



THE OUTPOST

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Editor's Notes



The Police Reserve

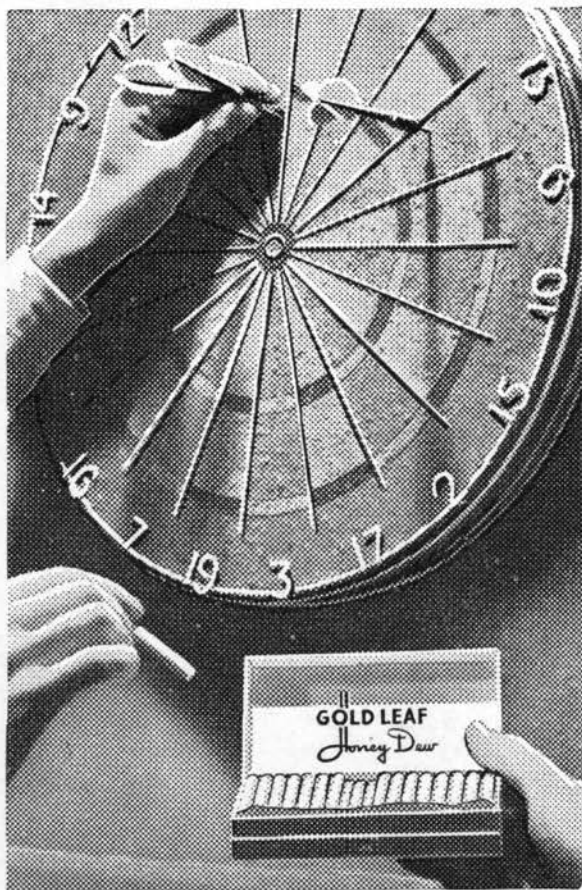
AT this season of the year the B.S.A. Police are more in the public eye than at any other time. The ever-popular Display Teams perform before appreciative spectators at the main Agricultural Shows throughout the country, whilst other members of the Force earn praise for their handling of crowds and traffic.

The B.S.A. Police Reserve works together with the regular Force at most of these functions, and members of the Reserve can take credit for playing no mean part in enlisting public goodwill on behalf of the Force as a whole. The nature of their work permits of little reward and it is in the scheme of things that they should escape much of the publicity given to their comrades in the Territorial Forces.

Any move bringing about closer association between the regular Force and the Reserve must be welcomed, and it is hoped that the recent Training Course held in Depot presented the opportunity for renewing old acquaintanceships and engendering new friendships. It is to be hoped, also, that the Course was of value in fostering new interest amongst members of the Reserve.

This month, we publish an article by one of the men who attended the Course, and the fact that he is a well-known Rhodesian who holds a responsible official position adds interest to his article, particularly as it presents the Reservists' point of view in an interesting and able manner. The article raises two points which invite our comment. Firstly the writer asks whether the young recruits of to-day are given a proper background to the life of the Colony and its present-day problems. This question may well be asked of all newcomers to this country, but so far as recruits to the Police are concerned, the history and development of the Colony is included in their syllabus of training and their training has generally kept abreast of the times. There is a daily flow of serving members into and out of Depot from all parts of the country and he would indeed be a foolish and impervious recruit who retained false impressions of the conditions in the Colony throughout his Depot training.

“Good- it’s a Gold Leaf”



Gold Leaf
HONEY  DEW



Blended from exactly-ripened leaf, from finer tobaccos

Every effort is made to give recruits in Depot an insight into the Rhodesian way of life and some knowledge can be gained of the academic side of Police work, but every trained policeman will agree that experience is the only satisfactory tutor.

The most that one can hope to do with a recruit in Depot is to start him on the right lines so that he is able to gain the greatest advantage from the practical tuition and personal supervision he will receive from trained members at his first station.

The other point raised by our correspondent is in effect a criticism of the Police Reserve. He was disappointed to see how small a proportion of the Reserve attended the Course. This is a self-motivated censure which we hesitate to criticise, but it is only fair to appreciate the difficulties confronting members of the Police Reserve called upon to sacrifice their leave and to spend their holidays away from their families.

Those members of the Police Reserve who attended the Course deserve a special vote of thanks from all public-minded citizens conscious of the important part played by the Police Reserve in maintaining security on the Home front in times of emergency, and it can be confidently expected that their example will lead others to join them in similar Courses which are being planned for the future.

B.S.A.P. Memorial Fund.

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Total at 27.8.51	£200	7	6

Passing Thoughts . . .

IN six days, or sixteen, he would be back. Of course, a great deal depended on where he eventually found the bodies, or even if they existed. With brief instructions to be booked out, the driver left Camp in a swirl of red dust. The face behind the moustache duly made entry 973/51.

As the truck bounced along the first hundred miles of the journey into number one area, the driver cursed his luck; two graves to be opened and all the usual routine enquiries to be made. Easy enough when you knew where to find them, but this time it was different—they could be anywhere within a fifty miles radius of a forsaken spot on the Office map.

The first day brought forth only rain. On the second the driver arrived on the banks of the Limpopo. He skilfully eased the truck between a baobab and a grotesquely pinnaced anthill,

It is felt that the thoughts one has on patrol, which do not directly concern Police work, are of greater interest than stereotyped O.B. and Patrol Diary entries. Hence this article.

breasted a sharp rise, and came face to face with a large topee supported by the figure of the local missionary. Greetings issued simultaneously, and the Topee approached. The driver enquired if anyone had heard of a recent burial in the vicinity. It transpired that the Topee guessed the old guy with the whiskers could put everyone wise. The Topee came from Brooklyn and that explained an awful lot. But, thought the driver, did it explain why he was so busily engaged in distributing box-wood rulers to a colourful assembly of Shangaan beauties? A young woman arrayed in all her store finery shuffled forward on bended knee, brass bracelets clinking rhythmically, and accepted a ruler much as if it had been a divine symbol. Was the Topee her god? Strangely enough, thought the driver, you could measure the veneer of civilisation with that ruler—just the thickness of the carelessly draped blanket.

The driver turned away and squinted into the glaring sun; his head throbbed from the constant whine of the truck engine and the frantic bouncing over non-existent roads. The Topee advanced again and held up a native skirt. Those, he explained, pointing to intricate beadwork, were

truck headlamps, and that, he lowered his voice suitably, was a cross. Presented to him by a pupil. Twelve yards of material, so he had been told. Enough for two shrouds, thought the driver, and was once again aware of his search for bodies. Enquiries were repeated and intensified. The Whiskers knew of a burial in the lands and he pointed with scraggy arm, vaguely embracing eight points of the compass. The Topee stepped forward to view the lands thus indicated, and together

By CUM SALIS GRANO

they surveyed the panorama below the hill. Oppressive heat beat down. He had often heard and seen elephant down there. Perhaps they would come that evening. Perhaps, thought the driver, they would dig up the body and save a lot of trouble. In the heat haze shimmering over the nearby Transvaal hills, a form took shape—Justice holding her scales noticeably tilted. The vision faded before the driver could make out which side of the scales was down, but undoubtedly two bodies would even things up. The Topee offered two aspirins and a glass of muddy water, then departed.

The search progressed and on the third day a baboon foolishly fell victim to a bullet, pitched forward on its face, scrabbling at the ground and died messily. It represented not so much half a dollar as a possible solution to the immediate problem. The thought was dismissed regretfully, for after all something peculiar might be noticed at the post mortem and it was doubtful if the identifying witnesses would play ball. The search must go on. By the fourth day a grave was located. The diggers wielded pick and shovel, if not enthusiastically, at least effectively, and a skull came to light. The driver snapped out of his reverie, dismissed the memories of Helpmann in the ballet Macbeth, and carefully looked for signs of foul play. The play hadn't been but the smell was. So back into the grave with no muttered incantations, only a good round oath.

On the fifth day the search for a guide to grave number two was narrowed down. Camp was made and as the driver wiped soap from his eyes, the bushes parted and out walked the local Chief. He could have come straight from the Colosseum stage, one of the chorus in a Treasure Island panto. Perhaps the red stocking cap and

large brass earrings created this unfortunate impression, but there it was. The bushes again parted and a squint-eyed youth staggered into view with a precariously balanced goat on his shoulders. The goat was annoyed and to the discomfort of the youth obviously not house-trained. A large knife appeared, the goat's life disappeared in a welter of blood and bleating. Dinner would be served at eight, dress optional.

The next day grave number two yielded its secrets. Deposited on a couch of Mpani branches in a sacrophagus cunningly fashioned from bed-boards, bamboo and hessian, the *corpus delicti* awaited the final rites on the concrete slab. After six days away, the truck drew up outside the Office and disengorged the accused and witnesses. The driver entered the office and the moustache and face behind it framed a large question mark, not sixteen days after all?

Everything under control, all buttoned up, in fact a routine trip. Yet could six days at eighteen pence a day be called a just summing up of the patrol? The driver didn't think so. A great deal depended on how you interpreted those kaleidoscopic scenes that came so swiftly into view and were dismissed so casually. Come to think of it, they couldn't be explained very easily.

The driver slowly picked up his pen, entry number 1033/51, returned to Camp; at least anyone could understand that.

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.

Obituary

CHARLES ROGERS (Ex-Regt. No. 1704)

We regret to record the death of Mr. Charles Rogers, which occurred at Port Shepstone Hospital, Natal South Coast, on the 16th July, 1951.

Born in London, Mr. Rogers joined the B.S.A. Police on the 19th August, 1913. He served with the Police Column in German South-West Africa during World War I and left the Force on the 19th August, 1919, to go trading in the Belgian Congo where he remained for six years.

After a visit to U.K. Mr. Rogers returned to the Colony and later joined the staff of the Bulawayo Municipality with whom he remained for 20 years when he left on pension. After a period in business, mining and farming in the Bulawayo District he eventually settled at Sea Park on the Natal South Coast.

Mr. Rogers was a well known and familiar figure in Bulawayo for many years. He did much to promote sport, both European and African, was a Life Member of the Boxing Association and will be well remembered for his work in that sphere.

He was a Mason of prominent standing, a Past Master of the Allan Wilson Lodge in Bulawayo, a Past District Grand Secretary and Foundation Member of the Rhodesia District Grand Lodge, Scottish Constitution, and an Honorary Junior Deacon of the Grand Lodge of Scotland.

He was intensely interested in and loyal to the Corps and was a Life Member of the Regimental Association. He attended the last Annual General Meeting held in Depot on the 17th May, 1951, and will be remembered for his vigorous defence of the colours of the old Police tie as reported in the June issue of *The Outpost*.

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

Police Reserves Do A Refresher

"ONE! Pause. Two-three! Pause. Then MOVE!"

Some twenty-five reasonably mature citizens of Southern Rhodesia have had this injunction drummed into them so effectively that since they returned to civilian life they have kept it as a reminder of busy, happy and altogether worthwhile week—the week, from July 8 to July 14, which they spent at the Police Depot, Salisbury, undergoing a refresher course as Police Reservists.

After a lapse of six years most of us had forgotten our foot drill. Ideas of how to "shun" and "stanatease" varied with the individual. I am reliably informed that at the chilly hour of 7 a.m. on Monday the 9th (the first parade), our military deportment was "something lousy." By 7.30 there was a slight improvement (two men "shunned" together) and the score increased on Tuesday and Wednesday. By Thursday we were getting good, by Friday we *were* good, and when the C.O. inspected us on the Saturday morning we were almost good enough for the B.S.A. Police.

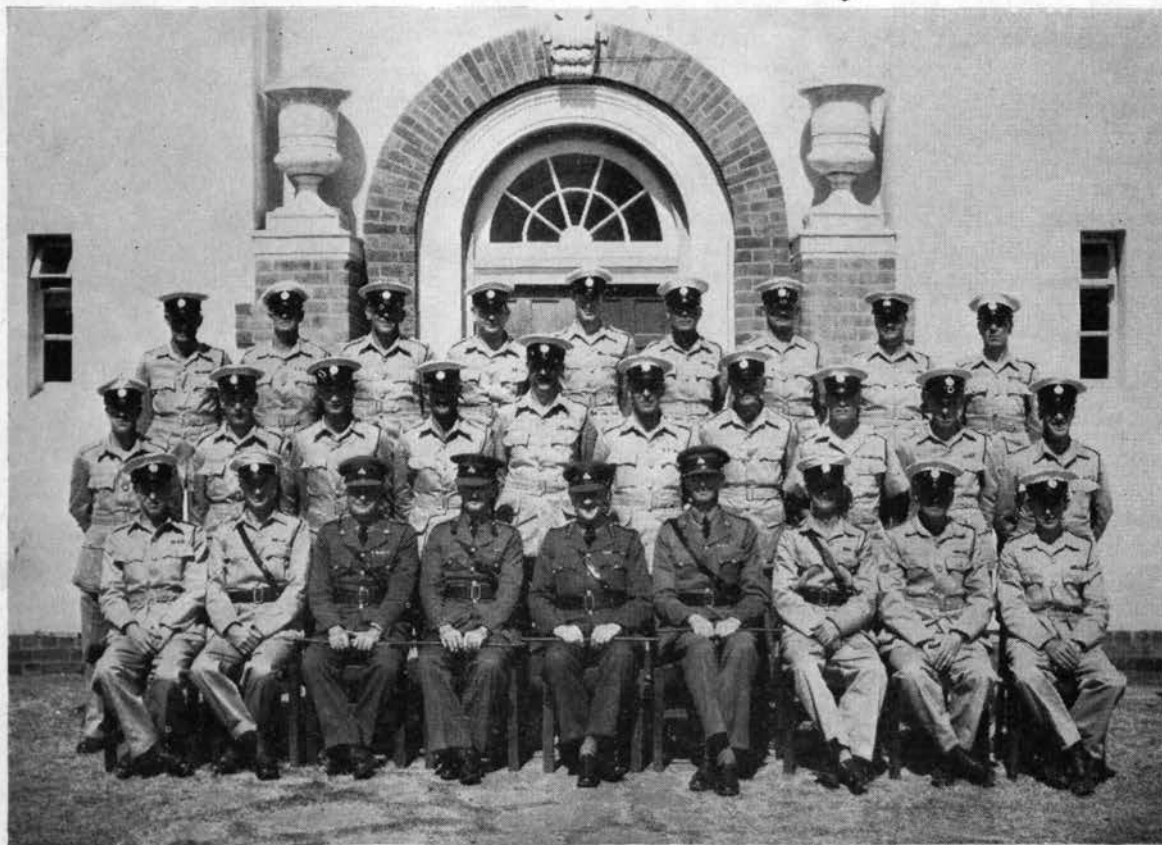
That "halt!" alongside a column of rookies ("one-two!") would have made a Guardsman envious!

