King Solomon in sunshine.
26. Last useless to the cobbler.
28. "Come live with me and be my love; And we will all the — prove" (Marlowe).
32. Not so much folded as 4to.
33. Arrival of fifty 'at a Red Sea port.
34. How the sparrows expressed it (with wit too!).
36. Request.
38. 22's helpful beast.
40. Rhymes with 52, and can be reckoned on.
45. Rip with help from 26.
48. What a mix-up!
49. The Face in the Restaurant.
51. Cites Mussolini at the heart of it.
52. See 40.
53. "You have been warned," Caesar, of these.
54. Simply perpetual.
55. Pay the liar in his own coin.
56. Ulcer under the skin of lambs.
57. "Tear tie." (Anagram).

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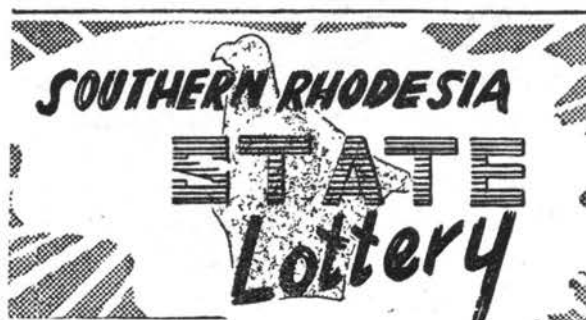
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# The Good Old Days

Way back Police authorities seem to have had their transport problems for we find that it was found necessary to issue orders regarding the use of bicycles issued for Government work.

They included a prohibition against the use of bicycles for private purposes or pleasure trips. (If you had ever ridden one of those machines over the tracks which served as roads you would wonder whether this order was really necessary, but no doubt ideas of what constitutes pleasure change with the years).

The orders then go on—

"Bicycles are only to be ridden by experienced riders, who must take great care not to damage their machines.

"Bicycles will be cleaned at morning and evening stables. They will be kept oiled, but care is to be taken not to use too much oil.

"The nuts and bolts are to be kept properly tightened, and care is to be taken not to lose any of the tools or other appurtenances.

"Men riding bicycles will be properly dressed and will wear uniform as follows:—

"Slouch hat, tunic, riding breeches, puttees, highlows. Greatcoat will be rolled and carried bandolier fashion over the right shoulder. Haversack with rations will be carried over the right shoulder, and water bottle over the left shoulder."

To deter Policemen from being careless with their horses, the usual punishment for giving a horse a sore back seems to have been a fine and C.B. (or in some cases imprisonment), together with a pay stoppage of one shilling per day until the horse was fit for duty. (And a shilling was a shilling then, when pay was five shillings a day).

There is also record of an "Artillery leader" (a native presumably employed to lead the team of mules or oxen drawing the artillery) being punished for damaging an ammunition wagon by neglect.

The year 1911 brings us to the first mention of M.T. in the Police when a Sergeant was seconded to the Transport Department as instructor and given the rank of "Sergeant Conductor," and three troopers were also transferred to the Transport Department as "chauffeurs" and given the rank of "Acting Sergeant Conductors."

ANON.

## Obituary

JOHN STUART HARRIS  
(ex-Regt. No. 594)

The death occurred early this month at Riversdale, Cape Province, of Mr. J. S. Harris, who retired from the Native Department as Native Commissioner at Nyamandhlovu.

Born in London, Mr. Harris went to South Africa in 1896 where he served in the Imperial Yeomanry and the Natal Police. He joined the B.S.A. Police in January, 1904, and six years later was transferred to the Native Department.

He was stationed in a number of districts of the Colony and was well known to many of the old hands in the Police.

FREDERICK MUGGLETON  
(P.R. No. 791)

We regret to record the sudden death of Mr. F. Muggleton at his farm, Steynstroom, in the Cashel District, on May 28.

Mr. Muggleton was an enthusiastic member of the Police Reserve having attested on 11th August, 1941, and had qualified for the Long Service Medal.

He came to Rhodesia from the Cape in 1928 and had farmed at Cashel since 1935. He was a keen horseman and a good rifle shot.

We offer our sincere condolences to his wife and family in their bereavement.

