



THE OUTPOST

ESTABLISHED: 1911

PUBLISHED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE
COMMISSIONER OF POLICE

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES PER ANNUM, POST FREE

SOUTHERN RHODESIA	12/6
AFRICAN POSTAL UNION	13/-
U.K. AND OTHER COUNTRIES	14/-

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Editor's Notes



Press and Police

In a frank and impartial article under the above heading in this edition, the President of the International Criminal Police Commission gives the points of view of both Press and the Police on the subject of the dissemination of news relating to criminal cases under investigation. The conditions discussed by the author refer in the main to those existing in the highly civilised and thickly populated countries, but the theme of his article applies equally to this Colony where news of an unusual incident travels fast and comes to the notice of the Press almost as quickly as to the Police.

In Rhodesia, we are fortunate in enjoying the best of relations with the Press, although there are doubtless occasions when these harmonious relations may become ruffled by the withholding of what is considered "news" on the one hand, and "information" on the other. News has been described by one of the leading journalists of the century as "that which surprises"; with this in mind, the news reporter seeks the unusual and when this is denied him through official reluctance to disclose certain facts, it is inevitable that he feels a degree of frustration.

This subject usually receives little consideration except by the few who come into direct contact with the Press representatives, and we feel that this article may help to dispel any misunderstandings that may have arisen over such an important matter.

This seems to be an excellent opportunity to refer once again to the subject of contributions to the magazine. In spite of the contributions received from time to time, both solicited and otherwise, we feel that full justice is not being done to such an intensely live and interesting vocation as Police work in this country.

Our quarterly competitions bring a variety of viewpoints which are what we want. But we are rarely satisfied. We get our share of criminal cases, district news and sport, but what has happened to the humour in the Corps? Although we make no pretensions of being a mirth-making

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publication, we feel that a little of the human touch would assist greatly in the digestion of some of our heavier fare. From our personal experience we know that something amusing happens nearly every day in the B.S.A. Police and is well worth the telling. It usually gets no further than the sundowners, or at the best is re-told third hand long after the event. *The Outpost* is the magazine of this Force and the Oxford Dictionary tells us that "magazine" is a word of Arabic origin, meaning storehouse. And that is exactly what we want to be. We ask only that it shall be a good one, and not necessarily filled with inflammable, incendiary or explosive material.

THE OUTPOST PRIZE COMPETITIONS

Details of the September Quarterly Competitions are published below:—

- 1—First prizes of £5 5s. and second prizes of £2 2s. are offered for the best entries submitted for publication in *The Outpost* in each of the undermentioned subjects. Entries to be approximately 2,000 words in length:
 - (a) Any aspect of Police work in Africa;
 - (b) A short story with a Police interest.
- 2—The competitions are open only to subscribers to *The Outpost*.
- 3—The judges for the competition shall be appointed by the President of *The Outpost* Committee.
- 4—The Committee reserves the right to reproduce any entries other than prize-winning entries, without payment.
- 5—The closing date for the competition is 25th September, 1951.
- 6—Entries must be clearly marked "Quarterly Competition" and addressed to the Editor, *The Outpost*, P.O. Box 803, Salisbury. Any entries sent under a nom-de-plume will be published as such, but names and addresses of all entrants must be submitted to the Editor.
- 7—The Committee reserves the right to withhold the award of either the first or second prizes if the entries are considered below the required standard.

Press and Police

About sixty years ago, relations between the Press and the Police were rare. To the Press reporter, the Policeman was an official who regulated street traffic and arrested drunken men; to the Police, the Press reporters were intruders, who only interfered with their duties in order to hinder and criticise them.

Little by little, the necessities of modern life have made these relations more frequent, which does not mean that they have become as friendly and efficient as they might be.

In our opinion, this situation results from the ignorance of necessities, hindrances, duties and wishes of both parties.

What does the Press want in modern times? Everybody realises that the newspapers have made rapid progress during the last few years. We shall not insist on the necessity for the contemporary Press to publish articles on internal and international politics, on literature, on sport, on scientific applications, on motion pictures, on radio, etc. As far as police activities are concerned, the publication of criminal events is no longer limited to a few lines; but several columns are specially allocated every day to the relation of such matters in long articles, with details concerning victims and guilty persons, descriptions and photographs. One can criticise this, but it is a matter of fact that, nowadays, the public expects such information.

It is because of their disapproval of such extensive descriptions of criminal cases, that the Police are reluctant to furnish the Press with elements likely to be the occasion for these "Press-exaggerations."

We have found, in our notes, indications on this subject of various articles published in the old and new continents since several years. Let us mention, in particular, some well-documented articles which were published between the two world wars, in the "Police Journal" (London).

It would seem to us advisable to condense the arguments provided by both parties, adding to them our personal appreciations.

What are the Police grievances towards the Press?

The Police say that the pressmen publish false news concerning criminal cases; that, by publishing false reports, the Press assumes a great responsibility, thus hinting at false evidence and inducing the public to misunderstand the intentions of the Police in their investigations.

The Police also criticise the Press for publish-

are anxious to find in them details about the crime they committed; the fugitive or unidentified perpetrators particularly appreciate such information as will enable them to avoid identification and capture by the Police, or to destroy evidence till then neglected.

In addition, the Police do not like either the Press mentioning the names of victims, perpetrators or witnesses, when the interests of the investigation require the concealment of those names. By doing so, the guilty persons are on the alert and witnesses are reluctant to come forward.

But some people like to see their names in print; witnesses, and even persons in no way

By F. E. LOUWAGE

**President of the International
Criminal Police Commission;
Inspector General, Ministry of
Justice, Brussels.**

connected with the case, are more readily willing to give information to the Press than to the the Police. These are some of the reasons why the Police oppose over-publicity given to certain criminal cases or persons involved, because it ruins the normal development of the investigation.

The Police also express the opinion that, in order to pack incident into their articles, Press reporters sometimes endeavour to imagine "new clues," some of them very fantastic, but—what is worse—others logical and instructive to the fugitive criminals.

In the States where the Press benefits by a large liberty in the expression of all opinions, the Police are vexed at criticisms made on their methods and operations, published in newspapers; while the Police officers have no opportunity to answer or to contradict such sometimes wrong or unfair criticisms. They realise that this ruins the prestige of the Police and hinders their actions; besides, it happens that the whole Police Force is criticised for one "blunder," committed by one officer.

On the other hand, what are the grievances of the Press?

For all those mentioned for the Police, let us now consider the arguments of the Press.

The pressmen claim that the Police show an unfriendly attitude towards them, whether during events happening in the street or in public meetings, or on the scene of a crime; that, some-

ing facts which, in the very interest of the inquiry, ought to be kept secret, in order to avoid informing the perpetrators, who also read the papers and times with a certain amount of brutality, they are compelled to leave the spot or to stand in a place where they are unable to perform their duties.

On the assertion that they often publish false news, the pressmen argue that it is due to lack of true and sufficient accounts given by the Police, partly because of antipathy and partly because of failure to comprehend the mission of the Press.

The journalists say that they quite understand that, for the success of the investigations being made, certain facts should remain secret; but, nevertheless, it rests with the Police to draw their attention to these details, in order to avoid their publication, should those facts be revealed to them through other channels. As a matter of fact, the journalists conduct their own inquiries, and claim that they are obliged to do so because of the lack of references given by the Police.

For the same reason, the pressmen say that it is their job to look for and listen to witnesses or relatives of the victims. The fact that certain witnesses prefer to make statements to them rather than to the Police is not due to tendering of rewards or remuneration. But such inclination is rather of a psychological nature—which will always exist—some people, as we have already pointed out, being anxious to see their names printed in the newspapers and to look important in the eyes of the public.

Besides, the journalists add that the reluctance of the Police to give information has also resulted in the Press making their own inquiries; this compels them to draw their own conclusions and to build up "new clues" which, because of the lack of real information, can be false, fantastic, or even dangerous to the official investigation. But, say the pressmen, if inquiries are to be made by them, it is especially owing to the evolution of modern publications and to the requirements of the public.

This situation may be discussed, may be criticised, but the fact that the public is no longer satisfied with a brief resume of a case, but insists on detailed and thrilling accounts, must be admitted nowadays by everybody. This fact must be understood also by the Police; if the latter refuse to give the necessary elements of the story, the pressmen must find these elements out themselves.

The problem of critical remarks exchanged between the Police and the Press is, indeed, complex: the Police is an official organisation and, as such, it may—and even it must—be submitted to criticisms by the newspapers, which express the public opinion of a real democratic nation. Being

an official organisation created for the welfare of the public, the Police cannot have and will never have a permanent, nor even a durable status. Like all other public institutions, the Police systems are destined to be in perpetual evolution; Police chiefs and officers are human beings with their qualities and their defects. They are liable to make mistakes, and if nobody ever protested against their mistakes or the wrong organisation of their forces, the Police would no longer hold the place that falls to them by right in the nation.

If some criticisms are exaggerated, untrue, or draw wrong conclusions, it is generally due to the unfriendly relations between Press and Police, as well as to the silence sometimes kept concerning some blunder made by one or several Police officers; this silence brings about false or exaggerated representation of the facts.

Journalists also assert that, in the Police Forces in which Press conferences are organised, the time of the next edition of their newspaper is never taken in consideration. The newspapers are printed by day and by night; each edition must be different from the last one and the public wants further information in the latest issue. For these reasons, the Press wants to be kept informed, not only during the conferences held in the morning or in the evening, but continually, even during the night.

In some Police organisations, it is the chief himself who gives information to the Press, although—as can be understood—his knowledge of the case is generally limited; this situation results in the pressmen receiving only brief references and the chief, when questioned, is not in a position to give fuller or more accurate details.

It is a matter of fact that the flow of criminality varies. The public—say the journalists—and sometimes pressmen as well, during periods of recrudescence of crime, are inclined to blame the Police command and activity, even when certain social phenomena emphasise the need for Police reinforcements. The Press can help to instruct the public concerning the real causes of such exceptional measures, only if the Police provide them with information about their activities and organisation, or about the disturbances then prevailing in social life.

For instance, if a wave of serious crimes is noticed, the repression of which calls for personnel and material reinforcement of the force, the Press, instead of blaming the Police officers and their chiefs, should point out the real reasons for the unusual activity displayed by the criminals.

As a result of such co-operation, the Press and the public would support the Police in their claims and proposals for improvement. As every-

body knows, in fact, the high authorities—all of a political character—are more easily influenced by public opinion and by the Press than by Police proposals.

Such are the arguments put forward by both parties. If they examined these mutual criticisms with a real desire for understanding, pressmen and Police officers would agree that the arguments are equally valid on both sides, and that a solution can only be found if both sides are willing to co-operate on equal terms.

As we have seen, misunderstanding usually occurs because of the ignorance of mutual needs and duties. We think that periodical meetings of Press representatives and higher Police officers, where the functions, duties, hindrances and wishes or postulates of both sides would be plainly and fairly exposed, could lead to better relations.

We also wish to say that, if higher Police officers could sometimes attend—if only for a few hours—lectures given in an institute for journalists and, vice versa, if pressmen could attend some courses given in Police schools, both pressmen and Police officers would be surprised by the benefit they would derive from such a procedure and would thus indulge in a wiser and mutual consideration.

We have always been amazed, for instance, by the pressmen's lack of knowledge of penal procedure. Such ignorance often causes wrong appreciation of the rights of the Police and surprise when Police officers do not execute certain acts which, in reality, are prohibited by law.

We are of the opinion that, in small Police organisations, the Police chief, himself, has the task of informing the pressmen but, in larger Police Forces, a higher officer should be delegated by his chief to deal with this question. In both cases, the Police chief or his delegated officer should keep close contact with the officers in charge of the investigations, in order to be fully informed and able to give broad information, so far as the inquiry permits.

The Police must realise that, when not willing to furnish certain facts to pressmen, the means actually at the disposal of the latter will enable them to assemble the missing links of the information and move on all possible tracks, sometimes challenging or checking the official investigation.

In the past, we often confidentially revealed to pressmen, during the investigation of important crimes, the existence of some evidence which had to be kept secret, asking them, even if they heard it from other sources, to refrain from publishing such information. We are happy to be able to

say that never, or else very seldom, such revelations were used by the Press, before final consent.

This proves that, where a *modus vivendi* is adopted between Press and Police, both organisations can perform their respective duties in a spirit of close co-operation; and when collaboration is born, there is no reason and no place for criticisms.

—From *International Criminal Police Review*.
(To be continued.)

FESTIVAL BIOLOGIST FOR SOUTHERN RHODESIA

The acting Senior Biologist to the Festival of Britain, Mr. K. H. Chapman, has been appointed Keeper of the Queen Victoria Museum at Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. Responsibility for this Museum has been assumed by the Trustees of the National Museum in Bulawayo.

Mr. Chapman, who takes up his appointment in July, was the Assistant Keeper of the Department of Entomology at the British Natural History Museum in London and later Lecturer at Manchester University and Grahamstown.

AN UNUSUAL CASE

A judge of the Prague Criminal Court was sentenced to four years' imprisonment by the Court over which he usually presided.

Judge Zdenek Weber was found guilty of ordering the postponement of a two-year sentence on a former lawyer on the basis of a medical certificate he knew to be false. He was also found guilty of accepting a bribe of 60,000 crowns (about £430) from the lawyer's wife.

The wife, another Prague lawyer, and the medical expert who issued the certificate were sentenced to 30 months, three years, and 18 months, respectively.

TRAVELLER'S JOY

"One afternoon a woman came in wearing a black satin evening dress and carpet slippers, and carrying an old-fashioned Gladstone bag. That in itself was sufficiently startling. But then she insisted that I get her a passage to South Africa in the "Vanguard," the battleship which was taking the King and Queen there. I said I couldn't do it, so she opened the bag and whipped out a revolver. I was petrified, but my secretary nipped out and dialled 999. The woman must have heard the phone for she tore out of the door like greased lightning and was never seen again."—Marguerite Winsor, head of a travel agency in London.