All this, of course, reflects the quality of the men on parade. But still more it reflects the quality of the instructors. Claude and Gilly were magnificent. Strong, stentorian men with remark-

By No. 2159, Constable W. D. GALE, M.B.E.,
Salisbury Division.

able powers of self-control, they got the best out of their material by persuasive methods that would make the fortune of a gold digger in a night club. Ginger earned our admiration, also. Not once did he lose his fresh colouring. If he ever blanched I did not notice it. And did we try to make him blanche!

The foot drill, and the riot drill that followed at the 9 a.m. parade, made a deep impression on us. Especially on the muscles of calf and thigh and back. Almost all of us got more exercise in that week than we had had in the previous six months. And now that it is all over, I have



POLICE RESERVE COURSE, 1951

not the slightest doubt that it was all very good for us. But when one's muscles are aching, and one's boots are pinching, and one's trousers are chafing, one can be forgiven if one wonders a little!

An understanding Commandant Depot had arranged that the subsequent periods in the morning should be less physically exacting—a quiet spot of musketry followed by an illuminating lecture on something or other. Those lectures were tops, given by Regulars with a deep understanding of their subjects. Speaking personally, and selecting these two with some diffidence because all of them were good, I think the two I enjoyed most were on beer raids and the work of the C.I.D. They were full of human interest.

But apart from the subject matter, what really did impress me about all of them was the obvious interest which the lecturers in particular—and no doubt all ranks in general—took in their jobs, and their deep sense of responsibility to the community as a whole. Speaking as a civilian, I felt that the application of the Colony's multitudinous laws was in safe hands; speaking as a Police Reservist, I was proud to belong to a Force which takes its job so seriously.

Highlights of the course occurred on Saturday the 14th, when we had the full-scale demonstration of riot drill in the morning and the rifle shoot in the afternoon. The demonstration was a revelation of thorough training, careful organisation and appreciation of the policeman's obligations and responsibilities. This is a peaceful country, thank heaven, but Africa is stirring and one never knows. If trouble does come it is good to know that the Police are so well trained to cope with it; and no doubt the Regulars find it comforting to know that twenty-five Reservists are trained to help them!

Modesty prevents me from dilating about the shoot. Suffice it to mention that the Reservists beat the Regulars and that a Reservist, Constable D. B. Anderson, of Bulawayo, made the highest individual score. A team of Regulars won the falling plates. Good show! It was a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon and the shoot was well controlled by Major Frost.

Being responsible citizens, of course, we were interested in more than the official course. What sort of lads is the Force getting these days as recruits? Well, when you have shared their mess hall and ablution blocks for seven days you can form a shrewd idea. And my impression was that if the B.S.A.P. continue to recruit the type of young men we met during our week, it is lucky. And the country is lucky, too. They seemed to me the type of young men we want to help develop Rhodesia.

To my mind they are extremely fortunate young men, being given a magnificent introduction to life in the finest country of the Commonwealth which in time will offer them opportunities unequalled anywhere. No young fellow has the right to ask for more.

But I wondered what sort of view they were being given of Rhodesia, somewhat secluded as they are bound to be in Depot and with few opportunities of mixing with the general population. Is anything being done to tell them of the Colony's history and background and fundamental problems? If not, it seems to me that a few speakers, expert in their various fields, might not be a bad idea, followed by discussion and debate.

And finally, that all-important question, the food. "What is the skoff like?" has frequently been asked by Reservists who were unable to take the course. And the answer, given with conviction by men who have fed in many different places and under all sorts of conditions, was invariably, "Damn good!" One realises that feeding in the same mess hall for sixteen weeks may blunt the edge of appreciation, but to us the food was well cooked, plentiful and varied. And may I pay tribute to the Mess Sergeant and his staff for their understanding of old men's foibles—especially after a heavy session in the Reserve canteen?

Yes, it was a good course. It brought twenty-five fellows from different parts of the country and welded them together. New friendships were formed and we feel we are members of a singularly worthwhile family. It enabled us staid civilians to come into intimate contact with the Regulars (though we feel more should be done in future courses to bring Reservists and Regulars together in a social atmosphere) and now we shall take a slightly more lenient view of the so-and-so who tickets us for parking over the line. And perhaps he will take a different view of us!

We hope this Reservist refresher course will prove to be the forerunner of a regular annual course to help us feel we really do belong to the B.S.A.P. And we hope that future courses will be better attended—twenty-five out of a total strength of 950 is really a poor show. But perhaps when the others know what a grand time we had, and that our O.C., Lieut.-Colonel M. G. Fleming, was standing by throughout to see that we were not unduly bullied, they will make a real effort to attend the next one. And am I looking forward to meeting Claude and Gilly again!

"One! Pause. Two-three! Pause. THAT'S BETTER!"



The Police Ball

I have had notification of two forthcoming Association Balls—the Salisbury Branch is holding the Annual Police Ball on 5th October at the Prince's Hall, and the Gatooma Ball is to be held on 21st September. Notices appear elsewhere advertising these functions.

As this is the beginning of the season for this type of entertainment, I should be very glad if the local secretaries will let the Editor have any information concerning forthcoming events, as early as possible, when appropriate notices will be published in *The Outpost*.

News of Old Comrades

Colonel H. M. Surgey, O.B.E., was in Salisbury a short time ago and called on me. He is looking extremely fit as usual and seems to be enjoying his work in Johannesburg.

Desmond Hill, ex-Farrier staff, who went to Canada to take his veterinary degree five years ago, is back in Africa again. I hear that he is in the Veterinary service in Nigeria. He will be remembered by many for his enthusiasm in anything he undertook when he was in the Corps, although his main interest was in the care of animals.

Another of his vintage, Trevor Bevan, now in the Singapore Police has written to say that he is coming to South Africa in October to be married, and will later visit Rhodesia. He'll find a few changes since he was here nearly four years ago.

Ex-Inspector Harry Brighten who has been in the Immigration Department since the end of the war, is now in the Cape Town office, and his address is P.O. Box 2831, Cape Town.



RE-UNION AFTER FIFTY YEARS.—These five Old Comrades of the B.S.A.P. went to Bulawayo together in 1901. They met at the 1949 Re-union Dinner in London, again in 1950 and will attend this year's dinner in October. They are Messrs. Raffin, Howlett, Hunter, Wright and Parsons.

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THE OUTPOST, AUGUST, 1951

Memorial Fund

The Cloisters Memorial Fund subscription list has included a number of Old Comrades, and I hope to give a list of these soon. I think that if this Fund is brought to the notice of the numerous Old Comrades in the Colony, many would be very pleased to send along a donation. Will all who can help in this way please make an effort to do so? I understand from the Treasurer of the Fund that the building costs are likely to be higher than was originally estimated owing to rising costs of materials. Money is still coming in and there is no doubt that we shall collect the amount required in due course. Whilst on the subject it is gratifying to see that a number of Police Recreation Clubs have adopted the suggestion made by the Editor a short time ago, and are subscribing to the Fund.

The June edition of the magazine published the minutes of the Annual General Meeting of the Regimental Association, in which the original Memorial Fund came under discussion. The Secretary informs me that there may be some misunderstanding over the use of the words "On Active Service" which were reported on page 7. Major Berry has pointed out to the secretary that this should have read "On Service," meaning those members of the Corps who had died whilst serving in the B.S.A. Police and it is not intended that the proposed memorial should be to those who died on Active Service. There is to be no distinction whatever, as everyone in the Corps is on service at all times.

THE CHRONICLER.

To the Editor.

Sir,

In the June edition of *The Outpost*, and in the article "Pat Phelan," mention is made of the Killarney Gold Robbery which occurred upwards of fifty years ago!

I was in the Filabusi district in those days and the Killarney output was generally transported from the mine to the Bala Bala Railway Siding by the Killarney Cart and thence to Bulawayo by train. It was never sent in by the Belingwe Coach. The Killarney Cart was a small light Cape cart pulled by four fast jennets and driven by a big Zulu boy named George, who carried with him a small piccannin to herd the mules when outspanned.

On the occasion of the hold-up the only occupant of the cart besides George and his boy was the Secretary of the Killarney mine, Mr. Plaistowe, who was in charge of the bullion, and sat in the back seat.

The cart was held up in an extremely deep sluit, when the mules had to halt in the dip before tightening the traces for the pull out.

The two leading mules were shot dead. Plaistowe was ordered to get out of the cart and walk back towards the Killarney. George sprang to the ground and raced away bending double. He was shot at twice and missed. Plaistowe was not shot at at all.

The next day Mr. J. P. Richardson of Essexvale came to the scene bringing a gang of natives armed with kaffir hoes. The natives were lined out and picked away in the vicinity of the road—and before very long came upon the gold intact.

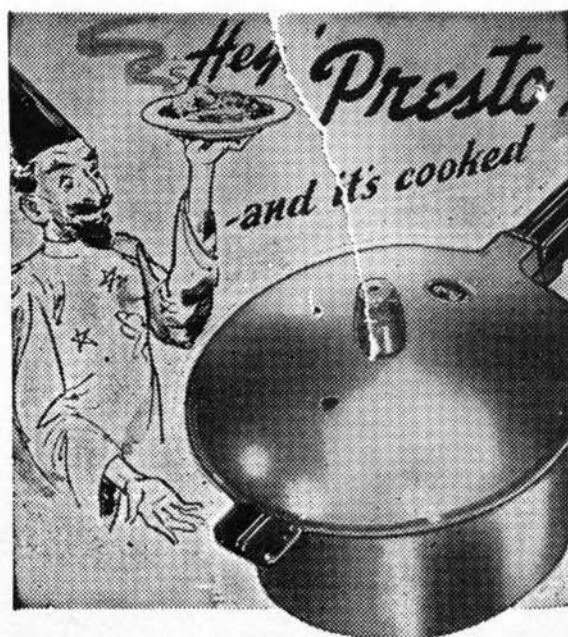
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JOHN BROWN'S BODY

YOU may remember John Brown was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment at Gwelo High Court in October, 1943, as a result of conviction for a series of daring house-breakings over a long period. Also you may have realised it was unlikely such an expert and methodical criminal would lightly abandon his life of crime, no matter how closely Police attempted to watch him.

And you would not have been wrong.

But before the details are given of his last crime and of the way in which he was again brought to justice, let it be recorded that John Brown is dead. He died of natural causes in hospital whilst serving this final sentence imposed upon him. No-one knows what lies behind the curtain of death, but whatever it may be, it is to be hoped a better use for John Brown's talents will be found in the "Hereafter" as his soul goes marching on.

There were few stations whose Criminal Index did not contain John Brown's name subsequent to 1943, but time dulls the memory and his record soon became one amongst many. Nevertheless, on the 18th April, 1950, the C.I.D. at Que Que received a report that a mine dwelling house had been entered at three o'clock that morning whilst the European occupants slept. It was alleged the house had been ransacked in a search for money, some clothing and foodstuff stolen, and an oil can was also missing from the house.

Initial investigation and examination of the scene of crime indicated that probably a travelling criminal was responsible for the crime. No clues were discovered and the property stolen was thought to be identifiable only to a very limited extent. So much so that the description of it was not accepted for publication in Police Gazettes.

Normal routine enquiries were set afoot, and neighbouring stations and those along the line of probable route were advised. Some nine known criminals were nominated from the Que Que Criminal Index records as being persons likely to have committed this crime, and John Brown was one of these. Similar breakings-in had been reported during the previous few weeks in the Battlefields and Gatooma areas so it was considered likely the culprit in all these cases was the same person. The usual crop of false trails was dealt with, ex-employees eliminated, and the hue and cry put in motion to locate any likely suspect.

On 28th April, 1950—a week after the crime—John Brown was arrested by a vigilant Policeman from Battlefields. It appears John Brown was cycling from Gatooma towards Que Que when this Policeman, who was on ordinary patrol, came face to face with him and asked him to produce his identification papers. He had only a Protection Pass, issued at Hartley on the previous day, and stated he had lost his certificate at Gadzema two days earlier. There is nothing on record to show why the Policeman bothered any further with him, but it is probable that, being a good Policeman, he recognised either John Brown's name, or his face, or both.

Be that as it may, John Brown was taken to Battlefields Police Station where the bundle on the carrier of his cycle was examined and revealed, amongst other oddments, a Caltex oil-tin containing a quantity of oil, and a bottle of "Berry's" quinine tablets. John Brown claimed these as his and alleged the quinine tablets had been bought for him in Salisbury by a friend. Quick enquiry revealed that the Caltex oil-can was identical to that stolen at Que Que and a retailer's pencilled markings were observed on the label of the quinine bottle.

