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THE OUTPOST

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In this Issue—

COVER PHOTO

Police Dog "Nyasa," stationed at Bulawayo.
[*Photo:* Det. Sgt. R. Langford.

Editor's Notes

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.
—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

IF it be true, as we are often told, that it takes all sorts to make a world, it must surely require almost as many sorts to make a Police Force.

Although there are many qualities which no policeman can do without, there is no virtue which can be singled out as likely to spell success for the young policemen.

Members of other professions are in better case. The accountant, for instance, will profit by being good at accountancy, and the engine driver is likely to go farther if he is well versed in the art of driving engines.

Granted that without integrity, good humour, patience, energy and a modicum of intelligence, no man will become a successful policeman (Brighton's new Chief Constable would also demand good looks), what is it beyond that that leads a man to climb the ladder of success within the profession?

Here it must be admitted that the word "success" has been used in two entirely different senses. In one sense the man who climbs to Commissioner or Deputy Commissioner has certainly been successful: while in another sense, having reached those dizzy heights, his success is with him and must bear comparison with the achievements of other Commissioners and Deputy Commissioners. By these standards his success may not measure up to the success achieved by the man who sets out to be a good Constable and is successful at this (he believes) more real and less administrative level.

The difference, we are certain, is not wholly one of personal ambition. No one gets to the top without both ambition and ability, but that is not to say that there are no others with equal ambition and no less ability. It may be that their ambition is other than to sit behind the lonely desk.

In a Police Force we need not only those whose energies are directed towards progressing through the ranks until they are near the top, but also those who have never dreamt of themselves as administrators, but are willing and able to become first class policemen.

Some such thought must have been with the writer of the letter to the *Police Review* ("Promotion—Is it worth it?" page 10), which we have taken the liberty of reprinting in this issue.

(*Continued on next page*)

One cannot help feeling that he must be a very young man, and probably an unmarried one. Promotion *is* a "rat race," but only the impractical or the loftily idealistic can scorn it on those grounds. For the moment, the writer is probably willing to enjoy doing a job which he realises is thoroughly worth while and to forgo the slightly higher living standards which promotion might bring him. But as the years pass he will find that his domestic responsibilities increase: when he marries, his penny bun will cost him twopence; with three children it will cost him fivepence—and the salary which could support a single man in modest comfort will dandle the family man perilously near the bread-line.

Not to improve, but merely to maintain, his social standing he *must* join in the rat race—success in which may result in his becoming yet another square peg in a round hole. Surely Police Forces (and not only this one) should take into account that the most dedicated among their recruits are often those who wish to remain active policemen until their retirement. Surely there should be some provision for such men (who feel that their talents are best used in daily contacts with the public rather than in directing underlings) to remain as Constables, on a realistic salary scale which takes into account their increasing responsibilities and does not expose them to humiliation as they grow older. There is a very real need in any Police Force for such men, and no young Sergeant or bright young Sub-Inspector whose feet are firmly on the ladder of promotion is going to feel slighted because a Constable, ten or fifteen years his senior, takes home a larger pay packet.

Ambition may be a fine thing; there would be no progress but for those who look critically at their seniors and determine to attain similar rank in order to improve upon the methods now employed there—to the benefit of all. But where there are leaders there must be led—rank is not all: more important is ability and a sense of worthwhileness at the job one is doing.

Charles Kingsley's well-known words which head these notes were addressed to a little girl; to a young policeman, who is aware of his value as the arm of the law in most frequent contact with the people, they make equally sound advice. . . .

Provided always that the people undertake to provide for the young man to maintain his position in the community, instead of slipping down the social scale as his needs increase.

Charles Kingsley also wrote:

Life is too short for mean anxieties.

Five young ex-policemen have set out to circumnavigate the world in a boat which, in honour of the City of Bulawayo, they have re-named—

SI YE PAMBILI

("Let us go forward")

SHE was called the *Goya*. Built at Blairmore in 1924 by Monro & Sons as Scottish fishing smack, she was gaff ketch rigged and 16 tons, Thames measurement; 36.8 feet overall; 32 feet on the waterline; 10.7 feet in beam; 6.25 feet draught, and fitted with a 30 h.p. Kelvin-Ricardo marine petrol/paraffin engine.

Thirty-five years old she was to the undiscerning eye, considerably less a thing of beauty than her namesake's painting of the Duchess of Alva—and no less unadorned. But to Roger Gowen and to his friend Mick Maude, who found her lying at Ramsgate, Kent, she was the answer to their dreams—she was what they had travelled 8,000 miles to find. "For Sale," said a board tacked to her, and they hunted down the owner to begin negotiations. A survey revealed that she was sound and the two young Rhodesians bought her for £1,500. The adventure had begun.

* * *

Perhaps it would be more true to say that the adventure began in Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia, as far back as 3rd January, 1958. If stories have beginnings, then this one certainly started that evening in a Bulawayo hotel when four young policemen of the British South Africa Police relaxed over their pints of beer for the first time after their hectic periods of police duty during Christmas and the New Year holiday. It was a warm evening and the young men felt unsettled.

It was a feeling that had been with them much of late. During 1957 they had fallen due for long leave together and the four of them—Mick Maude (25), Roger Gowen (22), Barrie Knowles (22) and Mike Brown (22)—had spent their leave in England. After their return to Rhodesia they found they were not quite the same men. Their affection for Rhodesia, and for the city of Bulawayo in particular, was unchanged, but they had realised that their life in this land-locked country was limited. Was not Rhodesia, too, just a little "provincial." far from the paths of the trade winds of the world?

"Dammit," said one of them between beers; "you know what I'd like to do? I'd like to buy a yacht and sail it round the world!" And they began to formulate their plans.

From that day forward they were dedicated men. Beer became a luxury hardly ever indulged in. Every penny that could be saved was neatly cached away. The object was not merely a spell of messing about in boats to work the salt water out of their blood, but a full-scale world cruise.

Every book they could lay hands on on ocean passages was purchased. Ann Davidson was read, digested, with only momentary pangs of doubt; the finest sailor—and these certainly were not that, only Maude from among them having any previous sailing experience whatever—could founder on finance. They early determined to be well-found —in finance, in their craft and in their skills.

Roger Gowen began a study of navigation; Barry Knowles polished up his techniques as radio officer; Mike Brown studied medicine. Unanimously elected skipper was Mick Maude, with his advantage in years and in previous experience. Their mentor in these early days was Peter Lavelle, of Glenville, Bulawayo, who had sailed from Dublin to Cape Town in the small yacht *Sairose* in 1924.

It was at this stage too that the editor of *The Yachting World* gave a word of advice to the young adventurers. "Don't," he wrote. They lacked the necessary experience and knowledge, he told them, and in any case nowhere in the world would they find a suitable craft for the £2,000 they had budgeted to spend.

There seemed some truth to his words. Certainly South African prices were much too high and the tedious job began of writing to English yachtbrokers for information, none of which when received was the slightest bit encouraging. The original plan was that all four crew members should take their discharge from the Force in December, 1958, and, England now being accepted as the obvious place to buy a craft, work their passages there as best they could. By the middle of 1958, however, it was becoming obvious that sufficient cash would not have been accumulated by then. A fifth policeman, Bill Baker, was then invited to join the crew and contribute his share towards the

First instalment of the story of the "Si Ye Pambili" written specially for "The Outpost" by our correspondent aboard the yacht.

THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY

(Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1889)

The British South Africa Company, which was founded by Cecil Rhodes, pioneered the civilisation of Central Africa, and was responsible for the administration and development of Rhodesia from 1890 to 1923. Since that date the Company, relieved of the burden of government, has taken its place as one of the great corporations of this country, and has continued to play a leading part in the growth and expansion of each of the Territories which now form the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland.

The Chartered Company owns the mineral rights in Northern Rhodesia and also in large areas of the Nyasaland and Bechuanaland Protectorates. It has been active in the intensive search for mineral wealth in these areas, and has provided large sums towards the establishment of companies formed to exploit copper and other minerals.

In Southern Rhodesia the Company owns agricultural and forestry estates totalling over 120,000 acres, including Mazoe Citrus Estate, where a modern plant for the extraction of concentrated juice and other Citrus derivatives is in operation. At the Imbeza and Charter Forest Estates in the Eastern Districts, a well equipped sawmill is producing commercial timber of all sizes, and large areas of virgin land are being afforested. In addition to other estates in Southern Rhodesia, where tobacco, maize and other crops are produced, the Company owns estates in Portuguese East Africa.

The Company has undertaken the provision of £4,000,000 towards the finance of the Kariba Hydro-Electric Scheme, and is also substantially interested in many industrial and commercial enterprises throughout the Federation, including the production of iron and steel, ferro-chrome, and cement; the flour-milling, forestry and timber industries; the hotel business; the development of urban property; and other large ranching companies besides the Company's own estates.

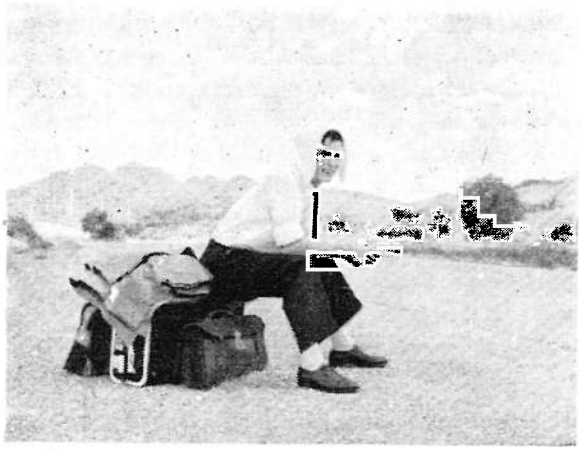
In these and many other ways, the Company, together with its subsidiaries and associates, is making a powerful contribution to the future of the Federation, thus carrying on a tradition of 70 years of service in the development of Africa.

expenses and work. It was also decided that Mick Maude and Roger Gowen should go ahead to Britain at the end of the year to scout for a suitable craft while the other three soldiered on for a month or two to augment the finances.

On 26th December crew members held a farewell party in Bulawayo and two days later Mick and Roger left Bulawayo on the first leg of their trip to Britain.

It was not a matter of jumping aboard an aircraft and getting there as quickly as possible—not even a matter of taking the train to Cape Town and booking a leisurely Union-Castle passage to Southampton. On the contrary, it was a matter of taking as long as might prove necessary in making the trip and getting there as little as possible out of pocket, even (if possible) showing a small profit on the voyage.

The two members of the advance guard of the world cruise therefore left Bulawayo as hitch-hikers at 7.30 o'clock on the morning of 28th December. By 11.30 a.m. they had got as far as Gwanda, and there they sat in the scorching sun all that day and until 7.30 that evening without getting a further lift. First day, 90 miles; to Cape



Roger Gowen spent all day in the sun at Gwanda, waiting for a lift.

Town, another 1,500 miles to go. Hitch-hiking as a pair was obviously fruitless, so they separated to make their own way each to the sea. The following evening, however, they met again in Johannesburg. Next morning they hired a taxi to drop them five miles out on the Cape Town road. They were soon successful in getting a lift from there—in the back of a cattle truck—and it was not until they had covered some fifty miles like this that they realised they were travelling due east and getting farther and farther from the Cape road. This meant returning to Johannesburg and starting all over again. More successful this time, they reached Bloemfontein that night.

The next day, New Year's Eve, Roger was offered a lift to Laingsburg. On the way the car was involved in a serious accident and the circumnavigators almost lost their navigator before they had started. However, he was fit to continue and reached Cape Town by 11 o'clock that night. He saw in the New Year over a glass of milk in a back street cafe—rather different from the manner in which he had seen in earlier New Years in Rhodesia.

Mick spent his New Year's Eve at Beaufort West. The following morning he was on the road again by 6 o'clock and waited there a full thirteen hours without a lift. Not particularly encouraging was an inscription he found pencilled on a signpost just outside the town—"I have been here three days—you'll be lucky to get out alive." Get out alive he did, just. and reached Cape Town two days behind Roger.

The next ten days were spent trudging the Cape Town dock area. Everywhere the answer was the same: "No work." On the tenth day a job came up as a pantryman on one of the Union-Castle liners. It went to Mick by the luck of the toss and Roger was able to bid him farewell as the liner sailed out, not towards England, but coastwise to Durban. Ten days longer Roger had to wait in Cape Town before securing an appointment as third assistant cook on another liner.

The duties of a third assistant cook turned out to be peeling potatoes continuously and without respite from 6 a.m. until 10 p.m. every day. His initiation into the ways of the sea, however, was shorter than Mick's, for both ships reached England on the same day. Each received £36 for their services, which covered their expenses from Bulawayo to England.

Barrie Knowles, leaving Bulawayo on 28th February, was lucky enough to be able to arrange a lift right through to Cape Town. There he spent ten days walking the dockside. Unable to obtain work, he decided to buy his passage.

On 17th March, Mike Brown and Bill Baker took their discharge from the B.S.A. Police. During May they reached England together, having found jobs on a passenger liner as assistant stewards. The hours, from 5.30 a.m. to 10.30 p.m. each day, made an excellent apprenticeship for what was to follow.

* * *

Mick and Roger had got to work as soon as they arrived, inserting advertisements in all the yachting magazines and even wangling a broadcast interview on the B.B.C. without making any progress whatever towards securing a suitable boat. They then set out to visit the yacht basins of England. After a month they had covered some 2,500 miles on foot and by hitch-hiked lifts and had visited more than 50 brokers without success. During this time they slept in the cheapest lodging houses they could find, and on occasions on straw in barns. Nevertheless some expenditure was inevitable and as time passed the situation began to deteriorate.

The "Goya," as she appeared at the time of purchase.

Numerous suitable boats were offered—most around the £4,000 mark and above. Agents and brokers laughed at the suggestion that they wanted to pay not more than £2,000—for a boat to sail the world in. At Hyebridge, in Essex, they found a 37-ton yawl which seemed ideal. Outwardly it was immaculate, but a survey showed the presence of dry rot. It would have cost them far more than they could afford to put her into commission.

After six weeks of searching they had returned to the south coast for the second time when they came to Ramsgate and there found the *Goya*.

Roger and Mick sailed her up to Maldon, in Essex, where they were met by Barrie, just arrived from South Africa, and moored her on the Blackwater. It was here, later, that Mike Brown and Bill Baker joined them, and the hard graft began.

(To be continued)

A LETTER FROM AN AFRICAN BUSINESS MAN

Dear Sir,

I kindly beg to apply for a place as a business man in your township.

I am having a Hot Dog Just Standing and it is in good condition fit for use.

Trusting to hear from you soon.

Yours faithfully,

A Gift to the Traveller
—from John and Leona

THE world is the oyster of John and Leona (Mr. and Mrs.) Marsh, formerly of Cape Town and now of Johannesburg. Since launching their annual guide—*The South African's Guide to Southern Africa and the World*—the Marshes have between them been round South Africa some 30 times, visited upwards of 70 countries and travelled the equivalent of more than ten times round the world. In the past year alone they have visited 30 countries (often taking their four children with them), and they are now off again on a 20-country journey in preparation for the first appearance in January of their new magazine, *Let's Go*.

The *Guide* for 1959-60, published at the beginning of September, achieves the impossible. Last year, after spending several evenings in a deep armchair with the 1958-59 *Guide*, enjoying a world tour worth seven to eight hundred pounds, I was seriously concerned for my friends (one cannot think of them otherwise once one has become a *Guide* addict) the Marshes. Surely, I thought, whatever they produce for next year cannot compare with this: the standard they have set themselves is so high that next year we shall all be shaking our heads sadly and saying, "A pity about the Marshes. . . ." Silly of me. was it not, for this year's *Guide* brilliantly disproves my pessimistic imaginings.

At 10s. 6d. from leading booksellers (or post free from Travel and Trade Promotion, P.O. Box 1940, Johannesburg), the *Guide* is a gift to every traveller by air, sea or armchair—a contemporary version of that most sought-after of all gifts since the days of the Arabian Nights, the Magic Carpet. It irresistibly presents Southern Africa (including the Federation) to the world, and the world to Southern Africa. Have yourself half a guinea's worth before available copies are all snapped up; it's the cheapest holiday you'll ever have.

If the new magazine *Let's Go* has the same touch, its fortunes are assured. To be published quarterly, at half a crown a copy, it makes its first appearance in January. For your half crown the Marshes promise a hundred pages on art paper with full colour illustrations, fully supported by leading writers, artists and photographers of the sub-continent, in a magazine that has been their brain-child for the past six years.