The full report of the Annual General Meeting of the Regimental Association last month gave all details of any outstanding items, many of which have been the subject of inquiry to the Editor. Several have asked where blazer badges can be obtained and the latest information is that Sanders of Bulawayo have some in stock, but that the latest pattern will not be available for some months as they have to be made and sent out from England.

Whilst on the subject of the June edition I should like to add that the photograph of the Old Comrades at the King's Birthday parade in Salisbury was very well commented on by all I have spoken to.

Since my last notes I have heard from a few Old Comrades, of varied vintage. A few months ago I mentioned that the Editor had heard from Major H. C. Patrick of Farnham, Surrey, who had commented on the new magazine cover. A serving member has since sent me a cutting from a Farnham newspaper which gives a good deal of information about Major Patrick's past career and present activities, which seem to be many. His Regimental Number was 682, and after four years in Rhodesia he returned to enter the family business. Major Patrick appears to be one of the leading citizens of Farnham, having just been elected chairman of the Council—without it seems, having fought an election. He is also vice-president and captain of the Surrey Rifle Association, President of the Farnham Rifle Club and the District Home Guard Rifle Club. In his spare time he is also a member of the Council of the Surrey Archaeological Society, chairman of the Trimmer's Hospital House Committee and a member of the Farnham Group Hospital Management Committee. For the past three years he has been Rector's Warden at the Parish Church, whilst among business appointments he is honorary treasurer of the National Association of the Master Monumental Masons, deputy chairman of the National Joint Industrial Council for the Monumental Industry and a member of the Ministry of Works Consultative Committee for the Stone Industry.

In the last war he commanded the Farnham Company of the Home Guard and in the previous war was Assistant Director of Ordnance Services. His spare time soldiering included service in the Queen's Volunteer Regiment in 1899, and on his return to England from the B.S.A.P. he joined the Surrey Yeomanry in 1912. He has twice been in the King's Hundred at Bisley, but has not yet managed to achieve his ambition of winning the King's Prize. In spite of his long absence from the Colony it is interesting to note that he has not forgotten the old days in Rhodesia. His home is named "Gwanda," which probably recalls happy memories of youth.

News has also been received of Major J. W. Jackson, of 18 Market Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1, who mentions that he was present at the foundation stone-laying ceremony at the Salisbury Cathedral, performed by Sir William Milton. Major Jackson will be remembered for his close association with the forerunner of *The Outpost*, over thirty years ago.

The other day ex-Corporal Cecil Rhodes Arnott (No. 2320) called at the Salisbury Charge Office and wished to be remembered to his old friends in the Corps. He was on his way up to Northern Rhodesia where he served in the N.R.P. After leaving the B.S.A.P. he was Chief of Immigration in Palestine before the Mandate. He now lives at his farm "Foxdale," Pietermaritzburg, Natal. Another ex-Corporal, R. C. Griesbach, has written to the Editor from P. Bag 11, West Nicholson, enclosing some photographs of several Police Camps taken about thirty years ago. I hope they will be published in due course, with perhaps some present-day photographs of the same camps. I notice that one is called Bromley Camp, but that has not been in existence for some years now. Perhaps others will remember it.

"Tich" Harding (ex Sub-Inspector and Mess Caterer in Depot) has recently returned to England, and has settled in the New Forest district of Hampshire. He seems to have had a rough passage home, but found England very much to his liking. Whilst walking along the front at Bourne-mouth he met Tim Tigar (ex-Corporal) who is very fit and enjoying life over there. "Tich" is now to be found at "Braecot," 1 Chestnut Avenue, Christchurch, Hants.

The Editor has also heard from ex-Trooper G. M. Edmonds (No. 1450), whose address is Carnarvon Hotel, Hanger Lane, Ealing Common, London, W.5.

From nearer home comes news of ex-Sergeant Johnny Johnstone (No. 3967) who is now in the Nyasaland Police at Zomba. He is at the Train-

ing School there which is not surprising after his experience at the A.P.T.S. in Salisbury. Johnny will be remembered as one of the most outstanding soccer full-backs in the post-war years in Rhodesia. He mentions that he was in the Nyasaland soccer team which visited Beira recently and which beat the Portuguese side. He is another who says he enjoys reading *The Outpost* more now than when he was serving in the Corps.

And now a request from Kenya. A. W. Boot, who joined the Corps early in 1937, has written asking for news of any of his old squad, No. 1/37, whose numbers would be from 3619 onwards. I hope somebody will be able to get him in touch again with his old friends. His address is c/o Barclays Bank, Nakuru, Kenya.

To end, I have news of one more Old Comrade, ex-Trooper Tugwell (No. 3821) who was in Kenya for a time after the war but is now in the N.R.P., and has written from Mobile Unit Mess, P.O. Box 13, Ndola, Northern Rhodesia, where the Mess has become a regular subscriber to the magazine.

THE CHRONICLER.

B.S.A. Police Memorial Fund

Previously acknowledged	£125 13 0
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Lieut. R. L. Brooking	1 1 0
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Lieut. A. V. Amm	1 1 0

Total at 16.7.51 £146 12 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. JULY. 1951

Obituary

FREDERICK ALEXANDER MARR

(Ex Regimental No. 1029)

Many serving and ex-members of the Force heard with regret of the recent death of Mr. F. A. Marr at Bulawayo, after a long illness.

Born in London, Mr. Marr was in the Admiralty Office after leaving school. He served in the County of London (Civil Service) Regiment during 1908, and in January, 1909, joined the B.S.A. Police. After three years' service, when he held the rank of Corporal, he transferred to the Native Department. On the outbreak of the 1914-18 War he joined the 2nd Battalion Rhodesia Regiment and was later seconded to the K.A.R., which he left at the end of the war with the rank of Captain.

He resumed his service in the Native Department on his return to the Colony and was stationed in the Gwanda, Sipolilo, Melsetter, Mrewa, Gokwe and Umtali districts. He retired as Provincial Native Commissioner and Assistant Magistrate, and during the whole of his service was well known to many members of the B.S.A. Police, with whom he was always popular.

He took a keen interest in the Territorial Army units which he commanded, and retired with the rank of Major. He received the Imperial Service Order for distinguished service with the Southern Rhodesia Government.

After his retirement, he joined the Colonial Service in Bechuanaland as a District Commissioner.

Mr. Marr, who was a life member of the Regimental Association, was buried at Bulawayo on 15th June, 1951. Amongst the many mourners present was Major Rogers, Officer Commanding, Bulawayo Urban Police.



The gun carriage used at Rhodes's funeral.

PAGE SEVEN

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One Touch of Nature

When Heffard, a higher-up in the Rhodesian Civil Service, retired the other day, the farewell function was even more of an occasion than usual.

Pals, old and not so old, were there, but reinforced by a big contingent of Old Timers from the B.S.A.P., because, as it happened, Heffard, like more than one before him, had started his Rhodesian career as a recruit on the Square in Salisbury.

Altogether, a good time was had by all; so much so that a little group of men were talking about it and its chief figure at the Club the following evening.

"Good old Jack," said one of the group, lighting his pipe. "A great scout, and never changed. You don't grow his sort on every veld bush these days."

"His missis, too," put in the man on his right. "Don't forget her. A real woman, if ever there was one. Always with him, from early days out in the bundu. She was there last night, too."

"You're right about her," agreed the man on his left. "By the same token, I remember her when she first made the Colony. Arrival a bit of a surprise, as well. Heffard went off a shade in advance of long leave one time, and blessed if he didn't land back in double harness. No wonder, though. She was worth looking at. Hi-hi. Time flits. Dear old Heff. I suppose I've known him as long as anyone north of the Limpopo, and all those years I only knew him put a foot wrong once."

"Wrong?" The first speaker got a lot into the word.

"Professionally. Only professionally, I mean," replied the other running a hand through his grey hair. "Just a plain, dead, simple, absolute miscarriage of justice. These things happen, though in this instance the cause was unusual. Matter of fact, I'd never have known about it myself, only he told me long after. No harm in disclosing the facts now. They're perfectly brief and clear."

When Heffard romped back from his first long leave to the Old Country (said the speaker), the authorities were slightly pushed. At that time promotion wasn't altogether cut and dried, and in his opening tour of duty had already showed promise enough to be booked for the step to Commissionership. Only there wasn't a vacancy yet, and to keep a wife on a subordinate's pay those days wanted contriving. Just then, however,

a bachelor in charge of a remote district went down very badly with fever. So they gave Heffard the refusal of it, and he started his upward career there.

The district was Urungilo, up there near the international boundary. Even to-day it ranks as on the remote side: when Heffard set out for his three-year spell there, Urungilo post was reckoned on the edge of the earth. You shoved off by wagon or cart into the blue, and after umpteen

By Francis Newton

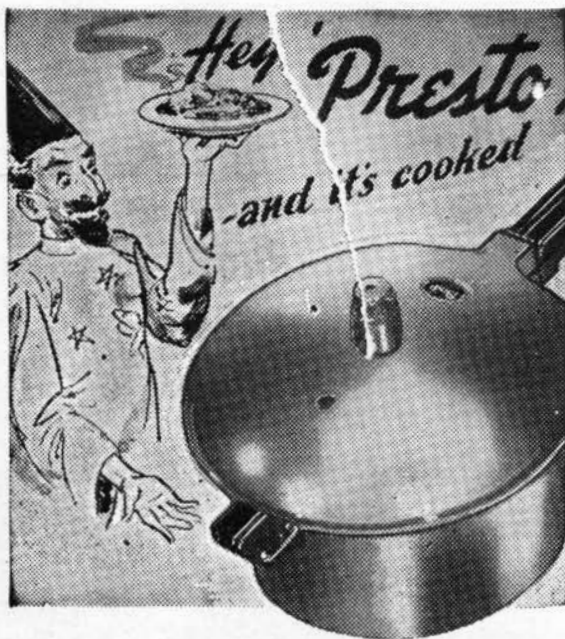
days going up and down in the general direction of the Great Zambesi Escarpment, you struck a clearing. On the near side there was a Police Camp; three native-style huts for an N.C.O. and two men, and a mule stable. On the far side were a further trio of huts, also native style, which were the Civil quarters. The biggest of these last three huts was courthouse and office; the balance the Commissioner's home.

It had been hinted to Heffard that Urungilo outpost as a place for a white woman wasn't exactly a song and dance, and Heffard had handed the hint to his girl. But she wasn't taking any. From the moment of leaving the altar of the village church in Old England, she had fixed on one marriage principle. It was simple. What was good enough for her Jack was good enough for her. And she stuck to it and him like bricks, too, from then on.

Urungilo those days was an all-native area, with work in keeping. A lot of it consisted of a series of petty cases, coming mainly through the call to adjust a tangle of tribal customs to the more enlightened white rule. As you'd have expected of him, Heffard got down to things in his all-out style. But he found it a shade monotonous. He also found it tough. Your raw African doesn't fall for European justice too easily anywhere. Procedure at Urungilo didn't help him, either, at that time. Because there, like similar places, the N.C.O. of Police, and head of the white men who did the arresting, also conducted the prosecutions in court.

Housewives !

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But Urungilo being, as I mentioned, on the international doorstep, there was something more. This was the native pass-law of the time, and very strict owing to the state of affairs in both territories. The white men in the interior both sides of the Border were opening up the country. This naturally meant a constant call for labour. Urungilo was a kind of clearing house for it. Natives on contract were always on the move, passing through from foreign territory, crossing into it from their villages locally or coming back again, on expiration of their agreement. A tab had to be kept on these migrants. To achieve this, a cast iron rule was laid down for all. Everyone on the move, passing through, going out, or returning, was ordered immediately they entered the Urungilo area, to make a bee-line for the administrative post, and have their passes stamped right up to the minute. Breach of this law meant chokey, every time; a minimum of one month, with hard labour, and no option.

You'd have thought that clear enough, even to the rawest African, and not less because Heffard, as he was bound to, applied that simple law strictly. But did it prove so? Not on your life. If you'd made every native learn the law by heart it would have made no difference. Hardly a day went by without its quota of pass cases, complete with excuses by the yard, defence evidence by the mile, and all ending in just jug. The cases became a bane of Heffard's life. His trouble was his conscientiousness. He might be up to the eyes with other work and the prosecution's story as cast iron as the statute. All the same, justice demanded a full hearing of the defence. As it was, in course of time he had to take at least one step merely in self defence. To keep himself reasonably clear for his other court work, he put these cases behind the more tricky ones of the day.

Well, one day in his second hot season Heffard got started on one of these pass law schemozzles around noon. He reckoned that with luck it should be through, defence and all, by the lunch adjournment. Incidentally, he didn't care how soon that adjournment came that day. He'd spent the meaty part of the morning on an affair featuring witchcraft allegations by two headmen, and a round score of brothers, sons, uncles and relations by marriage against an obviously innocent party; and what with that, and Urungilo running the mercury far into the nineties, the top of his head felt like blowing off.

Luckily the prosecuting N.C.O. got away, as usual, to a flying start. These affairs were cash for old rope to him by now. Also the case

was unusually simple. The accused belonged to the Urungilo district. A year back, having at that time entered on a labouring contract in the adjoining foreign territory, he had secured his pass as required, and crossed the Border. His contract, undertaken by him a twelve-month back, was for two years. Three days ago, however, a policeman on patrol had discovered the accused back in his home village, with his pass unstamped by the Urungilo office on his return. He had thus broken the law.

The N.C.O. sat down. Heffard with a sigh turned to the uniformed native near the dock, close by.

"Interpreter, has the accused anything to say?"

He had, plenty. He brassed off eighteen to the dozen; stopped; started again; branched away; returned to the beginning once more; and then passed to a peroration.