Suspicion was now aroused and John Brown was taken to Gatooma where the C.I.D. recorded a statement from him regarding his movements and possession of the oil-can and quinine bottle. He claimed to have purchased the oil-can from a store at Sinoia earlier in the year, but had refilled the tin when empty with oil from the sump of his disused motor car. Briefly, John Brown's statement was that he left his kraal at Sinoia during March, 1950, and cycled to Salisbury to seek work. There he remained, staying with a friend Alexander until 21st April, 1950, when he left by train for Gadzema to stay with another friend, and there lost his certificate. He had taken his cycle by train with him. Whilst he was at Salisbury he had been very ill and Alexander had bought the bottle of quinine tablets for him. John Brown denied having been in the Gatooma or Que Que areas over the period of the crimes referred to, and even alleged he had not been to Que Que for two years.

There was no means at all of establishing whether any of the Gatooma and Battlefields cases were John Brown's work, but there was just the slight chance of connecting him with this Que Que case. That chance was accepted in full



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measure by C.I.D. Que Que, who left no possible enquiry unprobed. Firstly, African Detectives were sent around the compounds near the scene of the crime with a set of photographs, including that of John Brown. This produced two Africans who identified John Brown as being a person they had seen in Que Que about the period of the crime. One of these witnesses was a friend of John Brown and had spoken to him at the time he had seen him in Que Que. This evidence disproved John Brown's story that he had not been to Que Que for two years and also fixed him near the scene of the crime about the time it was committed. Naturally neither witness could give an exact day or date when they had seen him, but knew it was during the middle of April and a week or two before they were shown the collection of photographs just after John Brown's arrest.

The next step taken was to ask the complainant whether by chance a quinine bottle had been stolen. Search revealed that one was missing from the house and that it was a "Berry's" bottle which complainant had bought at a Que Que store just prior to the burglary. The store assistant, at the shop indicated, was able to identify his writing and his firm's code in the costing marks on the quinine bottle found in John Brown's possession. He indicated that the consignment of this brand had been unpacked at his store early in March when he had marked only about ten of the bottles. There was no doubt the exhibit bottle had been sold over that store counter subsequent

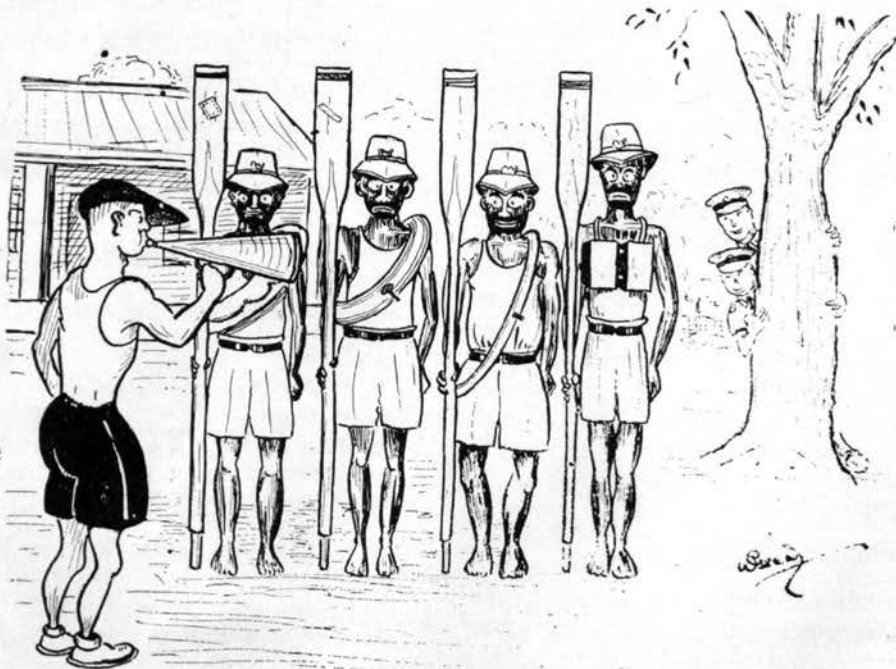
to early March. The chances that this was the bottle sold to the complainant and stolen from her house were very great indeed.

Continuing, the investigator learned from the complainant that the stolen Caltex oil-tin was refilled from time to time with "3-in-1" oil bought in Que Que. Complainant's tin of this "3-in-1" oil was all but empty, so a new tin had to be purchased for analysis purposes. John Brown elected to accompany C.I.D. to his kraal at Sinoia where a sample of oil from the sump of his old motor car was taken.

The exhibit oil-can and contents found in John Brown's possession on arrest, the "3-in-1" oil-can handed in by complainant, the purchased tin of "3-in-1" oil, and the sample of oil from John Brown's motor car were handed to the Government Analyst, who was able to establish that the oil from the tin found in John Brown's possession on arrest was of an entirely different nature from the motor car sump oil. It was not possible to prove that the oil from the alleged stolen can was "3-in-1" oil.

John Brown had indicated at Sinoia the store-keeper from whom he alleged he purchased the Caltex oil-can in December, 1949, but this witness was able to depose that he had not stocked such tins of oil for some two years or more.

Alexander alleged that John Brown had stayed with him for three days in Salisbury up to Tuesday, the 11th April, 1950 (the day after Easter Monday was his indication), and had then left. Although he agreed John Brown was sick



"The Old Chief told him we are definitely going to have terrific floods next year."

whilst staying with him he denied buying him any medicine or quinine and stated he had not seen John Brown again after that Tuesday.

You may remember Orbed was referred to as a criminal relative and associate of John Brown in the earlier story. It is not surprising then that he figured again in this case. Orbed had been living in Salisbury and visited John Brown as he lay sick in Alexander's hut. It was he who had bought the medicine for John Brown, but he took the C.I.D. to a chemist's shop in Salisbury and pointed out a bottle of Aspro tablets and some Sloan's liniment as the medicine he had bought for John Brown at this very shop. He also confirmed this was during the Easter holiday period and stated he had not seen John Brown again after that.

Whilst all these enquiries were being carried out John Brown had remained in Que Que. He had been released at Gatooma the day after his arrest as there were insufficient grounds on which to keep him in custody. He accepted an offer of employment found for him at Que Que. Foolishly, during the subsequent investigations he visited one of the two Africans who had identified him from the photographs and told him not to let the Police know he had been in Que Que earlier, should they ask him.

On the 13th May, 1950, it was considered the evidence available was sufficiently strong not only to indicate that John Brown was the culprit in the Que Que case but to secure a conviction against him. Accordingly he was re-arrested that day and, in spite of the fact that none of the stolen clothing was recovered or traced to him, he was committed for trial at the conclusion of the Preliminary Examination, and subsequently convicted. It was whilst serving the sentence of 10 months I.H.L. then imposed upon him that he became ill and died.

This sequel is not written with any intention of expressing or indicating pleasure at the death of a man who caused so much trouble to the Public and the Police. In fact, one feels sorry he could not have mended his ways before meeting his Maker. However, the circumstances surrounding this crime—and its detection after praiseworthy persistence, determination and attention to detail—bring home once more the value of up-to-date records and knowledge of criminals and the necessity for the strictest supervision of as many as possible of the worst offenders.

Intelligent use of the Criminal Index records was most certainly the start of the success in this case, and the destruction of all records regarding John Brown, which his death now calls for, marks the close of an outstanding chapter in the annals of crime in this Colony.

PAGE FOURTEEN

A TRAGEDY OF '96

IN 1908 I was stationed on the Hunyani Drift, on cattle cordon duty. My camp was close to the Hunyani Tank, which at that time was the southbound train's first stop after leaving Salisbury. One day, when out on patrol, I passed through the Hunyani Poort, and shortly after doing so I noticed a stone memorial, and rode across the veld to examine it more closely. It had been erected in memory of an American family named Norton (who gave their name to Norton Siding).

All had been killed in the Rebellion. Norton and his family were farming, and were living in huts. He had done a considerable amount of fencing, as rinderpest had broken out, and he wanted to keep his cattle from being contaminated. He was employing quite a number of Mashonas to extend the fencing. One day he found that all his boys had deserted and, as he did not know why this had happened, he sent his assistant into Salisbury to ask the N.C. to help him in getting labour to complete the fencing. In Salisbury the assistant learned that some transport riders had been murdered, and that a Mashona rising was imminent. He was told to warn the Nortons to come into Salisbury without delay. He was upset at what he had heard, but was not very clear about what was happening, as he started out for the farm. He did not meet anyone on his return journey. On arriving at the farm he went from hut to hut and found all were empty. He noticed that the window of Norton's hut was smashed, and saw trails of blood about the place, but although he looked, he could not find any bodies. Later he noticed marks on the ground and followed them; they led him to the bodies of Mrs. Norton, the governess and a child. All had been shot and then dragged away by means of reims. Norton was never seen again. A native who used to visit my camp told me he had taken part in the massacre; he also told me how and where Norton was killed.

It was at a kraal not far from the Norton memorial, where Native Corporal Tom, who had run amok at Hartley, was run to earth after he had committed a number of murders.

I took part in the hunt for Tom, starting from Battlefields, where Trooper Klingenstein and myself had been hurriedly dispatched to open a Police Post on account of a killing that had taken place on the mine—a killing which had repercussions in the British Parliament.

ZINYAKATIRA.

THE OUTPOST, AUGUST, 1951

Mtoko Memories . . .

In 1909, when Mtoko was purely a Native Reserve, no European crossed the Nyadiri unless given permission to do so by the N.C., who was Mr. Charles Bullock. There were no European settlers in the District and no road existed. The road from Mrewa to Mtoko was a wagon track which, on leaving Mrewa, passed the Police Camp and crossed the Nyadiri about six miles up from the present road. The only European settlement was at Makaha where to-day there are a few mines. We had our store on the present site of Kaplans but facing the N.C.'s office, there being no other stores in the district.

The original Police Camp was on the banks of the Hudzi and facing Mtemwa; in fact only about a mile from the base. In 1910 the Camp was moved to the site now occupied by the C.M.E.D. and later moved to its present position. We had no Customs or Immigration posts and P.E.A. natives who were extradited were escorted to Masanga, about 12 miles over the border, the path running through Makaha and thence along the Ruenwa River. Game and carnivorous vermin were plentiful.

The road to Tete was non-existent in 1909, when apparently little or no advance towards civilisation was noticeable. The natives of the district were raw and very primitive. In that year smallpox decimated the population to a large extent causing the whole district to be cordoned by the Police who were camped at villages of Paramount Chiefs, the writer spending months at the village of Gabasa and then moving on to the Chikwizo Reserve. The Police acted as vaccinators and coroners, a most unpleasant job.

The progress that has taken place since those days is remarkable. Natives are being educated, roads have been built and the country generally seems to have taken on a "new look."

Mtemwa and its adjoining hill was always referred to as "Sheba's Breasts" and Mjerenge on its north side as the "Crystal Palace."

Our M.O., Doctor Gurney, was a very pleasant old gentleman; he was stationed at Macheke but travelled extensively by donkey. He did a lot of good work and was met in many out of the way places. He had no fear of lions or other wild animals of the bush which were plentiful in those days, and to my knowledge he never carried firearms.

Mr. Kaplan, senior, took over the Mtoko store at the end of 1910 and is still there.

Many women working on the lands were killed by lions and superstition demanded that a sister or brother must, on the anniversary of either's death, go to meet the other in the bush during the night. They did not believe that the lion had killed and eaten the relative, but that she had herself turned into a lion, hence the meeting on the first anniversary. Needless to say, few ever returned.

Another curious custom was very much in evidence in those days. Adultery was not countenanced and if a woman had been charged and proved by the chief as an adulteress she was stoned to death and buried at the side of a well used path; any native passing had the privilege of dropping a stone on her grave. A virtuous woman was buried in the same way, but as a mark of respect small twigs were dropped on her grave.

A favourite form of punishment by death to a married woman suspected of adultery was usually committed by the husband by piercing the abdomen with an assegai and leaving it there until the wretched woman was dead. The husband would then leave the village and commit suicide by hanging. The writer has had to go and investigate many such cases.

An habitual thief was secretly dealt with; proved of having committed several thefts his hands were amputated, or he was taken to a high rock and pushed off. This type of crime was very

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difficult to prove and convict as no one in the village would give evidence.

When a Paramount or petty Chief died, one could witness a brilliant display of Assegai dancing which continued for two days, much beer being consumed. This caused the warriors to work themselves into a terrific frenzy and it was quite dangerous to get too near the dancers who rushed about stabbing the evil spirits and would not think twice in giving a spectator a nasty jab.

No rivers were bridged and the spruits were carefully picked where deep water was available so that crossing with an animal was usually a dangerous procedure. Crocodiles naturally made a habit of hanging about at these spruits and one had to keep a sharp eye open to prevent an attack.

Patrols were of a different order than those carried out to-day. A Trooper, if lucky, would ride a mule and sometimes a stallion donkey was allotted to him. Patrols invariably lasted from two weeks to a month and a large area was covered. He had a Corporal (Black Watch) and three Native Constables and they went from kraal to kraal. All natives at each kraal were lined up and questioned, each showing his R.C., the Headman or petty Chief being in attendance to give any information regarding each man.

It was extraordinary how, when a native was interrogated, he would lie himself into acknowledging a crime committed. When a native was made prisoner, witnesses were gathered and the patrol passed on to the next kraal. On our return to Camp, a line of prisoners and witnesses would vary from 100 yards to a quarter of a mile in length.

Short patrols were common and a Trooper's life was seldom lived in Camp. Many crimes, such as murder, suicide and theft, had to be dealt with, and these, 40 years ago, were numerous. A reported murder or suicide was investigated without delay, and a Trooper often left for the scene of crime at sunset and continued his journey throughout the night and possibly had to follow up clues for several days. There were no doctors to call in, and cause of death was ascertained by examination of the body, often several days after death.