It sounds like a good half-dollar's worth of anyone's money.

Monthly Causerie

News and Views of Police Interest

By The Gleaner

To Be or Not to Be

"Yes — No — Yes — No — Yes — NO." These words appear at the head of three sheets of scrap paper found in a room at P.G.H.Q. in which five candidates for one Asst. Superintendent vacancy had spent the whole day waiting for their interviews. The sheets are covered with scribbled words and doodles ranging from fish to what appear to be half-full lager glasses. Most of the words are so bedecorated as to be illegible, but "Busy" and "Quite Busy" appear frequently. The words "Staff Officer" and "Duty Officer" are plainly visible, and in another corner we see "Rather—Rather—A/P Pensions," beneath which is written boldly, "Yeah."

The doodler's pre-occupation with finance is indicated by "12/6" which appears four times. Nearly as popular (three times) is "£16," while "£5," "£4," "60/-" and "40/-" each make a single appearance.

Most puzzling is the inscription, "Alph." We are acquainted with many Alfs, but the only Alph we know is that sacred river of Browning's, which ran, through caverns measureless to man, down to a *something* sea.

To amateur psychiatrists among our readers we would commend this as an exercise in the unravelling of the mental state of a man awaiting interview by the Promotions Advisory Board.

Radio Truncheons

Radio truncheons, it is reported in *The Star*, are now being used in London by night security patrols.

Slightly larger than the normal truncheon, the ingenious new truncheon is equipped with an internal miniature transmitter. When raised, it emits a "pulse," which is picked up and relayed to a 999 automatic gramophone.

It is claimed that the transmitter will work anywhere within a designed area, unaffected by walls or machinery, and it is expected that the next step will be to adapt the truncheon to summon the police and fire brigade.

Tender-hearted Bandits

One night in April this year two Canadian youths, aged 18 and 19, stole a 1959 Ford in Maidstone, Saskatchewan, hoping to be able to abandon the car in their own home town before the loss was reported. However, quick work on the part of a young R.C.M.P. Constable put a patrol car on their tail only 25 miles out of town.

The high-speed chase ended when the stolen car failed to negotiate an unmarked bend, jumped a four-foot ditch and ploughed through trees for a further 160 feet. Both youths were slightly injured and were about to escape on foot when a sickening crash proclaimed that the police car had also missed the turning. This appeared to have struck a large boulder by the roadside and somersaulted; the constable-driver was unconscious and apparently injured.

The two car thieves tried to summon help on the police radio, but, being unsuccessful, then ran to a nearby farm and telephoned the local R.C.M.P. detachment. Having done this, they returned to the scene and rendered first aid to the constable until the arrival of police and ambulance.

Evidence of their assistance was given at the trial of the two youths and the sentences imposed were considerably lighter than they would otherwise have been.

(*Case reported in the "R.C.M.P. Quarterly."*)

Criminal Inflation

It is not the fault of the service that too few policemen are chasing too many criminals.

—*Police Review*, London.

Securitymanship

Sergeant Gert Potgieter, of the South African Police, took leave recently to go on an athletics tour of Finland. At Helsinki, after the first meeting in which he took part, the South African policeman so delighted the athletically-educated crowd that he was voted the most outstanding athlete at the games and awarded a floating trophy (with replica) valued at £3,000. Finnish policemen were quick to recognise and appreciate a colleague, even from so far distant a land, and subscribed to a memento for him to take back to his homeland.

Back in South Africa, Sergeant Potgieter—a policeman again, and quartered in a single man's room—soon became security-conscious regarding the valuable trophy which it was his obligation to return to the Finnish athletics authorities in two years' time. Remembering that his manager had said publicly that Potgieter's performances in Fin-

land had enhanced the prestige not only of South Africa, but also of the South African Police, Potgieter offered the trophy to his Commissioner, Brigadier J. Rademeyer, for display in his office.

It turned out, however, that the Commissioner was also security-minded. He declined the honour.

Nongqai, magazine of the South African Police, looks forward to Potgieter's next European visit, to the Olympic Games next year, as likely to result in a Gold Medal.

Another vexatious security problem. . . .

Quaint!

The following paragraph appeared in the *Washington Post*. We do not propose to offer any comment:

> *Several thousand traffic tickets were "fixed" here last year on the basis of diplomatic immunity. But not a single one was for anybody connected with the Canadian Embassy. Our Canadian friends choose to obey our laws and to pay for their tickets on the rare occasions when they get any. They're so old-fashioned they think a visitor ought to abide by the laws of the country in which he finds himself. How quaint! But it does help to explain why we're so fond of our good neighbors to the north and find it so easy to live in peace and friendship with them.*

Effect of TV Crime Films on Children

It is reported from Melbourne that experts in child psychology are studying the effect of TV crime films on children.

The Visual Aid Department of Melbourne University is using a camera for the purpose, fitted with special infra-red film which records the children's reactions. The report issued by the Department last year, summing up the experts' findings, aroused wide interest in Australia.

Conclusions drawn were that the "Western," far from being harmful to children, helped to make them more self-reliant and showed them how to counteract evil influences.

Two More Police Stamps

Further to the article "Police and Postage Stamps" published in the June number of *The Outpost*, the author, Mr. Wilkin, of Nairobi, has now come across two further specimens, being numbers 38 and 39 in his catalogue of police stamps. They are—No. 38: *Italian Colonies: Aegean Islands*. The set of stamps issued by Italy in 1934 to mark the centenary of the Military Medal was re-issued with new colours in 1935 and overprinted "ISOLE ITALIANE DELL' EGEO." The colour of the ten centesimi stamp was changed from brown to red, but the main scene, of a military symbol and an Italian policeman, was unchanged. No. 39: *Fiji*. One of the two "Health" stamps issued in 1951 was a green "2d. Postage and 1d. Health" stamp which depicted a rugby footballer. He was Corporal Malakai Labaibure, who served with the Fiji Police from June, 1942, until April, 1951.

Incidentally, the man on the Fiji £1 stamps was Constable (now Corporal) Kavaia Nakauciri, of the regular Fiji Police.

Outback Police Stations on the Air

Police stations in the outback have often been isolated for months during the wet season. Now it is reported that all police stations in Australia's sparsely populated Northern Territory are to be linked by radio.

High-frequency stations are to be established at Darwin in the north and at Alice Springs in the centre of the continent, and most police vehicles are to be equipped with a two-way radio.

Hotted-up for the Jaded Palate?

A recent edition of a well-known American periodical carries a story about cannibalism at Lugazi, Uganda. The tale says that a husband returned home to find his wife entertaining two men friends. A quarrel arose, to be followed by a fight in which the husband was killed. The widow then cooked him and served him to her guests for dinner.

The Uganda Police, however, have a different version of the affair. They say that the body of an African was placed on the railway line not far from Lugazi and was cut in two by a passing train. The incident was reported to the Police, who went to the spot and loaded up the mutilated body for transport to a mortuary in their truck.

It was while they were doing this that a chief from a nearby area arrived on the scene. He was carrying certain exhibits required by the Police in connection with a completely different case. The exhibits—cooking pots, as it happened—were also loaded aboard the Police truck.

Gossip and journalistic imagination did the rest.

First Principle

Every year sees more cars on the road and more people learning to drive. Janet Tessier du Cros, who frequently contributes a "Letter from Paris" to the B.B.C. "Woman's Hour" programme, reported in a recent broadcast on her progress in learning to drive in the French capital, where she has been taking regular driving lessons on a paying basis and also attending free classes where mechanics and traffic regulations are taught. It was an exciting experience, she said, and she had been particularly struck by the opening of the booklet about traffic regulations given out at the free classes. "It is an example of the French genius for going back to first principles. It is this: 'Every vehicle, whether circulating alone or drawing a tender, must have a driver.'"

A Policeman Visits Our Class

ON Thursday a policeman came to our class. He told us the history of the B.S.A. Police Force. He showed us a BEE car. It had a siren and a wireless. In the boot there was a battery. After that we came back to the class. Then Constable McCartney told us about things that policemen do and showed us some things he had. A truncheon, a finger-print set and handcuffs. He told us what he did in one day. He said there were different departments, such as "Traffic Section," "C.I.D." and "Lost and Found." C.I.D. do not wear a uniform, so they look public and do secret work. He took our finger-prints. Then he showed us some pictures, then told us some things, then he went to the next classroom.

So wrote little Susan Ewens, of Standard IIIa. Alfred Beit School, Mabelreign, Salisbury, after a Constable from Mabelreign Police Station had addressed her class.

There is no moral to this article except that, as policemen, we should be able to see ourselves as others see us—and particularly as children see us, for it is on our relationship with children that our future as a police force rests. What a perfect little vignette is that written by Susan Ewens; it is almost as if with a flick of her fingers she has summed us up in a paragraph.

But not all see us alike, not even all children who have listened to a policeman talking to the same class. Susan Crook has a rather different picture of a policeman's life:

On Thursday, she writes, *a policeman visited our class. His name was Constable McCartney. First he told us the history of the Police Force. Then he took us to see his police car. It had a searchlight which could see for 15 miles. The siren makes a smooth humming if you keep your finger on it, but if you don't it makes a jerking noise. A police car is always black. There is also a radio in the car. In the boot are two big batteries, so if one is finished the car doesn't have to go to the garage.*

Then he told us what he does in the day. First he said he goes to work at 8 o'clock. He looks on his desk to see if any notes have come in, then he goes to Court to give evidence. When he comes back it is about 10 a.m., so he has tea. He works to 1 o'clock, then he has lunch. He comes back at 2 o'clock. He works until four and goes home. He does eight hours. He has one day in the week when he goes shopping.

He also took our fingerprints. We tried on the handcuffs. They are made out of steel and are very strong. He showed us some pictures of police on parade and police on patrol.

It was a very nice lecture and I enjoyed it and was sad to see him go.

We have a dark suspicion that Susan Crook is herself a policeman's daughter. Nevertheless, as all married policemen know, the picture a child conjures up of the police never includes father—he is something quite special and apart.

A more masculine appreciation of the policeman's job was shown by Stuart Barnes:

On Thursday, 30th July, a policeman came to our class. He told us about the history of our Police. At the time of the Pioneer Column the Police were called the British South Africa Company Police. Nowadays the British South Africa Police or B.S.A.P.

The man who came was Constable McCartney. Next he showed us a Bee Car (Note: Bee not B). There was a radio and a telephone. It also has two sirens which are used for when the Bee Car is chasing a car. The radio is a receiver and a transmitter. There is also a loud hailer used for warning people. Then, of course, the most important thing—a searchlight. If a person said he had been robbed and the person had run into the bush on the left in Quendon Road, the car would come along into this road. It would turn the searchlight to the left and hope to see a man in the bush.

When we got back to the class he told us about his day. He comes to work and goes to his desk to see what work he has to do. Then he has to go to court. After he has gone to court he has a cup of tea. After that people come in with complaints. Then he has his lunch. At 2 o'clock he will go and see the people who are going to court next day or any time. When he comes back he has a cup of tea. It is now about 4 o'clock. At about 5 o'clock he goes home. So now you know what the Police Force do.

This little essay of Stuart's is itself almost a model policeman's statement—alternatively, one could imagine the young man a magistrate, recording the evidence meticulously and with explanatory notes where necessary.

Barbara Lee was less technical in her account, but very human:

On Thursday, 30th July, Constable McCartney came to tell us about policemen. First he told us about the history and then we went to see the Bee Car. It was black outside and red inside (what a very feminine description of a police car!). *It had a searchlight on top and two sirens; one had*

a same tone and the other went up and down. The police cars go for 24 hours and this time is divided up into three parts, and each man does eight hours a day. Constable McCartney put us into handcuffs and took our fingerprints. Then he told us about policemen of to-day. He said that he never hits people on the head with his truncheon. He only hits on the shoulder or arm. Children can get out of handcuffs, but adults cannot. The handcuffs can change sizes and go smaller or bigger to fit the person's wrist. It was very interesting when he told us about the Police of to-day. Constable McCartney let us have three books to look at and James Gray had to take them back at quarter to one.

Miss Lee is obviously more interested in persons than in things. My guess is that her hobby if not her occupation as an adult will be the study of social conditions.

June Turner will round off this little selection of school children's essays:

On Thursday morning after break a policeman came to our class to give a talk on how the Southern Rhodesia Police Force was formed. His name was Constable McCartney. After he had told us a little about it, another policeman came in and we went to see a Bee Car. First of all he switched on the wireless and he said, "I am at Alfred Beit School; will you please give the children a little talk." So the other man talked to us. After that the policeman showed us the searchlight, which is much more powerful than the headlights. It can be moved from the inside. After that he showed us the siren and he pressed it softly. There were two sirens, one that went up and down and one that stayed at the same tone all the time. He then went to the back and opened the boot. Inside it were two huge batteries which were used for working the wireless and the siren. We then came back to the classroom. Constable McCartney told us some more history. He then took our fingerprints and he showed us a truncheon and he tried the handcuffs on some people. He told us what he did in the morning when he goes into the office. First he sits down and looks at the letters on his desk. Then he goes to court to be a witness. Then he comes back to the office and has tea.

And that final note of June's is one that is as good as any on which to end—for policemen are celebrated tea-drinkers. These essays, which are reproduced here by kind permission of the Headmaster of Alfred Beit School at Mabelreign, were earlier perused by a Superintendent of the Salisbury Urban Command. Remarked the Superintendent tersely, "Constable McCartney must have tea coming out of his ears by now!"

P.S.—To each child his own particular aptitude! We were very struck by a couple of paragraphs from the other essays. One ten-year-old historian wrote, "He was telling us about the Matibellies going to war with the policemen. . . . After a while they drove the Matibellies back to Bulawayo." And how is this for a descriptive passage by a budding crime writer? Describing the Bee Car's siren: "It lets out a loud scream just like a toy motor car."

AWOL.

PROMOTION—IS IT WORTH IT?

Sir,

The November promotion examinations are drawing nearer and I shall be one of the many who will sit for them. This in itself is rather peculiar, as I have not the least bit of interest in promotion . . . the reason I am sitting for them is that it is expected that I should. I would like to ask other readers of the *Police Review* about their ideas concerning promotion. My own opinion is this: the higher up the promotion scale, the longer one spends at a desk. I joined the Police to be a policeman, not a clerk. Further, rightly or wrongly, I fail to see why promotion should depend on my ability to solve mathematical problems and my knowledge of railway communications in North America. All this may seem like sour grapes because of my inability to solve problems in mathematics and my lack of interest in North America. But it reaches farther than that. It is a question of being quite content to remain a Constable and stay on the streets, where the work is found and life is interesting. Am I being selfish in not wanting promotion or am I being big-headed in considering it more of a nuisance than it is worth? Even more to the point, am I a bad policeman for having no ambition other than to do my job as a Constable to the best of my ability? My reason for asking all this is because it seems to me that the happiest and most contented men in the Force to-day are the ones who have remained Constables and Sergeants. The Inspectors and above seem too pre-occupied to enjoy life. It also seems that unless one attains rank it denotes "failure." I may still be green and dim, but I should like someone with a little more experience in the world than myself to explain why this eternal struggle for promotion continues. From what I see, the humble Constables in the service are the ones who see life and enjoy life, so will someone please put pen to paper and explain the position to me?—CONTENTED CONSTABLE.

* * *

The above letter was addressed not to the editor of this magazine, but to the editor of the *Police Review*, London. However, it might as easily have been addressed to the Editor, *The Outpost*. If any young Rhodesian policeman feels he would like to pen an answer to "Contented Constable," we would be very glad to see it and, possibly, to print it—for if one thing is certain, it is that members of the British South Africa Police are very firmly in the grip of what several British Chief Constables have described as "the disease known as Promotionitis."

Letter from Britain

Holiday Crassness

By R. E. Corder

THESE are, of course, with us, the fag-end of the summer holiday times—and, extraordinarily, times when one wonders why people on holiday—the peak period of living itself, so to speak—should almost deliberately appear to court death.

The proof of this is found with monotonous regularity every year—and this year more than ever—and all over the country. Examples at random coming over the Fleet Street wires almost every day.

A young man arrived with two children, on holiday from the north, deliberately climbed down one of the most dangerous cliffs on the south coast, slipped when two-thirds of the way down, and was finally picked up insensible by a rescue squad.

A young woman and man companion from the Midlands, despite repeated warnings from local experts, insisted on going out of their depth on a west country beach, notorious for its backwash—and had to be rescued.

Precisely the same thing happened to a husband and wife (with family of four) on the most dangerous bathing spot on the north Cornish coast. They were cut off by the tide (against which predicament they were repeatedly warned in advance), managed to get to a rock and were rescued from it in the nick of time before the tide, with an Atlantic west wind now developing, overwhelmed them.