Interpreted, it amounted to this. If he had broken the white man's law, he had good reason. He had been a victim of a breach in a greater law to him, the customs of his particular people. He'd gone on that long labour contract of two years for a special purpose. He wanted to get married. The headman of his village had agreed to his marrying his daughter, and as security, he had at once paid the father half the price of the girl, in cattle. He'd neither cattle nor cash enough to pay the balance at once, so he'd gone away to earn it.

A couple of weeks back, a year after he'd gone, he had received a bit of news in the foreign territory. It was from the sister of the wife of one of his uncles, and told him that the girl's father was going back on his word, and planning to marry his daughter to a nearby headman who was rich and had offered a much larger price. On getting this news, he, the accused, had left his job, and trekking day and night, had made straight for home to claim his girl. Police on patrol had visited his village the very morning after his arrival there, with unstamped pass, and arrested him. He had heaps of evidence to call in support of his story.

More evidence! The mere mention of it at that moment daunted the conscientious Heffard himself. And, anyway, what did it matter? The man had as good as admitted the offence. Heffard paused, hand to moist brow. As he did so, his eye involuntarily sought the watch on his left wrist. It wanted only ten minutes to that blessed lunch break.

"Any more of these cases to-day?" he asked. The N.C.O. replied three.

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Heffard shoved back his chair. "R-right. We'll polish off the lot after the adjournment."

His young wife had prepared a good lunch. She usually did. She felt that in that outlandish spot she represented civilisation to Heffard, and spared no effort to make it so.

"Well, dear," she said as they started on the soup, "what's the news to-day?"

Her tone was bright. It always was. He might just be back from a spell in the City. Her notions up to then about his work were on the vague side, but a show of interest was her view of a wife's part.

He replied as usual, with a routine outline of the morning's doings, topping off with a sketchy summary of the last case.

For a change, though, he got a slight surprise there. She asked him a bit more about it, and then, before turning to other topics, made some pretty freehand comments of her own.

But the real surprise came later: to be precise, on the tick of 2 p.m., the hour of resumption, with the defendant in the unfinished case back in the dock.

"Interpreter," said the Bench, promptly, "tell this man I shan't want any more evidence from his side." And with equal promptness Heffard turned to the prosecuting N.C.O. "I've—I've been considering this matter during the adjournment. In view of the—er—circumstances, I've decided to discharge this man—subject to one clear understanding. His marriage must take place forthwith; after which he must at once go back and complete his contract. And his wife must

go with him. We've quite enough bother without—ah—this sort of nonsense."

The prosecuting N.C.O. said nothing. He couldn't have done; at the moment he looked as if he was going to have a fit. The accused said nothing either. The only sound that broke the stillness came from his fellow tribesman, the interpreter, who murmured to him the native equivalent of this being his lucky day and no error.

"Silence!" cried the N.C.O., coming to life with a bang. And, the case closed, the administration of justice resumed its way.

The speaker paused to relight his pipe.

"I said the case was closed," he continued. "But it wasn't so closed as all that. In point of fact, it came up for review in another place. The place was the Urungilo Commissioner's quarters, some time after ten that night.

It was the hour when, preliminaries and this and that over, mosquito curtains in the most private room there were finally adjusted in adjoining occupied beds.

"Night-night sweetheart," said a voice from one. "Wh-oo! It's cooled a bit. We may get some sleep."

There was a second of silence. Through the open windows on the torrid air came a bull-frog's opening note.

"Let's hope so," replied a man's voice from the other bed. "Only, I—I'm—do you mind if I get something off my chest first? It's this. You see, my sworn job in Urungilo is to administer justice, and only justice, and in that pass law case you were so curious about to-day, I'm darned if



HE GETS IT.



HE OPENS IT.



HE READS IT.

The Taxi-Cab Murder

By "E.J.S."

In the article recently published on the Oil Drum Murder, emphasis was placed on the need for close co-operation between Police, the Press and the Public. In this article we stress the importance of the wholehearted co-operation between the Uniform Branch of the Force and the C.I.D. when cases of major importance are under investigation. In this case, the European accused himself saying, "It didn't take you long to find me," itself a tribute to all Members of the Force associated with the case.

At approximately 3 p.m. on Wednesday, 20th October, 1948, two native taxi-drivers were talking together at their taxi-rank, opposite a garage in Que Que. Both had done little business that day and as the afternoon waned their hopes of obtaining fares diminished slowly. They decided to rest in one of the taxis on the rank, and both had just reclined in the vehicle when a European approached and enquired as to whether they had enough petrol to take him from Que Que to Gwelo. Both taxi-drivers eagerly responded, but it was Manasa who obtained the fare. He was out of the taxi in an instant and was offering his vehicle to the European concerned before his friend John had fully understood the situation. As the taxi drove away, John cursed his luck at missing such a fare and the substantial tip which would no doubt be received by Manasa on arrival at Gwelo. John noted the registration number on his friend Manasa's taxi, G3885—a lucky number indeed.

The following morning two Sergeants in the R.A.F. Police were motoring along the Bulawayo-Salisbury road when, at a point some 16 miles from Bulawayo, their attention was drawn to a taxi-cab, which was parked just off the main road behind a clump of bushes. Both men commented on the vehicle but continued on their journey without stopping.

Later that morning these two men were more than curious when they found the taxi-cab was still parked in the same position. Stopping to investigate, both men examined the taxi and found all the doors unlocked but the ignition key missing. A log book in the "cubby" hole of the car indicated a discrepancy of 100 miles or so between the last entry in the book and the number on the mileometer. One of the men found a key wallet containing the ignition key lying on the ground near the vehicle and when they switched on the ignition they found that the taxi was empty of petrol. Deciding that it was a matter for the Civil Police to deal with they returned to their car, but as they were about to drive away, one of the Sergeants decided to check the luggage boot of the taxi, in case it should contain property

which would give an indication of the owner, etc. To their amazement, however, on opening the door of the "boot" they found the dead body of a male native, clad in the usual taxi-driver's white dust coat. There was a lot of blood in the boot, which commenced dripping on to the ground when the lid was opened.

The C.I.D. at Bulawayo were informed as soon as was possible, and officials, accompanied by a G.M.O., arrived on the scene shortly afterwards, together with photographic and fingerprint equipment. The body was removed from the "boot" when what appeared to be a bullet wound was found on the left side of the head behind the left ear. No exit wound could be seen. Whilst some of the officials checked the scene for signs of spent cartridges, spoor, etc., the fingerprint official examined the interior of the car itself. A fragmentary fingerprint was found on the left hand spoke of the steering wheel. This "print" was found on the under-surface of the wheel in such a position as to indicate that the impression had been made by some person gripping the rim in the normal driving fashion.

As a result of the check in the vicinity of the parked car a bloodstained handkerchief, bearing the name of a European, was located, lying in the dried-up river bed, directly under a bridge across which the main road passed. For the purpose of this article the European will be called "X".

When C.I.D. headquarters received the name on the handkerchief, a quick search of records indicated a very likely suspect who was wanted for the theft of a car from Salisbury on the 19th October, 1948. The car concerned had been found abandoned some few miles from Que Que on the Gatooma-Que Que road the next day. Further, that "X" had been declared a Prohibited Immigrant and that his extension permit compelled him to leave the Colony by the 22nd October, 1948. His criminal record showed that he had one previous conviction for Culpable Homicide for which he had received a sentence of 10 years I.H.L., but this was commuted to allow release from 25th September, 1947.

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The taxi, as found by members of the R.A.F. Police.

A description of "X" was immediately circulated to all Police Stations within the Colony. The taxi-driver, John, at Que Que, was located and his description of the European who had entered the taxi driven by Manasa corroborated this description.

A European witness was located who gave a lift to a European along the Gatooma-Que Que road, early on the morning of 20th October, 1948, who answered the description of "X", and left him in Que Que about noon. The web appeared to be drawing closer when another witness reported that he had passed the taxi driven by Manasa along the Gwelo-Que Que road at about 4.45 p.m. on 20th October. He had noticed that a European male was the only passenger in the taxi.

Enquiries in the area where the taxi had been found showed that "X" had arrived at a residence in that area and asked for water. This was near 7 p.m. on the 20th October.

As it was obvious at this stage that "X" would endeavour to obtain transport by any means in order to leave the Colony, his description was widely circulated, including all garages and petrol stations. It was not unexpected, therefore, when a report was received at the Charge Office in Bulawayo that a motor cycle had been stolen from outside the Post Office during the afternoon of 21st October. Uniformed Patrols were circulated, and at 5.30 p.m. that evening a passing motorist

informed one of the Town Police patrols that he had passed a European riding a motor cycle bearing the number of the stolen machine, in the direction of Plumtree.

The Police at Plumtree were informed and at once a Trooper left to intercept or locate the stolen motor-cycle. Enquiries at Syringa led him to a farm in that area where he found the motor-cycle parked at the rear of the homestead. Inside the farmhouse, the Trooper found "X" who had been offered hospitality for the night by the farmer and his wife. After his arrest, he was found to be in possession of a 9mm. Beretta automatic pistol, with one round in the breach and four in the magazine. He also had a revolver clip containing six .380 bullets.

After being charged, his fingerprints were taken when it was found that his left forefinger impression was identical to the digital impression taken from the steering wheel of the abandoned taxi. A ballistics expert was called and he was able to state without any doubt that the bullet which had been extracted from the skull of the deceased Manasa had been fired from the automatic pistol found in the possession of "X". After Identification Parades had been held, "X" was eventually indicted for High Court on a charge of Murder. Tried before a Special Jury, he was found guilty of Culpable Homicide and sentenced to 12 years in hard labour.

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Station Notes



SHABANI

The only reason for Shabani bursting into print twice in three months is that the following story, understood to be true, is considered too good to keep.

It concerns the member in a recent promotion examination who, on being asked in his animal management paper to define the term "speedy cutting," stated that it was the quick rendering of a colt into a gelding.

Some speculation has been caused by the receipt of this month's Lecture Subjects from D.H.Q., Period I, Europeans, stating in block capitals that the subject of the lecture is to be Jurisdiction and VENUS; the member in charge feels capable of coping with the first half but has applied for the assistance of trained staff (preferably W.A.P.S.) to illustrate the latter.

Station news of any moment is rather scarce. Constable du Toit has joined us from Depot, otherwise the establishment is unchanged. The S.D.O. South has left us for a temporary spell as O.C. Victoria District; it is pleasing to note that the higher levels of "Q" read *The Outpost* with such discrimination. Shortly after publication of this station's notes on the danger of silicosis being contracted in the S.D.O.'s new truck, it was replaced by a glistening new safari van; such is the power of the Press. The only passing comment is that the new vehicle collects twice as much dust as its predecessor; we will now sit back and see if this little effort produces a 1951 sedan. If it does we have a few more comments for next month on post-war P.M.C's.

Shabani Annual Weapon Meeting was held here a couple of weeks ago and was well attended by teams from several centres. Police, Gwelo, sent a team of stalwarts who were unlucky not to figure more prominently in the prize list; it would perhaps be unkind to suggest that their shooting before lunch was considerably better than after, due, possibly, of course, to the changing light.

Anyone wishing a little light relief from Lourenco Marques or the Third Programme might do worse than to listen to Radio Shabani; on the air at 0900 and 1530, Sundays and mornings after excepted. We are unable to give the wave-length as we understand it is a crystal set. Latest gems include the Trooper who, in his best B.B.C. enunciation (all the way from Cheshire), commenced his spelling of C.R.O. by the announcement that C was for Sugar. All we need now is a spot of L for Leather and A for 'orses and "Hi Gang" will have to look to their laurels.

We wish to close these notes with a personal S.O.S. to Police, Kezi; if they should see Chief Sinti's son on passage in the Semokwe Reserve wearing a tunic, gaberdine, high neck one, would they please ask him to return it to its erstwhile owner as it is urgently required. Purchase price will be refunded—that is if we can remember the price of a bottle of Haig in 1940.

3686.

NORTON

This is written to dispel the notion that Norton is the original Sleepy Hollow. It is far from it. Pins have often been heard to drop, sometimes bricks. Here then is revealed the truth about Norton, for the first time.

After you have passed the village (we have no idio:) one comes to a series of buildings compatible with a tobacco district. Now slow down, and beware, for here live the four arms of the Law, who are often to be seen on the verandah (after office hours). A tall thin type, called Dickinson will be showing a golfing stroke to Sergeant Harris, who is, I believe, learning that great game. Much talk of holing out in bogies, knocking over birdies, and the 19th hole, which is for some reason the most popular one. Coming in at the gate will be seen a figure on a motor cycle,



Charge Office, Victoria Falls

desperately trying to stop it, and a grey faced African Constable on the pillion shouting either advice or prayers. It's Constable Selby (Podge) wondering which is the brake and the clutch. Note the scars on the office outside walls, and the bloodstains. Ah, well, the recruiting campaign goes well. Cleary, of course, is still working hard inside the office.

To get down to personalities and their activities: Sergeant Harris is the proud possessor of a Doodle Bug, or small car. This car is superior in fact to all other types, owing to the easy way in which it may be carried from A to B and back again, even by small children. It was once lost in a deep corrugation. However, he bears all these trials and tribulations with a smiling mien, and once a week he publicly prosecutes and may be seen from the hours of 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. on Wednesdays only, by appointment. He plays a great game of golf, and local piccanins are rapidly becoming financiers. Trooper Dickinson also possesses a car, or perhaps it should be called THE car. It is not true that there are holes in the floor boards for running up hills: a boy is carried in the boot for this purpose. He is a great lad at sports of a manly nature, such as Halma, Canasta, and swimming with water wings. Note his well developed dorsal fin. He has started a scrap book with an item in the paper, and one letter reading, "Dear Sir, Unless . . ."

Trooper Cleary resides with Constable Selby in the single quarters, which are of a luxurious nature. They have something here that most outside stations do not possess, and it is very comfortable.

Constable Selby is to be congratulated on his question to Trooper Cleary, "Are you going to take a camera with you?" when about to leave on a road accident case at night. Also upon his musketry score, which caused the air to jig violently, but little else. Trooper Cleary was seen

the other month enveloped in clouds of dust at the Norton fete, wordlessly mouthing at careless motorists. None of them have tried it yet.