I remember a case of murder which I had to investigate, the kraal was in the Mkota area about sixty miles from Camp. Starting at 6 p.m. I travelled throughout the night and arrived at the kraal at about 10 a.m. the following morning. The victim was a woman stabbed to death with an

assegai by her husband, a leper, who from enquiries made was in an advanced stage of the disease. He managed to escape into a nearby forest and resisted arrest for three days and finally, through hunger and sickness, committed suicide, his body being discovered by a Native Department messenger. Owing to another crime being committed at a nearby village, instructions were given to bring the body in for identification and examination and in the meantime I went to the village to investigate the second crime. On returning to the first village, a lapse of two days had occurred, but I ordered the body to be taken to a spot so that examination could be made. To my surprise the natives had hoisted the body to the upper branches of a very tall tree and refused to go up and bring the body down. I ordered the tree to be cut down and for a time they refused to do this. Fortunately I managed to persuade them and eventually three natives, under the supervision of a Native Constable, mounted the tree and lowered the body for inspection. A more ghastly sight I hope I will never see. It was impossible to get near and I reluctantly ordered the body to be burnt on the spot. Many such duties were the order of the day.

Our greatest enemies were malaria, dysentery and blackwater. Water was not put through filters, and a thirsty Trooper drank the first available.

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Station Notes



GWELO

*Who e'er he be who sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he comes to wait upon,
The Lord, their God, His Grace . . .*

(Extract from Burns' "Ode to Inverary.")

Gwelo notes of recent months have indeed been conspicuous by their absence. Perusing the June Outpost I find that all the other Dispol's have put in a literary appearance. In haste we endeavour to make amends.

Having made amends we find there is not a great deal to tell to the world at large. Gwelo still seems to possess all the old faces. Sergeant Percy Cleaver returned from leave in the United Kingdom complete with new car, but no sooner had he shown his face than he had to leave his new car behind and go off on special duty outside of the Colony. Sergeant Moisey has recently returned from leave in the Cape and has now settled down in one of those premises known as "Government Houses."

We offer our congratulations to S/1/Sergeant Ben Hustler on his recent promotion and also on becoming the proud father of a daughter.

Our diehard musketeers, Sub-Inspector White, Sergeants Dickson, Mays and Riddle, have been attending a few weapon meetings in recent weeks. The overall report received from them is that they won enough to pay for expenses. A definition is now required of "expenses." Having perfected their bull's eye mixture they have yet to perfect a "hole in one" mixture for the forthcoming weapon meeting and golf match at Que Que.

An impromptu football match was played by Gwelo Police against the local C.M.E.D. on July 28th. The Police won by 3 goals to 2. The victory was duly celebrated.

By the time these notes appear in print, Trooper Oldcorn, of the Rural Section, and Constable Plowman, of the Stock Theft Section, will have taken the matrimonial plunge. To both, and their respective brides, we offer our good wishes. These weddings always provide us with

appropriate "wettings." We hope, however, these two prospective wettings do not cause the same consternation as the last one did, when one certain member's wife, not knowing how long these wettings can last, started searching for her husband at 11 p.m. Ten minutes later he arrived home with half the party, to continue the celebrations.

We have rambled long enough, but we will see what news we can dig up next month. Until then, Cheerio.

SAMAMBGA.

UMTALI

It may be our imagination, but once or twice during the past month we have thought we could smell the sea. Firstly there was a distinct Beira smell mingled with the much more pleasing smell of the sea, and then later in the month when we got another breath of the sea one could detect Cape Town. Perhaps we were just dreaming or thinking wishfully; anyway we did have the pleasure of seeing a little seasand fall from the turn-up of a certain members grey flannels.

Yet more members from our far flung outposts have been into D.H.Q. for a little refreshing and we hope they appreciate the efforts to keep them interested from 6.15 a.m. until near the going down of the sun, after which time we feel sure they found their own interests and, we hope, improved the canteen profits.

Rhodes and Founders Days were, as is so often the case, real "Guti" days and not the kind of days one would choose for holidays. Nevertheless a large number of people turned out to "enjoy"—we hope that is the right word—the motor racing. For the Police it was a long and busy day. Everything went off well; I was going to say quietly, but that certainly would not be the right word. As one member said, "There were no crashes, in fact nothing to laugh at at all."

For those who are really keen on this kind of sport we understand that the meeting was a great success and some really good driving and riding seen.

Umtali is certainly getting big-town ideas. The latest is our new telephone exchange; we can now boast four-figure telephone numbers. Until now we have been using only three—small town stuff. With the opening of the new exchange we are getting a much better service and the annoying habit of receiving an engaged signal as soon as one dialled the first digit has ceased we hope for ever.

The new exchange had not been operating for more than an hour or so when someone thought it would be a good idea to dial the Emergency call 99. Result, the Police received a call to the effect that a European "Boss" had died in one of the B.O.C. buses; unfortunately it was not known which bus nor on what route. Well there was nothing for it but to send out and enquire until we found the right bus. Even the O.C. turned out and toured the town in search of the bus containing the dead body of a European, but all efforts failed to find bus, dead body, or even anyone who knew anything about such a thing. At last, after seeing a bus with a flat tyre and making enquiries from the driver it was discovered that he, the driver, was responsible for all the to do. Having had a puncture he had phoned the exchange to inform the B.O.C. garage that his bus was *feli*; the exchange operator had got a little muddled and informed Police that a "Boss was dead in a bus."

We hear that both Chief Inspector Kilborn and Chief Inspector Killick are on leave pending retirement, and to these two old faithfuls we say Cheerio, may you both have a long and happy retirement. Chief Inspector Kilborn will be especially missed at the Police Conference; he has been Chairman for many years and has attended nearly every conference since its inception nearly thirty years ago.

Constable Reynolds has taken his discharge and is entering Civvy Street. He will be in Umtali and we hope will continue to turn out for our Soccer team at least until the end of the season. We wish him luck in his new work.

We have recently had a visit from the Chief Staff Officer and the Quartermaster who are expecting big things in the near future.

'Flu has been playing havoc again and several members have been laid low. We are hoping for warmer weather and trust the warmth will clear up all the colds, as the usual remedies appear to be useless against the present type of 'flu.

Until next time, Cheerio.

NGITI.



Que Que Charge Office.

SELUKWE

As Selukwe has not appeared in print for many months perhaps it would be as well to introduce the members of the establishment: Inspector Brereton, Sergeants Mays and Knight, Trooper Wilson, and Constables Armstrong, Wells, Phillips and Stewart.

It should be explained, as it may not generally be known to members, that as from December, 1949, this Station was converted into a District Station with Town African Police working the Beats within the commonage and Township areas. Since December, 1949, no European Town members have been stationed at Selukwe.

There are a number of old comrades in the District, ex-F/Sergeant G. M. Hughes, working the Carbineer Mine; ex-Trooper D. Forrester (No. 2977), farming on Adamantia Farm, near Dorset Siding; ex-Trooper S. T. Roberts (No. 1459), of the Alchemist Mine; ex-Sergeant V. S. Purkiss (No. 2350), Compound Manager, Railway Block Mine, and a Sub-Inspector in the Police Reserve; ex-Sub-Inspector J. L. Carter (No. 2841), Labour Officer whose office is across the road from the Charge Office.

There is an air of light heartedness about the Station as Lieut.-Colonel Spurling, Officer Commanding, Midlands Province, has just carried out his Annual Inspection.

Lieutenant Sobey, Sub-District Officer, Gwelo South, has gone to Fort Victoria for one month to take command at a very awkward time and we hope that the troubles there will not prevent him returning to Shabani in August.

Sergeant Mays, in company with his rifle and an onion, has made several sorties of late and it to be complimented on the credit he has brought to the Force.

The Public Works Department painters at long last have got down to it and the Camp is rapidly acquiring a more youthful appearance.

Sergeant Lamond, who wrote the last notes for this Station, is now in charge of Chilimanzi, and we hope he is not too busy with Foot and Mouth Cordons and other things to let us know how his Station fares.

NENAGH.

DEPOT

One month's absence from Station Notes leaves a big gap to fill. I therefore shall not attempt the impossible, as I believe that one column is about the average amount of news required.

The general atmosphere of Depot during the past month or two has been one of hustle and bustle—the Display team working hard every day, instructors busy as ever with their squads, and people coming from and going to all parts of the Colony. I leave it to a better pen than mine to describe the work of the Display team, but I do know that a lot of work has gone into it. Daily rehearsals have been the order for some time now, and early in the month a full dress rehearsal was put on, when most of the Depot and Headquarters staff, and some of their families, turned out to see it. It looks more meaty than last year's display, which was reckoned to be good by all who saw it. Anyway, by the time these notes are read, most of the people in the country who visit the Shows will have seen it for themselves.

Promotions were duly celebrated by Chief Inspector Ashwin, Inspector Moore, Sub-Inspectors Kent, Plastow, First Sergeants Lloyd, Stevens and Harcourt and Second Sergeants Geraghty, Gray and Turner. Quite an imposing list, isn't it? Congratulations to all of them.

C.M.E.D. have now opened their workshop in Depot, where our mechanical vehicles receive attention on the spot. Change seems to be in the air at the moment, as I hear that the Pay Office and Salisbury District Headquarters will be leaving Depot in the near future and will be in residence at the new Police offices in Railway Avenue after that. The old Cadet block which housed them will, I understand, revert to its original use as men's quarters; let's hope this means that some of the temporary post-war barrack huts that are scattered around Depot may disappear later on.

Paddy Grice and Jock Marshall left Headquarters staff a few weeks ago and are now enjoying the life of civilian gentlemen. I saw Paddy to-day and he seems to enjoy his new work.

Headquarters staff noted the following births during the month: daughters to Lieutenant and Mrs. K. Flower, and Sergeant and Mrs. G. Jones; a son to Sub-Inspector and Mrs. H. Baldwin. Congratulations!

The African Police v. Schools sports were held in Depot at the end of July and produced some good performances—all barefooted. As to be expected the Police won the tug-o-war; they also secured second places in one or two events and were placed in several others.

I think I must be near the end of the column now, and am certainly at the end of the news.

NDAIVEPO.

MTOKO

During Rhodes and Founders holiday a most successful dance was held in aid of funds for the Social Hall, a sum amounting to £80 being received. After paying expenses £50 was given to swell the amount previously subscribed. As usual many visitors arrived from Salisbury and Mrewa, bringing our small community to well over a hundred.

The ladies of Mtoko did excellent service by supplying the "eats" and most visitors complimented them on such good catering.

We are anxious to see a few members from Salisbury at our next function, which will be on September 8th when we are having a Fete from 3.30 p.m. to 5.30 p.m., a concert by the Cranborne Singers from six to seven, and a dance to follow. Now lads, here is your opportunity for a really good time!

Constable Jim Paine leaves us on the 12th September on transfer to Goromonzi and we wish him the best of luck.

Major Fitzwilliam paid a short visit to Mtoko during the month. Constable Oates is again on a border patrol and finds motor cycling cold work.

Constable Paine decided before leaving for Goromonzi to take a spot of leave and left by push-bike for Mount Darwin, travelling across country, thus breaking new ground so far as patrols are concerned. He will find it difficult going as most of his journey will be by native foot paths. Constable Ridge, from the Traffic Department, Salisbury, is due to arrive as a replacement. He is preceded by his servant and luggage. We hope he will find plenty of traffic at Mtoko.

Taken off the strength is Ox No. 488 who was so old that he had lost his teeth. We had an offer from a local butcher who was prepared to purchase it for £5, but the powers-that-be decreed that it should be put up for public

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auction. So off it went to the stock pens and was purchased by the same butcher for £3. Auction fees were 7s. 6d. Well, well!

For the last two years our stables have been without riding animals, but 1,600lb. of hay still remains as fodder. Salisbury says that it must be sold—any offers?

Our annual tennis tournament was played off against the Nyadiri Sports Club on August 5th, when we trounced them good and solid—two weeks ago we went to their club and they were again just beaten. They are good sportsmen and took their defeat handsomely.

Old Comrades no doubt would like to hear how L. K. Robinson is progressing. A visit was paid to his farm a week ago, and found him very unwell—in fact he is still a very sick man, and may remain bedridden for some long time.

PARAHENDU.

C.I.D., BULAWAYO

At the end of July Lieutenant-Colonel H. Jackson left on six months' leave and we welcome Major R. H. Borland who is acting in his place.

Snooker is again in the news, and Sergeant Ogle will be our representative in the White Cup final, to be played off in the near future. Detective Rees, although taking the first game against Ogle, was beaten in the second and final games, in the semi-final. Two of our members thus qualified for the semi-final event . . . in spite of the fact that Inspector Fulton has been tutoring most of the Town Police representatives at the game. The rumour at present is that Joe Davis will again be asked to demonstrate a few

of his master strokes on our snooker table in the Town Police Canteen, when he arrives in Bulawayo in a few days time.

Detectives Eames and Denley have joined the Fingerprint Bureau, and John Coulter transferred from active section to Records. Sub-Inspector Schollam is away on a few weeks' leave touring the Colony. We are sorry to say farewell to Buster Brown who will be in England by the end of the month. He was very popular with us, and we trust his return to the Old Country will be to his advantage.

Recent visitors have been Mr. W. N. Sherlock, ex-No. 3123, of the Native Department, Bulawayo. He claims to hold a record in his Department, in that he has had fourteen transfers within the last five years. Good news for our Editor is that he intends writing for our magazine again in the near future which may give encouragement to our other readers to submit contributions. Also seen in town was ex-Sergeant Vincent, now managing a store in the Wankie area. He is looking fitter than ever these days. Ex-Sergeant Lance Smith visited us on the occasion of the Farmers' Meeting in Bulawayo recently. "Lance" is tobacco farming in the Banket area.

Judging from the number of players on the courts at the Police Camp, it seems tennis is becoming very popular again. Some of the new members have been seen playing good tennis and it would not be out of place if we offer a challenge, through these columns, to the Town Police. Both Departments have players to form teams that could play interesting tennis, so what about it, Town?



(Drawing: Const. Le. Guern.)

Constable Smudge returns from No. 7 cycle.