## THE KING'S COLOURS

The recent laying-up at Bulawayo of the King's Colours of the Southern Rhodesia Volunteers is of interest to members of the B.S.A. Police.

The S.R.V. Colours were presented at Mafeking in 1904 by Lord Milner when at the same time, the B.S.A.P. received the King's Colours, now in the Officers Mess at Salisbury.

The presentation was made as a recognition of the services rendered by the B.S.A. Police during the South African War and this Corps, together with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, hold the joint distinction of being the only Police Forces in the Empire to receive King's Colours.

A photograph of the Colour Party consisting of Lieutenant Dacomb, Sergeant-Major Gibbard and Sergeant Armfield hangs in the Regimental Institute in Depot.





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## THE OLD SCHOOL TIE

When A. P. Ryan, formerly B.B.C. News Editor, broadcast on the importance of the old school tie, he pointed out that a British Field-Marshal did not carry his baton any more proudly than he wore this tie, for the public school cult was deeply rooted in British social life, where it had its devout worshippers and angry dissenters.

Although people have little money now, waiting lists for the expensive public schools keep up their number. "No other nation," says Ryan, "spends so much on sending its boys away from home and to different schools from their sisters." In Chaucer's time a highly successful bishop founded Winchester to go with his New College at Oxford. Old Wykehamists' success influenced Henry VI to repeat their founder's good work. So Eton and King's College at Cambridge began, with half a dozen boys transferred from Winchester to give the new school a flying start. The connection was maintained and three of Eton's earliest provosts and twelve of her head masters came from Winchester. As the years went by the King's College of Our Lady of Eton beside Windsor drew ahead. "It did so without the Royal support that might have been expected," said Ryan. "George V was the first King since Henry VI to attend service in its glorious chapel, and the present Duke of Gloucester is the first son of an English king to be an Etonian. Scotland has redressed this balance nobly for all six brothers of the Queen were at Eton."

Ryan's choice of a typical public school was Westminster, lying under the shadow of the Abbey. Loyalty had kept it there while other London foundations, like Charterhouse and the Merchant Taylors, have migrated to the country. Westminster began as a mediaeval grammar school and was refounded by Queen Elizabeth. It had one of the earliest of the flogging head masters, a formidable pedagogue called Dr. Busby, who kept his hat on when showing Charles II round his school, saying, "It would not do for my boys to suppose that there exists in the world a greater man than Dr. Busby . . ." Dr. Keate was another head-master of the old school who made history with his birch at Eton. He presided at a raised desk, in company with other masters. Over two hundred boys would often wait for weeks without being called up to say their lessons. Organised games were not general, and boys played such things as "shirking walls, conquering lobs, steal baggage, cut gallows, chucky, sinks, hustle cap" which sounded more like a delinquent school than a public one. Turbulent rough houses were quelled

with strong weapons and on one occasion when Winchester boys ran away, troops with bayonets were brought in to help the masters.

These days were brought to an end by the middle-class revolution carried through by Dr. Arnold at Rugby, who gave an entirely new and more kindly look to the public schools, and masters trained under him scattered to spread a more civilised tradition in other schools and horseplay went out of fashion. The vitality of the British public school, suggested Ryan, was drawn from its knack of adapting itself to the changing social set-up. When these schools were founded education was in the church's hands and education for the masses began with the 18th century charity schools. The caste theory of the public school was a Victorian development and the lessons taught then moved in sympathy with an increasingly practical and commercial outlook, although scholarship stood its ground. The first world war seemed to have broken the continuity of English public schools, but "unless I misjudge them," said Ryan, "they have every intention of keeping their public schools, somehow or other, alive. But who—forty years on—will be wearing the old school tie, is another matter."

### CROSSWORD

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Down: 1. Mashies; 2. Area; 3. Jovial; 4. Ewer; 5. Traps; 6. Yells; 7. Duets; 8. Reset; 9. Adam; 10. Motive; 11. Even; 12. Rested; 20. Ails; 22. Allowed; 23. Stelene; 25. Oboes; 27. Needs; 28. Pitt; 29. Art; 30. Use; 31. Sad; 35. Teal; 36. Afraid; 37. Kinder; 38. Arabia; 39. Steele; 41. Ameers; 42. Tests; 43. Berri; 44. Leant; 46. Edda; 47. Dust; 49. Carr; 50. Flat.