A sports club has opened here, and we wish it well. Some unkind local person remarked, anent this, that owing to their legal training the Police should do well at the Bar. That's all for now.

D.J.

MTOKO

Sergeant Peters was a representative of the Mashonaland team at the Police Inter-Provincial shoot. The team won the second half, each member receiving a silver spoon. He has now been selected to shoot with the "C" team in the Bisley shoot at Bulawayo on July 9th, 1951. We naturally are very pleased, as our larder for the next few months—we hope—will be stocked with nice juicy venison—oh, yes! he has a licence!

Three A/C's ex Depot reported for duty, making up our strength, but Headquarters transferred one to Mrewa within a few days.

Constable Paine is on a walking patrol in the Mtoko Reserve and incidentally has applied for a transfer to the Dog section. He took his hound out with him on patrol, and we were rather curious why he should do so. Now we hear of his intended application for the transfer.

We have just been given a "peep" at the Mtoko Township plans—a most progressive thought by the Town Planning Department. It comprises one kindergarten school, one senior school site, recreation grounds and assembly hall, sufficient sites for at least two dozen shops and stores, two hotels, and two garages, whilst a section is allocated for industrial sites. As our fixed population at present is six Europeans and two babies, we all roared with laughter at the news, and wonder who has been at work. It is certainly difficult to imagine that he has ever visited Mtoko or he must be envious at the news that we are hoping to erect a small swimming pool and social hall in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, of the C.M.E.D., whilst motoring back from a friend's farm 22 miles from Mtoko, ran into a lioness which persisted in blocking their way. Mr. Sherwood switched on his lights, which partially dazzled the lioness, but after what seemed many minutes it moved to the side of the road. Mrs. Sherwood swears she noticed it licking its jaws with its tongue, hoping no doubt for a good feed in the offing. They are both still with us.

PARAHENDU.

UMTALI

The members of Umtali District are in the midst of being refreshed and No. 3 Refresher Squad is now among us, with the result that Umtali District Headquarters at 6.15 a.m. reminds one of Depot days, even if some of the horses are not up to Depot standard of training at the moment.

It is perhaps a little early to give an opinion as to the Troops' reactions to this innovation, but so far no adverse remarks have come to the ears of the writer—tact, perhaps.

On June 2nd we held a most enjoyable Social in the Recreation Room when a goodly number of serving members and the Police Reserve were present and, to the music of Tony's Band, danced until the small wee hours.

We congratulate our shotists who brought home the very handsome trophy—sorry I was absent when it was filled. I'll be there next time you win it, I hope!

Congratulations also to Sergeant Bester on his fine shoot at Bulawayo. Glad you kept Umtali District on the map; we are near the edge and there is always the danger that unless we keep ourselves in the limelight some may think we have fallen right over the edge.

Our footballers are still going strong and giving a good account of themselves. We congratulate Constables Warren, Dunn, and Beaver on being selected to play for the Manicaland Eleven who opposed Salisbury Raylton and managed to beat them 4-5 after one of the finest games seen in Umtali for many a long day.

On June 3rd the Married Men met the Single Men on the cricket field and a mighty battle ended in the defeat of the married. Those about to get married please note.

Lieut.-Colonel Rowley spent a few days in the district on inspection duty during the month and we hope he enjoyed the change. We feel certain the scenery of Umtali must have been a pleasant change after the scenery he enjoys regularly from his office window.

Det. Sub-Inspector Bevington and Sub-Inspector Kirkwood have returned from leave at the coast after a wonderful holiday. They appear to have settled down again to the daily grind but one can still notice the far-away look in the eye, as though they are trying to get a very distant glimpse of the sea.

News being short and the time for these notes to be in Salisbury almost at hand, if I am to escape the Editor's hard looks and bitter words, I must say my usual Cheerio.

NGITI.

(It's never too late for Station Notes!—Ed.)

THE OUTPOST, JULY, 1951

C.I.D. BULAWAYO

The usual number of transfers have been effected since our last notes. The arrival of Probationary Detectives J. B. G. Colquhoun, E. Earnshaw, J. Robinson and J. Rattray has improved the Staff position here. Sergeant Tevor Steadman left for Beitbridge during the month, whilst 1/Sergeant Glen MacDonald came from the Victoria Falls to Bulawayo.

With the sitting of the Promotions Advisory Board, we saw Detectives J. Brett, E. Van Eede, W. Hobley, R. Grossmith, J. Gregory, W. Read and A. Sandal, from Salisbury, Que Que and Gatooma as prospective candidates for promotion. We hope to have more to say on this subject next month.

Also seen during the month were Sergeants W. Sunter and E. J. May from Gwelo, the latter having just returned from a long holiday in the U.K. We have just said farewell to Detective Ian Dixon who was transferred to Gwelo after spending some months in the Central Criminal Bureau.

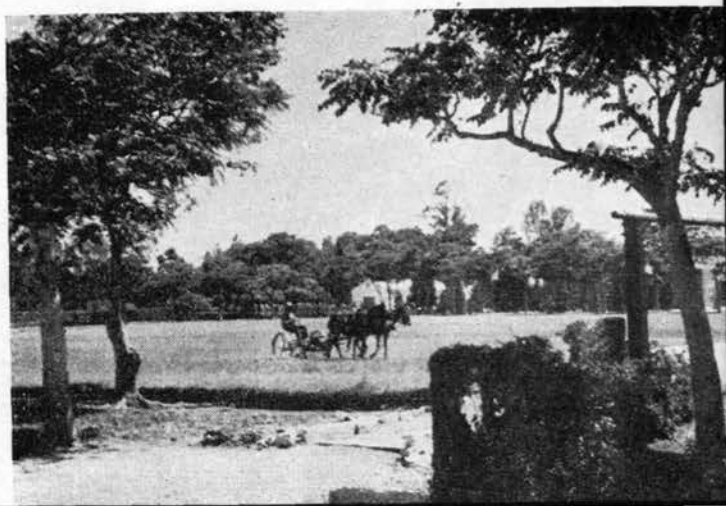
Congratulations this month go to Sergeant and Mrs. J. Stanyon at the Victoria Falls on the birth of a daughter, and to Detective Ron Eames who was successful in the Lower Law Examinations.

Detective Assistant Inspector J. Hamilton, of the Northern Rhodesia Police, spent some few weeks with us recently, and we hear that Detective Assistant Inspector W. Holdsworth will be with our Fingerprint Staff for a short course.

"Shorty" Rees continued his good form in the snooker competition, and is amongst the semi-finalists in the White Cup tournament. Sergeant's "Pug" Barton and "Paddy" Ogle are our other representatives, so we still stand a fair chance of taking the trophy this year.

Not so with the Soccer, however, as we were well and truly beaten this year in the annual match with the Town Branch, played on Sunday,

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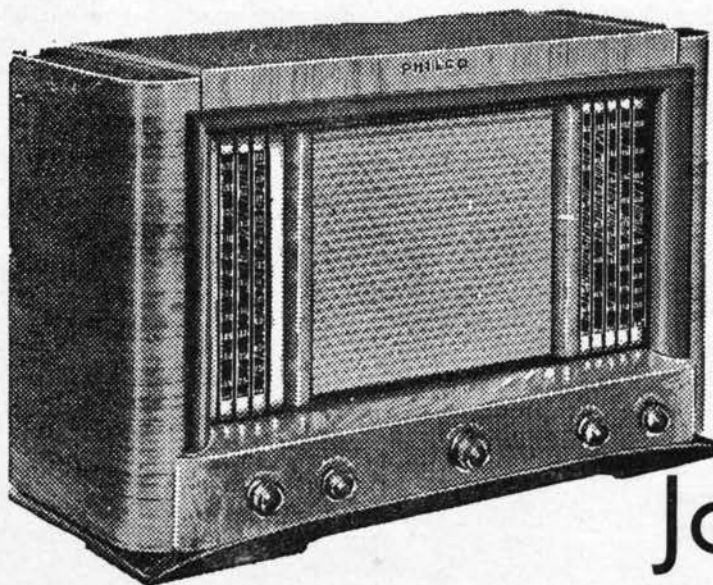
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8th July, at the Central Sports ground. Our skipper was 1/Sergeant Dave Williams, who played goalkeeper in the absence of 1/Sergeant Barrowman. Although the team was strengthened with the "new blood" of young probationers, the Town team had that little extra skill which resulted in their winning 2-1. The game was well attended and good support was given to both sides. Both sides showed keenness and some good moves were seen, particularly from Coulter on the right wing and G. Aledrson at right back. Another pillar of strength to our side was Stuart Hodges who stopped a number of promising moves by the Town forwards. On the whole, a very interesting match (no doubt the Town Police scribe to this column will record the merits of his team) and we congratulate the Town Police on their performance. Needless to say, we missed the services of Sergeant Jimmy Dunbar at centre-forward, who has given us great support in past matches.

Inspector Digweed, our S.W.O., is showing great form at tennis these days, and no doubt he will be receiving challenges from other members of the Department soon.

News of "Ginger" Pritchard (ex No. 3113) and Syd. Bowbrick (ex No. 3095) has been received during the past month. Both apparently spent an enjoyable holiday over Rhodes and Founders down on Magudu Ranch, Fort Victoria, where "Ginger" is now the manager.

In conclusion I must mention that Detective Sub-Inspector W. Heckett, of the C.C.B., sends his regards to Detective 1/Sergeant "Barry" Barrowman, of the same Department. What intrigue lies behind this I leave for conjecture. But we may get an answer in our next notes.

Cheerio for the present.

"CARURO."

GATOOMA

Owing to frostbite our notes will be brief, almost to the point of non-existence this month.

Vaguely remembered faces appeared out of the bundu for the wedding of Constable Vince Hustler here on June 23rd. Representatives from Hartley, Battlefields and Chakari were well to the fore. One member was seen checking points and making notes throughout the ceremony and reception. This was none other than Sergeant Roy Townsend who is due to enter the marriage lists on July 14th.

For the information of out-stations the "voice on the ether wave" is now Sergeant Percy Foskett, ex P.G.H.Q. Very little time was wasted by Ser-

geant Robinson in getting this new arrival into the Cricket Club books. Now that Fulton and Evans have presented a Challenge Cup for the Gatooma Police-Dalny Mine Cricket feud, no possible talent can be overlooked.

In the recent Gatooma Soap Box Derby, Detective Sub-Inspector Bryer accepted a challenge to a race—stakes being a bottle of whisky. We are pleased to record that the Corps representative won by a good ten lengths thus keeping our end up in this field of endeavour, not forgetting his own—taking into consideration the diminutive size of his buggy.

Once again we are in the midst of annual musketry, riot drill and first aid (a good knowledge of the latter being very necessary after riot drill as practised in Gatooma). The Camp Scavenger has got the knack of ricochetting his sand bag ammo. off the wicker shields down to a fine art.

Though we have yet to hear of a Marksman in the district there have been several close scores, no one having registered lower than a first class shot.

Latest promotions are those of 1/Sergeant Bailey and Trooper Hedge to Sam Browne belt and stripes respectively. The latter, after a five year stay at Gatooma, finally decided it was time he had a look at the rest of the Colony, and forthwith departed to Hartley—twenty miles away.

A parade of the Eiffel Flats, Hartley and Gatooma Police Reserve detachments was held in Camp recently for a farewell inspection by the retiring O.C. Police Reserve, Lieut.-Colonel Shillingford, O.B.E. The parade was congratulated by the O.C. on its smart turnout and got a big write up in the *Gatooma Mail*.

The Gatooma Police Ball is due to be held at the Grand Hotel some time in September, and it is hoped to make it as big a success as usual. Sale of tickets is restricted to 125 doubles, so it is definitely a case of "First Come—First Served."

That's all from Gatooma.

HIS "X" MARK.

BULAWAYO TOWN

On Saturday, 16th June, the quarterly Police sundowner dance was held in the Police Camp, Bulawayo. It was somewhat quieter than usual but the excellent dance music provided by the Police Band from Salisbury was greatly appreciated by all present.

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During the afternoon of Sunday, 17th, the Band played a selection of music in the vicinity of the Camp swimming bath. Following this event the Band performed the Retreat Ceremony in the Camp parade ground.

We are all very sorry to lose Chief Inspector Killick who has gone on leave pending retirement and is spending the first portion of his leave in the U.K.

Transfers during the month were: Constables Barron to Salisbury Urban, Byrne and Hogg to Salisbury C.I.D., Robinson, Colquhoun and Earnshaw to Bulawayo C.I.D. We wish "Red" Barron the best of luck in Salisbury Urban and trust that the five embryo 'tocs will enjoy combating the crime in the "cloak and dagger" department. The latest selection of hats is terrific, Constable Earnshaw mentions that his peculiar type of head-wear might be used on fishing expeditions if everything else fails.

Constable Lees is at present confined to Hospital following an attack of jaundice. Hard luck Jack, don't worry, the colour isn't permanent.

Cheerio for now.

"UHLANYA."

SITTING FOR PROMOTION?

A few days before the recent promotion examination results were published, we read the following news item: "Police cordoned off the Kutub Minar Watch Tower just before Delhi University announced examination results. Too many students have been using it for suicide jumps after failing their examinations."

It was pleasing to note that nobody has been struck off the strength since the latest Force Orders.



"I heard one woman say she thought the Police dogs were almost human!"

... to the Editor

The Editor,

The Outpost.

Dear Sir,

On the arrival of your May number, opening it and thumbing through the pages, I glanced at the obituary notice and something struck a chord of memory. Charles Joseph Laughton? No! Surely it is my old friend Charles Joseph Langton, who has passed over? Yes, it must be, and probably others have already acquainted you of the error.

It must happen to many to look back and, stirring the recollections of the past, feel that the friendship of a man here or a man there has made a better man of oneself. Those are my feelings as I recollect my association and friendship with Charles Joseph Langton.