" . . . and Town cycle beats will be extended to cover larger areas wherever possible . . . "

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SALISBURY

PAGE TWENTY-FOUR

THE CUTPOST, AUGUST, 1951

We were pleased to read in the July edition of *The Outpost* that 3686 gave news of Shabani and district, which reminds us, we have not heard from 3770 for some considerable time.

Before closing we offer congratulations to Detective Cyril Robinson who recently announced his engagement.

Cheerio for the present.

CARURO.

GATOOMA

Returning to the fold after long leave Trooper Whitehead found himself in the S.T.O.C.S. section and is now chasing clues after lost mombes.

Chasing more points in the Fulton & Evans Challenge Cup the Police cricket team travelled to Dalny Mine on Sunday, July 29th. They won the toss, batted first and declared with 228 for 6. Don Raynor scored 105. Dalny replied with 164 (Chadder 5 for 23). Police batting again declared with 45 for 5. Dalny were unable to make the grade before stumps were drawn and the match was a draw, Police collecting points for the first innings lead.

There are now two further matches to be played for the Cup and a bigger turnout at the nets on Tuesday and Thursday evenings is necessary to select the best possible team to keep Police in the lead on points.

Old timers—and those not so old—will remember ex-Sub-Inspector Frank Tirrell, mine host of the Umsweswe Hotel. Frank has now sold out and is going down to the Union.

Ex-Inspector Yeoman, now Labour Officer at the Gatooma Cotton Mills, is seen in camp occasionally when Police Reserve duties call him there. Mr. Yeoman is reputed to have the most complicated cross-reference filing system yet devised for keeping an eye on the thousand or so natives employed at the mills.

For the benefit of abandoned girl friends and ever hopeful creditors, we include a list of details at Gatooma at the present time. In the town: Constables Tom Doherty (still looking for the section that says you cannot reverse in a one-way street), Jim Lindsay and Brian Lovell, big game hunters Mick Wales and Johnny Mackeown (part owners of a biliously-coloured Chev. vanette of 1928 vintage, which somehow gets them to their stamping grounds and back again), and lastly Lancelot Barrett Ball (the most popular man in camp in that he holds the key of the camp pub).

In the Section, Troopers Whitehead and Hill, Constables Nayling and the suave, dashing Cargill (named "Tsotsi" by the African Police). The fact that he never pays for a drink when rolling the bones may suggest the meaning of the name.

Still holding down a corner of the far-flung Empire is Constable Phil Kensett, member i/c Eiffel Flats. Phil's "five months' solitary" finish this month when he returns to Section, much to the disgust of the Mess Caterer. Phil is the person who, when handed a twenty-four-course menu stated that he saw nothing to object to and then proved it by working right through from top to bottom.

Bigger and better lines of cars created bigger and better clouds of dust at the Agricultural Show held here this month. Gusts of wind occasionally cleared away the dust fog long enough to reveal the fact that the B.S.A.P. were still at their posts—groping their way around in good old "black-out" fashion—disguised under many layers of dust. The general opinion here is that Salisbury is quite welcome to its four-day shows.

With the approval of the Editor—I hope—we shall do some free advertising. The date of the Police Ball has been set for September 21st. (Applications for leave on the 22nd will meet with sympathy, if not approval). Tickets are available at Gatooma D.H.Q. (Phone Gatooma 56), doubles only. Music will be provided from 9 p.m. until 2 a.m. by the Police Band. Scene of operation: Ballroom of Grand Hotel. Evening Dress or Uniform essential.

HIS X MARK.



Evening sky over Que Que.

POLICE



The Burning Frame.



TANDEM

Sergeant Stephens on Kentucky and
of their trick-rid

Sgt. Earle on Flash interrupts a bottle party



DISPLAY



NG.

ant Earle on Flash at the end
display.



The Human Arch Jump.

Sgt. Stephens jumping Kentucky blindfolded.



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EVERY year, the Rhodesian public expects a first-class Police Display at the Agricultural Shows held in the various centres. It has even been said that it is regarded as one of the highlights of the Shows. Be that as it may, the standard of these Displays must be maintained and if possible improved upon, and those responsible for its presentation therefore have no easy job in producing something different each year.

Having seen this year's Display it is difficult not to repeat what I wrote in the September edition of *The Outpost* last year on this subject. It is certainly well up to standard and those who see it will undoubtedly agree that it is even more spectacular. The trick-riding events are of the same type that have been seen before except that two horses instead of one are used and everything moves a little quicker. This has been accomplished by leaving all "props" in position resulting in no hold-ups.

The walkie-talkie radio-controlled motorcycle gives a new angle on the ingenuity used in producing the unusual. If it does not cause wonderment, it most certainly entertains—and that is what the Display is there for.

The human-arch jump is new to Rhodesia, and is a fine demonstration of precision-training, nerve and mutual confidence in the team's abilities.

The Musical Ride, which is presented in a different form each year, is the first-tandem-riding display to be given by the B.S.A.P. and anybody who has any knowledge of horsemanship will appreciate the difficulties likely to be encountered. As usual in these musical rides, a high percentage of the men taking part have less than a year's service, having commenced training for this Display whilst on Recruits course.

The co-ordination of the music to the movements of the horses is a noteworthy achievement, especially when it is remembered that the musicians are all Africans, under the baton of a European bandmaster.

All responsible for the production and presentation of this year's Display are to be congratulated on their fine effort.

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Police Display, 1951

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Churchill's Greatness at the War's Crisis

The Second World War: Vol. IV: The Hinge of Fate, by Winston S. Churchill (Cassell, 25s.), is the most engrossing volume yet published, for it takes us to the period from the sudden Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour that brought the U.S.A. in, right through the long catalogue of disaster in the Pacific and Burma, to the Battle of the Coral Sea, Rommel's time of greatest triumph in the Western Desert, Stalingrad, El Alamein, Tripoli and the Allied landings in North Africa.

It covers, in short, the turning point of the war; the period of unrelieved Allied disaster, with our prospects at nadir, to the turn to final success. Hence the title of the book.

It is engrossing for another reason: a view of the temperament of our great war leader at time of maximum adversity. At the gloomiest time, with Japan almost master of the Pacific, Singapore's plight deepening to tragedy, there was, Mr. Churchill reveals, unrest in the British Government as well as among the public.

What of Churchill?

" . . . The atmosphere of the Lobbies . . . gave me the sense of an unhappy, baffled public opinion, albeit superficial, swelling and mounting about me. On the other hand, I was well aware of the strength of my position. I was sure of myself. I made it clear . . . that I would not consent to the slightest curtailment of my personal authority and responsibility . . . I resolved to yield nothing to any quarter, to take the prime and direct personal responsibility upon myself . . . "

That was his mood, and that in which, in the famous vote-of-confidence debate, he faced the House of Commons. And there, backed by his extraordinary flair and knowledge in reference to the art of war, you have the statue of Churchill. It is the acid test, when, as with Pitt, Washington, Wellington and few, very few, others, the born leader is automatically revealed.

In this volume the new relationship between the United States and the British Commonwealth in close fighting partnership first shows itself. We have filled in for us authoritatively the details of the picture. The very friendliness of the two nations, their common tongue, yet diverse temperaments, made this business of interlocking and co-working a ticklish matter often. The smoothing of difficulties, easing of frictions and the like; these, we see, owed more than was surmised to Churchill and the co-operative genius (it was little less) of Eisenhower.

A signal merit of the book is the manner in which (for this writer at least, for the first time) the author makes clear the significance of the U.S. sea and air victory of Midway in the Pacific: that, with equally clear description of that remarkable battle. A few hours of long range mixed air and surface fighting, and, lo, Japan had lost for ever her hold on the Pacific. It was as far reaching as that.

Every reader will be fascinated with the pen pictures of Stalin and the report of Mr. Churchill's talks with him about the Second Front in Europe. These pages are, indeed, in some sort a key to the state of affairs to-day, viewed through the mentality of the dictator in the Kremlin. How much might the world gain if Stalin, as well as some around him, would come out of their country and get to close quarters with other lords of mankind and thought!

For thousands of British folk all over the earth the greatest attraction of this superb volume must be the description of Alamein and all that went before and followed. As one reads of the ups and downs that preceded, of the big Conference (with Smuts specially in attendance) at which a drastic change in the Desert Command was decided upon, and the huge scale preparations for the crucial attack, so vivid is the writing, and skilled the selection of material, that one becomes almost a participant. The description of the battle itself is masterly.

The Churchill humour, always to the point and in place, is found, as usual, here and there lightening up the pages.

(Of the caves from which the original stone for the Pyramids was taken and in the last war used by the R.A.F. as a repair shop): " . . . They came in very handy now . . . but the scale was far too small. The original fault lay with the Pharaohs for not having built more and larger Pyramids. Other responsibilities were more difficult to assign . . . "

The book closes with the historic visit to Washington, in the course of which the vast plans for the final stages of the war were gone into, as well as some shape of the post-war world to come; and Mr. Churchill leaves us on the verge of the campaign for the invasion of Italy.

He leaves us with appetites whetted—and the sense, as ever when reading him on the war, of having perused a part of permanent history, with the hand that wrote it, like the brain behind, still happily with us; and both well nigh unique in our age and generation.

E.M.R.

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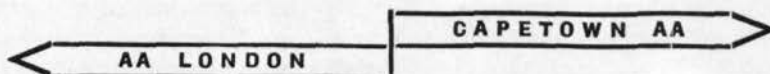
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Police Reserve Parade

BULAWAYO Police Reservists turned out in force for the Medal Parade held on June 16th. It was the occasion for an Inspection by the Minister of Justice, the Hon. Julian Greenfield, K.C., M.P., and the Acting Commissioner of Police, Colonel A. S. Hickman, M.B.E. The Parade was also an opportunity to bid farewell to Lieut.-Colonel N. F. Shillingford, O.B.E., who has reluctantly had to relinquish his command of the B.S.A.P. Reserve, due to pressure of work.

As the Bulawayo Division feel that Colonel Shillingford has been nurtured in their midst since the inception of the Reserve, it was with reluctance that we bade him farewell.

An impressive number of Long Service Medals and Bars were presented, no fewer than sixteen men receiving awards.

We all regretted that Major M. G. Fleming was prevented by illness from taking the parade, and nobody regretted it more than Major Fleming himself, as it was in the nature of a farewell parade for him, prior to his taking over command of the B.S.A.P. Reserve from Lieut.-Colonel Shillingford.

We were also glad to have the opportunity of congratulating Captain "Smithy" on the well-merited award of the M.B.E. in the King's Birthday Honours list.

Following the parade, our guests, friends and relatives of Reservists on parade, were entertained to tea.

To finish the day, the Police Reserve Canteen was open to Reservists and friends, and drinks were on those who had recently received promotion. Later we were joined by numerous friends from the Regulars, and a memorable afternoon was brought to a fitting conclusion.

The following is an extract from the "Sunday News" of June 17th, 1951:—

Awards to Police Reservists

"It should be unnecessary to stress the importance of the work you do and the value of the contribution you make through your service to the community," said the Minister of Internal Affairs, the Hon. J. M. Greenfield, when he addressed a parade of the Bulawayo Police Reserve yesterday.

"The only reason it needs to be stressed is that it may encourage others to come forward to take their share in this work," said Mr. Greenfield.

At the end of the parade, at which awards were made to members of the Special Constabulary Long Service Medal and Bars, a presentation was made to Lieut.-Colonel N. F. Shillingford, Commanding Officer of the Reserve, on his retirement.

Colonel Shillingford, said Mr. Greenfield, had joined the Reserve on its inception in 1940.

"He has had 11 years' service at the end of this month—11 years of extremely distinguished service, in the course of which he has gone right to the top," said Mr. Greenfield.

"The Bulawayo unit is my baby," said Colonel Shillingford, "but I do not take the credit for what it has done. There has been a wonderful team spirit right from the start."

He added that when it was decided at the end of the war to continue the Reserve, while an average of 70 per cent. of Reservists throughout the Colony had decided to carry on, the response in Bulawayo had been 100 per cent.

"I think it is right to say," said Colonel Shillingford, "that in Bulawayo there is probably a higher percentage of Police Reserve Medals than in any other unit of the Reserve."

Colonel Shillingford added that the total strength of the Colony's Police Reserve was now 936.

The following were awarded bars to the Special Constabulary Long Service Medal: Assistant Superintendent B. L. Calderwood; Assistant Superintendent R. L. Brooking; Inspector R. T. Bailey; Sub-Inspector K. Forbes; First Sergeant J. H. Holmes; First Sergeant G. Mathew; Constable J. R. Coskey.

Medals were awarded to the following: First Sergeant W. Milne; Second Sergeant W. J. Howe; Second Sergeant S. Smith; Constable V. E. Frost; Constable E. R. M. Manning; Constable W. Smith; Constable A. M. Duncan; Constable J. H. Smith; Constable J. S. Walker.

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News at the Breakfast Table

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ON THE PERSIAN CARPET

THE orthodox Mussulman can always be determined by the designs woven into his carpets.

Austere lines on a plain background interspersed with ornate Persian script and symbols eulogising and paying homage to Mohammed and the more personal prophets reveals a pious man. An examination of the reverse side of the carpet

By ROY PEARSON

may reveal the famous Sehna or Persian knot which was superseded many years ago by the more popular Turkish or Ghiordes type of knot. Such a carpet would to-day be extremely valuable, for only the rural nomadic Mohammedan still weaves his tapestries and carpets by the traditional Sehna knot.

The carpet plays an important part in all phases of life in Persia, Arabia, Kurdistan and the Caucasus countries.

As we are judged by our clothes, so are the Persians distinguished by their carpets. Red and purple indicate dignity—the famous Babylonian tapestry spread on the tomb of Cyrus the Great, founder of the Persian Monarchy, was a deep purple. Yellow indicates honour and distinction. A white and green carpet is indicative of joy, while white alone is symbolic of mourning.