The crassness of this kind of thing beats one.

Our marvel summer is bringing its troubles, one of which—drought—you will have some sympathy with. In one north country town they were down to 20 days' supply of water at the time of despatching this and supply restricted from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., when it is cut off for the night. The same is applying to at least three west country places where normally the difficulty has been in controlling brimming reservoirs.

And drought in an eastern village is such that the water supply is mixed with mud at source and has to be both boiled and filtered before use. All this in a land where climatic moderation is claimed to be a chief charm.

They are apt to talk these days about a slackening of outlook in morals and conscience and all that. But a south country woman got a shock in this line the other day.

The Police came to see her. They said they had received a wristwatch with the request that they trace its owner if possible. The watch had vanished 20 years before—from its owner as she sat with other people on an outdoor chair on holiday. In perfect condition, it had been sent from South Australia anonymously, with an urgent request about finding its owner and return to her.

Does the tone of this letter give you any notion at any time that its writer is a prude or an otherwise censorious bloke? I hope not.

Having said which, I will take the liberty of stating that I am not alone by a long chalk in considering that the dress fashions becoming ever more marked over here by girls and mature women on holiday are about reaching the limit. I do not think women your way would indulge in it.

The latest development comes from an east coast resort, where a party of young men with nothing on at all were rightly run in by the police. The tendency is neither beautiful nor sensible, and I am told authority is beginning to take further firm steps about it.

The escape of the month (the one during which our road casualties mount to war-time-like total) was experienced by a Midlands motorist. He crashed into a road sign, then into a gate, turned turtle in the field to which it led, coming to rest in a dyke at one side of it—and escaped with his bottom false teeth fractured.

The wit award for the month goes to the north country witness (aged eight) when asked if he knew what it meant to swear on oath on the Bible to tell the truth.

He said yes, he did, and that it meant that when you took such an oath and did not tell the truth—everyone would believe you. He proceeded to take the oath.

Popularity is not always where you think it is—with, for instance, the common phrase, "So-and-so, the popular this or that," as an example. A clown, well known enough, but not, one would think, so well known as all that—especially in the off season for clowns at this end—was hurt (not too badly) in a recent car accident in the northern half of this United Kingdom.

He got 106 letters from folk of all ages, and full of concern and best wishes. How many would our politicians get in such circumstances? One wonders.

Ghoulishness is a riddle to most of us, its limit being reached three days ago here. A dozen skeletons were unearthed during excavations at a south country thirteenth century historic ruin.

Within 24 hours the local council had to put up "Out of Bounds" notices; holiday-makers were helping themselves to the bones. . . .

The most sensible holiday task not only of the month, but, I should say, of all time, was given by a Midlands headmaster. The school children were asked to think of the best name for their new school nearing completion and to which they would in due course return.

Rhodesian Pioneer from Zululand (2)

I HAVE been to see Mbayiwa again. My first visit was on the 29th January, when I was accompanied by A/Sgt. Mizha, of the B.S.A. Police, assistant editor of *Mapolisa*. He came with me this time as well and the old man gave us a sincere welcome; we found him as before on the lawn in front of the homestead, Hamilton Section of the Mazoe Citrus Estate, near Garvin. This lawn is Mbayiwa's particular pride; he has made himself responsible for keeping it free from weeds and spends much of his time there. Although he has no need to work, he feels that he will go to seed if he does nothing.

Since last I saw him he has been very unwell, but is now in better health. The story of his "discovery" is interesting. He had been working on the B.S.A. Company's Citrus Estate at Sinoia for about 12 years up to 1958, but seems to have forgotten about his middle years, except that he was employed on mines and farms.

He was then looked on as something of an oddity, because he had put away about £25 of his wages to be kept "for the Company." When Mr. and Mrs. D. I. Gaylard came to Sinoia in May of 1958 they took an interest in him and he explained that he wanted to be buried in the Matobos with other pioneer drivers and leaders. This gave them a clue to his background.

Mr. Gaylard informed Sir Charles Cumings, then Resident Director of the B.S.A. Company, and he in turn told me. But at that time I was unable to go to Sinoia, and when I asked the Company to arrange a meeting I found the old man had followed the Gaylards to Mazoe.

When they moved they had a lorry available to take Mbayiwa and his possessions direct, but he refused. He insisted that he must give a month's notice in the proper manner, otherwise those left at Sinoia would accuse Mr. Gaylard of stealing their labour! When he had worked out his month he came by train to Glendale entirely on his own, and on arrival attempted to telephone the Gaylards. But the post office messenger knew Mrs. Gaylard was in Glendale and called her to help. So Mbayiwa's troubles were at an end. He was given a large room near the homestead and taken on the pay roll. He draws normal rations, but in addition Mrs. Gaylard gives him cooked mince (he has no teeth); he is very fond of oatmeal porridge with plenty of golden syrup, and has a slab of chocolate each week. When he was ill the Gaylards gave him hot milk laced with brandy each night; they are his true benefactors. Mrs. Gaylard explains that he is a real old gentleman, feels that her effort is very well worth while and that the old man is most appreciative. He always stands up to greet her, though it is sometimes a struggle to get to his feet.

Mbayiwa wishes to remain with the Gaylards for the rest of his life and was most disconsolate when they were sent to Umtali on relieving duty in January and February of this year. As soon as they returned he came to see them to show that he was alive. He still wishes to be buried in the Matobos and was afraid he would be sent there before his death, but has been assured that this is not necessary. I understand that the British South Africa Company has undertaken to arrange his burial when the time comes.

So the old man is content. The Gaylards see to all his needs and look after what money he does not spend. He is a great consumer of pipe tobacco —the rougher the better. His clothes are washed and ironed by the servants at the homestead and kept on the verandah in case they get stolen from his room. His only grouse is his weekly bath. Mrs. Gaylard insists and supplies him with hot water, but he protests that this "hlupas" him and is contrary to his lifelong habits!

When I last saw him he asked for a small vegetable garden. This was given him, but he only grew a few sweet potatoes there, and in fact any strenuous digging would be too much for him.

During my visit on 11th August I found that Mbayiwa's memory was not so clear as it had been six months previously; this may have been due to his illness, but I am afraid his stories are now rather hard to follow, and he tends to confuse some events. He still ascribes to Cecil Rhodes incidents in which he could not have participated.

But for the record I set down what he told me, even at the risk of repetition.

Mbayiwa remembers nothing of his home in Zululand except that he used to herd goats and calves, which is what most small boys of his age would have done. He left his kraal with adults who were seeking work. He is still insistent that he was employed by Rhodes to clean his boots. He says that he was paid personally by Rhodes in contrast to the other camp followers, who were paid by the B.S.A. Company. Rhodes had two servants, a European and himself. The batmen were required to groom the horses, clean the saddlery and boots. They were given no rations to cook, but after the troopers had had their meals the servants would line up and draw their cooked food from the troop cooks; but they had to wash the dirty dishes of the Europeans.

Mbayiwa explains as before that the Pioneer Column was accompanied by Zulus, Xosas and Fingos as drivers and leaders, but asserts that it was the Europeans who made the road, some with picks and some with choppers, under direction of their officers.

The pioneers did not stop in Khama's country, but passed through, because Khama had "given

them the road." Gaberones is mentioned, but I am not sure whether this place then existed. A halt was made at Macloutsie and a very big camp established there (was this Camp Cecil of the Pioneer Corps or the Police fort and base, also on the Macloutsie River?).

Rhodes then went to see Lobengula to ask permission to pass through his country (*this is not so*), but his request was not granted.

Paul (Kruger) heard that Rhodes was at Macloutsie and sent out his impi. Rhodes decided to meet Paul at the Tuli River. Carrington remained at Macloutsie, but the others came on to the Tuli (Shashi) River, crossed it and reached the country of the chief Massibi, a Kalanga. In this area Mbayiwa saw only two kraals, but other people came beside the road to watch the troops pass.

Three troopers were left at Massibi's and six at Tuli; more were left here because it was near an old road that Paul might have used. This was an old hunters' road from the Transvaal, through Massibi's, which was used by Europeans on the way to hunt elephant and buck. Mcupi (Colenbrander) used this road when he came to consult with Lobengula. (*I can find nothing to confirm these assertions.*)

Three stores travelled with the "Company": the B.T.A., Homans and Meikles, and there was also "Dickson," a doctor who dispensed medicine. The stores were set up in corrugated iron huts, which were put up and taken down at will at stopping places.

(*In the Matabele War of* 1893) the Europeans came to Shangani and then on to Bulawayo, but Lobengula had burned the town and fled in two wagons. Rhodes sent 300 men to follow him with two Maxim guns. Mbayiwa says he heard about this, but did not participate. Lobengula's wagons crossed the Shangani River, but the pursuing troops could not find a crossing. Then at 4 a.m. they crossed, riding their horses, but without their Maxims. They came on Lobengula's wagons, but could not find him. Then the Matabele concealed in the bush shot all their horses. First, however, Johan (Colenbrander) fled on a horse and came to the remainder of the troops, telling them to flee, as all those who were fighting Lobengula had been killed. (*Colenbrander was not present and such conduct would have been contrary to his brave nature!*)

Later on, starvation forced the Matabele to surrender; they had fled to Magusweni. They came to the office of the Chief Native Commissioner, Taylor, and he gave them food, but many died, some because they ate mealies whole. Wagons were sent to the kraals with food, though many of the inhabitants ran away in fear. Mbayiwa says he was at Bulawayo at the time and that he and other camp followers had to lock themselves in their huts to protect their own food when they cooked it.

(*It is not clear whether this starvation episode occurred after the Matabele War or the Rebellion of* 1896—*probably the latter!*)

Mbayiwa repeats the story of the Indians who were warned at Bulawayo during the Rebellion to come to safety, but persisted in growing vegetables to sell at famine prices—one cabbage at 10s. or 15s., one tomato at 2s. 6d.—until they were massacred in their gardens by the Matabele.

He says that at the end of the fighting Rhodes would not allow the whole Matabele nation to be punished, but only those who had been guilty of murder. Troopers were sent out to the kraals, and when they seized a person by the arm they asked, "Did you kill a man?" and if the reply was "Yes, but that person helped me," both were arrested.

Mbayiwa says, but admits he did not see it, that platforms were erected on which were gallows, to be reached by steps, and here more than 20 murderers were hanged each day at Bulawayo and Gwelo. (*This is not true!*) People were arrested at Maveni. (*This is now Lower Gwelo and is likely, as many murders were committed in that locality.*)

Mbayiwa repeats the names of officers he knew at Bulawayo and describes them as his masters: Capt. Chawner, who was not then married; Major Bodle, a large man; Major Nicholson, a very big man; and Capt. Cooper (Jesser-Coope).

Finally, I gave Mbayiwa a message from Sir Robert Tredgold, as President of the Rhodesia Pioneers and Early Settlers' Society, that if he wished to be considered for a pioneer pension this would be arranged. Although Mbayiwa has enough for his needs, he asks for a pension, I think to go towards his burial expenses. He has deserved well of his country and I have no doubt that he is a true Rhodesian pioneer.

A. S. HICKMAN.

Commendations

Backroom Butchery

LAST month the Commissioner had much pleasure in awarding Commendations to Inspector Wickenden, Constable Hogg, African Constable Tawonezwi and African Constable Mcatshwa, all of the Nyamandhlovu Police. Says the citation: "Displaying considerable investigating abilities and team work of a very high order, they were successful in bringing about the arrest and subsequent conviction of two Europeans on charges of stock theft by shooting cattle at night, transporting the stolen meat to Bulawayo and disposing of same from an illegal butchery."

At first sight it would seem, for Matabeleland, to be a normal run-of-the-mill type of case. This sort of thing happens, one knows, and it is of course the duty of the Police to put a stop to it. Stock theft lacks the glamour of the murder-cum-witchcraft cases which so often come our way; because of this, District Police detachments are apt to take it in their stride, without thinking too much about it, and pass on to the thousand and one other things awaiting their attention. That is what the Nyamandhlovu Police did in this case. What is outstanding here, bearing in mind that there were a thousand and one other matters demanding the attention of this small B.S.A.P. detachment located in a farming area some forty miles from Bulawayo, is the remarkably high *quality* of investigation lavished on the case. What every policeman knows (and what he never tells his public) is that there is *always* more requiring his attention than he can possibly deal with to his own satisfaction. No one would pretend that he gives the same attention to some minor infringement of a statutory law as he does to a rape or a murder. Ideally, every suspected offence should be investigated in every aspect to finality. Since this is patently impossible, it is the mark of the successful policeman that he is the one who is able to discern what proportion of his limited supply of time, energy and patience he can properly afford to devote to each. In making these appropriations he must have regard to many factors, of which the likely sentence to be expected (i.e., the seriousness of the crime in the eyes of the court) is only one, just as the bringing of criminals to justice is only one of many aspects of police work.

* * *

The first report was vague. The Manager of Mimosa Park, a farm near Nyamandhlovu, reported on 8th April that the stomach contents of a cow had been found on the farm, not far from the main road to Bulawayo. The information was treated as a report of stock theft and enquiries continued without success until the middle of June. On 22nd June the same farmer reported that the severed head of a Hereford cow had been found near the road.

The proximity of both cattle deaths to the main road and the near-absence of remains made it seem likely that the deaths were caused not by African employees or neighbours, but by an organised gang operating with suitable transport. This seemed confirmed when the following day signs of yet another killing were found only ten yards from the main road. Only stomach contents remained at the scene, but here vague tracks (much trampled by cattle) of a motor vehicle were evident.

At this stage A.C. Mcatshwa was detailed to patrol the area throughout the hours of darkness. Because of a shortage of details it was not possible to relieve him and he performed twelve-hour shifts each night without observing anything unusual until the night of 26th June. On that evening, as on previous evenings, he watched traffic on the main road. One car particularly caught his notice; it was travelling unusually slowly. A short while later he noticed the same vehicle, a Morris vanette, returning in the opposite direction. Again very slowly. Watching it, unobserved, the African Constable saw it stop and turn round; as it passed him this time he saw that a flashlight from within the car was probing the bush. When it had gone by, Mcatshwa broke cover and made all speed to the manager's house and a telephone.

THE 'phone rang at Nyamandhlovu at 11 p.m. Constable Hogg took the message and immediately left for Mimosa Park with A.C. Tawonezwi. He found that the manager and Mcatshwa had already detained the vanette, which they had found stationary by the roadside. In it were two European women, a 12-year-old boy and an African servant. The driver of the vanette was not present; it was nearly two hours before he stepped out of the bush (carrying a .22 rifle and a hunting lamp) to find the Police awaiting him. His name was Marais, a railwayman from Bulawayo.

Apart from the locality, there was nothing to suggest that Marais had been after beef. For his part in the night's doings he was charged with three counts under the Game and Fish Act. It was 2.30 a.m. when Constable Hogg got back to Nyamandhlovu.

While A.C. Mcatshwa continued his observations at Mimosa Park by night, A.C. Tawonezwi was despatched to Bulawayo by train, his duties

. . . . *said it was for hanging the washing on, when it was raining!*

to make discreet enquiries regarding Marais around the railway township. Within 48 hours he was on the 'phone to Nyamandhlovu—large quantities of beef had been observed on earlier dates at Nos. 12 and 14 Customs Road, Raylton, the homes of Marais and his friend, Bronkhorst. It was now the 28th of June.

Within two hours of Tawonezwi's telephone call Inspector Wickenden and Constable Hogg were on their way to Bulawayo—not by police transport, since that was already on patrol, but by private car. In Bulawayo search warrants were obtained and the Police called first at the house of Marais, No. 14 Customs Road. No one was at home. Next door, Bronkhorst was in and made no objection to the execution of the warrant. Inspector Wickenden first examined the Aronde vanette parked outside. On the tailboard he found several white hairs. He cautioned Bronkhorst and asked him whether he wished to account for the hairs. He offered no explanation.

"Do they come from a dog?"

"I know nothing about them."

"Have you carried a buck?"

"I have never carried any game in it."

"Have you lent the vehicle to anyone else?"

"No one else has ever used it."

Inspector Wickenden must have been pleased with the hairs.

The party then entered the house. Bronkhorst was asked to produce any firearms he might have in his possession. From the top of a wardrobe he produced an unloaded .22 rifle; from under a pillow, a revolver.

"Have you any other firearms?"

"That's the lot."

Inspector Wickenden looked on top of the wardrobe and there, under some cloth, found another .22. The magazine contained live rounds and an expended cartridge was in the breech.