Prior to joining the B.B.P., Langton served in that fine old corps, the C.M.R. and he, with his unassuming manner and quiet humour, used to relate intriguing stories of Pondo rum-runners over the Kei River, and other diverting episodes.

At one time during the early years of this century, he passed his time, doubtless very pleasantly, trading and shooting elephant in the Sebungwe and Mafungabuzi country. The Hon. A. J. Fraser, then Consulting Engineer of the Consolidated Goldfields, Ltd., thought his old school friend had played around in the bush long enough, persuaded Langton to return to civilisation and had him appointed as Mine Secretary of the Bell Mine.

About that time, B.S.A.P. patrols, from Que Que to the Mafungabuzi Hills, would usually have to cross the Ngondoma Vlei; the vlei was about 20 miles long and down its centre ran a stream with very boggy ground on either side. There was only one place in the 20 miles where patrols, with riding and pack animals, could cross on solid ground, and the name of that crossing was (may be still) Langton's Drift.

Charles Joseph Langton was a fine character—it was due to the example of men such as he and the reputation they earned, that we who came later, were able to "throw a chest" and say with pride, "I am a Rhodesian."

Yours faithfully,

S. C. JOHN (Major).

(ex No. 912).

Editor's Note: The obituary in question was published as it appeared in the local Press. The name should have been Langton.

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And then there were None

For many years after my arrival in Rhodesia I conducted my housekeeping successfully with a staff of African boys, but when the children appeared on the scene, and approached the crawling and toddling stage, I realised that unless I was to develop into a harrassed and short tempered parent, help must be procured. I was extremely lucky in finding "Fat Nanny," for that was the name by which we affectionately knew Elizabeth. She was a Xosa woman of about 50 years of age, with bright eyes, an engaging smile and a lovable character. All of us indeed considered her our friend. To her our interests came first, especially those of our small daughter, who was her special care.

Fat Nanny helped with the bedmaking and darning and did the children's washing and ironing. At 7 a.m. she took the two children to the park, and again at 4 p.m. She was a careful and kindly custodian. Once when a careless driver nearly ran into the pram, she threw herself across it, suffering cuts and bruises but protecting her charge. Unfailingly cheerful, she perhaps spoiled the children with her loving kindness. She answered me firmly once, when completely exasperated, I lightly smacked my daughter's little chubby hand. "Kosikaas," she chided me, "no child has sense until it is seven years old, so do not punish."

Nanny saw our family through their young childhood, and when they were adolescent she left to join her husband on a plot near the Hunyani River. She said she had worked enough and was now too old. We missed her sorely, but counted ourselves lucky for the years she had been with us, and when a visit brought her to town, laden with pumpkins and chickens for us, we welcomed her as a dear friend.

Nanny's stay with us had been such a joy and such a success that we now decided that we would dispense entirely with a houseboy and concentrate on an African maid, who would be on the spot when we wished to go out, and also serve as a housemaid. I started this experiment with high hopes, but oh, how they were shattered!

My husband's father farmed in Matabeleland and the news must have travelled to the effect that the 'Nkos' son needed a maid and Annah appeared. She was brought to the house by her brother, a well-educated and gentlemanly African. I was given instructions as to the life she should lead. All good farm natives dislike the

By M. ROBINSON

idea of their womenfolk working in town, where they are subject to many temptations. I was asked to be firm and strict with her. I felt sorry for Annah, surrounded by new men, strange faces, other minds, so I contacted other Matabele girls who introduced her to the Wayfarer Movement. I myself made her white uniform and every Thursday, with shining face, full of anticipation, she would set off with her friends. I stipulated, following her father's instructions, that she should be home at 6.30. She was given a bright well-furnished room in the house, and nightly she was permitted to entertain women friends in the house. But alas, this was not enough for Annah. She decided that she was overworked and tied to the house too much; this was in spite of her two afternoons off a week, and she decided to return home, where she could sit in the sun and knit to her heart's content. *En passant*, after two years, Annah arrived back to see me with an adorable black baby. I asked after her marriage, but was told that she was not married, but hoped to be soon, when her swain had got rid of his present wife as she refused to be wife number two.

I felt that one unsatisfactory experience was not enough to deter me from my experiment, so I looked around, and at length procured Ida. Ida was large and cheerful, but slapdash in her methods. Her room was kept in such an untidy state that I hated to think of it in the heart of my home. She laughed and tumbled through her work, but alas, she became dirtier and more slovenly and after three months with no hard feeling, we parted company and the sad procession continued.

Then there was Judy, neat and deft, and a perfect housemaid. I thought my problems had been solved, but one day I learnt from the garden boy that Judy would steal out at night, when she was left in charge, and desert her charges. I still shudder when I think of them left alone, asleep in a large home. Judy, naturally after this defection, had to go. She left telling me that no maid would stay with me, if she had to sleep in the house.

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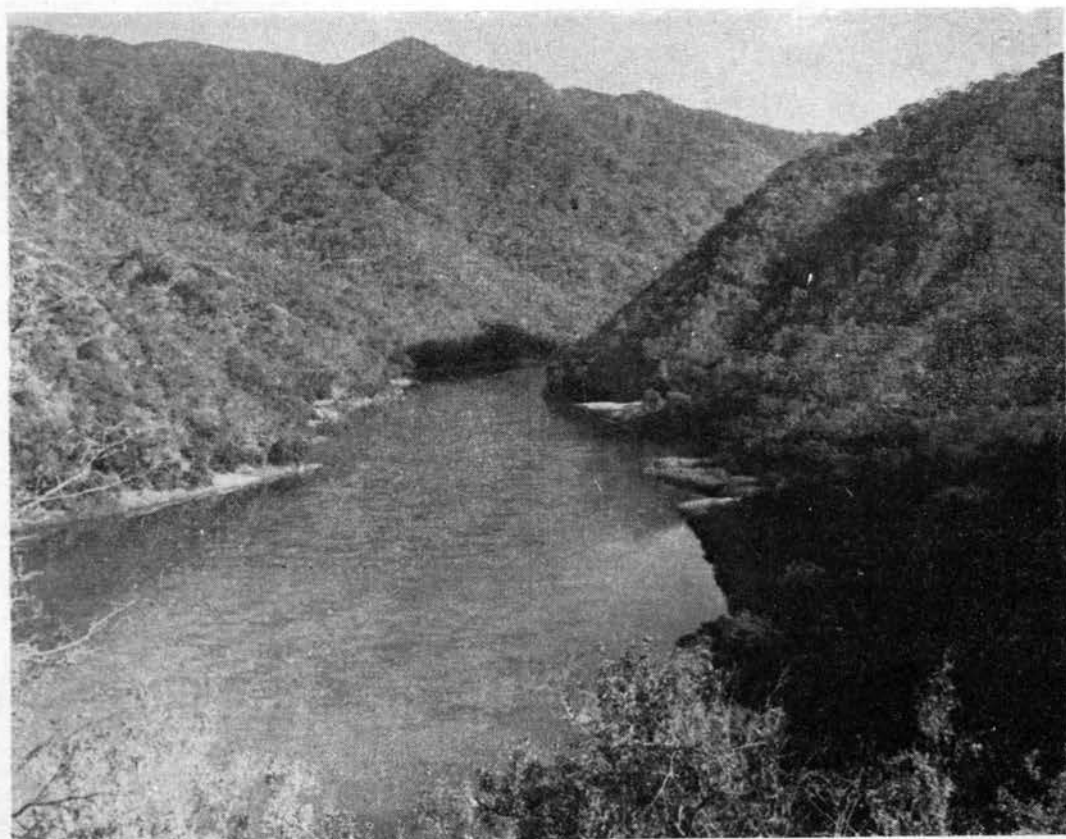
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Many and various African females appeared at the back door, hearing that I was seeking a maid, but they laughed when I said it was a housemaid I wanted. That, they said, was too much like hard work. They also said they would rather have a shack near the boys' "kia" than a decently furnished room under our roof. Anyway, they told me, it was too lonely being in a house all day. I then suggested that I employ two African maids, one as a cook, but not one of my backdoor acquaintances thought this was a good plan. They simply were not interested in cooking.

Judy was followed by Ellen, who quarrelled with the cook boy. Margaret arrived and left, and so did Jane. Having had little labour trouble in my life I wondered whether I had acquired a reputation of being a bad mistress. However, pondering the problem I decided that the answer lay in our hands. As long as raw native girls are employed as nursemaids, earning more than my trusty cook, although they do little else but sit in the sun ignoring their charges, laughing and joking with their friends, of which the male element predominates, I fear the African maid will not replace the male in the house.

AUTHOR?

In last month's edition we had a good example of how much damage can be caused by a concerted attack from Gremlins. In three instances the author's name was not printed and in case there was any misunderstanding over this we give these now. *Sam and the Mule* was the work of a new poet in our midst, "Festina Lente"; *Case for the Prosecution* by W. E. Lansdowne, who says it is the last story he intends to write (he said that before his name was omitted) and *When Gwelo Burns* was received in the office with neither title nor author's name. By careful investigation, however, we found that the author is better known to his friends in the Corps as "Sandy," so we leave it at that. With our apologies, we also offer the hope that this will remind the respective authors that their efforts are not forgotten the moment they are off the press; indeed, we hope that this may remind them that their work was much appreciated. Need we say more?



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Rommel's South African Born Aide Tells His Story

Because of its revelations, simple writing, pictures of the North Africa campaign from the German angle, and vivid portrait of a great commander, *With Rommel in the Desert*, by H. W. Schmidt (Harrap), which should be with you now, is assuredly the book of the month.

The volume, which is the English edition in full of the book already published in South Africa, has, of course, the peculiar, almost unique interest, of giving the major operations of the Desert War from the German angle. But, as I have suggested, it is the manner in which this is carried out that gives the supreme merit to the writing. Heinz Schmidt is a Rommel enthusiast; yet he keeps that enthusiasm wisely within control; so that, in contrast with works of like type of the past, we see, all the time, the man and human being behind the distinguished soldier.

From the moment that the author came into intimate contact with Rommel, we get a sense of the masterful driving force and speed of decision that made Rommel what he was, and for so long remained: the name that the British and Commonwealth Forces deeply respected as an opponent. The author was in constant close touch with Rommel—in lightning thrust, the disaster of Tobruk (in connection with which Rommel is here quoted as paying a strong tribute to the soldiers from your part of the world), the terrific give and take of the tank battles, until the coming of Alexander and Montgomery, El Alamein, and the final Allied push—through to Tripoli and the end of the Germans in Africa.

Rommel, it now seems entirely clear, had all the attributes of the outstanding military leader; prominent among them the last and vital attribute of securing the personal loyal affection of his men. They looked upon him as unsurpassable in leadership; they accounted for his final defeat as due to circumstances not within his control. That is as it should be with any army that makes its mark. We learn from this book of the skill with which Rommel, with, at one time, but a fraction of the equipment for which his opponents gave him credit, played the great war-game of bluff; and with what success. We learn, also, that almost from first to last, and because of the ever-increasing calls from other fronts, he had less mechanical equipment than he needed; a deficiency that, in the final phases, proved so decisive.

THE OUTPOST, JULY, 1951

The chapter on the fall of Tobruk makes, at this time of day, absorbing reading; it is done with frankness, control and clarity. The desert battles are illuminated by numberless sidelights which must grip the attention of all who served on the Allied side. El Alamein itself is described with a detail and vividness which the present reviewer at least has not encountered before in a book on the African campaigns. Here the author writes with soldierly frankness, giving fullest credit to the enemy—and conveying a picture of the German surprise at the overwhelming concentration of Allied artillery under Montgomery.

We learn that for much of the rest of the campaign Rommel was a sick man; but that is stated merely as a fact, not an excuse. The capture of the big bag of British generals is a half-comic relief in war's grim course; the other is the fact, here revealed for the first time, that Rommel, driver and high-pressure commander though he was, had a strong sense of humour.

"The Cloak I Left Behind" by Liliag Haggard (Hodder & Stoughton) is the life of Rider Haggard, by his daughter. All that is most famous about Rider Haggard is of course connected with his African romances; and the most famous of these, far and away, is "King Solomon's Mines"; and the romance of that thrilling book is supposed to be based on Zimbabwe and the Matabele, in days when little but rumour was known of either. The romance, to be sure, far outran the fact; but that did not take away from the thrills of a master yarn.

Rider Haggard, however, was, apart from this, a many sided man; one of his great interests was agriculture, of which he wrote much. It was his strange imagination, though, that brought him renown. What kind of man lay behind that writer? Here is the full answer, and for the first time. We have the revelation of a most unusual personality; and, strangely enough, of a man upon whom there lay, through all his high sense of purpose and duty, a cloud of depression—due, to a great, but not total, extent to the early loss of a much loved son. It is a notable and immensely interesting study of a very exceptional personality and temperament.

They say you will find a Scotsman (if not many Scotsmen) almost everywhere on earth. To such folk your way (and I know there are many) I give a special tip to secure *The Scottish Scene*,

PAGE THIRTY-ONE

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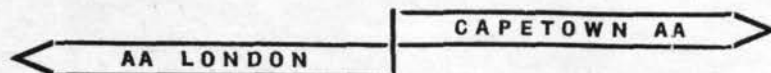
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by John L. Weir, and photographed by that artist, Alfred Furness (Allen & Unwin). One of the "Immortal Britain" series, it contains some of the finest pictures ever taken, and covers the whole of Scotland. With its dozens of photographs, it is more an album of godlike charm than a book. It is, in fact, something no Scottish person should in any wise miss.

Climate favours all-year-round tennis with you. So let me commend to you *Lawn Tennis*, Mr. J. T. Hankinson's new book (Allen & Unwin). Here a born teacher of the game for the first time produces a series of specially planned action pictures showing how every stroke and move should be played, and supports them with a text that is a model of clearness. You cannot fail to improve your game if you study this admirable book.