The various quaint symbols seen on carpets in the markets of Tabriz, Teheran and Kurman reveal many fatalistic views not dissimilar to those expressed by the carvings on the African witch-doctor's bones. Good Luck, Maternity, Wisdom, Evil, Birth and Joy can all be deciphered by the interwoven silk rods and bars on the woollen background.

Carpets bearing the Good Luck symbols are carried by travellers. I first saw one of these spread across the bilge of a Persian dhow in the Gulf. It was a sandy-hued thick pile carpet of camel hair decorated with black and yellow hieroglyphics, the latter colour indicating the dhow's owner was a distinguished trader of Bushire. A special carpet of black brocade bordered and spattered with Holy Inscriptions worked in silk, is woven annually and conveyed to the Mosque at Mecca where it is used to adorn one of the Holy edifices. After the pilgrim ceremonies it is cut up into small pieces and sold to them.

The weaving of carpets in the East goes back to 1400 B.C. The craft it seems originated in Egypt and found its way to Arabia, Turkey, Persia and India before it was introduced to Europe by the Greeks and Romans. Marco Polo spoke of the Eastern carpets with awe—a sign they had not yet appeared on the Continent. The more dignified a personage, the more ornate and ostentatious were his carpets which covered chairs, seats, the floors and hung from the walls and pillars.

Those called before the Rulers or Governors for censure were most certainly "on the carpet."



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He Saved The World's Most Famous News Agency

A Lifetime in Reuters, by Sir Roderick Jones (Hodder & Stoughton), has not only a special interest for Southern Africa, but in contents the story is one of the most astonishing Press dramas of modern times.

Sir Roderick Jones, from the first an outstanding man in Reuters, where he spent his working life, came early into prominence through his reorganisation (one might say almost creation) of the famous Agency's service in South Africa.

More than thirty years ago, while there, and reporting the German South-West Campaign of the first world war, news reached him of the suicide of the third Baron Reuter, grandson of the founder of the Agency; and at that moment, because of complications in London, the fate of the whole concern was at stake. Sir Roderick, a born leader, organiser and masterful man, decided that Fate had taken a turn of which he could rightly take advantage for the benefit of the Agency. After various cables and letters and hesitations he returned to London. Once there, hesitation vanished; and within a comparatively short space of time he was not only in control, but had become the virtual owner of Reuters. He remained so for something like a quarter of a century, during which time he made the concern what it is to-day.

His aim from the first was ultimately to place Reuters on a new basis, which was that of a business owned co-operatively by the Press of London, the Provinces, and, in due course, the newspapers of the British Commonwealth. He largely succeeded in this big plan by the time of his sudden resignation in the second year of World War II. His departure was a shock to those unaware of the frictions that had arisen when the co-operative control had been extended to the British Provincial newspapers. But the foundations of his plan had been soundly laid: and to-day Reuters is in the position which Sir Roderick from the start intended.

This book tells the whole story of his connection with Reuters; takes us behind the scenes, scans and weighs up the whole world of newspaperdom. It is an absorbing narrative, and, not least attractive, a revelation of a powerful character. All who read their daily paper, or any newspaper, will learn much that is new to them in pages, publication of which is most timely now when Reuters has just celebrated its centenary.

A Centenary of British Monarchy, by Hector Bolitho (Longmans), is timely as well, and,

besides, one of the most interesting books of its kind yet published. Mr. Bolitho, known in Southern Africa, where at one time he was an editor, is of course familiar to a big public to-day as a writer who has specialised in the subject of Royalty.

Here, starting from the time of the Great Exhibition of a hundred years ago, when Prince Albert achieved a genuine organising triumph, Mr. Bolitho gives us the story of our Monarchs, Victoria, Edward VII, George V, Edward VIII and George VI, up to the present day. He does this in straight story, in dialogue scenes and in letters, and in a manner that is both sincere and wholly captivating to the reader.

And in the course of this book he makes more than one disclosure; the most dramatic of which is the fact that Edward VIII, now Duke of Windsor, while on his way back from his South American tour in the twenties of this century, wrote to his father stating that unless he were allowed more of his own way, in place of the discipline which his father continued to impose, he would denounce his rights. Whatever truth there be in this, events at least bore it out.

For Scots in exile not least, *Edinburgh: The Golden Age*, by Michael Joyce (Longmans), is a grand book. Mr. Joyce, rich in knowledge of the famous city, here gives us a series of impressions and pen pictures of the great men, from Hume, Burns, Sydney Smith through to Scott, who added to the lustre of Edinburgh from the mid-18th century to the first quarter of the 19th. It is all done with gusto, accuracy and style; live writing; embellished by a very complete index, a coloured frontispiece, and rounded off by being a beautiful example of book production.

At this season, midsummer, with us in Britain, fiction faintly tends to turn to lightness. Among the new novels I pick out three that I guarantee will make special appeal to you.

First comes *Venetian Bird*, by Victor Canning (Hodder & Stoughton). Canning is the author of "A Forest of Eyes," and a handful of other books of like type which have made him one of the highest class thrill and adventure writers of the day. Some have compared him to Buchan. Myself, I consider him a better writer than Buchan; more subtle, with a keener knowledge of human nature. In "Venetian Bird," which tells the story of a private enquiry agent's search for a mystery man in Italy, Mr. Canning touches the

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THE OUTPOST, AUGUST, 1951

peak of his powers, and in this extraordinary tale holds you from start to finish. It is polished and accomplished work.

Next comes *Judgment on Deltchev*, by Eric Ambler (Hodder & Stoughton), the come back of the author of the famous "Mask of Dimitrios," and "Journey into Fear." Here we have the Balkans as background for the mystery and adventure; an intricate, complex and dark tale superbly told. Mr. Ambler is also in a special class.

In *Whitely Wanton* (Hutchinson) Maurice Willson Disher, whose field is the theatre, its history and romance, breaks into fiction with his own reconstruction, based on such records as there are, of the story of the "Dark Lady" of Shakespeare's Sonnets. No easy subject? No; yet the author, through a happy knack of story telling and sense of drama, backed by his knowledge and research, gives us a novel that not merely justifies him, but without question grips and holds our attention.

Leave My Heart Alone, by Patricia Robins (Hutchinson), is light stuff, but with a nice touch and not over-sentimental; the story of a young war widow and how new love broke in upon her intention to devote herself to the rearing of her young son. The human conflict here is sympathetically handled, the touch fresh.

My pick of thrillers and whodunits this time—*The Serpent's Fang*, by Brian Stuart (Ward, Lock): Adrian Forester-Col. Grenier again; here is a fast moving tale of spine-chilling doings in French North Africa, with authentic background. *Strictly Legitimate*, by Michael Cronin (Ward, Lock): A new writer who tells with verve the story of what came to Jimmy Harper when he went to the rescue of a damsel in distress—always a ticklish matter in crime circles. *She Deserved to Die*, by Frank Griffin (Dennis Yates): A big sum offered to impersonate an actor, and to be shot at with blanks; and what came of it. Speedy doings, and certainly a vampire at the heart of matters. *The House of Jackals*, by Sydney Horler (Hodder & Stoughton): "Tiger Standish" again, and in a real Horler hair-raiser. What a lad is Horler for disturbing our nights. *The Chief Inspector's Statement*, by Maurice Proctor (Hutchinson): Policeman stumbles over a dead body; two suspects; and then the riddle. Mr. Proctor writes well—and makes no mistakes, for he himself has been a policeman. Full marks. *The Body on Page One*, by Delano Ames (Hodder & Stoughton): Dagobert and Jane in another adventure; clever as usual and reading value from first paragraph to last. *The Grey Ghost*, by John Cassels (Melrose): Phone voice blackmail, murder; a really first-class John Cassels thriller-puzzler.

The new Pan-Books contain three very special items: *The Valley of Fear*, Conan Doyle's long Sherlock in which the greatest of them all appears for the last time in a book with a final thrill never beaten; *Mistral Hotel*, Stephen Lister's well-known comedy and adventure story with the Riviera as background; *The Small Back Room*, by Nigel Balchin, the famous novel that has been filmed, broadcast and discussed so widely since publication; and *The Saint on Guard*, in which Leslie Charteris gives us yet another adventure of the character he has made famous in almost every latitude.

EQUINE RESEARCH STATION

British bloodstock has a very high reputation throughout the world, and in the B.B.C's agricultural programme, "Land and Livestock," Professor William C. Miller described what is being done to maintain and enhance this reputation by the Animal Health Trust. This Trust, founded in 1945, is wholly supported by the livestock industry. Its Equine Research Station, at Newmarket in Suffolk, one of the main centres of breeding thoroughbreds, was established in 1946 and Professor Miller, formerly Professor of Animal Husbandry at the Royal Veterinary College, London, is its Director. This, the first Equine Research Station in Britain, is believed to be the only one in the Commonwealth. Half of it is at Balaton Lodge, a racing-stable, and half at a country property, Lanwades Park. It undertakes long range research work destined to throw light on problems of which little is now known, and at short range helps owners of sick horses whose veterinary surgeons cannot provide extensive laboratory facilities for examinations of tissues, blood, etc. There are four departments, one dealing with surgical problems of the horse and the investigation of the use of electricity in treating them, and others with bacteriology, parasitology and the study of the horse's blood. Every aspect of the horse and its welfare is being intensively studied and one of the most important current researches is a survey of the causes of deaths amongst foals. Experimental work is not all done on thoroughbreds, this being too costly. Ponies are used and when experiments are proved successful, the methods are then used on thoroughbreds and farm horses.

At Lanwades Park, one hundred and fifty acres are laid out in several paddocks. Twelve of these have been specially sown with grass seed mixtures of various kinds, in an attempt to find out the best pasture for thoroughbreds in the drier Eastern side of England. In every way, by feeding, preventive medicine, and surgery, the Equine Research Station fills a great need in the bloodstock world.

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POLICE AND PRESS (Continued)

The time at which the head of the department or his deputy should issue communiques to reporters should be arranged by mutual agreement.

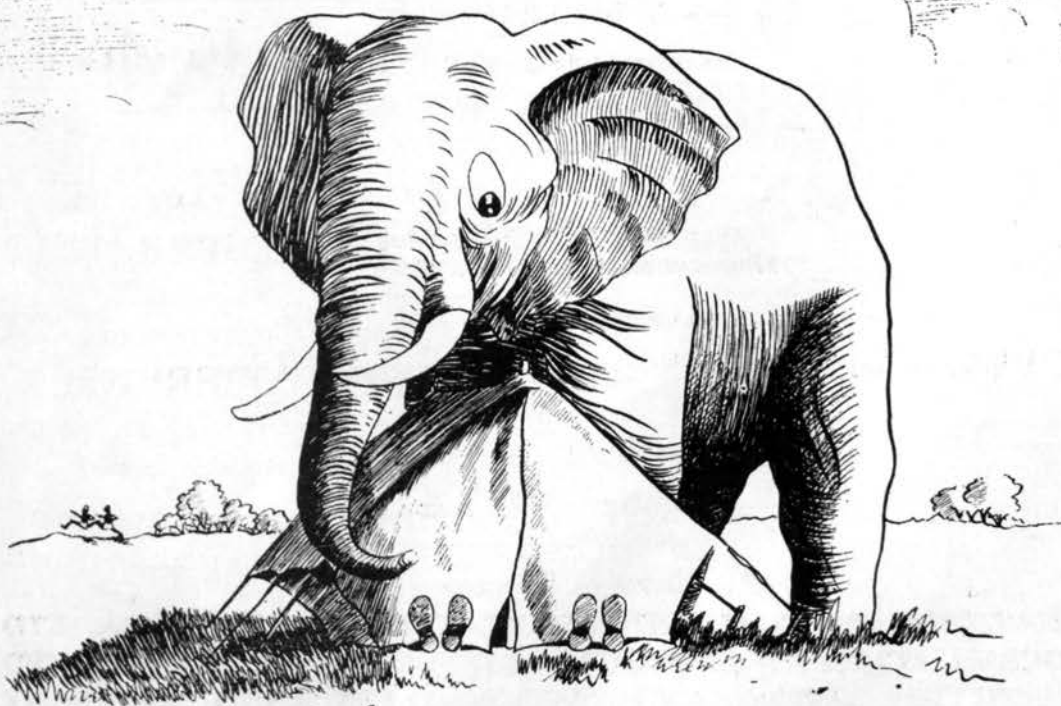
The demand by certain members of the Press to have access to information, even during the night, seems at first sight excessive. In certain cases, however, the issuing of late information is justifiable, when a big case is on hand, to avoid depriving the morning papers of a sensational news story. It is even advantageous to the police to make public, as soon as possible, an event which is under investigation, to put an end to adverse criticism, or to bring to light any new factors which could be of use during the investigation.

In these circumstances, it would be desirable to come to some agreement with reporters who come to the police regularly for information, in order that one of them, elected by his colleagues, could be responsible for summoning them at the appointed time, or for giving them all relevant information. Another solution would be to send all information to a Press agency, with instructions that the latter should pass it on to all newspapers generally represented at these regular Press conferences.

Lastly, there is another point on which I must insist. In every country, one is surprised to see, when reading news of criminal cases, that the same senior police officials and the same detectives are almost always mentioned; this practice sometimes makes an unfavourable impression on the public and always, in any case, on the colleagues of the "star," who, often quite as active, are engaged in less sensational cases or cases which do not lend themselves to publicity. These men gain the impression that others are seeking the lime-light with a view to further promotion. There is no need to dwell on the regrettable consequences of such a situation; we think that some solution is imperative. We see no drawback in advising journalists not to mention the name of senior officers in charge of an investigation, nor those of other officials taking part, but to confine themselves to mentioning the branch making the investigation—and that only.

Here again, this problem can be solved; and a working agreement or *modus vivendi* can be reached with a little goodwill on the part of all concerned.