Next to be searched was a room known as "the spare room." Fixed to the floor were two upright metal poles; joining them, across the whole width of the room and six feet above the floor, was another metal pole. The contraption was solidly constructed as if to bear a great weight. Asked if he would care to explain its purpose, Bronkhorst replied that it was for hanging the washing on when it was raining!

As the Inspector's search continued, amongst a mass of tools and odds and ends he came upon numerous articles bearing bloodstains and others to which hairs adhered. Amongst these was a hacksaw; on the blade were fragments of meat and fat; there were bloodstains on the handle. Bronkhorst explained that some of the joints they had from their butcher were so large that they had to be cut up.

In the refrigerator in the kitchen were two pieces of meat: one was 18 inches by 9 inches in size, the other smaller but very roughly hacked from the beast. Hairs adhered to them and neither piece showed any signs of skilled butchering. A small piece was taken from each joint and handed to A.C. Tawonezwi to cook and taste. He later pronounced both to be beef.

In the meantime Constable Hogg had been examining the gardens. In Marais' garden he noticed a number of depressions. When these were dug up (in the absence of Marais, two disinterested neighbours were called in to witness the operation) a number of interesting items were found. From six holes came several portions of cow hide, a skull with horns, numerous bones, a tail and a length of rope.

Later in the afternoon Marais, who was believed to be visiting friends on the Essexvale Road, was seen driving back towards Bulawayo. He was picked up without difficulty when he pulled in at a service station.

The Inspector charged Bronkhorst with two counts of stock theft, one at Nyamandhlovu and the other committed in the Inyati district (earlier enquiries by the Nyamandhlovu Police had been directed towards tying up various similar incidents which had occurred in other Police districts near roads radiating from Bulawayo). Bronkhorst admitted both counts, saying that he had destroyed the head and skin of one of the beasts in the firebox of his locomotive.

Marais continued to deny being implicated in any way.

It was 8.30 that evening when the Nyamandhlovu policemen got back to their station. Inspector Wickenden must have been a very satisfied man and one hopes he enjoyed his roast beef supper.

Next morning it was back to Bulawayo for another full day's work, including an interrogation of the wives of the two accused men. An interesting feature of this case is that the men were

(*Continued on page* 19)

Napoleon Started It

WHY does nearly every country in the world outside Britain and the Commonwealth drive on the "wrong" side of the road?

Up to the end of the eighteenth century it was common practice throughout Europe (says the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain, which claims to have delved deeply into the matter) to drive on the left. This followed a long-standing custom of riding on the left of a track, the rider thus having his sword ready to his right hand if attacked—with his left flank automatically protected. Generals also still followed the precepts of Richard the Lionheart that attacks should be launched at the left flank of an enemy.

Napoleon jettisoned this orthodox theory of war and caused confusion among his enemies by launching offensives on the right flank with his cannon. He found that the enemy was still further confused if the French troops moved on the right-hand side of the road, against the usual direction of traffic.

His theories proved invincible up to Waterloo, and wherever the French armies conquered, Napoleon decreed that civilian traffic should also travel on the right. Happily, the Emperor's power never extended to Britain or to Sweden, both of whom continue their traditional adherence to the left-hand side.

To-day, says the R.A.C., the only countries outside Britain and the Commonwealth which retain the left-hand rule are Hungary, Sweden, Japan, Thailand, Iceland and Indonesia.

A charming theory, but is it true?

How does the United States fit in? Did Wells Fargo riders keep to the right in deference to Napoleon—or merely invite the Indians to attack them from the left out of bravado? Why does Portugal, where Napoleon's power was first checked, drive on the right, while its African colony of Mocambique drives on the left?

Was it really the custom in England in medieval times to ride on the left? If so, what purpose did it serve? England was not in those days a land of hedges and ditches; in the countryside a rider's left flank would have been just as open to attack as his right. Only in the towns could it have been safer to keep over to the left.

In Rhodesia we have plenty of opportunity to observe that the African cyclist has no preference for either side over the other unless he feels a policeman's eye upon him. In rural areas he cycles where his fancy takes him; he cares neither for Napoleon nor for Richard the Lionheart.

Nevertheless, this writer believes with Professor C. Northcote Parkinson (whose observations, published in *Parkinson's Law*, were made at cocktail parties, where he noted that the average guest turns left inside the door and slowly circles the room in a clockwise direction,* keeping a wall as close to his left flank as he can) that there is in the human make-up a deep-seated but unexpressed desire to keep all strangers to one's right.

If foreigners care to allow complete strangers driving lethal motor cars to drive past them close on their left-hand side there can be only one reason for it—that they are crazy mixed-up foreigners.

No wonder there is so much unhappiness in the world—nor will it abate while hundreds of millions of people outside Britain and the Commonwealth continue daily to outrage their own deep-seated emotional instincts.

AWOL.

* To circulate in an anti-clockwise direction would have horrified the medieval Englishman. Such movement would have been called "widdershins"—contrary to nature and inviting disaster.

(*Continued from page* 17)

arraigned separately and therefore the Crown was able to call Mrs. Marais in Bronkhorst's case and Mrs. Bronkhorst in Marais' case.

Other ends to be tied up took Constable Hogg to Inyati to correlate details of that station's case—and a spot of backyard boffinry at Nyamandhlovu which resulted in evidence being placed before the court that, while it was possible to identify a Hereford cow as such in the beam of a hunting lamp at 52 yards, wounds such as those found in two of the recovered heads could not have been inflicted with a .22 at a greater range than 10 yards.

Marais' reaction when found at Mimosa Park on 26th June—his almost cheerful acceptance of charges under the Game and Fish Act—had not been lost on Inspector Wickenden and Constable Hogg. It all came back to the degree of criminality involved in a case of poaching as against a case of stock theft. Despite *R. v. Humphreys* (1955, S.R., 5) (which can be distinguished), the taking of a carcase of stock after it had been shot in genuine mistake for a large buck would, in all probability, still amount to stock theft technically; but if the genuineness of the mistake were believed a powerful argument would arise for mitigation of sentence, almost perhaps down to that likely to be imposed for an actual game and fish offence, having regard to the natural reluctance of the accused to incriminate himself voluntarily (a reluctance to which the law lends support).

The sentences imposed were: on Bronkhorst, a total of a fine of £152 10s. or 150 days on two counts; on Marais, a total of £80 or 80 days on two counts of contravening section 7 (b) of the Stock Theft Act.

New Books to Note

For Camera in Africa's Sun

By JOHN COLOPHON

WITH the sun of your lucky latitudes a constant encouragement, the snapshot alone is a widespread form of hobby, interest, amusement. So let me start this time with something very special in the way of help in picture-taking—still, black and white, moving and coloured.

Tackle Photography This Way, by Philip Gotlop, F.R.S.A. (London: Stanley Paul), is another book of a series over a wide field, and through sheer thoroughness the series has already won wide acclaim. No one but an acknowledged expert is allowed to be the author of any volume. No words are wasted; each volume is of the handiest size. Every aspect of a given subject is handled, from amateur angle to that of the person who is a professional. Diagrams and illustrations are lavish and all to the point. All that applies to this book —a "must" for reading and for reference, and with its merit stressed by an introduction by a noted amateur, Lord Donegall.

The many in your part of the world who necessarily took their share in the North Africa campaign and its Italy sequel will find a special interest in *Journey With a Pistol*, by Neil McCallum (London: Gollancz). It is a book that is quite different from the run of war narratives.

The author is on his own showing (and stressed by inference throughout) just one of the "crowd" and no ex-higher up. The book is made for the most part of notes and letters written at the time and presented without revision. "Here is my view of war as I saw it; take it or leave it" —so the author seems to say to you.

You do not get a lot of descriptions of fellow officers and so forth. Mr. McCallum instead gives us passages as pointers, when they tell you most by a sort of indirect hint. Result? Well, your final impression is grim and sardonically amusing. The ordinary ranker or officer who reads will end by saying yes, the gilt right off the gingerbread.

A clinching illustration of what I mean? At almost the end: the story of the orderly officer going rounds aboard ship. You know: any complaints? . . . One table, no reply—except that in the silence one man handed over a printed copy of the menu in the *officer's mess*. Sequel? He was charged with insolence.

How does that affect you (ex-officer or ranker) reading it to-day? I know what it makes me feel, which is something not nice about soldiering—yes, and not of the day before yesterday, but in the last war itself.

Maybe not everyone is going to like *Wayaleshi*, by Peter Fraenkel (London: Weidenfield and Nicolson), but if interest is the real test of a book, then whatever you may happen to feel, this is not one to be missed.

It is the story, by one who took a large share in it, of the creation of the Lusaka Broadcasting Station for Africans, from inception to the present: the Central African Broadcasting Station, the talent it discovered, its organisation and its effect on its vast audience in the Federation.

But the book is much more. Quite apart from his own particular views, the author has been able, by very reason of the job (now with him a past matter), to take the reader inside the African mind and show its main reactions to the position of affairs as it is to-day. He covers his chosen field pretty thoroughly and (what adds to any book's intrinsic value, apart from viewpoint) is fearless. I offer the opinion that this book will at least repay reading by anyone to-day.

Fiction.—The recent printing strike here has had (despite terrific efforts now making to catch up) a devastating effect on book publication. Nevertheless, some good stuff, as well as much of pure entertainment value, is already published as I write.

I lead with something that stands right out: *The Big Company Look*, by J. Harvey Howells London. Joseph). The author, an Englishman settled in the U.S.A., where he formerly was in the insurance line, tells the story of the career, intimate life as well as in business, of a young man who, son of a father he considered a failure, willed to get to the top in commerce at any cost (commerce, it seems, being the real religion of the U.S. to-day).

Every character is alive; the narrative is superbly handled; the atmosphere at first-hand. A could-not-put-it-down book; and if the picture here presented of the ethics of U.S. big business is true, then it would affront the rawest African savage.

In romance, sound leisure reading as escape from life's routine, is well represented in the latest books of that class.

Lonely Quest, by Patricia Robins, tells the story of the woman who aroused herself from house routine to doubts about her husband, then certainty, with a solution cleverly done.

Constant Heart, by Joan Kennedy: a girl tied to invalidism who in sudden escape finds a tangled emotional problem facing her—with a human solution (both London: Hurst & Blackett).

Bridge of Love, by Mary Blair: in millionaire atmosphere, heartbreak finds a surprise cure—

(*Continued on next page*)

Medical Corner

BURNING CURIOSITY

By F. R. Scholfield, S.R.N.

CARELESSNESS and a rapid increase in the number of electrical appliances in general use in the household have resulted in an increasing number of deaths caused by burns or scalds.

Children, because of their mischievousness, are most prone to this sort of accident. As often as not their tragic mischievousness is no more than natural childish curiosity.

The first care then of mother (and father, of course) should be to appreciate the probings of the childish mind and not leave curious and exciting objects within reach (including indirect reach) of a child. A pot of boiling water is a common enough household object, to an adult at least, but it has great fascination for a small child. It may appear to be out of reach up on a table or a shelf, but even a child knows that if something is standing on a cloth, then he can have that something if he pulls the cloth. . . .

Little Johnnie was a policeman's son. His mother certainly was not a careless woman—a little harassed perhaps, but what policeman's wife could be otherwise, what with emergencies and the like and little Johnnie teething? Her husband should be in any minute unless he'd come across something on the way home, and that often happened too. Anyway, the potatoes seemed to be ready: just put them down there while I see to the gravy. "Down there" happened to be on the draining board; safe enough, well out of Johnnie's reach anyway—except that the oven cloth happened to have been placed there too with an end hanging over.

The next thing was a scream.

When the policeman husband came in, the potatoes were still on the floor, but his sensible wife, instead of having a fit of hysterics as another woman might, had already taken Johnny to the bedroom, covered the scald with a clean tea towel and telephoned the doctor. She was coaxing Johnnie to drink a cup of hot sweet milk (any sweet fluid would have done as well).

Sergeant Fixit was rather in the way. If he had been called to give assistance at a similar accident in someone else's home he would have known what to do all right. In his own home he was worse than useless. Luckily the doctor arrived quickly.

He dressed Johnnie's scalds with a special dressing made of a type of gauze soaked in vaseline and sterilised. He bandaged his arms and legs, putting splints near the joints so that when the scalds healed there would be no contraction of skin over the joints. And Johnnie was put to bed.

In due course he made a full recovery from that frightful day in the kitchen.

Should it happen in your home, remember the following points:—

1. Treat for shock.
2. Do not burst blisters.
3. Do not apply anything not prescribed by a doctor.
4. Cover the whole area with a clean dry dressing.
5. If the burn or scald is severe, send for a doctor at once.

PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE

NEW BOOKS

(*Continued from previous page*)

highly readable. *Concerning Eve*, by Grace Phipps: romance with new twist; heroine a family woman with some complex family problems to deal with—light writing on a big subject (both London: Jenkins).

Starred whodunit: *Dead Opposite the Church*, by Francis Vivian (London: Jenkins): real riddle stuff by practised hand. Who killed the hated editor and, very much, why?

And finally, if you like a "Western," do not miss *One-Gun Justice*, by Matthew Winstan. Reuben Burns the irresistible again comes out of retirement to clean up in Comus City—and incidentally settles, after highest pace action and resounding curtain, a very old score.

They talk of professional women. Personally, I have never met an amateur.—Winston Churchill.

An extract from "Pursuit Driving," a United States Treasury Department Handbook for Law Enforcement Officers.

Driver Attitudes

THE purpose of this pamphlet is primarily to assist in minimising accidents and injuries resulting from pursuit driving. Since driver attitude is the key to most accidents, this portion will be devoted to that phase of the problem.

Driver attitude plays an important role in all types of driving, whether chasing a suspected violator at high speeds or going to and from work. Improvement of the attitude of our drivers is, therefore, a major goal in the safe-driving performance of enforcement personnel.

What is "driver-attitude"? A driver's attitude is his mental or emotional regard for himself, for others, for his vehicle and for surrounding conditions. A driver with a poor attitude usually looks for so-called "legal" reasons why the other fellow, the vehicle or driving conditions are wrong. *Attitudes* are not *inborn* but are *created* and, therefore, can be corrected.

You all know the driver who is a nice fellow and a perfect gentleman until he gets behind the wheel. Normally he's generous, polite and considerate of women, children and the aged. But with a steering wheel in his hands a remarkable transformation takes place. Suddenly he's a cowboy—a daredevil—a man hater—a big shot—and in a terrific hurry. His faulty attitudes have taken over. What are some of these faults? They are:

1. *Over-confidence*—taking too much for granted, having a serene confidence that his vehicle will always perform as he wills it, counting on other people to do the right thing at all times.

2. *Minimising the seriousness of minor accidents*—looking upon a little bump that merely dents a fender as being of little consequence. Yet that same minor accident could have been a serious accident, except for luck. The only way to prevent serious accidents is to eliminate the acts that cause "little" accidents.

3. *Pride in past record*—getting puffed up about a no-accident record. Such a driver is on the way to a rude awakening. There are a good many people in cemeteries who, if they could talk, could honestly say, "I never had an accident—until this one!"

4. *Faith in experience*—believing that experience as a driver will get him through. However, the facts show that experience is usually gained through having accidents, not through training in avoiding them. Experience develops bad habits as well as good ones.

5. *False ideas*—relying on guesses, estimates, legends and fiction instead of facts. A quiz of hundreds of drivers reveals that 90 per cent. of them, in estimating stopping distance at a given speed, were short by more than 40 feet—a dangerous impression.

6. *Self-righteousness*—judging his own actions and usually deciding in favour of himself, particularly in reporting accidents. Self-righteousness often causes a driver to try to punish others who, in his opinion, do something wrong in traffic. Fate decides whether the "trespasser" will be merely frightened or will be involved in an accident.

7. *Impatience*—taking needless chances, suppressing good judgment and getting into tight situations just to save a little time. This results in violations and, inevitably, accidents. When these things happen the driver loses the time he tried to save—and a lot more.

Are these faulty attitudes related to skill? No. Yet collectively they cause far more trouble than lack of skill. They can be offset to a great degree by considering that *unsafe drivers* expect the *best; safe drivers* expect the *worst.*

Does skill behind the wheel mean safe-driving performance? The answer to that is "No!" Records show that some drivers of exceptional skill repeatedly find themselves in accidents, while some less adept have good safety records. What is skill? Skill is ability plus training. Great skill should be reflected in good driving performance. But—what is performance? Performance is skill plus or minus attitude. Skill is added to or subtracted from by *driver attitude*, the controlling factor in performance. It is not how much skill has been developed; it is the extent to which skill is applied.