For artistic merit my first fiction choice this month is *The Dividing Stream*, by Francis King (Longmans). Mr. King made his name with "An Air That Kills," three years ago. That name was of a high talent, and, in my view, that of a pupil, strongly up to date, of the Chekov school. Here, he advances; and confirms it; his story's theme is an illustration, set in post-war Italy, with American English and Italian characters interplaying, of the saying that each human being in essence goes through life on a solitary journey; the stream that divides is circumstance together with differing temperaments: the stream being the impassable barrier. The notable merit of the book is the intense bright vividness of touch which the author brings to the creation of each character and act; so that the reader is carried on, willy nilly, fascinated, held. Youth shows through the writing still; but there is no mere promise, but performance. A wholly exceptional novel: and, I think, a precursor of something even finer and fuller yet.

Any Seton's latest successor to the best-seller "Drongwyck" is *Foxfire* (Hodder & Stoughton); this time a story, on a big scale, of love, frustration and fulfilment in the grim surroundings of the Arizona mountain country. There is vast vigour and movement in this rich feast of romance—and excitement in plenty, too.

Ship of Destiny, by Henry J. Slater (Jarrolds)—the ship, incidentally being of the Union Castle line, homeward bound—is unusual from the angle of event: and I am not going to spoil it by disclosing how startling and unheard of the main event is. The author has got hold of a whale of an idea; he exploits it with immense ingenuity

and thrill after thrill. Wells himself would be proud to praise this effort. I pray you note it down and read.

Gaiety Rose, by Guy Trent (Hurst & Blackett) is the story of the struggles, trials and final triumph of a musical comedy star of the Gay Nineties. Mr. Trent writes with vigour and colour and cleverly evokes the atmosphere of by-gone florid days.

Finally, if you want a nice African adventure story full of body, and with all the most agreeable ingredients, let me recommend *The Crocodile Man*, by Peter Meredith (Ward, Lock). Strange happenings on the West Coast; grim work, too; and a love interest to off-set all.

I pick two of the latest thrillers: *The Last House*, by Gina Dessart (Hodder & Stoughton): Crime in the U.S.A., cleverly set out, with much to puzzle, and a neat solution. *Week-End With Death*, by Hilary Gray (Hurst & Blackett): Mystery of a monkey-ornament and a vanished man; with several twists and a real terror-solution.

The star among the new PAN-Books is *Some People*, by Harold Nicolson; the famous volume in which Mr. Nicolson produced a series of superbly etched portraits of folk and types encountered by him during his days in the Diplomatic Service; a quality volume indeed. The latest PANS contain also a new "Saint"—*The Saint on Guard*, by Leslie Charteris; and *You Can't Keep the Change*, by the late Peter Cheyney, whose recent death is mourned by his multitude of followers.



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KENYA POLICE DOGS

Police dogs have recently been introduced into the Kenya Police and we publish below three cases in which the dogs were successfully used.

Between 8 p.m. and 11 p.m. on the night of January 10th a private house in Eldoret was broken into and a large quantity of clothing stolen. The owners had been out for the evening and on their return at 11 p.m. they made the discovery and immediately informed the police.

Entry had been gained through a bathroom window, and on inspection by the Police a bare footprint was found outside the window. Although it was pitch dark, it was decided to fetch a Police Dog to the scene.

The dog was given scent from the footprint and immediately took up scent and trailed to the main road and along it to a railway level crossing. Striking off on to the railway, the dog trailed along for about half a mile. Just then a goods train was heard approaching and the dog had to be taken off the trail until it passed, but fortunately was able to take up scent again, and carried on. A few hundred yards from Eldoret Railway Station, a passenger train bound for Nairobi was seen leaving the station and again the dog had to be taken off until it passed. Once again the dog was able to resume the trail and carried on into the station, giving tongue off the platform where the 3rd class coaches had been standing.

The Police party immediately went by car to Kipkabus Station, 30 miles away, which was the next stop the train made, getting there before the train. On its arrival a search was made of the 3rd class coaches and in one coach the stolen property was recovered. It was later ascertained that as the train approached the station, two Africans jumped off and made their escape.

The time, from notification of Police to the recovery of the stolen property, was three hours.

On 2nd February, it was notified to Soy Police Station that an attempt had been made to break into the maize store of a farm in that area the previous night, but on being disturbed by a watchman, the three thieves made off, after threatening the watchman.

There had been several such offences previously, and although the quantities of maize stolen were small, over a period it constituted quite a considerable amount.

On this occasion a shoe had been left behind by one of the thieves in his haste. This shoe was taken to Soy Police Station and Police Dogs were asked for and brought to the scene. As the shoe had been well handled by this time it was useless as far as scent was concerned, but a search revealed a tuft of human hair caught on a barbed wire fence near the maize store, which appeared to have been left by someone who had no time to choose his exit through the fence. Being in grassland there were no footprints available so the dog was given scent from the hair.

Picking up scent, the dog trailed across country for about two miles to a row of five native huts. Passing the first three huts, the dog stopped at the fourth hut, which was locked, and gave tongue.



The Zambezi at Tete, Portuguese East Africa.

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A neighbour from one of the other huts was able to give a description of the shoes worn by the owner of the hut 4, which tallied with the shoe found. The man having been sent for, arrived barefoot, and denied that he owned shoes, and later changed it to say that the shoes were being repaired, but could not give the name of the shoe repairer.

He was then taken to the Police Station and the neighbour and two other men who said they could identify his shoes were then asked to pick his shoe out from among others, which they did without hesitation. At this the suspect admitted that he was the culprit — but named the two identifying witnesses as being his accomplices, which they also admitted.

All three were tried, convicted, and sentenced to two years' hard labour each.

While a farmer in the Eldoret District was visiting the local agricultural show, his house was broken into and clothing and a box containing personal papers and money stolen.

On his return home about midnight, he made the discovery, and immediately came to the conclusion that it was the work of a carpenter whom he had sacked the previous day after an altercation. This carpenter knew of the box, and that it contained money.

No doors or windows had been forced, although the owner stated that the houseboy had instructions that the house be made secure every night.

Police dogs were sent for and arrived at the scene at 6.30 a.m.

The dog was given scent from a bare footprint found in the garden, and trailed for about 400 yards to a depression in the ground with bushes. Here the dog stopped, and behind the bushes the box was found, unopened. The dog was allowed to continue and carried on in a circle back towards the house, by-passing it, and eventually finished up at the houseboy's hut where it gave tongue. A further search revealed the clothing hidden under a bundle of maize stalks in the garden.

It was decided to hold an identification parade of the staff, by the dog, but the only available footprint had been trodden on and was therefore useless.

The houseboy was arrested pending an investigation.

(Kenya Police Review.)

PITY THE RED-HAIRED BACHELORS

When B.B.C. reporter Peter Donne visited the British Museum recently he saw a great many very precious manuscripts well over four thousand years old, which help to throw light on the civilisation of Ancient Egypt and Assyria. Among them is the Book of Dreams and here the experts have deciphered much that is interesting and revealing about the Egyptian people's thoughts and outlook on life. Donne, broadcasting later in "Radio Newsreel," said that the Book of Dreams had shown that the Egyptians had a strong antipathy for all red-haired people and simply could not do with red-haired bachelors, who were regarded as followers of the God Seth, a most unpleasant character. Red-haired bachelors were not considered to be subject to normal laws of behaviour and a special list of dreams and interpretations had to be prepared for them. From this list of dreams it seemed that the things that worried them and made them dream were the selfsame things that worry people and make them dream to-day, food, personal economies and professional advancement.

Amongst the faded brown papyri was a letter intended to guide a scribe in the correct official terms to be used in collecting taxes. Immediately below it, and likely to be useful to a tax collector of any period in any country, was a recipe for a magical cure for a headache. Donne also saw the texts of temple ritual, a collection of hymns, magical spells against disease and a long strip of papyrus that was intended to be rolled up, suspended from the neck and worn as an amulet by an unknown general who commanded royal troops somewhere around 850 B.C. From these numerous documents the picture of an ancient people grew clearer and they emerged as superstitious, romantic and practical. Their imaginative tendencies were seen from another papyrus which contained the first recorded use of allegory in fiction, and told how Truth was blinded by his brother Falsehood.

It all goes to show into what strange places a B.B.C. Variety series may lead a quiet Londoner.

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Protecting Civilians in War

Not far west of London, at Sunningdale, in the pleasantly-wooded county of Berkshire, is the Civil Defence Staff College, the educational and research centre of Britain's strategy in civil defence. Until recently it was the only place of its kind in the world, although Holland and the U.S.A. have now established similar centres.

The College, situated in a large mansion standing in its own park, is located on a triangle of which the other points are Camberley and Bracknell, the staff colleges respectively of the Army and the Royal Air Force. A great deal

By ROY BREWER

English Journalist and Feature Writer

of Civil Defence activity is inevitably based on very close liaison with the Armed Forces and, since its establishment in November, 1949, Sunningdale has given as much thought to the intricate and continually changing problems of civil defence as the sister colleges give to the details of military or air force strategy and administration.

The idea of the College, its function and scope originated during World War II. A prototype, though on a less ambitious scale, was formed at Stoke d'Abernon, in the neighbouring county of Surrey. Wartime experience gained there was the basis on which the details of Sunningdale were successfully planned.

Instructional Films.

The building is well suited to its present use. There is a private cinema, used for instructional films and film strips and for demonstration playlets, written and acted by the staff. The former reception rooms serve as lecture and discussion theatres, particularly a large square hall with a gallery above on each side. Here large-scale maps and plans are spread out so that the 45 members of a typical course sitting round can follow closely lectures and demonstrations with movable symbols and "overlays" or get from the gallery a "pilot's eye view" on an exact scale of altitude, of the map below.

Sunningdale is concerned primarily with the broadest problems of civil defence — technical details of defence measures, methods of rescue, decontamination and relief are taught in detail at civil defence training schools elsewhere. Emphasis in all the courses is laid on the problems of liaison between civil defence and the Armed

Students from many countries study at Britain's Civil Defence Staff College.

Forces, the police, fire services, voluntary relief and welfare organisations. Short courses concentrated into a week, covering broad principles of overall planning, are reserved for the executive heads of local and central government, the police and fire services, and other organisations closely concerned with civil defence planning. Longer courses, spread over five weeks, dealing with the detail of planning, are attended in the main by men and women who have a full time job preparing local civil defence plans for their various authorities, services and organisations. Special courses have been arranged for local health administrators, and a course was held for overseas visitors from many European countries as well as from Egypt, U.S.A., Pakistan, and other Commonwealth countries. An early visitor to the College was Brigadier Wardell, head of Australian Civil Defence.

The five-week courses are made up of lectures, demonstrations, discussions and "paper exercises." These cover the extent and nature of atom bomb defence, all strategy being based on the hypothetical case of serious damage from, say, two or three atom bombs; methods to be adopted in chemical and biological warfare; the latest methods of fire fighting and, in particular, defence against the hazards of fire storms generated by simultaneous fires in built-up areas; a demonstration of monitoring instruments; plans for civil defence in industry, and the principles of zoning and organisation in the larger towns; methods of emergency feeding and casualty organisation and ways of keeping up public morale.

"Exercise Bang"

The syllabus includes some 38 separate sessions, and of these, nine are devoted to what is known as "Exercise Bang." This consists of a "paper exercise" covering every aspect of civil defence planning and organisation based on a series of raids over a typical densely populated area (the port of Southampton is frequently used, and conveniently linked with the actual visits to the area for field study). The exercises are mainly worked by the course divided into syndicates of six, each member taking his turn to act as leader during discussion and when working out the test problems which are studied throughout the course.

Staff lecturers are supplemented by visits from outside experts. In addition visits are paid to a typical densely populated area for "field study" of complex local problems, to a large London fire station and to the Army School of Health.

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PARACHUTE ROBOT.

A device to reduce danger in parachute jumps from high altitudes is announced by the United States Air Force. The automatic mechanism delays the opening of the parachute until the flyer has fallen through the rarified upper air into the denser atmosphere nearer the earth.

A flyer who jumps at extremely high altitudes faces great danger. There is so little oxygen that he may lose consciousness before he can pull the ripcord that opens the parachute. Moreover, the Air Force points out, even if the flyer can open the parachute the cold of the rarified air is so intense that it can cause severe exposure while he slowly passes through it.

The new device is attached to the parachute. It is activated when the flyer pulls a handle just as he jumps. It contains a barometric mechanism that prevents the parachute from opening until the flyer enters relatively dense air. A dial permits the flyer to fix the height above sea level at which the mechanism is to operate. The dial usually is set for a height of 5,000 feet above the highest land over which a flight is planned. At the proper height the device opens the parachute.

If the plane is flying within the denser atmosphere when the flyer jumps, a timer that has previously been set delays the opening of the parachute until the flyer has fallen clear of the plane. In jumps from high altitudes, however, the barometric mechanism delays the opening of the parachute regardless of the timer setting.

Domestic Notices

BIRTHS—

SIMS.—To 2/Sergeant and Mrs. Sims, at Bulawayo, on 27th May, 1951, a son, Alan John.

ROBERTSON. — To Trooper and Mrs. Robertson, at Salisbury, on 5th June, 1951, a son, Andrew John.

ENGAGEMENT—

WATTS—VAN KETS.—2/Sergeant James Watts to Miss Agnes V. M. van Kets, of Pietersburg, Northern Transvaal.

MARRIAGES—

SHERIFF—GLASGO.—1/Sergeant E. J. Sheriff to Miss Elizabeth Margaret Glasgo, at Ndola, Northern Rhodesia, on 5th May, 1951.

BAILEY—SHEPPY. — 2/Sergeant A. E. F. Bailey to Miss Lorain Ann Sheppy, at St. Michael and All Angels Church, Fort Victoria, on 9th June, 1951.