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# A POLICE FORCE BUILT ON A CIVILIAN TRADITION

Though police forces the world over are called upon to perform many duties in common, each country has evolved its own style of force and policeman. The Police Force of Britain has grown up as a locally organised corps of civilians. In early times any member of the community might be called upon for a year's service as "constable" for the keeping of order and the apprehension of lawbreakers. As society became more complex and police duties more onerous, the custom grew up of paying deputies to carry out the work. Finally, in the 18th century, a series of reforms was inaugurated, and Parliament placed on local authorities the responsibility for organising and maintaining paid police forces.

The tradition of the policeman as a civilian and servant of the public is still strong in Britain. Even to-day, all police officers, whatever superior rank they may possess, enjoy authority in their capacity as constables. All policemen are individually responsible for their actions and can be prosecuted, just like other citizens, for breaches of the law incurred in the execution of their duties. Britain's police are unarmed, another vivid reminder of the non-military character of the Force.

To-day there are 177 separate police forces in England, Wales and Scotland. With the exception of the Metropolitan Force in London of 20,000, each is headed by a Chief Constable and controlled by a Local Police Authority. The large cities have forces of their own, as do the bigger counties. The smaller counties and towns have combined their forces with others in the same area in the interests of increased efficiency. It might be thought that such a system was loose and cumbersome; its great advantage is that the police cannot be used by the central government for political or military purposes.

## POWERS OF HOME SECRETARY

It is true that the Home Secretary contributes half the cost of maintaining the local police forces, that he has powers to insist on standards of efficiency, and that all appointments to Chief Constable must be approved by him; on the other hand, he cannot issue direct instructions to Chief Constables in the day-to-day conduct of their forces. The Home Secretary may not, for example, order a police officer to arrest a particular individual.

Co-operation between the forces is secured in a variety of ways. All policemen undergo a two-year

By

JAN READ

*who wrote the scenario for the film "The Blue Lamp"—a story of the London Police—after much research at Scotland Yard and in the Metropolitan Police Divisions.*

period of training and probation before being accepted as permanent officers. There are nine training schools in various parts of the country, and young probationer constables from the different forces are trained side by side in the same methods. The lower ranks of the police have their own representative organisation, the Police Federation, a nation-wide body concerned with welfare, efficiency, and conditions of service. Unlike the trade unions, it is not affiliated to any political party, since it is manifestly undesirable that policemen, as such, should have political ties. The higher ranking officers also have their common professional bodies; and in any case there is a great deal of interchange between the different forces in higher appointments.

A service available to all the police forces is that of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard, London. Such a wealth of romance and legend has accumulated around the Yard that it should be explained that Scotland Yard is, strictly speaking, the headquarters of the London Metropolitan Police Force. The Metropolitan Force polices the whole of the Greater London area, with the exception of the City, and unlike the other forces, is directly controlled by the Home Secretary. The executive officer in charge of the Force is the Commissioner, and he is the most senior police officer in Britain. However, he has no jurisdiction outside his own area, though certain organisations, such as the Special Branch, responsible for guarding Royalty and for investigating crimes with international implications, operate from his headquarters.

## EQUIPMENT FOR CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION

The Criminal Investigation Department investigates crimes outside Greater London only at the direct request of the local police, who often have extensive detective branches of their own. It is not infrequently called in on serious cases because

its personnel and equipment for criminal investigations are the most comprehensive in the country. Housed at Scotland Yard are a finger-print library, containing the prints of every convicted criminal in Britain; a Criminal Record Office, where personal details of known criminals are cross-filed according to appearance, method of operation and so on; an international police radio station; scientific departments equipped with the most up-to-date apparatus for microscopy, infra-red and ultra-violet photography, spectroscopy and so on; the printing press of the "Police Gazette," which circulates descriptions and photographs of wanted men to all police stations; and also an Information Room, with which a fleet of police cars is in constant radio communication. Senior officers insist that, with the best equipment, the efficiency of the Force depends still more on the personnel, especially on the calibre of the uniformed constable on his beat; for it remains the guiding principle of the police that prevention is better than detection.