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Thrills of the St. Leger

NO racecourse in Britain has been more intimately connected with sport than the famous Doncaster Town Moor, where the ever-popular St. Leger will be run early in September. Nearly 2,000 years ago the Roman Legions occupying Britain held their chariot races there and ever since then it has been the venue for some sport or other.

The great St. Leger has a history as full of thrills and spills as the Derby and the Grand National. Towards the end of last century it was won by a blind horse, Throstle. Two other horses in the race had been first and second in the Two

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

Thousand Guineas and the Derby, the winner of the latter being Lord Rosebery's Ladas. Their jockeys were so busy watching each other, Match Box being expected to turn the tables on its rival, that they forgot all about the 50 to 1 outsider. Cannon, its jockey, rode a very brainy finish, and staggered the backers. Throstle was born blind, and narrowly escaped being shot when a foal.

Then there was Theodore, the lame horse, which was at 100 to 1 when the flag fell. The colt came to the post amid roars of derisive laughter from the onlookers, one of whom offered to lay £1,000 to a walking stick against him. The bet was taken by a stable boy. Even John Jackson, the horse's jockey, declared it was a shame to make him run. He changed his tone, however, when the "lame 'un," coming out full of running after passing the Red House, caught Mr. Gascoigne's Violet and the Duke of Leeds' Professor and won easily.

The race dates back to 1776, but at first it was unnamed. It was in 1778 that the Marquess of Rockingham suggested at a dinner held at the Red Lion, that in the future the race should be called St. Leger, as a compliment to Lieutenant-General St. Leger, a notable sportsman of the day. The race was first run on Cautley Common, but was afterwards transferred to the Town Moor.

It is doubtful whether any other race has a more interesting history, for scores of good stories are connected with it. One of the best belongs to 1825, when the keenness of Manchester to know the result caused bloodhounds to be employed as newsbearers, guided by a previously laid

trail. Others relate to John Hirst (1738-1829), who for years appeared on the Town Moor in coat, trousers, and hat made of sheepskin and a weird and wonderful waistcoat of drake's feathers. His home-made carriage, without a nail in it, was drawn sometimes by dogs, sometimes by asses, and occasionally by his bull; he was invariably surrounded on his arrival by a mob scrambling for cheques on Rawcliffe Bank for 2½d. each, the form bearing his signature and portrait.

Many so-called "rank outsiders" have sprung surprises in this great race. Saucebox, for example, was bought for a mere £100, and nobody dreamed it stood the slightest chance of winning, odds of 40 to 1 being freely laid against him; yet he proved victorious. On another occasion Blue Bonnet, which ran in 1842, although it had never run in a race before. But the event was marked by the utmost cruelty on the part of the jockey who rode Blue Bonnet. It appears that this man, by name Tommy Lye, had backed the mount to win him £1,000. In consequence he drove her without mercy, and on returning to the scale it was found the filly had been lacerated in at least 100 places. Lye was never allowed to ride for Lord Eglinton's stable again.

Some twenty years later, the favourite, Lord Clifden (which was probably unlucky not to have won the Derby), was absolutely left at the post, and his rivals gained 100 yards before he started. Large sums of money had been laid on him, and the backers lost all hopes of recovering their money. But to their amazement, ridden by the noted jockey, John Osborne, it rapidly made up every inch of ground and came in first. Twenty-four years later exactly the same thing happened, for Wilwarlin proved obstinate and refused to start at all until the rest of the field had got well away. "Fifty to one Kilwarlin" was shouted from the ring—but once away nothing could hold the animal. He staggered every onlooker by his amazing pace, and racing home beat the Derby winner, Merry Hampton, by half a length.

Many of the St. Leger contests have had their touch of the dramatic. In 1819, for instance, the race was run twice. There was a false start and five horses were left at the post. The rest, which got away, ran the whole distance and Antonio was declared the winner. The stewards ordered the race to be re-run. There was a protest, and the owner of Antonio refused to let it



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run the second time. On this second journey, Sir Walter was the first and was hoisted as the winner.

Then the Jockey Club stepped in, said the race should not have been re-run, and gave the stakes to Antonio. Singularly enough, there was a repetition in 1823, when the stewards ordered a new race after a false start, but this time they were not overruled by the Jockey Club.

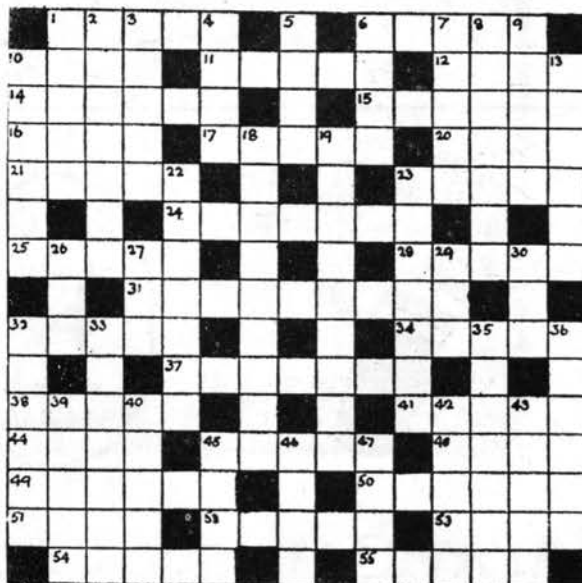
One of the worst strokes of luck that has robbed a horse of the "Triple Crown" of the Turf was in 1843, when Mr. John Bowes' colt Cotherstone, which had won the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby, was beaten by a head by Nutwith, and the race was in some ways very much like that when Throstle won. Frank Butler was on Cotherstone and John Holmes on his most dangerous rival, Prizefighter. These jockeys were so intent on watching each other that they were taken unawares when Job Marson brought the outsider Nutwith along with a rush. In a tremendous finish Cotherstone went under by a head. "I could have won by a couple of lengths," Butler said ruefully, "if I had attended to my own business and made the best of my way home."

At one time the bells of Doncaster parish church were always rung at the moment the winning horse passed the post. It was Dr. Vaughan, vicar of Doncaster from 1860 to 1869, who put an end to all that, and inaugurated a new era, and that in a very simple way. For he obtained the keys of the belfry on the first St. Leger day of his incumbency and, locking the door, went for a walk which kept him out of town until the evening. That was the year when the race was won by Lord Ailesbury's colt St. Albans.

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

In Africa you have a continent in the making. You have millions of people who are being called upon to cover in one or two generations as much ground as the peoples of Europe have covered in some ten centuries. You can travel hundreds of miles without seeing any kind of farm cart or beast of burden. In a large part of the continent there are no means of transport except the native woman who walks along with most of the family belongings balanced in an immense bundle on her head, and the motor car, leaving behind it its cloud of thick, red dust. In such a continent so many native Africans make up their minds about the white man's civilisation on the strength of the two or three white men who ever come their way that every visitor has to some extent the feeling that he's making history. Or if he hasn't that feeling, it's a pity; if he had it, he would sometimes be more careful about the way in which he behaves.—Vernon Bartlett.

THE X-WORD PUZZLE

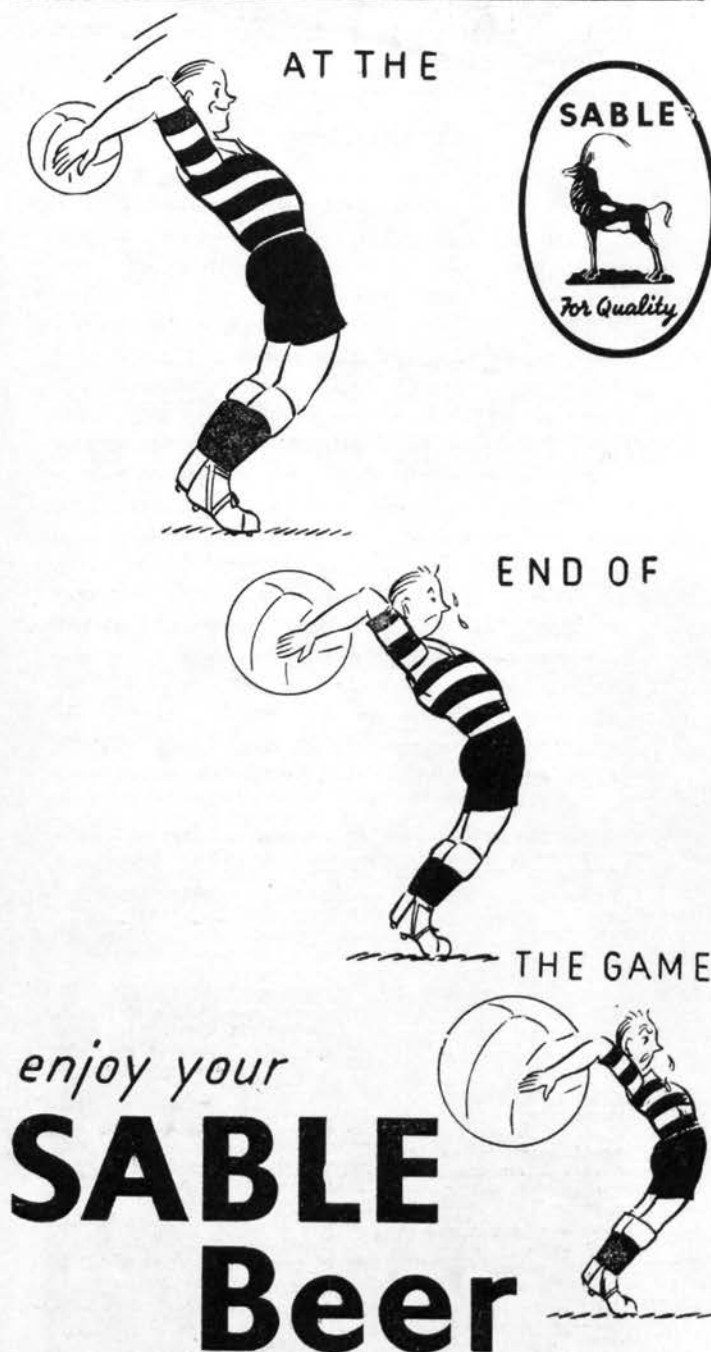


ACROSS

1. The poet sees great men's as reminders.
6. Prevent.
10. Behold to exist!
11. As a relative sh'e rather more than nice.
12. An academician lost in the mountains?
14. Vindicate the just.
15. It is mixed up in the cave, and quite lively!
16. The girl shows up a long time after five.
17. She may be seen in the town.
20. Plural singularities?
21. The magistrate manages pretty well to conceal that he is idle.
23. Smiles of a sort.
24. Real rim of the dripstone.
25. Do what Drake did to the king of Spain's beard.
28. The sailor has climbed to the top of the poplar!
31. "Prove a tea." (Anagram)
32. Take care not to make an enemy of it!
34. Came to a conclusion.
37. He seems composed of rare tin!
38. It should entertain you to know that I am merely a custom.
41. More secure.
44. Famous war correspondent of other days.
45. Plunge in water, and the river's there too!
48. We note the rise of evil, though it may only qualify wire.
49. Yet ale may be had in a pasha's province.
50. "Kent, —, cherries, hops and women." (Pickwick Papers.)
51. Toed in the wrong way?
52. Get below from thunder.
53. Layers.
54. Somewhat sticky allusion to sin?
55. Draws close.

DOWN

1. Cherished.
2. An old Spaniard Caesar would recognise.
3. Belonging to the veins.
4. Large knife.
5. Japhet's brother tangled in a net.
6. What the object of 1 down 's.
7. His pupil is not merely in the eye.
8. Ireland's more than half arseniate of copper.
9. It quoth, "Nevermore!"
10. Just wash-basins.
13. He gets the lease.
18. Form of rope torture, ending, of course, in a fuss.
19. Not refugees, though they leave one country for another.
22. Raise.
23. They will rub the edges off.
26. Scene of warmest welcome.
27. Little Margaret comes up for the jewel.
29. A mountain for Joseph's young brother, in short.
30. It's no falsehood in the links.
32. Red Sea? Well, it's wiped off the map!
33. The crossword compiler's bird is certainly **not** an early one!
35. The speller.
36. May be suffered in a concentration camp.
39. He starts in a merry month and ends with an alternative.
40. Drink aboard! Any buyers?
42. A long way from Omega.
43. Opposed to the odds.
45. A rise in nuts is a real blow.
46. Loosen.
47. You must give ear to this singular anagram of 55.



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DOMESTIC NOTES.

BIRTHS

WRIGHT.—To 2/Sergeant and Mrs. Wright at Sinoia on 8th June, 1951, a daughter, Judith Mary.

OPPENHEIM.—To Det. Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Oppenheim on 17th June, 1951, a son, Christopher Marchent.

STANYON.—To Det. 1/Sergeant and Mrs. Stanyon at Livingstone on 2nd July, 1951, a daughter, Dianne Valerie.

JONES.—To 1/Sergeant and Mrs. J. T. G. Jones at Salisbury on 9th July, 1951, a daughter, Carolyn Maud Garth.

BALDWIN.—To Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Baldwin at Salisbury on 13th July, 1951, a son, Brian John.

FLOWER.—To Lieut. and Mrs. K. Flower at Salisbury on 15th July, 1951, a daughter, Beverley Anne.

MARRIAGES

BROWNING—ELLIOTT.—2/Sergeant Browning to Miss Cicely Ann Elliott at the Avondale Parish Church, Salisbury, on 16th —, 1951.

BENNISON—RAY.—Detective D. Bennison to Miss Bernice Pearl Ray at the Baptist Church, Bulawayo, on 23rd June, 1951.

TOWNSEND—SHAW-BUTLER. — 2/Sergeant Townsend to Miss Patricia Shaw-Butler at the Methodist Church, Johannesburg, on 14th July, 1951.

MCDONALD—FOX.—Inspector Peter McDonald to Miss Marjorie Heath Fox at Salisbury on 21st July, 1951.