HUSTLER—VAN BLERK.—Constable V. Hustler to Miss Lillian Patricia van Blerk, at All Saints Church, Gatooma, on 23rd June, 1951.



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THE "LIVING SKELETONS" OF EGYPT

War on Drug Addicts

Cairo's opium "clinics," where part of the £100,000,000 or more which Egypt spends every year on narcotics changes hands, are no show-places.

Usually situated in the squalid districts which sprawl round the feet of the modern capital, few see what happens at the "clinics," where humanity is revealed in stark depravity.

The "doctors" operate under the most unhygienic conditions as they give hypodermic injections to the "patients"—human beings who can only be kept alive in their shadowland by taking opium. The "patients" are welcome visitors.

They bring money to those engaged in the business of destroying the health of large numbers of Egyptians.

Occasionally there are unwelcome visitors—the agents and police of the Anti-Narcotic Administration.

Early on a recent morning such unwelcome visitors paid surprise visits to some of the opium "clinics" in the huddle of houses known as the Bulac district, near the Nile.

They arrived in taxis. Police vehicles would have been too obvious. The agents and police were in a variety of disguises.

The taxis, with the leader of the raiding force in the first, set off. When they arrived in a certain street in Bulac the drivers were ordered to stop. The leader got out and stood at a corner.

Soon, he was approached by a small, thin man in worker's clothes (a disguised agent), and the two conversed rapidly in low tones. The leader returned to his taxi, and the group set out for the dilapidated shacks in the El Torgomane area.

Arrived there, the passengers jumped out of the taxis, revolvers in hand. It was half-past six. The streets were deserted.

The raiders entered an old, ruined house, and rushed up the stairs, several at a time. On the first floor, some of the agents found a woman sitting on the floor with her legs crossed. In front of her were a coffee-pot and a cup. Taken by surprise, the woman was speechless.

An officer invited her to deliver the opium in her possession. She recovered sufficiently to say calmly: "You are mistaken, sir; to what opium do you refer?"

The officer lost no time. "Stand up," he ordered. The woman refused. An agent slipped

his hand into her clothing, and took out a small tin box containing about 20 pieces of opium.

Other agents had, meantime, reached the roof. There they found a collection of "living skeletons" sitting with legs crossed, waiting for their shots of opium.

In front of them was the "doctor," a man with a yellow face. Within his reach were an empty tin box, dirty cups and a small petrol lamp. The "skeletons" were stretching out their arms, waiting for the injections of the opiate.

In spite of the sudden appearance of the police, neither the opiomaniacs nor the "doctor" seemed moved, not even on finding revolvers pointed at them. They were dazed, and the "doctor" was by no means the most lucid of the group.

Questioned by an officer, the "doctor" answered: "My name is Ezzat . . . I am an underground doctor."

When one of the opiomaniacs was questioned he did not seem to hear. He was shaken a bit and at last he said: "My name is Abd Rabbo."

"What is your profession?" His answer was to lie down on the floor and close his eyes. He was awakened and urged to answer.

"I am a carter," he said.

"Why are you here?"

"To get an injection which gives me life. I do not know whether I am dead or alive."

Another man said he was a sweets merchant and that he had been an opium addict for 30 years.

A third man declared that he bought opium in a pharmacy. The "pharmacist" was the woman who was sipping the coffee on the first floor. The "pharmacy" was the tin box which was taken from her.

Each "patient" on arriving received a small piece of opium which he gave to the rooftop "doctor." The "doctor" diluted it in not-too-clean water, filled a syringe and injected the "patient" in the arm. The same water and the same needle were used for everybody. The police arrested the woman and the men.

Agents and police moved to another street. A newspaper vendor approached the leader and said something in his ear. The taxis moved to a little narrow street and the police entered an old, ramshackle building.

Here was another rooftop "clinic" where the "doctor" was preparing to administer injections to four "patients." The "patients" were com-



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pletely exhausted. They allowed the police to arrest them without displaying any sign of resistance, or uttering the slightest protest.

Only "Dr." Anoir, who turned out to be a shoemaker, spoke—to say that he was performing a "noble and humane mission. If I did not inject these unfortunate people with opium, they would all die or go mad," he explained. The four "patients" were a cab driver, a butcher, a barber and an unemployed worker.

The work of tracking down the drug barons, pedlars, "doctors" and addicts goes on unremittingly night and day.

—*The Nongqai.*

A motorist was driving home in the fog, and not doing too well, when he found himself behind a big car going in his direction. He slowly tailed the car in front, watching its rear light very carefully, and went along O.K. in this way for a couple of miles.

Suddenly the car in front stopped dead and he crashed into the back of it. So the motorist got out, and going up to the driver in front he shouted: "You so-and-so fool, why didn't you signal me that you were going to stop?"

"What?" said the other driver. "In my own garage?"

MURDER BY DENTISTRY

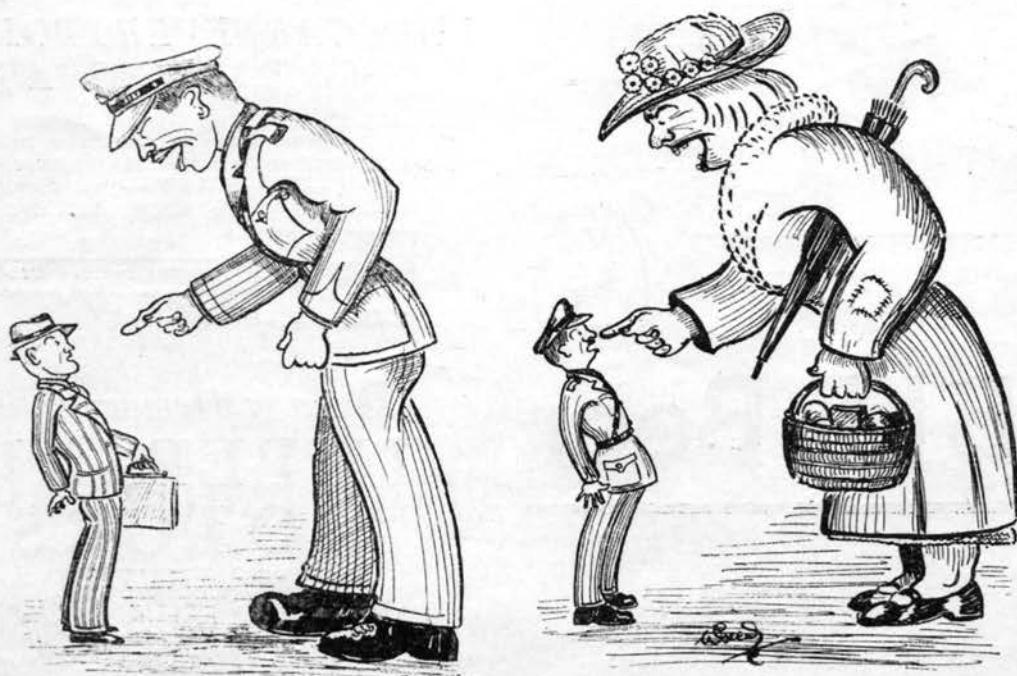
Toxologists, when they are called in on a case, naturally expect to find poison. But sometimes other things turn up as well. One morning, a wealthy retired business man was found dead in his bed. "Suicide," was his physician's opinion. He had apparently taken a dose of the deadly poison, wolfsbane.

However, a life insurance company became suspicious, for the deceased had been a big policy holder. The poison experts went to work. They found wolfsbane, as they had expected, in the dead man's stomach. But they also found tiny fragments of dental wax.

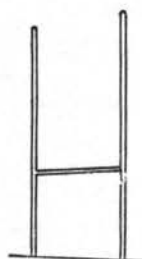
This, of course, led to an examination of the teeth. One of the molars had a large cavity, in which they found both wolfsbane and dental wax—and they knew that this was no suicide. It was murder: murder by dentistry.

The dentist had filled the cavity with wolfsbane and sealed it with wax, knowing that during the night the wax would melt, releasing the poison. He had not figured that some of the wax would remain unmelted, thus furnishing the legal-medical investigators with a clue to what had happened.

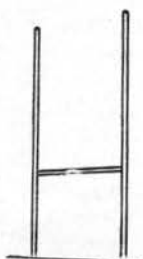
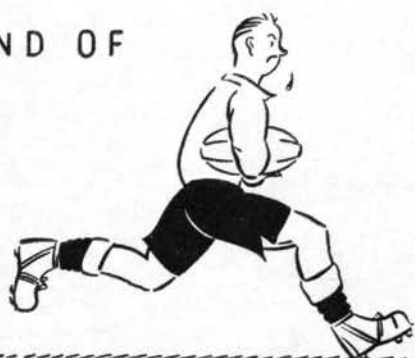
The dentist? He turned out to be the old man's son-in-law, and important beneficiary of his life insurance.—(Constabulary Gazette.)



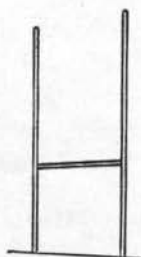
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MONKEY-NUT SUITS

Now that clothes in Britain have become so expensive the British seize eagerly upon any new fabric that promises to be cheap and serviceable. Since news of cloth partly made from groundnuts has come to hand people have been seeking further information about this possible avenue for escape from the worries of high-priced clothing. In a programme for South Africa called "Across the Line" Bertram Mycock, the B.B.C.'s industrial correspondent, told listeners all he could find out about it. The first stage is to remove both shells and red skins from the nuts. The residue, called groundnut meal, is half protein. When this protein is dissolved out of the meal, treated with acid, dissolved in caustic soda and then pushed through very fine spinnerets to produce a thread, the result is the new fibre that can be used for clothing.

Mycock's short description of groundnut fibre covers a history of fifty years. When the idea of using vegetable protein instead of animal protein—which is all that wool is—was first mooted. Enough fibre to make several suits has been produced in the laboratory when the last war intervened and some of the suits, made from a blend of half wool and half groundnut fibre, are still being worn to-day. After the war the process was restarted and the aim now is to produce three thousand five hundred tons of fibre in the current year. This will not all be used for suits as it can be mixed equally well with cotton or other synthetic fibres to make knitwear, stockings, blankets, carpets and hats. If all goes well Britons should eventually be able to sleep on and in this cheap groundnut fibre, and to wear it on their heads



Recognise this part of Depot?

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY

B. C. Kivell is a Rhodesian from Bulawayo and in the B.B.C. programme "Calling the Rhodesias and Nyasaland" he described the village that he lived in during part of his stay in Britain. It was complete with every detail that a visitor expected an English village to have; the church contained interesting and unusual features and in the crooked High Street were five public-houses which had been there since coaching days, the White Hart, Red Lion, Sun Cricketers', and Old King's Head. Village life was made up of many little things which he did not really appreciate until he had moved into his London flat and went back to the village for a week-end. Then he discovered the joy of going into the excitingly odorous village shop, his entrance marked by the jingling bell that brought the shopkeeper from the darkness at the back. He became quite lyrical over the cottage gardens, those brilliant, tiny patches that made the village so gay in spring and summer.

It was his intense interest in every aspect of the village that made him decide to spend part of his holiday there as the postman. That gave him the *entree* everywhere and the freedom of the teapot from the smallest cottage to the big house, where on occasion he drank a cup of tea with the lady of the manor, who no longer had a large staff to keep her place trim and tidy and tried her best to do the work herself. He saw village life from the inside and realised fully what a job the country housewife had to keep her home as clean as it should be, when water was not always laid on, there was often no bathroom and sanitation was quite a walk from the house. He marvelled at the longevity of the English villager, typified by the old lady of over eighty who was planning to emigrate to Canada to join her son. Another eighty-four year old man would often take a couple of pints with him at the White Hart and would even dance an Irish jig on request. "They breed 'em tough in the country," said Kivell, "and if you want to know England there's no place to study it like an English village."

LITERARY INCENTIVE

"There is nothing like seeing oneself in print for encouraging that minimum of pride and zeal without which a young poet or imaginative prose writer can scarcely function."—John Lehmann, B.B.C.

Culled from Corps Orders

HONOURS AND AWARDS:

It is notified for general information that His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased, on the occasion of the official celebration of his birthday, to confer the following honours:—

The King's Police Medal: Captain Henry Thomas Killick.

The Colonial Police Medal (For Meritorious Service): No. 2115, Detective Chief Inspector John Sebastian Young, C.I.D. Bulawayo; No. 2193, Chief Inspector William Howard, Salisbury District.

APPOINTMENT:

His Excellency the Governor has been pleased to approve of the appointment of No. 3493, Sub-Inspector Herbert Charles Lomas, British South Africa Police, as Assistant Superintendent, British South Africa Police, from 9th June, 1951.

PROMOTIONS:

No. 2925, Staff Insp. Ashwin, "Q" Branch, Depot, to Staff Chief Inspector, 1-4-51.

No. 3425, Staff Sub-Insp. Greig, Depot, to Staff Inspector, 1-4-51.

No. 3389, Staff Sub-Insp. Woodgate, Depot, to Staff Inspector, 1-4-51.

No. 3763, Staff Sub-Insp. Moore, "Q" Branch, Depot, to Staff Inspector, 18-4-51.

No. 3609, Sub-Insp. Dufton, Gwelo District, to Inspector, 5-3-51.

No. 3504, Sub-Insp. Kesby, Matabeleland Province, to Inspector, 1-4-51.

No. 3630, 1/Sgt. McCall-Smith, Umtali District, to Sub-Inspector, 1-4-51.

No. 3703, 1/Sgt. Bailey, Gatooma District, to Sub-Inspector, 1-4-51.

No. 3668, 1/Sgt. Turner, Bulawayo District, to Sub-Inspector, 1-4-51.

No. 3959, 2/Sgt. Gilmour, Depot, to 1/Sergeant, 1-4-51.

No. 3989, 2/Sgt. Walker, Salisbury District, to 1/Sergeant, 1-4-51.

No. 3918, 2/Sgt. Hatton, Bulawayo District, to 1/Sergeant, 1-4-51.