Those who are interested in the detailed organisation and working of the Police Force in Britain will find excellent accounts in two recently published books: "The British Police," by J. M. Hart, and "Crime and the Police," by Anthony Martienssen. The first deals mainly with the historical and organisational side of police work. The latter, with its interesting descriptions of day-to-day work at a police station and of criminal investigations, will probably appeal more to the general reader. As both books emphasise, a great deal has been done in recent years to improve the pay and conditions of policemen, and it may confidently be anticipated that the high traditions of the Force, in its role of protector of the public and of the public's freedoms and liberties, will be sturdily maintained.

The books referred to in this article are:

**THE BRITISH POLICE**, by J. M. Hart. Published by George Allen and Unwin, Ruskin House, Museum Street, London, W.C.1, England, at 12 shillings and sixpence.

**CRIME AND THE POLICE**, by Anthony Martienssen. Published by Martin Secker and Warburg, Limited, 7 John Street, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.1, England, at ten shillings and sixpence.

## *Culled from Corps Orders*

### PROMOTIONS

No. 3045, Staff Sub-Insp. Rudd, "Q" Branch, to Staff Insp., Depot, 18.4.51.

No. 3371 S/L/1/Sgt. Moncrieff, Depot, to S/1/Sgt., 29.10.50.

### ATTESTATIONS

No. 4723, Const. Edward Irving Askew, to Depot on 28.5.51.

No. 4724,	Const.	Roelof Jacobus Buitendag.
" 4725,	"	Roger Douglas Dillon.
" 4726,	"	David John Dyer.
" 4727,	"	Michael Granville Edden.
" 4728,	"	George William Frederick Ellway.
" 4729,	"	David Alan Grobecker.
" 4730,	"	David Leslie Romaine Hallward.
" 4731,	"	Roy Frederick Walter Hollis.
" 4732,	"	Phillip John Hosford.
" 4733,	"	Phillip Brett Crosby Jones.
" 4734,	"	Vincent Gerard Phelan.
" 4735,	"	Clifford Ernest Mills Rogers.
" 4736,	"	George Charles Stuart.
" 4737,	"	Charles Bertram Tucker.
" 4738,	"	Raymond Horace George Walker.

### DISCHARGES

#### European

No. 4274, Tpr. Moore, Salisbury D, "Time expired," 18.5.51.

No. 4121, Tpr. White, Depot, "At own request," 15.5.51.

No. 3920, Const. McLernon, Bulawayo Urban, "At own request," 3.6.51.

No. 4131, Staff 2/Sgt. Bruwer, "Q" Branch, Depot, "At own request," 2.6.51.

No. 4152, Const. Ryan, Salisbury Urban, "At own request," 22.5.51.

No. 4284, Tpr. Hubbard, Salisbury D, "Time expired," 1.6.51.

No. 4285, Tpr. Welch, Gatooma D, "Time expired," 1.6.51.

#### Lower Diploma in Bantu Studies of the University of South Africa

The under-mentioned satisfied the examiners at the examinations held in March, 1951:—

Shona 1: No. 3756, 1/Sgt. Hunter, Va.D.

# SPORT.

## RUGBY

*Police v. Bindura*  
(12th May, 1951)

This was the first game of the season to be played on the Depot ground, and there was a small but interested crowd present.

Police opened the scoring by a try from Ron Holmes, which was unconverted. The Police kept up their pressure and Jimmy Riddle scored the next try which was converted. Shortly before half-time the Police were given a penalty which was put over by Reynolds.

At half-time the Police led by 11 points to nil and were making some very good passing movements. They kept up the pressure in the second half, and when their opponents did break through they were soon stopped. Naested opened the scoring again by a try, which he converted himself. Next came two drop kicks, one by Leppan, and the other by Reynolds. Both from the opponents' twenty-five line. The last try was scored by O'Shaughnessy in the corner, converted by Naested. Police won 27-6.