★

B.S.A. POLICE CAR CLUB

The Annual General Meeting of the Car Club will be held at the Police Club, Salisbury, on Friday, 23rd October, at 5 p.m. All interested persons are invited to attend.

STATION NOTES

SHABANI

I was talking to a chap in a pub in Salisbury not so long ago and I happened to mention to him that I came from Shabani. He immediately replied, "Shabani! Where's that?" I was stunned; to think: all that work we have put into our "Put Shabani on the map" campaign and there are still people who have not heard of it.

I must say though, even although there are some ignorant people in this Colony who have never heard of Shabani, our motel is doing excellent trade at the moment.

We must record some changes of personnel. Our catering manager, Keith Brooks (Constable) has gone on a refresher course to England, where I understand he is to assist shoving his dad's barrow down the Old Kent Road. "Mac" Wiltshire has taken over catering in his absence. Geoff. Kolbe (Constable) came roaring through from Selukwe the other day as temporary replacement staff; he stayed two weeks, said it was jolly nice here, and roared off again.

Our personnel manager, Sub-Inspector Cordy-Hedge, is leaving for our twiglet (it's too small to be a branch) at Belingwe, where he will take over the directorship. We are all sorry to see him go. Sub-Inspector Thomas is coming to replace him; we all hope both you and your family will like it here, Mr. Thomas.

The new Recreation Club is coming on very well. All it needs now is a roof, a floor, a few chairs, a barman, glasses and last, but not by all means least—the wallop! Needless to say, one of the first items to be installed in the building was a freezing plant for the beer.

One of our African staff was on his nightly round last week when he heard a terrific racket coming from inside one of the local stores. Deciding to investigate, he called out. A voice from inside the store replied, "It is I, Golliati." Golliati is one of our local professional night workers. It appears that he decided to see what delights this store held and so, breaking a window, he prised the burglar bars open and gained entry, only to find when he wished to leave that the bars had sprung back into place and he had not got the strength to open them again. He was thus well imprisoned until discovered by our member. Anyone want to buy foolproof burglar bars?

Don't forget, the invitation still stands: "Come to sunny Shabani."

ERCOLA.

WEST NICHOLSON

Having pored over *Outposts* going back through several years, we find that this dorp does not appear since Gran fell off the bus. Putting our heads together with a resounding thwack, we decided that something should be done. "Jack" pulled out the shortest match and has now spent several months sharpening his pencil and thinking of something to tell you unfortunate people.

West Nicholson, I am told, is regarded by "foreigners" as an ink spot on the map with the remarkable quality of having peace and quiet. Let me enlighten you. The peace and quiet was shattered some months ago by an atrocious clanking, crashing and banging—most disturbing. We endured this for some few weeks, but it got to be too much so we sent an A.C. to investigate the noise. Some weeks later he returned to tell us that a mine had started working at the bottom of the hill. We suggest that anyone posted here brings with him a set of ear plugs and an ear trumpet.

Apart from this, everything remains as ever. Leibig's meat canning factory continues to produce thousands of tins of corned beef and certain of its African employees continue to filch what they can of them.

If you care to go to the beach armed with a pick-axe and shovel you will find that the Umzingwane is still here. You may be fortunate enough to arrive on the one day in the year when there is actually visible water in it.

We are fortunate enough to be able to sport a lovely new road through our section which is kept in spotless condition. Of course, this is abused by certain members of the public who seem to regard our road as a litter spot for pranged cars. One day I really must find out where the devil that road goes!

I see from many other write-ups (called, I believe, "Station Notes") that it is the habit to say just who is at the station. Who would want to know I can't imagine, but——

Top of the list is Sub-Inspector Monty Isikson, who is about to move to a distant part which rejoices under the name of Nyamandhlovu. He has been here since the year dot and was seriously thinking of building his kraal here. We wish him well at his new station and offer him and his wife our heartiest congratulations on the birth of a son. Next on the list is Constable Pete (Pompies) Davies, who has been here since the year dot-plus-one. He can be found dozing on the golden sands of the

Umzingwane until 5.30 p.m., when he goes for his "dip" in the pub. And last there is Constable John (Judy) Garland. Of late he has been busy getting himself lost in the heart of our wilderness on a bicycle. I suppose he will come back some day.

We now await the arrival of one Sergeant Maskell, scheduled to arrive from some forgotten corner of the Midlands to assume command. We hope he will enjoy being with us just as long as he is forced to stay.

JANNER.

WESTGATE

"Brrrrring"—Telephone rings in i/c's office.

"Click"—picked up by same.

"Police Westgate—Good morning."

"O.C. here."

"Oh, yes, sir."

"About that docket you sent concerning . . ." Eeeeeeeee - Hissssssssss - Clankkkkkkk - Bangggggg. (Shouted): "Can't hear a word you are saying, sir!"—Dead silence.

"Ahhh—That's better."

"What the blazes was that?"

"Engine, sir."

"Oh (doubtfully), I see. Anyway, as I was saying, about that docket you sent in concerning . . ." Phfeeeeeee - Clankkkkk - Shhhhhh - Hssssss - Sputttttttt. (Shouted): "Can't heard a word you are saying, sir!"—Silence reigns.

"You still there, Sir?"—hopefully.

"I (exasperated) was just wondering whether you were! What on earth was that?"

"Same engine, sir, going back."

"Oh, that accounts for it. Anyway, as I was say——"

"Just hang on a second, sir. Got to go and protect 41 Up—Red flag—facing points, Trains Working Manual . . ." mumble-mumble-mumble (growing fainter). Ominous silence. Ten minutes later. . . .

(Breathless): "Y-y-you st-t-ill there, s-sir?"

"Where the blazes have you been?"

"J-j-ust w-went to protect the . . ." Splurtttttt - "41 Up" - Clankkkkkk - Hissssssss - "Siding" - Pfhweeeeeee - "catering spur" - Hissssssss - Silence.

"What (very exasperated) in heaven's name was that one?"

"Same engine — You know, sir, one I was just . . ." Pfhweeeeeee - Clankkkkkk - Szzzzzzzz - Hissssssss - Clankkkkkk - Silence.

"You were saying something about a docket, sir?"

"Yes—*if* (heavily accentuated) we can expect some peace at last—the one concerning . . ." Phfweeeeee - Eeeeeeee - Eeeeeee - "found by . . ." Hizzzzz - Clakkknkkkkk - "garden" - Hizzzzzzz - Plurtttttt. "Dammit, I'll write!" Bang (receiver forcibly replaced far end).

End of conversation piece.

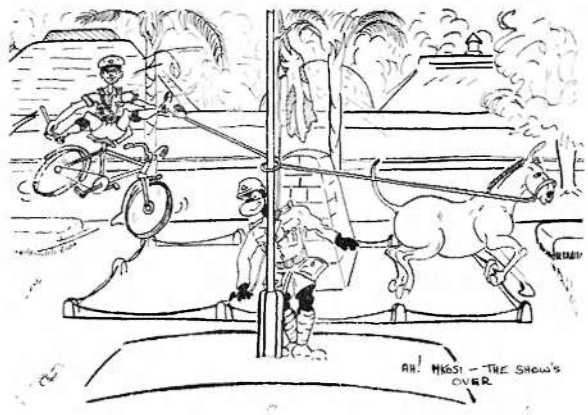
So, giving the Shunter's Farewell gesture (middle two fingers missing), we bid all you who are blessed with morgue-like tranquillity a very happ . . . Pfhweeeeeee - Eeeeeeee - Hissssssss - Clankkkkkkk.

Can't understand why nobody 'phones us these days.

41 UP.

DEPOT

The index finger of my right hand is extremely sore. I don't like worrying you with this, but I feel that by a wise word spoken now I may be able to save others from a similar fate. It all comes from working in close proximity to a left-hander. You all know (by now) that what we do in the Police is very similar to what they do in the Civil Service—that is, to stick pins into sheaves of paper (sometimes with a red tab and sometimes



"Ham" illustrates an incident reported in last month's Depot Notes.

without) and pass them on. I happen to be at the receiving end of a large number of such sheaves, while at the originating end is—my left-hander. He pushes his pins in from the opposite angle from the direction they are pushed in by the normal among us, and when, as frequently happens, it is my function in life to remove the pins pushed in by my left-hander (my duties involve co-ordination and correlation, e.g., the consolidation of reports, a process in which one takes the top copy of each of a number of reports in triplicate and pins them together) I invariably fail to notice that it is the sharp end of the pin I'm handling—but that's by the way.

Matabeleland readers will be interested to hear of the experiences of a Sub-Inspector from that end of the country, now stationed in Depot, who took a week's leave last month. A great fisherman, this Sub-Inspector had had a boat constructed to his own specifications and it was his intention to spend his leave fishing the length and breadth of Lake Kariba: but being an adventurous sort of chap, he had decided not to go the way you or I would go to get there, but via Que Que and Gokwe. At Gokwe he met Sergeant Pat McCulloch who, he says, is these days a most serious-minded sort of chap who almost never laughs (if you believe that you'll believe anything!), and on he went down towards the Zambesi. The road, he says, was terrible. Before he was halfway to the Kariba coastline his boat, never yet launched, fell off the trailer and stove in its timbers! The Sub-Inspector, undismayed, rescued his outboard motor and continued on his way, arriving eventually at the mouth of the Bumi River, having abandoned his boat high and dry about one hundred miles inland. At the Bumi he met some bush-clearing people whom he found very charming, but quite unable to lend him a boat. "But," they said, "you can, if you like, borrow a part of our jetty." So the Sub-Inspector borrowed the last ten feet of their jetty, planks mounted on four drums, and lashed his outboard motor to it. Then, like the owl and the pussy-cat, he and his friends went to sea. After an hour or so of coastal navigation they decided to make back to dry land, but this turned out to be easier said than done. Steer as they might (and any amount of steering had little effect on their craft in any case), the shore line all looked the same—except that in most cases it wasn't shore line at all, but merely trees standing up out of the water. Eventually, after four hours of sailing, they made a landfall on real dry land. By then they had not the vaguest idea where they were. One of the party volunteered to climb a tall tree, from which vantage point he thought he recognised the Bumi River (where their camp was) "thatta-way." So off they went on foot, leaving our Sub-Inspector to guard their craft, which by now had only enough petrol for another quarter-hour's sailing. When they got back three hours later it was to announce that the stream they had found was not the Bumi and they were no wiser as to their whereabouts. By now sunset was not far off, and after some discussion they decided to cast themselves upon the waters with their quarter of an hour's petrol and put their trust in providence. Providence, in the shape of a boat from the bush-clearing outfit which had begun to wonder about its jetty, picked them up drifting idly on the lake shortly before nightfall.

Talking of Matabelelanders, we have welcomed to our ranks Asst. Superintendent Bailey, formerly of Inyati, who has come to take over A.P.T.S. while former incumbent Asst. Superintendent J. F. Fisher moves over to the Depot Office to take over the chair kept warm through two Police Displays and countless escorts by Superintendent E. D. Van Sittert, now proceeding (as they say) on leave.

Sergeant Bound, of A.P.T.S., has left us for pastures new (and greener) in England.

With Law & Police Instructor Sub-Inspector Ron Dick away on holiday at the coast and Sports, Display and Show Week safely behind us, Depot is considerably quieter than it has been—but Ron will be back! Two other hurdles we have safely negotiated were the Commandant's Sports Day, which turned Depot for one Sunday into a sort of miniature Hampstead Heath, and the wedding of Depot's last resident staff bachelor, Sergeant Dave Perkins, who, consumed with jealousy at Sergeant Neil Smith's success at the altar, could hardly wait a fortnight before taking the plunge himself.

Which reminds me: the swimming pool opened only a short while behind schedule and there is already talk of a Police Swimming Championships to be held in November.

Visitors have been legion, but we were particularly pleased to see two we don't see often, Chief Inspector Reg. Coulton and Inspector Tony Hubbard, both from Bulawayo.

P.G.H.Q., since its move down the road, is now quite outside our orbit. All sorts of strange

comings and goings seem to be occurring there; we have been hoping that someone in that institution would show sufficient courage to take his pen in his hand and write a note or two for *The Outpost*, but so far that miracle has not happened.

Ex-Superintendent Jock Hunter, now of P.O. Box 103, Plettenberg Bay, is looking for some kind soul travelling south during the early part of December who would be willing to give his son, Drew, aged 13, a lift from Rhodesia to Plettenberg Bay or vicinity. Offers direct to father at Plettenberg Bay, please.

The perpetrators of the *Clochemerle* in our midst (and anyone who ventured to read my notes of a month or two ago will have no difficulty in taking my meaning) are having second thoughts. The premises there referred to were completed and furnished with the necessary plastic signs to indicate which entrance was which, only to be subjected to what can only be described as a "boycott." No one trod their august portals. An effort is now being made to make them of greater "convenience" by screening them with one of those hideous grass fences which are such an aesthetic feature of modern Rhodesia. One begins to wonder if the joke is not being allowed to go too far.

SIR REALIST.

Afterword

Tsara Zwibuyana! Good-bye, ye Sons of Ham,
Timid and blind and steeped as yet in a Monumental Sham!
Ghost-beridden, and haunted—what if, in days to come,
Prophets should rise among ye, smiting the nation dumb?

What if the White's Man's Burden, heavier day by day,
Should swell like a leaden millstone, draining his strength away?
"Nay, they are only children!"—that is the parrot cry.
Aye! but there have been children whose brains were fashioned awry!

Children there are in plenty, wrought in the Devil's mould,
Rending the womb that bare them out of the mists of old—
What if these be among them, and prophets of Exeter Hall
Learn that the mild-eyed heathen may compass a nation's fall?

Still are the coils about them, and the cobweb bonds of Fate,
But thunder follows the silence—and issues may lie in wait;
Issues undreamt and buried down in the deeps of Time,
Issues no man may measure in careless strings of rhyme.

Tsara Zwibuyana! Ebony friends, good-bye!
Maybe our children's children shall see when the spearheads fly
Down in the dim-lit Future, somewhere behind the Veil,
The sheep may turn on the shepherd, and—Prayers for the Heathen fail.

Tsara Zwibuyana! Lo, we must bid adieu—
Granted the strains were feeble, maybe the words were true—
Over the kraals the shadows are hushing the world to rest,
And the Cup of the Future is filling with grapes that the past has pressed.

—CULLEN GOULDSBURY
(1887-1916)

(By courtesy of Messrs. Philpott & Collins, Bulawayo.)

Making a Fortune

The Great Kariba Mail Bag Theft

FERDINAND was the clever one. As a Federal Post Office employee he was in a position of some trust. His normal duties were to deliver telegrams about the township of Kariba. This, however, did not occupy the whole of his working hours, and when he was not so engaged he would be called upon to give assistance behind the counter in the Kariba Post Office itself.

It is not everyone who can go behind the counter in a Post Office—in fact, that is one part of public property which is completely out of bounds to members of the general public. Ferdinand felt his position keenly. His social standing amongst other Africans living at Kariba was high. They looked up to him; and to encourage this respect Ferdinand acted in public in a manner calculated to impress those who were watching him. For instance, he would arrive at work daily carrying a brief case or a small attache case. Sometimes he would be seen carrying both at the same time; it must be understood that the postal services of the Federation carry a heavier burden at certain times of the year than at others.

A Bemba from Northern Rhodesia, Ferdinand spoke English by choice—certainly at all times when it was at all likely that those within hearing could understand English. As a postal employee he was reasonably well paid, but unfortunately not quite sufficiently well paid to maintain the high social standard he had set himself. He had debts—and debts meant creditors who had a smaller opinion of a man who could not pay than such a man might have of himself. It was annoying.

But, as Ferdinand used to say to his friends, and even to chance acquaintances, he worked in a place where thousands of pounds were handled every day, and what better place could one choose to work if one were short of money?

Oh, yes, he was the clever one all right; it might be that the brief case and the attache case had a purpose even more deceptive than the obvious one of creating an impression.

By comparison, Chando was a man of lesser calibre. True that for three years from 1954 to 1957 he had served in the Northern Rhodesia Police, but, as he admitted, he had been out of the Police for more than a year and police procedures and the standards of integrity he had been taught were soon forgotten. Unfortunate it was for him that his memory was so poor.

Not that Chando was small fry—no, not by any means. As a dealer in liquor he was accustomed to handling sums of money, anything up to a hundred pounds or more. Yes, he was a man of some consequence who, nevertheless, was grateful for the opportunity of sharing quarters at Kariba with Ferdinand, through whose hands incalculable sums of money must pass and who, as a civil servant, was a little condescending towards his own small dabblings in the vulgar world of commerce.