No. 3968, 2/Sgt. Jouning, Umtali District, to 1/Sergeant, 1-4-51.

No. 4094, 2/Sgt. Atkinson, Gwelo District, to 1/Sergeant, 1-4-51.

No. 3977, Tpr. Murgatroyd, Victoria District, to 2/Sergeant, 1-4-51.

No. 4148, Tpr. Jones, Salisbury District, to 2/Sergeant, 1-4-51.

No. 3928, Tpr. West, Salisbury District, to 2/Sergeant, 1-4-51.

No. 4247, Tpr. Davies, Bulawayo District, to 2/Sergeant, 1-4-51.

No. 3923, Tpr. Howard, Victoria District, to 2/Sergeant, 1-4-51.

No. 4147, Tpr. Hedge, Gatooma District, to 2/Sergeant, 1-4-51.

No. 4033, Tpr. Berry, Bulawayo District, to 2/Sergeant, 1-4-51.

No. 4037, Tpr. Cavey, Bulawayo District, to 2/Sergeant, 25-4-51.

No. 3921, Const. Earle, Depot, to Staff Lance 2/Sergeant, 29-6-51.

No. 4460, Const. Bester, Depot, to Staff Lance 2/Sergeant, 29-6-51.

ATTESTATIONS:

For the Duty Branch for three years on dates shown:—

18th June, 1951.

No. 4740, Const. Peter Roy Ashford.

No. 4741, Const. William Edward Bailey.

No. 4742, Const. Arthur William Lake.

No. 4743, Const. John Edwin Morgan.

No. 4744, Const. Geoffrey Roberts.

No. 4745, Const. James Malcolm Buchanan.

No. 4746, Const. Thomas Noel Jones, 19-6-51.

No. 4747, Const. Gerald William Day, 22-6-51.

No. 4748, Const. Noel Claude Dixon, 28-6-51.

No. 4749, Const. John Lawton Hardie, 30-6-51.

2nd July, 1951.

No. 4750, Const. Kenneth Percy John Berry.

No. 4751, Const. Charles David Francis Burton.

No. 4752, Const. William Coetzer.

No. 4753, Const. Edward Thomas Cutfield.

No. 4754, Const. Albert William Freeman.

No. 4755, Const. John Henry Mylrea.

No. 4756, Const. John Roger Pearce.

No. 4757, Const. Ronald Pilbrough.

No. 4758, Const. Richard Henry Robinson.

No. 4759, Const. Christopher John d'Eresby Willoughby.

DISCHARGES:

No. 4132, Staff 2/Sgt. Greeff, "Q" Branch, Depot, "At own request," 20-6-51.

No. 4286, Tpr. Bailey, Pay Branch, Depot, "Time Expired," 21-6-51.

No. 4294, Tpr. Rowe, Gwelo District, "Time Expired," 21-6-51.

No. 4296, Tpr. Swan, Depot, "Time Expired," 21-6-51.

No. 4304, Det. Brown, C.I.D. Bulawayo, "Time Expired," 5-7-51.

No. 4306, Tpr. Clapham, Salisbury Urban, "Time Expired," 5-7-51.

No. 4383, Tpr. Pinkerton, Depot, 29-6-51.



INTER-PROVINCIAL SHOOT

On 17th June, 1951, four teams representing Mashonaland, Matabeleland, Midlands and Depot, assembled on Woolandale Range, Bulawayo, for an Inter-Provincial shooting match comprising two events. The first event was the Second Stage Kings, which is seven rounds to count at each range, at a distance of 300, 500 and 600 yards. The second event was the King's Medal Competition, i.e., 10 rounds application at 600 yards followed by fire with movement from 600 yards to 100 yards, followed by rapid and snap at 300 yards.

Team scores are appended hereunder:—

Team.	Event No.1	Event No. 2
Mashonaland—		
Insp. Stuteley	78	148
Insp. Nimmo	62	99
1/Sgt. Jones	65	107
1/Sgt. Bester	74	149
2/Sgt. Peters	65	136
2/Sgt. Norman	33	119
Total	377	758
Depot—		
Lieut. R. J. Parry	76	118
S/Insp. Woodgate	85	136
F/1/Sgt. Robertson	73	106
Insp. Giles	49	101
S/1/Sgt. O'Donnell	58	67
Const. Francis	65	94
Total	406	622
Midlands—		
Insp. Cooke	84	135
Tpr. Howard	74	93
S/Insp. White	81	121
2/Sgt. Mays	81	99
1/Sgt. Dickson	63	121
1/Sgt. Brink	56	66
Total	439	635

Matabeleland—

1/Sgt. Stidolph	84	145
S/Insp. Kesby	89	104
1/Sgt. Moray-Brown	86	124
1/Sgt. Smith	77	113
2/Sgt. Isikson	80	133
2/Sgt. Sims	54	92
Total	470	711

The first event was won by Matabeleland with a score of 470, Midlands being second with a score of 439. The second event was won by Mashonaland with a score of 758, with Matabeleland second with a score 711. The individual aggregates over the whole shoot for the first thirteen competitors were as follows:—

1/Sgt. Stidolph	229
Insp. Stuteley	226
1/Sgt. Bester	223
S/Insp. Woodgate	221
Insp. Cooke	219
2/Sgt. Isikson	213
1/Sgt. Moray-Brown	210
S/Insp. White	202
2/Sgt. Peters	201
Lieut. R. J. Parry	193
S/Insp. Kesby	193
1/Sgt. Dickson	184
2/Sgt. Mays	180

The Acting Commissioner, Colonel A. S. Hickman, M.B.E., arrived during the course of the shoot and was an interested spectator for the King's Medal Competition, joining in the run-down the range as a volunteer range officer.

At the conclusion of the shoot, O.C. Matabeleland, Lieut. Colonel J. B. Lombard, who was responsible for the excellent organisation of the day's shoot, addressed a few words to the assembled shotists and introduced the Acting Commissioner, who had kindly agreed to present prizes. Colonel Hickman then spoke a few words, saying that the idea of this Inter-Provincial Shoot had been suggested by Lieut. R. J. Parry as a means of giving potential shotists a chance of gaining competition experience and of being considered for selection for the Police Bisley Team. The idea had been taken up by Lieut. Colonel Lombard who had arranged the rest. Colonel Hickman said it gave him great pleasure to present the prizes and he then presented each member of the winning teams with a silver spoon.

On behalf of the shotists Lieut. Parry thanked Colonel Hickman for having permitted the shoot to be held and for his very encouraging support to the meeting. He also expressed thanks to S/Insp. Andrews for his stalwart efforts in the butts.

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The shoot as such was a great success and was very much enjoyed by all, although we suspect malice aforethought on the part of Matabeleland in arranging a Police Reserve Sundowner and a very enjoyable dance in the Police Camp the night before the shoot took place. Whether these celebrations had any effect on the shooting the next day is a matter of question but, notwithstanding results generally were good and the purpose of the shoot was more than achieved.

On the conclusion of the serious business the Bisley Selection Committee got together and the following members were selected to represent the Police in the Rhodesian Service Bisley to be held on the Woolandale Range, Bulawayo, commencing on 7th July, 1951:—

Lieut. Colonel J. B. Lombard, Lieut. R. J. Parry, Insp. Cooke, S/Insp. Woodgate, Insp. Stuteley, S/Insp. Kesby, 1/Sgt. Stidolph, 1/Sgt. Bester, 1/Sgt. Moray-Brown, 2/Sgt. Isikson, 2/Sgt. Peters, 2/Sgt. Mays.

It is hoped that the powers that be will consider holding an Inter-Provincial Shoot a month before the Rhodesian Annual Bisley as a regular annual event, and that possibly some trophy may be allocated to intensify the already keen competition between Provinces and Depot.

MKAKATA.

RUGBY

Police v. Lomagundi B.

In this game, played at Banket, the Police were not impressive due to the fact that they did not quickly adjust themselves to a difficult pitch. The score at half time was 0-3. After half time Police rallied and after several missed drop kicks Jimmy Riddle opened the score from one. Police then went ahead with Smallbones and Leppan bringing points to the side. The final score being 9-3. Police won.

Team: Reynolds, O'Shaughnessy, Lovegrove, Davidson, Riddle, Jacques, Leppan, Moon, Humphereys, Armstrong, Eggleton, Geraghty, Hulley, Smallbones, Bulman.

Police v. Umvukwes.

Played on the Police ground, there was a good number of spectators.

The game was interesting and both sides showed sound form. Police had to defend their line on several occasions, and they did this well. The movements by the threes were good and led to some of the scoring which was not as high as it should have been. Points scored by Umvukwes came from penalties, which the Police are prone to give away in their own half. The final score was 15-6.

Team: Reynolds, O'Shaughnessy, Lovegrove, Jacques, Holmes, Smithyman, Leppan, Armstrong, Humphereys, Hulley, Smallbones, Eggleton, Moon, Geraghty, Naested.

Police v. Bindura.

This game was played at the Bindura Sports Club ground. The pitch was very dusty and the Police again took their time getting used to the ground. Unfortunately they lost the advantage of the down hill play in the first half, which if it had been exploited would have given the Police a much needed lead and incentive. However, the game ended in a draw, both scores coming from penalties. Police pressed hard in the second half in spite of the up-hill work, and managed to hold their own in the pack, who were evenly matched. Unfortunately the passing in the threes was not up to standard and this gave the opponents some of their openings which were successfully stopped just short of the Police line by Pukkie Reynolds. In spite of what critics may have to say, the Bindura team are much improved. We were all very pleased to have a band of supporters with us and hope that we did not disappoint them. Many thanks for the support.

Team: Reynolds, O'Shaughnessy, Lovegrove, Davidson, Armstrong, Smithyman, Leppan, Buitendag, Hulley, Moon, Eggleton, Irwin, Geraghty, Smallbones, Naested.

Police v. Salisbury A.

Police, for the first time, really met their match when they played Salisbury on Salisbury Sports ground. The Salisbury team opened the scoring with a rather doubtful try in the corner. Police defended well but the Salisbury three-quarters were too fast for their opposing numbers on several occasions, which led to their scoring. The points slowly mounted and it looked as if the Police were going to be beaten without making any score. They had been unfortunate to miss two penalties from a good distance out near the touch line, but just before the close of play, as a result of a good low kick by Leppan, Paddy Geraghty managed to touch down. This try was unconverted. The final score of this exciting game was 17-3 in Salisbury's favour.

Team: Reynolds, O'Shaughnessy, Jacques, Leppan, Lovegrove, Smithyman, Dixon, Buitendag, Humphereys, Armstrong, Geraghty, Eggleton, Moon, Hulley, Naested.

The Police Rugby team record is as follows (League games only):—

Played 9; Won 6; Drawn 2; Lost 1; Points for 107; Points Against 31.

SOCCKER

Police v. Raylton (June 23rd)

In a fast, exciting match at the Police ground, the long awaited match between Police and Raylton ended in a goalless draw, after both sides had struggled tirelessly to take the lead.

Hider was kept very busy in goal and made some superb saves. Police with long passing movements and snap shooting provided sharp contrast to the close, weaving movements of Raylton.

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

Police (1) v. Callies (0) (June 24th)

This match opened at a very fast pace with both sides pressing hard. After five minutes' play McCrory put across a centre to Buchanan who flicked the ball to Wright who in turn slammed it into the goalkeeper's hands. The linesman, however, was in a very good position and adjudged that the ball was carried over the goal line, and a goal was awarded. Police continued to be on top until a short time before the interval, when Callies did some dangerous pressing near the Police goal, and Hider was kept busy.

After the interval play was mediocre. Towards the end, however, the Callies goal came

under heavy pressure from the Police and Buchanan just failed to score with a powerful drive which rattled the crossbar with the goalkeeper out of position. Reid was the outstanding player of the match.

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

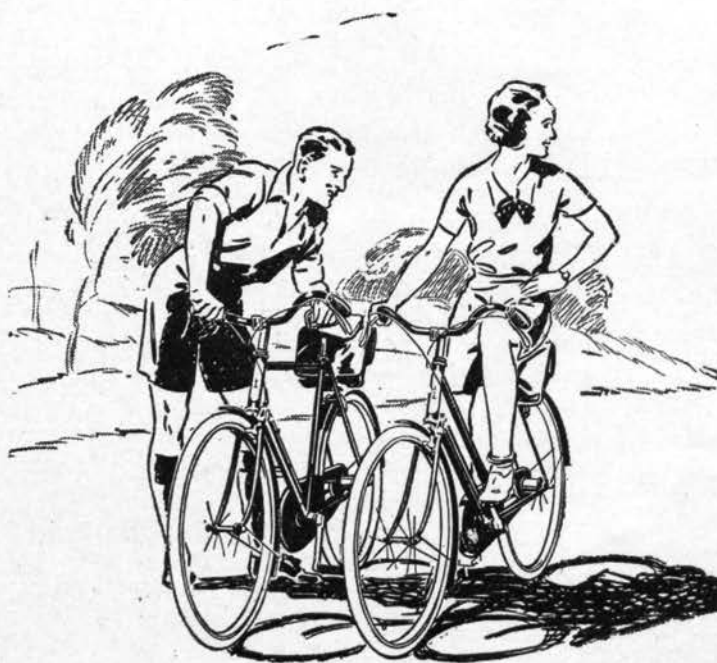
Police (1) v. Alex (1)

Semi-final Challenge Cup.

Despite the fact that Alex, who opened in a very determined manner, had a lead of three goals in the first 20 minutes, some brilliant play by the Police had the large crowd on its feet on numerous occasions. Coop, who played a grand game, scored the first goal and soon afterwards Buchanan getting the ball from a grand shot by Jannaway headed the ball into the net to score the second goal.

Police maintained pressure until the end and only brilliant work by Alex players, Linde and Wood, prevented Police scoring the equaliser. When the final whistle blew Alex finished as worthy winners with the score, Alex 3, Police 2.

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



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