*Team:* Reynolds, Holmes, Riddle, Lovegrove, O'Shaughnessy, Smithyman, Leppan, Armstrong, C. W., Humpheries, Moon, Hulley, Eggleton, Naested, Bulman, Brookes.

*Police v. Gwebi Agricultural College*  
(20th May, 1951)

Playing on the Forces ground, Gwebi showed that they could hold the Police in the scrums and there was some good play on both sides. The score was derived from penalty kicks, which was mainly due to the new rules not being interpreted as well as they should have been. Both sides missed easy kicks, but Gwebi were the first to open the score from one, and led 3-0 at half-time.

During the second half Jack Naested gave the Police their equaliser with a penalty kick. The most pleasing feature of this half was the way in which the Police forwards threw the ball about in the closing stages of the game and very nearly scored as a result. The final score was 3-3.

*Team:* Reynolds, O'Shaughnessy, Lovegrove, Jacques, Smithyman, Leppan, Armstrong, C. W., Humpheries, Moon, Chaston, Eggleton, Naested, Duncan, Geraghty, Holmes.

*Police v. Forces Second XV.*  
(3rd June, 1951)

This was a friendly played as curtain raiser to the Mashonaland v. Manicaland.

Although Forces started off well Police opened the score with a try from Jimmy Riddle, who was well backed up by the forwards. This was not converted. Police then scored from a penalty taken by Jack Naested. After this the Forces successfully converted a penalty to make the score 6-3 at half-time.

After half-time Police again scored after a forward rush in which Paddy Geraghty and Brookes featured, Paddy making the final dash over the line to touch down. This was converted by Jack Naested. The Forces then started to press and were kept back by some very good defence work. They eventually gained another three points from a penalty in front of the posts. Although they pressed to the end they were unable to cross the Police line to score. Police won 11-6.

*Team:* Reynolds, Holmes, Lovegrove, Davidson, Riddle, Smithyman, Leppan, Armstrong, C. W., Humpheries, Moon, Hulley, Eggleton, Geraghty, Brookes, Naested.

On the same day as this match was played "Bags" O'Shaughnessy played for Mashonaland as a wing, and showed that he knew how to tackle by getting his man every time. The few times that he received the ball from his centre he was unable to do much as he was equally well tackled by his opponents.

R. I.

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With injuries taking toll of our players an urgent appeal is made to all newcomers to Salisbury who have any knowledge of the game at all to attend Soccer practices on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 4.30 p.m. At the moment we are just able to field two teams and new blood is urgently required. Already we are without the services of Keith Rawson and Tommy Banister not to mention others, so do turn up and give us your support.

*Charity Cup Match—Police v. Callies I*  
(13th May, 1951)

On the Depot ground a good crowd saw Police progress to the second round of the Charity Cup by defeating Callies by two goals to one. Play during the first half was confined to the Police half, and only tiring work by Taylor and Gillson prevented a break-through by Callies.

Rawson was very safe in goal, but on two occasions when he was on the ground, a number of shots were blocked by the Police defenders.



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At half-time there was no score.

The second half, however, showed Police putting the pressure on and after a clever forward movement by McCrory, Clapham and Inglis, the last-named placed the ball well out of the Callies goalkeeper's reach to give Police the lead.

A few minutes later Clapham received a pass from Jannaway and put the Police two up. After another twenty minutes' play the referee awarded a penalty against Police which brought the score to 2-1, but ten minutes from time, Gillson scored with a grand drive from 30 yards out.

*Team:* Rawson, Taylor, Marnoch, Inglis, Reid, Gillson, McCrory, Clapham, Wright, Jannaway, Bester.

*Police I v. Postals*  
(19th May, 1951)

In the finest Soccer match seen in Salisbury for some time Police beat Postals by three goals to one. In the match we were without Rawson in goal, who had injured himself whilst playing in the Garrison v. The Rest match on Whit Monday. However, Hider made a worthy substitute and brought off some brilliant saves.

Police opened the scoring when McCrory broke through on the right wing and took a shot at goal, the ball being deflected into the net by the Postals centre-half. Wright scored five minutes from half-time, giving Police a two-goal lead.