FAWCETT—WOOLLARD. — Constable R. J. Fawcett to Miss Eileen Mary Woollard at Wynberg, Cape Province, on 31st July, 1951.

ENGAGEMENT

ROBINSON—PHILLIPS.—Detective C. Robinson to Miss Lilian Muriel Phillips, of Bulawayo.

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Across: 1. Lives; 6. Deter; 10. Lobe; 11. Niece; 12. Ural; 14. Avenge; 15. Active; 16. Vera; 17. Esher; 20. Ones; 21. Edile; 23. Grins; 24. Larmier; 25. Singe; 28. Abele; 31. Evaporate; 32. Enema; 34. Ended; 37. Trainer; 38. Amuse; 41. Safer; 44. Sala; 45. Souze; 48. Live; 50. Apples; 51. Dote; 52. Under; 53. Hens; 54. Resin; 55. Nears.

Down: 1. Loved; 2. Iberian; 3. Venal; 4. Snee; 5. Mesh; 6. Dear; 7. Tutor; 8. Erinite; 9. Raven; 10. Lavers; 13. Lessee; 18. Strappado; 19. Emigrants; 22. Elevate; 23. Graters; 26. Inn; 27. Gem; 29. Ben; 30. Lie; 32. Erased; 35. Emulate; 35. Deiler; 36. Duress; 39. Mayor; 40. Sales; 42. Alpha; 43. Evens; 45. Stun; 46. Undo; 47. Earn.



RUGBY

Police v. Alexandra at Police Ground
(14th July, 1951)

The Police team regained their spirit of attack in this game and showed some of their old form.

The score was opened by a penalty kick taken by Reynolds and converted. The play swung from end to end, and Alex received their chance of equalising from a penalty, which was missed. The homeside then increased their lead by a very good drop goal by Smithyman just before half time. The score was 6-0 at the change over.

During the second half there were some very good movements in which the ball was passed right down the line and cross-kicked to the wing. As a result of one of these movements a further try was scored by the new winger, Hallward. This was converted by Reynolds. After this Alex pressed hard and scored their only points in the game by a break through within the Police twenty-five. This was not converted and the game ended with a win to the Police, the score being 11-3.

Team: Reynolds, Hallward, Lovegrove, Leppan, Savage, Smithyman, Dixon, Buitendag, Humphreys, Moon, Geraghty, Coetzer, Egleton, Hulley, Naested.



SALISBURY RUGBY XV

Standing: Humphries, Swan, Duncan, Egleton, Naested, Moon, Armstrong, Holmes.
Kneeling: Leppan, Riddle, Lovegrove, O'Shaughnessy, Bulman, Hammann, Reynolds.

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Police v. Mount Hampden at Forces Ground

(25th July, 1951)

This was a Friendly match and, in spite of the injuries suffered by some of the players, a very good game. During the first half Mount Hampden were on top and scored their only try just before half time. During the second half the Police showed how to score by doing so rapidly, the scoring being done by Hallward, Smithyman and Reynolds. The final score was 16-5.

Police v. Lomagundi A at Salisbury Ground

(28th July, 1951)

This game showed some good movements by the Police although they did not have the complete run of the play. They opened the score in the first half with a try in the corner by Savage, after having passed the whole length of the line. This was unconverted. Lomagundi failed three times to convert after being awarded penalties during this half.

After the change over the Police did not have the run of the game and for the first fifteen minutes were on the defensive, which they played very well, and one time stopped a try by a matter of inches by tackling on the corner flag. Unfortunately the Lomagundi player was injured and left the field. After this Police scored again after a very good movement. Lovegrove touched down after chasing a drop kick, but it was unconverted. The final score for the Police was by Smithyman, who sold a dummy pass, and whilst his opponents stood watching, he ran through them and scored. This was converted by Reynolds. The final score was 11-0 and it was a good game to watch. The tackling by the Police threes was good and they managed to thwart the dangerous overlap which was quite often encountered.

Team: Reynolds, Savage, Lovegrove, Jacques, O'Shaughnessy, Smithyman, Leppan, Buitendag, Humphreys, Moon, Brookes, Coetzer, Eggleton, Hulley, Naested.

Congratulations to the following members of the Police Rugby team who were selected to play for the Combined Town Second League against the Country on Saturday, the 4th August, at Banket, and which they won 11-3: Reynolds, O'Shaughnessy, Hallward, Smithyman, Dixon, Naested.

Police v. Forces at Alexandra Ground

(5th August, 1951)

This match was the last league match of the season and was not by any means the best performance by the Police side. The forwards had

most of the game and the threes did not seem able to take advantage of the opportunities given. During the first half the play was almost entirely in the Forces end of the pitch. The first score came from a very good penalty kick by Jack Naested from the edge of the field against the prevailing wind.

During the second half the Forces team several times very nearly scored. The next score came after the ball had been passed down the line and out to O'Shaughnessy, who jumped high in the air to cross the line. This conversion was narrowly missed by Jack Naested. Forces were awarded two penalty kicks, but did not score from them. The final score came from a try from Jack Naested. Although this try was almost straight in front of the posts, Jack missed the kick. The final score of this rather scrappy game was 9-0 to Police.

Team: Reynolds, O'Shaughnessy, Lovegrove, Dixon, Hallward, Smithyman, Leppan, Buitendag, Humphreys, Moon, Brookes, Coetzer, Eggleton, Hulley, Naested.

The log for the Police League games is as follows:—

P	W	D	L	Pts.		League
				For	Against	
14	11	2	1	139	50	24

SOCCER

Although the Police first team have not been defeated this month the standard of play has not been very high and opportunities which could have easily decided the last two games were missed. The second team, however, appear to have reached their peak form having played eleven games with only one defeat, whilst on five occasions did not concede a goal.

Police v. Municipals

(July 15th)

Played at Depot Police had a comfortable win although the standard of play was not high. The outstanding incident of the match was a brilliant pile-driver by Buchanan from 30 yards which gave the goalkeeper not chance at all. Other goals scored were Wright, 1; Gillson, 1.

Team: Rawson, Taylor, Marnoch, Magave, Reid, Coop, McCrory, Wright, Gillson, Buchanan, Jannaway.

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Police v. Forces
(July 22nd)

In this match the forward line lacked punch. Coop opened the scoring with a penalty and Jannaway scored from close in. In the second half Rawson was injured and changed position with Hider on the left wing. In this position he scored the remaining two goals. Their opponents' only goal scored was by a penalty. Result: 4-1.

Team: Rawson, Taylor, Marnoch, Magave, Reid, Coop, Jannaway, Hider, Gillson, Wright, Bester.

Police v. Municipals
(July 28th)

The play in this game was of a very poor standard. Apart from the good effort by Shaughnessy, neither side looked like scoring. Result: 0-0.

Team: Hider, Taylor, Marnoch, Magave, Reid, Gillson, Jannaway, Clapham, Wright, Buchanan, Shaughnessy.

Police v. Raylton at Raylton
(Austen Cup Local Finals, August 4th)

In one of the finest football games seen in Salisbury this season Police and Raylton battled for the honour of going to Bulawayo for the final of the Austen Cup. Both teams played some really grand football, but the honours must go to Police for the way in which they put the pressure on the Raylton goal during play in the extra time. Despite an extra half-hour's play the result was a goalless draw. Hider was at the top of his goalkeeping form and played a brilliant game whilst in the field Sammy Reid played brilliantly.

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

SECOND LEAGUE.

- 15.7.51—Police 8, Forces 0.
22.7.51—Police 5, Raylton 0.
25.7.51—Police 4, Terriers 3.
4.8.51—Police 0, Municipals 1.

TENNIS

Officers' Mess v. Sergeants' Mess

A most enjoyable match between the Officers' Mess and the Sergeants' Mess was staged at the B.S.A. Police Depot, Salisbury, on Sunday, 1st July, 1951.

The Officers entertained eight Sergeants for the morning and undoubtedly performed the proper functions of hosts with the one exception that they did not permit their guests to depart as victors; or it may be, of course, that the guests out-did their hosts in politeness.

Be that as it may, all concerned were pleased with the morning's work and play, which was so organised that the four couples on each side managed to play thirteen games with each of the four opposing couples.

It is sincerely hoped that we shall have more encounters of this nature now that interest in these fixtures has been revived.

The scores are published for those who have a mind for such things, and not as proof of battle done. They merely tend to emphasise the evenly contested nature of the match.

Officers' Mess

	Games
Walker and Redfern	26
Flower and Southgate	24
Stoker and Thompson	29
Collins and Funnell	32
Total	111

Sergeants' Mess

	Games
Grieg and Robertson	47
Woodgate and Brownbridge	19
Mitchell and Hoyle	17
Ludlow and O'Donnell	14
Total	97

Culled from Corps Orders

MEDALS

His Excellency the Governor has been pleased to approve of the award of the Colonial Police and Fire Brigades Long Service Medal to the undermentioned members of the British South Africa Police:—

- No. 3323, Staff Inspector Bennett.
„ 3332, Inspector Brereton.
„ 3335, Inspector Nimmo.
„ 3337, Inspector Stuteley.
„ 3356, Sub-Inspector Constable.

His Excellency the Governor has been pleased to approve of a Second Bar to the Medal to No. 2377, Chief Inspector Genet, Umtali District.

PROMOTIONS

- No. 3434, Sub-Inspector Woolcock to Inspector, 1.4.51.
No. 3832, Staff 1/Sergeant Plastow to Staff Sub-Inspector, 6.6.51.
No. 3876, Staff 1/Sergeant Kent to Staff Sub-Inspector, 6.6.51.

No. 4055, Staff 2/Sergeant Morgan to Staff 1/Sergeant, 1.4.51.

No. 4048, Staff 2/Sergeant Hustler to Staff 1/Sergeant, 1.4.51.

No. 3889, Staff Lance 1/Sergeant Lane to Staff 1/Sergeant, 6.6.51.

No. 4010, Staff 2/Sergeant Harcourt to Staff 1/Sergeant, 6.6.51.

No. 4064, Staff Lance 1/Sergeant Stephens to Staff 1/Sergeant, 6.6.51.

No. 4259, Constable Browning to Staff 2/Sergeant, 16.6.51.

No. 4264, Constable Hustler to Staff 2/Sergeant, 16.6.51.

No. 3271, 2/Sergeant Lloyd to Staff 1/Sergeant, 6.7.51.

No. 4348, Constable Geraghty to Staff 2/Sergeant, 6.7.51.

No. 4369, Trooper Gray to Staff 2/Sergeant, 6.7.51.

No. 4374, Trooper Turner to Staff 2/Sergeant, 6.7.51.

No. 3939, Detective 2/Sergeant Allum to Detective 1/Sergeant, 23.5.51.

No. 4003, Detective 2/Sergeant Dunbar to Detective 1/Sergeant, 23.5.51.

No. 4057, Detective 2/Sergeant Ogle to Detective 1/Sergeant, 23.5.51.

To Detective 2/Sergeant, 20.6.51.

No. 4114, Detective Sandall.

No. 3937, Detective Van Eede.

No. 4008, Detective Gregory.

No. 4009, Detective Grossmith.

No. 4221, Detective Eames.

No. 4150, Detective Reid.

No. 4261, Detective Denley.

No. 4234, Detective Hobley.

No. 4243, Detective Brett.

No. 4258, Detective Bennison.

S.R.W.P.S.

No. W.P.6, W/Constable Thorp to W/1/Sergeant, 2.7.51.

ATTESTATIONS

16th July, 1951.

No. 4760, Const. Dermot Beresford Gloster.

" 4761, " Bernard Anthony Halls.

" 4762, " James McEvoy.

" 4763, " Anthony James Usher Marx.

" 4764, " Jeremy Stephen Rees.

" 4765, " Brian Gordon Sanrey.

" 4766, " Terence George Charles Shaw.

" 4767, " Graeme Stuart Stevens.

DISCHARGES

No. 3245, Staff Sub-Inspector Sturrock, "Retirement on Pension," 10.7.51.

No. 3371, Staff 1/Sergeant Moncrieff, 31.7.51.

No. 4309, Trooper Newberry, "Time Expired," 5.7.51.

No. 4011, Constable Harris, Salisbury Urban, "At Own Request," 9.8.51.

NOTICE

Assistance to Bechuanaland

The following message, transmitted by Sir Evelyn Baring, K.C.M.G., High Commissioner for the Bechuanaland Protectorate, to Mr. I. M. R. MacLennan, C.M.G., High Commissioner for Great Britain in Southern Rhodesia, and by him passed to the Rt. Hon. Sir Godfrey Huggins, C.H., K.C.M.G., M.P., Prime Minister, is published for the information of all ranks:—

"We are most grateful for the very prompt and quite invaluable assistance given us. Throughout a very difficult period, the conduct of the B.S.A.P. was beyond praise and has fully confirmed the very high opinion I formed of them several years ago."

POLICE RESERVE

RETIREMENT

His Excellency the Governor has been pleased to approve of the retirement of Assistant Commissioner Norman Frederick Shillingford, O.B.E., British South Africa Police Reserve, with effect from 30th June, 1951.

HONOUR

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

Most Excellent Order of the British Empire
(Civil Division)

To be a Member of the Order (M.B.E.):
Chief Inspector Keith McRae Smith, British South Africa Police Reserve, for public services.

APPOINTMENTS

His Excellency the Governor-in-Council has been pleased to approve of the following appointments, w.e.f. 1st July, 1951:—

Chief Superintendent Malcolm Granger Fleming, Bulawayo, to the rank of Assistant Commissioner, as Officer Commanding, B.S.A.P. Reserve.

Superintendent Robert Clifford Barclay-Hoole, Bulawayo, to the rank of Chief Superintendent.

Chief Inspector Keith McRae Smith, M.B.E., Bulawayo, to the rank of Superintendent.