They might be described as friends, Ferdinand and Chando. That is to say that they lived together and together discussed the prospects of advancement in this world for Africans who were not prepared to follow the long road of hard work to its just reward. It cannot be said that they planned any such advancement, although they certainly had the opportunity to do so—but the supposition that they decided to keep their eyes open is almost irresistible.

FOR this, Ferdinand was far better placed than Chando. During his work at the Post Office he noticed, for instance, that on occasions a parcel would be posted to Salisbury by the Kariba branch of the Standard Bank. The occasions at which this occurred were irregular, but since, when it did occur, the posting was not performed idly, he was wise enough to attach some importance to the transaction. He saw that such parcels would be posted by the bank manager in person and that he would not come alone with them, but would be accompanied by a trusted European assistant. What is more, the parcel would be insured—for £5. Surely it must contain something of great value.

He watched how such parcels were handled once they had been passed over the counter. The result of his observation, it is certain, was that he became far more intimate with Post Office procedures than was his friend, Chando, with those of the Police.

In the days leading up to Christmas, as everyone knows, the work of postal officials becomes extremely heavy. There is much giving of presents, many of which pass through the post. Naturally, at such times, Ferdinand would appear for duty armed with both brief case and attache case.

Such a day was the 20th December, 1958. Even policemen give presents at Christmas, Ferdinand noticed; one of the Kariba policemen that day posted gifts to two small children in other parts of Rhodesia, but such small gifts as a policeman might be able to afford were unlikely to be of interest to a man like Ferdinand.

It was something different when the bank manager appeared. Do bank managers send gifts? Probably; they are, after all, much misunderstood men. But do they send them to the Bank of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and do they carry them to the Post Office under escort? Unlikely! He watched this parcel closely; saw it placed in the strongroom. Later he saw it removed and placed in a bag about to be prepared for despatch.

He was sent for tea.

The bags were sealed and loaded into a lorry for Salisbury. One of them was a pound or two lighter than it should have been, but no one noticed that.

And when he went home that evening Ferdinand was, temporarily at least, a rich man. It was quite the best Christmas "bonsella" he had ever had.

TWO days later the mail from Kariba reached Salisbury Post Office and was carefully received and checked. There was some dismay when it was discovered that a parcel addressed to the Bank of Rhodesia and Nyasaland was missing from the bag—a parcel which, upon enquiry, proved to have contained the sum of £4,150 in dog-eared but still usable banknotes.

It was about this time that Chando was preparing to leave Kariba for Northern Rhodesia. He was, in fact, packing into Ferdinand's brief case a hundred ten-pound notes, seventy five-pound notes and five hundred ten-shilling notes—a total of £1,600. With brief case firmly clutched in a sweaty hand, he was by 12.30 p.m. already on his way to Lusaka, from where he moved on again to Ndola.

Ferdinand was less faint-hearted. Sunday, 21st December, had been a glorious day for him. With Chando and other friends he had spent the day drinking and, what was perhaps even more glorious, paying for the beer with ten-pound notes. On Monday he went to work as usual.

MONDAY, 22nd December, 1958, was no cooler at Kariba than previous days had been. Det. Sergeant Freeman, of the C.I.D., stationed at Kariba, was in the very act of mopping his brow when the telephone rang.

"The Postmaster? Good morning to you, sir

"How much did you say? Four thousand one hundred and fifty pounds? I'll be with you right away."

But Det. Sergeant Freeman paused to mop his brow once more before he made his way to the Post Office: "Three days before Christmas; serves me right; I shouldn't have joined!"

The first few hours of C.I.D. enquiries were purely routine. The Postmaster and all his staff to be interviewed, the wheels to be set in motion to check every possibility; the parcel might have been stolen before despatch, in transit from Kariba to Salisbury, after arrival at Salisbury Post Office. While Sergeant Freeman was interviewing the European staff A/Det. Sergeant Chodeya got to work on the African employees. That evening he reported that of those he had talked to he was least impressed by the replies given by Ferdinand. A/Det. Sgt. Chodeya, you see, was not one to be impressed by the fact that a man carried an attache case and wanted to speak in English. He knew something of human character and of human failings; he must do, or he would not be a Sergeant in the C.I.D. It was not until the following day that he learned (from another source) that it was not only an attache case that Ferdinand was accustomed to carry, but that he was also frequently seen carrying a brief case too.

That was funny. There was no brief case to be found anywhere in Ferdinand's quarters. "Oh, yes," explained Ferdinand, "that's right; I do have a brief case, but I lent it to a friend. No, I'm afraid I don't remember his name." Ferdinand was still the clever fellow! Unfortunately for him —and, perhaps Ferdinand might have thought, a little unreasonably—the C.I.D. began to take a great interest in the missing brief case and in the man whose name could not be remembered. A/D/Sgt. Tarwireyi, as well as A/D/Sgt. Chodeya, began to pursue the matter relentlessly.

Well, there is nothing extraordinary about a man carrying a brief case; there is nothing extraordinary about a man who has been staying with Ferdinand terminating his visit on a Monday morning; nor is there anything very remarkable about the visitor carrying Ferdinand's brief case when he departed (for if he had stolen it surely Ferdinand would have complained by now). Good detectives, who know the right questions to ask and whom to ask them of, have little difficulty in discovering the answers to such questions—the answers to which appear on the surface so innocent and unlikely to be of use. Nor did it take them long to discover that the name of this friend was Chando—James Chando—and even more than that. In the brief time since the theft had occurred he had seemed very free with his money. Later he had been making enquiries about hiring a car to take him to Lusaka and that he had claimed to be a former member of the Northern Rhodesia Police stationed at Ndola.

How lucky it is that there are still many people in the world who realise that it is in their interest in the long run to help preserve law and order, even if they have to inconvenience themselves slightly to do so.

When Chodeya made his report, Sergeant Freeman had no doubt about what he should do next. He obtained permission from Salisbury to enter Northern Rhodesia in search of Chando. Leaving enquiries at Kariba in the hands of Tarwireyi, he set out for Lusaka with Chodeya. On the way he stopped at Kafue to make enquiries amongst the Bemba people there, but Chando had not been seen.

Christmas Day was spent at Lusaka. The Northern Rhodesia C.I.D. there knew of Chando, but he had not been seen recently. But the co-operation of the Northern Rhodesia Police was first class and they swung immediately into the task of locating him. This was a job of collecting titbits of information here and there in the African townships and piecing them together. There was little that Sergeant Freeman could do and he returned to Kariba, leaving Sergeant Chodeya on the spot with instructions to continue northward if necessary. With the help of the N.R.P. he soon learned that Chando had passed through the city on his way to Ndola and traced him to that town. He reported there to Asst. Superintendent Greene, and with A/Sgt. Mayiya of the Northern Rhodesia Police went into the African township and effected Chando's arrest. A statement Chando made to the Superintendent admitted receiving £1,600 from Ferdinand, knowing it to have been stolen. Of this, Superintendent Greene was able to recover nearly £1,520, the majority from Chando himself, but some from relatives with whom he had deposited it for safe keeping and one large sum from an Indian car dealer with whom he had placed it as a deposit on a car.

A/D/Sgt. Chodeya, very tired by then after six days and nights during which he had been at work almost non-stop, was able to have an uninterrupted sleep at last.

BACK at Kariba, A/D/Sgt. Tarwireyi had had no break for Christmas either. He had continued his close and exhaustive interrogation of the known friends and acquaintances of Ferdinand. They would not talk much and what they did say added up to no recognisable pattern: to Tarwireyi this meant that there were reasons for the lies and evasions. He therefore continued to press his questions.

It was not until 28th December that the case broke at the Kariba end. The main reason for the break-through was the receipt at Kariba of a message from the N.R.P. at Ndola that Chando had been arrested and £1,514 recovered.

Ferdinand's "friends" then began to realise that the net was closing tightly about the Post Office employee. One told the Police that soon after the theft he had seen Ferdinand leave his quarters with his shirt front bulging as if he were carrying something there which he did not wish to be seen. Out of curiosity he had followed him, unobserved, and had seen him go to a spot in the bush, make a hole under some stones and bury what he was carrying. When Ferdinand had returned, his shirt front had been normal. He offered to point out to the Police the spot at which this "burial" had taken place.

After a certain amount of scuffling around, Det. Sergeant Freemand A/D/Sgt. Tarwireyi uncovered a buried tin which was found to contain £1,960.

Money is notoriously unidentifiable and it was fortunate for the prosecution that there was something more in the tin than money. This was the wrapping paper in which the Standard Bank manager had wrapped the old notes for despatch and on which he had signed his name. Even in court this could lead to only one conclusion—in contradiction of which no stories of a lifetime of savings could hold any water.

At the High Court in Salisbury Chando was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for receiving while Ferdinand got three years for theft.

If Ferdinand had wanted to spend three years in gaol and lose a respectable job with the Department of Posts and Telegraphs, then he certainly had proved himself a very clever fellow indeed. But perhaps he was less clever than he thought.

The two African Detective Sergeants, on the other hand, do not regard themselves as particularly clever fellows. They have a job to do; they have their loyalty to the Force and to the law which it is their duty to uphold. And they did their job, persistently, right through Christmas, with little break for rest or refreshment. To them it is not a matter of cleverness or otherwise; it is just a matter of duty which must be performed. In return, they could expect to collect their pay as usual at the end of the month.

On this occasion, however, they have received something more—a Commissioner's Commendation in respect of the work they performed in the great Kariba mail bag theft.

CANCER.

THE LATE ROY COOP

Mrs. Coop and the parents of the late Roy Coop wish to thank the Commissioner, officers and all members of the British South Africa Police and B.S.A. Police Reserve for their messages of sympathy and floral tributes in their recent sad bereavement.

OBITUARY

Claude Ambrose Cardew, C.M.G.

(Ex-539)

It is hard to believe that a man whose whole life had been devoted to the interests of the communities which now form the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland should have died, in his ninetieth year, at the hand of an assassin. Yet so it was; Mr. C. A. Cardew, C.M.G., was found murdered at his home near Ncheu, Nyasaland, during September.

Born at Sandhurst, Mr. Cardew was the third son of Colonel Sir Frederic Cardew, K.C.M.G., a former Governor of Sierra Leone.

Mr. Cardew served as a Trooper in "E" Troop of the British South Africa Company's Police from June, 1890, to November, 1891. At the time of his death he was one of only three surviving members of the original Rhodesian Pioneer Column. His Troop was stationed at Macloutsie at the time of the Occupation, taking over at Fort Tuli from "D" Troop in December, 1890.

Early in 1891 he was a member of a detachment under Captain Barnett sent to Massibi's Drift to counter a possible encroachment by a Boer Column under Colonel Ferreira. In June, Colonel Ferreira was made prisoner by Surgeon-Lieutenant Goody, the senior B.S.A.C.P. officer on the spot, at Main Drift. The Boers later withdrew after negotiations with Dr. Jameson.

In 1893 Mr. Cardew entered the Nyasaland Administration as an Assistant Government Agent at Chinde (at the mouth of the Zambesi). He became a District Officer (a post then known as Assistant Collector) in Nyasaland early in 1894, and after many years of distinguished service—during which he was awarded the C.M.G. in 1919—retired in 1921.

Mr. Cardew described Nyasaland as he found it in the 'nineties in an article published in the *Nyasaland Journal*, issue of January, 1955, and later republished in *The Outpost*. He found Beira, at which he touched on his way to Chinde, "merely a sand flat with a collection of rough corrugated iron buildings." In his early days his chief preoccupation (and that of all white men in Nyasaland) was to check the depredations of the slave-trading Chief Zarafi.

In 1894 the only currency was a limited supply of rupees imported from India. There was no bank in the country. Smallpox was prevalent and there was no vaccination, as there was only one medical officer in the country. The natives inoculated themselves with true smallpox. This often started epidemics, but those who had made the first moves were immune. It was part of Mr. Cardew's morning toilet to have jiggers removed from his feet by native experts at the art.

History has recorded the success achieved by the early administrators, of whom Mr. Cardew was one, in stamping out the vile slave traffic under unbelievably primitive conditions. Few Africans alive and vociferous in Nyasaland to-day realise how much they owe to men like C. A. Cardew. Let us hope, nevertheless, that such assistance as they can afford to the Nyasaland Police in tracking down his assailant will not be withheld.

To Nyasaland's Grand Old Man we must say, "Farewell!"

Constable J. B. Chatfield

(5823)

Off duty, and while taking part as co-driver in the Lourenco Marques Rally, Constable Bryan Chatfield was fatally injured when the car he was driving crashed near Pietersburg, Northern Transvaal. He died shortly afterwards in Pietersburg Hospital.

The news came as a great shock to all Bryan's colleagues in the Force as well as to the many friends he had made outside the Force in the short eighteen months since he came to Salisbury to attest in the British South Africa Police.

Perhaps it was in the Mess of the small police station at Rhodesville, Salisbury, where Bryan was stationed, that the loss was most keenly felt. There he was known by his colleagues as a cheerful young man, keen and conscientious at his work, with a particular aptitude towards the investigation of traffic cases, and as a popular and sociable comrade in his off-duty hours.

Mechanically minded and with some previous experience as a draughtsman, he was a welcome foundation member of the Police Motor Car Club. At local rallies he was usually in evidence with his Ford Prefect and on occasions was amongst the prizes. Other off-duty activities included membership of the Methodist Youth Club at Rhodesville and an interest in amateur photography.

Born at Conway, North Wales, Bryan Chatfield was educated at Llandudno Grammar School and at 17½ went into the R.A.F. He served with the R.A.F. Regiment, winning the prize as best all-round gunner of his intake. He took his discharge after three and a half years' service and took employment as a learner draughtsman with an engineering firm in Coventry. Without having served an apprenticeship he learned that there was likely to be little future for him in engineering, and he resigned to join the British South Africa Police at the age of 23.

A memorial service was held at the Anglican Cathedral, Salisbury, on 9th September, the funeral, with military honours, taking place at the Salisbury Cemetery the following day. The pall-bearers and firing party were members of the British South Africa Police, and among the wreaths laid were tributes from the Commissioner and members of the Force as well as from Bryan's parents in Wales.

All members will associate themselves with the sincere condolences we wish to extend to Bryan's parents and to his brothers and sisters.

SPORT

HOCKEY

Salisbury

Here we are at last at the end of the season. No longer do we have to struggle out of bed at the ungodly hour of 9 o'clock on Sunday mornings to thump hang-overs round the pitch. Until next year we can sleep it off in comfort until the pub opens again.

Looking back over the season, we can honestly say that it has been successful, though there have been ups and downs. We managed, however, to finish on a very "up" note by both teams winning their respective leagues.

As usual, hundreds of people at the A.G.M. promised to turn out for practice and get really fit before the season started. Again, as usual, after the first couple of runs round the numbers tailed off to a mere 20-odd.

For the first league games the teams looked very good on paper and in fact won the first games. The first team lost every game after that for a month or so. Yes, they had caught the dreaded disease to which Police teams are so prone—over-confidence.

Just at that time, when we were at rock bottom and everybody hated one another, a gentleman called "Hutch" was invited to come and pick up the pieces and try to build up a couple of teams again. In spite of great difficulties and poor turn-outs to practice, he managed to get the interest alive again and convert a gang of bolshy unfit individuals into a semblance of two hockey teams. He taught us not to try and decapitate the other players with mighty drives up the field, but instead to use short passes. From then on things started looking up and both teams started to win.

The first team went up from 2B to 2A league and in the last round won every game except the

The Salisbury Police Hockey First XI. Back row (left to right): P/R M. Andrews, Sgt. R. Lawton, Sgt. I. Hayes, Const. M. H. Bard, Sgt. M. Avery, Sgt. K. Wood, Const. Q. Lamb. Sitting: D/Sgt. D. Hallward, Mr. R. H. Grimes (Commandant, Depot), P/R J. Yeoman (Capt.), Supt. G. C. Light (Chairman), Const. K. Miners, Cadet B. Blithenthall.

last, when there was a severe attack of endofseasonitis. This won us the league and next season we have the option of going into the First League. The second team fared very well considering all their difficulties in finding players and the frequent demand for their star players for the first team. However, they were held together by that happy band of warriors Mike Kenny, "Knob" Kerry Hoadley and the Oriental Samways, who kept the flag flying.