Postals threw everything into an attack and their efforts were rewarded when Reason scored with a grand shot. McCrory scored the third Police goal. Result, 3-1.

*Team:* Hider, Taylor, Marnoch, Gillson, Reid, Coop, McCrory, Clapham, Wright, Buchanan, Bester.

*Semi-Final Charity Cup—Police v. Forces.*  
(22nd May, 1951)

Police played a very easy game, defeating Forces by 11 goals to nil. Blair played a brilliant game for Forces but received no support from his backs. Clapham scored five, Wright five, and Buchanan one.

*Team:* Hider, Taylor, Marnoch, Gillson, Reid, Coop, McCrory, Clapham, Wright, Buchanan, Bester.

*Alexandra v. Police I*  
(2nd June, 1951)

This was the Police team's first defeat of the season and Alexandra were worthy winners. They adopted tactics suitable to the conditions and consequently the whole Police team was upset and never settled down to their usual game. Buchanan scored the solitary Police goal, a fast, low drive from well out. Result: 4-1.

*Team:* Hider, Taylor, Marnoch, Inglis, Reid, Coop, McCrory, Clapham, Wright, Buchanan, Bester.

*Police I v. Terriers I*

Police had another field day on 3rd June, 1951, and again reached double figures. The score was 12-0, Clapham scoring three, Wright four, Shaughnessy four, Reid one.

*Team:* Hider, Taylor, Marnoch, Inglis, Reid, Coop, McCrory, Clapham, Shaughnessy, Wright, Jannaway.

*Second League Matches*

19.5.51—Raylton 2, Police 3.

26.5.51—Police 1, Callies 2.

2.6.51—Police 1, Ramblers 2.

3.6.51—Police 1, Old Crocks 1.

9.6.51—Ardbennie 3, Police 0.

**FIRST LEAGUE TABLE**  
(At 11th June, 1951.)

Team.	P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals		Pts.
					F.	A.	
Raylton .....	6	5	1	0	21	5	9
Police .....	6	4	1	1	25	9	9
Alex .....	7	4	1	2	21	12	9
Municipals .....	7	3	3	1	16	10	9
Callies .....	7	3	1	3	13	13	7
Forces .....	6	1	0	5	6	17	4
Postals .....	6	1	1	4	12	17	3
Terriers .....	7	1	0	6	9	40	2



Sergeant Buchanan, the popular Soccer captain, and his bride, who were married recently

## GOLF

Robinson Cup play-off at Gwelo Golf Club  
on Sunday, 13th May, 1951:—

### GWELO "A"

	Gross	H'cap.	Nett
Spurling .....	82	5	77
McCormick .....	91	7	84
Triggs .....	74	—	74
Kirk .....	77	5	72
Total .....			307

### BULAWAYO "A"

Dickeson .....	90	11	79
Knight .....	91	12	79
Andrews .....	88	9	79
Innes .....	80	3	77
Total .....			314

### GATOOMA "A"

Drewett .....	84	11	73
Phillips .....	91	11	80
Bryer .....	105	24	81
Steele .....	99	18	81
Total .....			315

### SALISBURY "B"

Shewell .....	92	10	82
Osborne .....	85	14	71
Small .....	79	8	71
Minikin .....	111	18	93
Total .....			317

### SALISBURY "A"

	Gross	H'cap.	Nett
Gould .....	83	4	79
Byrne .....	107	16	91
Shepherd .....	91	16	75
Wastie .....	99	12	87
Total .....			332

### QUE QUE "A"

Emes .....	94	15	79
Shaw .....	118	24	94
Williams .....	93	9	84
Hester .....	115	24	91
Total .....			348

### BULAWAYO "B"

Smith .....	111	14	97
Gilmour .....	102	16	86
Mathew .....	112	24	88
Rutherford .....	94	16	78
Total .....			349

### QUE QUE "B"

McIntosh .....	118	24	94
Kidd .....	108	18	90
Cochrane .....	109	24	85
Lombard .....	87	6	81
Total .....			350

### GWELO "B"

Wixley .....	98	18	80
Wallace .....	94	17	77
Plowman .....	129	24	105
McKay .....	107	18	89
Total .....			351



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