As far as the first team is concerned we were unlucky to lose the services early in the season of Dave Bartlett, who took a nasty knock on the hand. Johnny Yeoman was the captain and gave quiet encouragement on the field, both in games and practice, with very little thanks and a lot of worries. Mike Avery, in spite of his advancing years, played centre-half and demoralised every centre-forward he marked with his wonderful eye and quick recoveries. Ken Miners on the right wing was the fastest thing on two legs the hockey section has seen for many a day, and towards the end of the season developed a hair-raising shot at goal making him the top scorer. Quin Zwicky got away with things that only he could. His stopping and tackling were just about foolproof, even if the ball did appear a little hazy some mornings. The other back, Mike Andrews, gave us many a heartache by forgetting to turn up for games, but once on the field was a very steady back. Malcolm Bard moved from the forward line

to left-half early in the season and settled down well with Zwicky in an effective if rather Goon Show combination. The forward line varied greatly, but we had Dave Hallward left wing, Quinton Lamb a hard-working inside-left, Ricky Lawton usually centre and Ken Wood inside-right. Cadet Blithenthall came in as goalkeeper half way through the season and played very well. He was absolutely fearless in the face of attack and, though inexperienced, managed to do the right thing when under pressure, saving us many a goal.

Finally, our thanks are extended to Mr. G. C. Light, the Chairman, for his support and encouragement; "Hutch"—Mr. Hutchinson, coach—and all the others, both players and admin., who helped make it a pleasant and successful season. Roll on, next year.

First Team.—D. Hallward, Q. Lamb. R. Lawton, K. Wood, K. Miners; M. Bard, H. Avery, J. Yeoman; Q. Zwicky, M. Andrews; B. Blithenthall.

Also played: I. Hayes, M. Kenny, A. J. McCrory, D. Bartlett and C. Grassett.

M. H. B.

SALISBURY

Triangular Sports Day

The first of what everyone (with one exception) hopes will be many triangular sports days was held at the Police Club, Salisbury, on Sunday, 13th September. The one exception is Club Secretary Sergeant Derek Gray, whose day began at 6 o'clock on Sunday morning and did not end until some lonely hour on Sunday evening. Perhaps I am doing him an injustice—he seemed to enjoy it all, although for most of the time he was in the uncharacteristic position of not knowing his head from his elbow. The occasion was the first on which he has had to deal with so much going on all at once and such large numbers of healthy, hungry and thirsty sportsmen (and women). Generally, from the Club point of view, the organisation was excellent—the little matter of the carving of the meat, an organisational point which I am assured will receive every attention on future occasions, being best forgotten. All sections were unanimous in their praise of the lunch provided (once they had got it), and for this alone Sergeant Gray, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Allerton and the ladies who so kindly assisted deserve every congratulation. Two hundred well-fed and contented diners at the Club's first essay at serving a meal is no mean feat, to say nothing of the constant stream of morning and afternoon teas.

Tennis.—A three-cornered competition was arranged for the morning in such a way that each couple played as many of the others as possible in the time available. When the competition ended, each couple (mixed doubles) had played four matches of eleven games each. The result, decided on the number of games, was a close one; winners were the Regimental Association team, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. K. Flower, Dickinson and Mrs. Buchanan, Wintour and Mrs. Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. Burden, Mr. and Mrs. Rae, with a total of 117 games to their credit. The Police Reserve were only two games behind with 115, while the Regulars trailed with 102. During the afternoon some social tennis was played and the new courts came in for admiration.

Golf.—At the Police Golf Course the position was reversed, Regulars winning by 35½ to 32 (Reserve) and 22½ (Association). Golfers, like tennis players, enjoyed their day to the full and played friendly matches during the afternoon. Particularly welcome at the golf course were the numerous visitors from the outside districts, including ladies, many of whom had never previously played on the Police course. A number of new applications for membership are expected. A couple we were particularly pleased to see were Peter and Molly Phelps.

A feature of the day's play was the extraordinary number of balls sunk from off the green. Successful at this form of long-range putting were Colonel Franklin, Colonel Rolfe, Paddy Murray, Benny Ridge and Ralph Riber; possibly others whom I did not see.

Bowls.—The Bowls Section also report a highly enjoyable day which they hope will be repeated in the not too distant future. The "Regular" team came out tops on the greens too, with eleven to the Association's four and the Reserve's one. The bowlers report a first-class day and particularly enjoyed the get-together in the Club which followed.

Cricket.—The comments of the Police cricket secretary on this subject were particularly terse. "They wiped us up," he said, and I had great difficulty in getting anything further out of him. In this sport Regulars were playing a combined side of Reservists and Association members. The R. & A. team declared at 186 for 4 (Black, 51; Coombs, 52 n.o.; Lees, 42). Having told me so

much, the cricket secretary hurriedly departed for the camp hospital with an attack of migraine and I never did hear what negligible score the Regulars' team managed to accumulate.

Water Polo.—The followers of this ultra-energetic sport were to have staged a demonstration match, Police v. Pirates, during the afternoon for the benefit particularly of wives and children who had tired of watching their husbands and fathers sweating it out in the far green distances of the cricket field, and of course all the known "golf widows" who had been persuaded to attend. Pirates, however, were unable to field (is that the right word?) a full team so early in the season, so those who came joined in a scratch pick-up match staged by the Police players. At this early stage in the season it was not surprising that the game was notable more for the enthusiasm displayed than for the skill exhibited. The spectators seemed to enjoy it none the less, and it was a pity the same could not be said for Detective Inspector Ron Blackmore, who at the urgent request of numerous younger players had donned cap and trunks to make a long-delayed come-back to the sport. He played a remarkable game in goal, and his very sporting gesture to make up the numbers was very much appreciated.

Well, this is a very brief round-up of all that occurred during a very crowded day, but I think I can safely say that it was a day very much enjoyed by everyone. We hope (and have good grounds for suspecting) that there will be more like it.

ALL ROUNDER.

RUGBY

Bulawayo

This month's notes are a mixture of successes and disappointments. The First Fifteen, after winning its way into the Fryer Cup final, lost badly to Queen's 21-3. The game was played in excellent spirit by both sides and some very good open rugby resulted. Weak tackling by the Police side resulted in two gift tries to Queen's. Unfortunately we lost Tomlin just after half-time and this put a big strain on the lighter Police pack. Bembridge, Manning, MacMillan and Dyer all turned in excellent games.

The First Fifteen was: Dyer; Ashworth, Linfield, Craker, Kinsey; Tomlin, Brookes; MacMillan, McLean, Rabjohn, James, Manning, Stephens, Goodhead and Bembridge.

The Bulawayo Police Rugby First XV. Standing (left to right): Chief Inspector Kirkwood (Secretary), Manning, Dyer, Rabjohn, Ramsden, Stephens, James, MacMillan. Sitting: Craker, Ashworth, Mr. P. Roach (Coach), Bembridge (Capt.), Supt. T. D. Allen (Chairman), Tomlin, Thomas. In front: Kinsey, Linfield, Brookes. Inset: Goodhead. Absent: McLean.

The team also finished second in the league, two points behind Queen's.

The Second Fifteen was also a disappointment after a good start, finishing third in the minor league after being in front for most of the season. Players who impressed throughout were MacFarlane, Van Staden, Parkin, Royle and Kinsey.

Congratulations this month to the following for their selection to represent the Matabeleland Second League side against Midlands: Tomlin, Thomas, Brookes, Ashworth and Manning. The selection of four of the Police three-quarter line was an indication of the rugby we have tried to play this year. I would also like to congratulate Manning not only on his selection for Matabeleland in his first year of rugby, but also on winning the floating trophy for "The Most Improved Police Player" of the year. This trophy will be presented at the end-of-season sundowner.

At this point I would like to express the Rugby Section's thanks to the following: Peter Roach for the job of coach so well done; Superintendent T. D. Allen for his chairmanship of the section and his hard work and support; Chief Inspector Kirkwood for being such a loyal and hard-working secretary; and last, but by no means least, Phil Bembridge, the captain, for the example he set on and off the field of play.

"TRY" HARD.

SWIMMING

Salisbury

At the Annual General Meeting of the Swimming Section of the B.S.A. Police Club the following office-bearers were elected: Chairman, Superintendent J. Pestell; Secretary, Inspector M. B. Buckley; Water Polo Captain, Sergeant N. Smith; Water Polo Trainer, Sub-Inspector W. Buchanan; Property Steward. Constable Dalziel.

It was agreed that the Police team, which won the Second League championship last year, would apply for First League status this year and that a friendly second team should also be run.

Regular players who have already started their water polo training include Constables Osborn. Moores, Dalziel, MacIntosh, Sergeants Fletcher and Smith and Reservists Kerr-Wilson and Jennett.

In addition, many other keen swimmers have said that they are willing to try their hand at the game. One who will be missed this season is Constable Cuff; he has been posted to a district station and will therefore not be available.

At a meeting held on 26th August a suggestion of some interest was put forward and met with general approval. This was that a Police Swimming Championships be instituted, the occasion being a gala to be held at the Police pool, Salisbury, during the latter part of November. At the time of writing no details are available, but a list of events should have been circulated by the time these notes are in print.

AQUA PURA.

HOW FAST IS TENNIS?

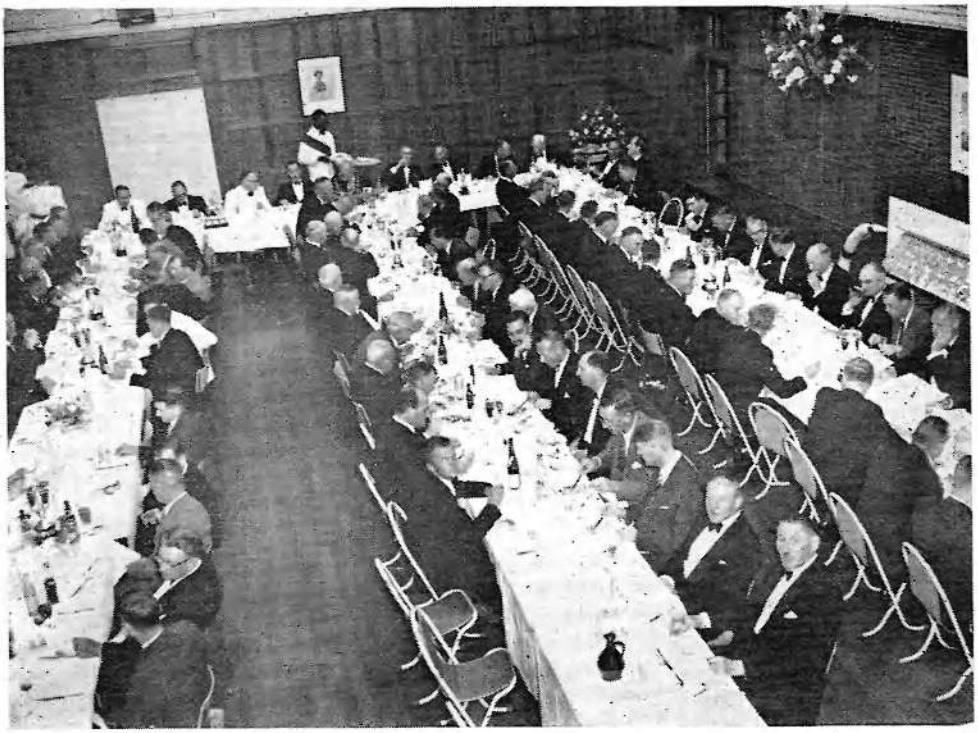
It is hardly surprising that spectators at Wimbledon and other international tennis championships sometimes find it hard to keep their eyes on the ball. A speed of as much as 200 miles per hour has been recorded for a tennis ball in play. "An ordinary good shot travels at between 70 and 80 miles an hour," said Robert Symes in a recent edition of the B.B.C. General Overseas Service programme, "Inside Information." "This means that it takes only one-fifth of a second for the ball to travel from the racquet of the server to the other side of the net—that is, about 50 feet. To hit a ball travelling at 100 miles an hour you have to apply a force of 57 lbs. to the head of the racquet, and the energy required is over 10 horse power. At 150 miles an hour the force required is 87 lbs."

Dr. Otto Edholm, of the Division of Human Physiology at Britain's Medical Research Council, who specialises on inside information about sports, added that in addition to power, of course, a very high order of skill was required to hit a ball travelling at these high speeds so that it went over the net and into the part of the court where the player wanted it. A mistake in timing of the order of one-thousandth of a second would have considerable effects.

SEA MADNESS

"A swim seems to bring out the uninhibited virile side of men; immediately they come out from the water, dripping and extremely unattractive, they engage in tough games of cricket or football or catch as catch can. They chase their screaming girl friends with handfuls of wet seaweed or a crab. Dogs too seem to change their personalities at the seaside. I think they probably lap sea water and go slightly mad."

—Mrs. Ba Mason. a popular speaker in the B.B.C.'s "Woman's Hour" programme.



A general view of the lounge of the Police Club. Salisbury, on the occasion of the Regimental Association Annual Dinner.

Old Comrades

THE Regimental Association is, or should be, the meeting ground of past and present members of the British South Africa Police. If it were truly so, and I am afraid that it is drifting away from that ideal, I would be wrong in reporting the Salisbury Branch Regimental Association Annual Dinner in this column, which is a column devoted to the comings, goings and interests and views of ex-members of the Force. To-day, it would seem, the Association is regarded almost wholly as an Association of ex-members.

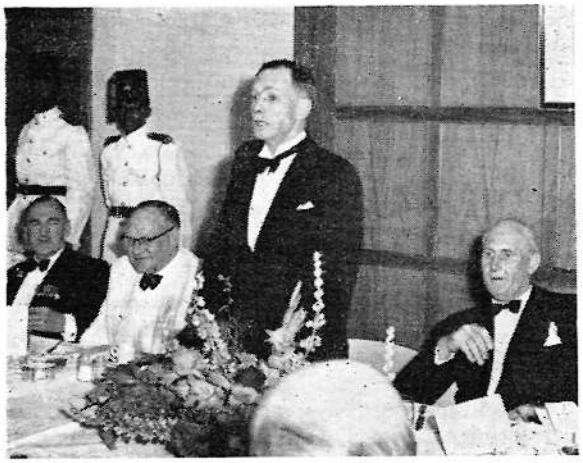
It must have been five years ago, at least, that a determined drive was made to recruit serving members of the Force into the Association. A number joined then and their subscriptions, by courtesy of the Police Pay Office, are deducted annually from their pay sheets. The annual subscription is very little and most who belong hardly notice the deduction: several serving members I have spoken to were unable to remember whether or not they were members of the Association. If they were, they had not noticed the deduction of the annual subscription; if they were not, they had certainly failed to notice that the deduction was not being made. Many hundreds, perhaps even as many as a thousand, young men have joined the British South Africa Police since the last membership drive was made amongst serving members. Of these, I doubt if even 1 per cent. are members.

I once asked a Branch Secretary for his opinion on why so few serving members belonged to the Association. "Oh," he replied, "well, there's not much point in their joining, you know. The Committee, in any case, will not consider applications for assistance from serving members." Well, that may be the policy of the Committee, although I cannot see that there are any justifiable grounds for discrimination of this sort against serving members. But, even if this be so, surely we did not all join the Association for the purpose of getting what we could out of it; surely we joined it primarily to further our association with the Force and individually with serving and ex-members of the Force.

To come back to the Salisbury Branch Annual Dinner: the turn-out was excellent. More than a hundred diners answered the mess call; more might have proved an embarrassment to the caterers and the accommodation. Although to all

outward appearances the dinner was a huge success (both the victuals and the speeches were first class), there was, to this diner at least, acute embarrassment in the fact that so few serving policemen were present—an embarrassment that was made even more pointed by the fact that of those serving policemen who were there, more than half were of the commissioned ranks, from Assistant Superintendent upwards to Deputy Commissioner (the Commissioner being on leave overseas at the time). A leavening there was of (mostly senior) Warrant Officers; of Sergeants—the backbone of the Force after all, and the men whom ex-members are most likely to find of interest if they have the welfare of the Force at heart—there was only a sprinkling. Constables? I believe I am right in saying that there were only two present, one of whom is the active and energetic Secretary of the Salisbury Branch and the other a young man who had taken the trouble to come all the way in from an out-station in Salisbury District.

How do we account for this remarkable absence of serving policemen? Firstly, did they know the dinner was on? Well, it was advertised in the daily press, although not in *The Outpost*. The latter omission was no one's fault; I understand from the Editor that the Salisbury Branch Committee endeavoured to have a notice inserted in the magazine, but because of difficulty in settling certain organisational details just missed the closing date for copy. The appearance of notices in the press but not in the Police magazine may have given serving members the impression that their presence was not being solicited. Of course, serving members could easily have been made aware of the function in good time through internal Police channels; whether this was done or not I do not know. Secondly, the cost of the function. A guinea is a guinea; to the average man that is not an amount to be sneezed at. But there are two sorts of guinea: the wasted guinea and the well-spent guinea. Even to-day few of us will begrudge a guinea for which we get good value. If any stayed away for financial reasons it must therefore have been because they believed that their guinea would not buy them a congenial evening. In the event, they were probably right. Although it was worth a guinea in my own (and many others') opinion just to hear Mr. Justice Morton's brilliant speech, they were not to know that in advance. There is too a natural cleavage between the age groups—one which the well-bred younger man hesitates to bridge at functions such as these, unless he is encouraged by the older man to do so. For serving men too there is the feeling that the serving section of those present is going to be dominated by men of very much superior rank to their own. Again there is a great gulf fixed—one the Constable will find himself on the wrong side of, and again one that cannot be bridged except from the other side. Whether the young Constables who did not attend this dinner



The main speaker of the evening was Mr. Justice Morton, whose associations with the B.S.A. Police go back more than thirty years.

are justified in having such feelings we cannot tell—the occasion just did not arise for them to be disproved. However, it is noticeable that in other centres where there is rather less of a super-abundance of "brass," the younger serving members do support their annual dinners to a greater extent than they do in Salisbury.

Lastly, we come back to the question of membership of the Association. Several serving members to whom I have spoken honestly believed that they were not eligible to attend the dinner because they are not members of the Association. This is bunkum; but was it made as plain as it might have been that all were welcome?

We should be trying to encourage younger policemen into the Association. Had we got them to the dinner we might have found, with a little prandial mellowing of age and rank, that there is much in common between us—and the result might have been an enhanced Association membership and better mutual understanding.

It is time, I believe, that we of the Association paused to take stock of our aims and objects and how best they may be achieved.

* * *

Now I will stop moaning and say something about the dinner itself. The catering was so much superior to what we have become accustomed to at Police dinners that I almost feel like using this column for a little free advertising. Those who were there know which organisation so efficiently laid on this toothsome repast and I hope that the organisation concerned benefits accordingly. I look forward also to next year's dinner being provided by the same people. The average age of those present was well above the dyspepsia line, but this did not prevent justice being done to the meal in between bouts of intensive conversation. Said the *Rhodesia Herald* in bold headlines, "B.S.A.P. Veterans Fight Old Battles Over

Soup Plates"—although the reporter's intention is reasonably clear, it might seem to the idle reader that our table manners were not all they might have been.

Oldest of the veterans referred to by the *Herald* was Captain R. D. E. McMahon (589), survivor of the Jameson Raid and the Relief of Mafeking, who carries his 88 years with the vigour and uprightness of a man 30 years younger.

Main speaker of the evening was Mr. Justice Morton, whose associations with the B.S.A. Police go back more than 30 years. He was not brief—nor would we have wished him to be, for he held us enthralled as he summed up the history and tradition of the Force while touching here and there on subjects as diverse as his own days as Public Prosecutor in an office in the old Baker Avenue Police Station and the photograph in that morning's paper which proved that the traditional association between police and nursing service was no less strong than it had ever been. (The photograph incidentally was of Constable Tony Mundy on his first outing—to the Salisbury Show—after having been paralysed from the neck down in a swimming accident at Beira at Rhodes and Founders. He is seen on his stretcher with a beatific smile on his face, closely attended by three of the most charming nurses-in-mufti any policeman is ever likely to find.)

In reply, Mr. R. H. Borland, Deputy Commissioner, said: "We are deeply conscious of the fact that we have inherited proud traditions from our predecessors." He went on to say that it was the concern of the B.S.A. Police of to-day not only to maintain the standards achieved in the past, but to improve on them.

I will say again that we all very much enjoyed this year's Annual Dinner. Next year we hope to share our enjoyment with a greater proportion of serving members.

* * *

I was unable to get my notes in to the Editor last month; as a consequence, I have more than usual for him this time. *Si ye Pambile,* we read, has safely reached its first port of call at Lisbon, with its five ex-policeman adventurers aboard. There was some dismay in Rhodesia when it was reported in our press here that the yacht was missing on its proving voyage from Maldon to Torquay. Later we were relieved to learn that it had merely put in to Portsmouth to shelter from some foul weather. My latest letter from Roger Gowen, posted last thing before sailing from Torquay, does not even mention this incident. Still less does he mention the romantic adventures of one member of the crew who, it seems, left a broken heart behind at Torquay. Give five young Rhodesians the freedom of the seven seas and no doubt there will be a number more such, from Tampico to Singapore, before the globe is circumnavigated. At Lisbon our ex-British South Africa Policemen were given a right royal welcome by the Portuguese Police and were invited to their mess.

A retirement of note is that of Major S. C. John, M.C. (912), an Old Comrade whose son is a Chief Inspector in the Force to-day. Major John has retired after 37 years with M.T.D. Co. at Messina, Transvaal, and will be found in future at P.O. Box 3684, Johannesburg. Thirty-seven years with a mining company may seem a pretty good career by itself, but Major John's career is made up of very much more than that. He served in the Anglo-Boer War in 1902, in the Zulu Rebellion in 1906, joining the British South Africa Police in 1907. In 1910 he left to join the Globe & Phoenix Mine at Que Que. In 1914 he was commissioned in the S.A. Machine Gun Brigade, transferring to the Nyasaland Imperial Service Contingent in 1915. Later that year until 1922 he served with the K.A.R. His First World War service was in the South West African campaign and later in East Africa. He was awarded the Military Cross and Mentioned in Despatches.

I am sure we all wish Major and Mrs. John (who in three years' time will be celebrating their Golden Wedding anniversary) everything of the best in their retirement.

A glance at the "Letters" column over the past few months (and this month, I believe) will show what extraordinary interest has been aroused by the suggestion that *The Outpost* should reprint

some of Cullen Gouldsbury's poems. The suggestion originated from Major F. R. Peters (898), Chairman of Rhodesian Corporation, London. There have been many kind offers and I understand that copies of *Songs Out of Exile* and *From the Outposts* have now been presented to *The Outpost* by Mr. F. J. Moore (1556), of Zululand. The latest of a very remarkable crop of letters (and probably the one with the most human interest) is that from Mr. W. E. Downer (1743), of Cape Town. He says: "The poet certainly had the ability to set down in an appealing way thoughts on life in and around the outposts, and when one feels inclined to dip into his book now and then, a feeling of nostalgia rapidly transports one away from the shadow of Table Mountain to those rather wonderful patrol days away down over the Lundi to the Sabi and back again." I am sure it does that, and perhaps to many others of more recent vintage than Mr. Downer it does the same—but few will be able to say of their copy of Gouldsbury's poems as Mr. Downer does: "I have a copy in front of me now which I purchased when stationed at Ndanga in 1917 and sent to a young lady in England who has been my wife nigh on forty years."

Gouldsbury, aware of himself as no more than a minor poet, would have been gratified to know that his words have worked such magic, for so many, over so many years.

The Chronicler.

Reserve Pre-occnpations

FIGTREE-MANGWE

Another successful weapon meeting was held on the Marula Range on Saturday and Sunday, 1st and 2nd August, 1959.

The weather was kind and both days were ideal for shooting and some very good scores were put up. Entries were very disappointing this year, there being only 38 as against 56 last year, but what lacked in numbers was made up by enthusiasm, and an extremely careful and contented shoot resulted.

The range work was very ably handled by Mr. Harold Stidolph, assisted by Mr. Leslie, of the Bulawayo Police Reserve, and the thankless but extremely necessary task of Butts Officer was ably executed by Sergeant Roy Merricks, of B.S.A.P., Mangwe. To those three men go our heartiest thanks for ably conducting a good meeting.

The braaivleis and dance on Saturday evening was a gratifying success. Friends and supporters from far and near gathered at the fires to enjoy their supper and then to dance to excellent music played by the Booysen brothers, Mr. Alec Cracknell, John Stone and various local talented musicians. Thank you, musicians.

The most frequented spot over the two warm days was the fully licensed bar organised and run by Mr. Eric York, assisted by Mr. Tom Ainslee and others when necessity arose. To them also go our thanks.

The hungry shottists and friends were very well fed by the wives of shottists and members of the local club, and to them a big thank you for a job well done. Without their help and support our shoots could never be the success they are.

At the conclusion on Sunday afternoon the Secretary asked Mr. Harold Stidolph to address the gathering, and Mrs. S. J. Rosenfels senior then presented the prizes to the various winners.

The I.G.A. was won by Mr. Ken Seager, of 2nd R.R.R. Club, who got a bar to the Bronze Cross; he also won the floating trophy presented by Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Gregg for the best sharpshooter of the day's meeting. Runner-up of I.G.A. was Mr. F. Sexton.

Team G.A. was won by 2nd R.R.R. Club and the runners-up were Plumtree P.R.R. Club.

To close, once again a big thank you to all our friends who supported us and helped to make our week-end the success it was, and a belated thank you to 2nd R.R.R. Headquarters, who arranged for markers to work in the butts.

Figman.

BULAWAYO

So! *Bamba Zonke* once again rears its head in our Reserve Pre-occupations. Welcome "Scribe," and it's a pity you weren't in the *Industrial Capital* on the night of 28th August. You could then have covered the *first* Police Reserve Ball "along-a-me" and given the Salisbury Reservists some ideas for what must inevitably be the *second*. Nevertheless, we'll hide nothing from you, so that when you do decide to hold a ball it can be, with a little effort, almost as successful as ours.

As you know if you have scrutinised the newspapers, our guests of honour for the occasion were none other than Sir Roy and Lady Welensky, and Sir Roy's look of genuine pleasure as repro-

duced in *The Chronicle* was not, I assure you, a "fleeting" smile.

Most of us had only expected our august guests to drop in for a short while, as is so often done on these occasions by V.I.P.s, and we were delighted to see Sir Roy and Lady Welensky not only arrive early, but stay with us until almost the end of the ball and enjoy themselves to the full throughout.

The Army was also well represented with Col. J. Salt, O.C. 1st Battalion, R.A.R., and Mrs. Salt, and Col. Veitch, O.C. Depot, R.R.R. Our own Officer Commanding Police Reserve, Colonel Flemming, and party, Chief Superintendent Barclay Hoole, O.C. Reserve, Bulawayo, and party, and our author officer, P. Gibbs, were very much in evidence.

A large contribution to our happiness and to the success of the ball was due without doubt to the 15-piece Police Band conducted by Chief Inspector Sparks, which Salisbury so kindly loaned us for the event. We must thank you for that, and in return we *might* lend you our Pipe Band if you hold a ball some time and providing you ask us nicely.

This African Police Band was, and there is no doubt about it, just the "most," and they appeared to enjoy playing for us as much as we enjoyed their playing. Especially worthy of note were the vocalist, who had us "hamba-ing kahle," and the guitarist, who could not make up his mind whether it was more comfortable to play with the guitar across his waist or around the back of his neck.

An exhibition of ballroom dancing by Dave Coutts and his partner, Miss Beryl Fuller, and pupils of the Bulawayo School of Dancing had many of us wishing we had taken lessons from the age of three months, as these youngsters (you're excluded, Dave) appeared to have done. Trained under the direction of Dave Coutts in his "old time" section of the dancing school, these lads and lassies were a treat to watch and Dave is to be congratulated on his patience.

As is now expected of them during Bulawayo's Police Reserve functions, our Pipe Band in full regalia once more added the "spice to the ginger bread" during an interval welcomed by Chief Inspector Sparks and his Police Band.

Drum Major Alf Wilson and Pipe Major Hamilton Thompson, with their "wee Jocks," can always be relied upon to create a mild sensation at events of this sort, and this event was no exception.

Those of us who left the main hall during this interval to partake of the fine selectiton of food available were in no mood to relax at this stage, and whilst waiting to be served the very queue was swaying back and forth four paces each way to the tune of the Gay Gordons.

This was the time when so many of our loving wives threw all precaution to the winds and relaxed their slimming diets. Who could blame them? The buffet supper laid on was quite unfair to us all, and with the swimming season so fast approaching, all our efforts to reduce sufficiently to squeeze into our last season's bathing costumes will be of no avail—men included.

Lastly, in thanking our Entertainments Committee for the fine show they put on that evening and for making the evening the success it undoubtedly was, we wish to make special mention of the Chairman, Walter Everitt; Vice-Chairman, Ray Leslie; Bar Steward, Jock Sherlaw; Derek Gledall and Ken Palmer, M.C.s; and to those charming ladies, Mrs. Harper, Miss Jones, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Austin and Mrs. Atkins, who ensured that we did not go hungry.

The Chairman has informed me that the ball was also a success financially, so the Police Reserve Children's Christmas Tree Fund has been given a much-needed boost.

Thank you one and all, and in particular Sir Roy and Lady Welensky for attending as our very welcome guests. We sincerely hope and believe you enjoyed the evening as much as we enjoyed having you with us, and that you will be able to find the time to visit us again soon.

FLOSS.

We regret that notes on the Freddie Potgieter Trophy shoot, notes from Sinoia, and a very pertinent poem by a Police Reserve wife have had to be held over because of pressure on space. These items will appear next month.

—Editor.

Letters to the Editor . . .

British South Africa Police,
Belingwe.
27th August, 1959

The Editor,
The Outpost.

Dear Sir,

I beg to point out an error in the August, 1959, issue, which seems to have gone unnoticed.

Whilst being surprised and pleased to learn that the Corps had served with distinction north of the Zambesi, I racked my brains to find some occasion when the Corps had served south of the Limpopo!

But I refer more particularly to the addition of an "N" to the fourth word in the third line of the plaque shown in the illustration on page 23. I just cannot believe that such a mistake could have been made at the time the plaque was engraved. In fact, the appearance of the letter leads me to believe that it has since been added by some person or persons unknown (presumably). The spacing seems incorrect between the alien "N" and the "P" of "POLICE" and the letter is also out of alignment.

Perhaps, Mr. Editor, you can explain this mistake and also arrange for its removal. It seems quite shocking that a mistake such as this could have been made right here on the spot, when one only expects it in a United Kingdom newspaper (the *Daily Telegraph* on occasions over the past few months, for instance!).

It is just possible that one of our recruits from south of the Limpopo has managed to slip out of Depot at dead of night and, in a fit of patriotism, added the alien "N." May he rest in peace.

Yours faithfully,
L. A. J. CHINN.
(Constable, 5693.)

(Says the Editor: *The error on the plaque did not pass unnoticed in this office. We copied the inscription (from the photograph sent us by the Northern Rhodesia Police) because it seemed likely that it would not be clearly legible in reproduction; as it happened, the photograph reproduced perfectly. When we came to the unwanted "N" we were as shocked as Constable Chinn and got to work with a magnifying glass on the photographic print. The conclusion we came to was that a mistake had been made in the manufacture of the plaque, but that the offending "N" had since been removed, not by the manufacturers, but by some local purist. On re-examination, Constable Chinn will notice that the spacing between words is correct if the "N" is included—incorrect without it. A better foundation for Constable Chinn's dark suspicions is that the "N" does seem to be out of alignment. But we supposed that the photograph was taken by strong overhead light (probably Northern Rhodesian sunlight), each of the raised letters therefore casting a dark shadow below it. The effect of this is to make the letters appear lower than they actually are. The dark outline of the "N," however, is not shadow, but the roughened surface of the plaque where an "N" once was. Its position almost certainly indicates the true level of the letters without the optical illusion created by shadows. Constable Chinn cannot believe that the mistake was made when the plaque was engraved: he does not say when it was engraved because he does not know that. Neither do we, but it was certainly done in more recent times—the modern spelling "Monze" instead of "Monzie's" and the fact that the departure of the B.S.A. Police in 1903 is referred to in the past tense, showing at least that it was manufactured when the B.S.A.P. were no longer in those parts. Probably the plaque was made in South Africa, where such an error could easily be made. A plaque unveiled at Victoria Falls a few years ago before a gathering of V.I.P.s contained such a glaring error of spelling that it was hurriedly covered up again. It would seem that the craftsmen are limited in their craftsmanship to their work on the actual metal, regarding as unimportant the literary content of what they are creating.)*

This is the plaque referred to in Constable Chinn's letter.

14a Stanley Road,
Sudbury,
Suffolk,
23rd August, 1959.

The Editor,
The Outpost.

Dear Sir,

May I congratulate you on *The Outpost*. There is always much of interest for past as well as present members. When I have thoroughly digested my copy I pass it on to the West Suffolk Constabulary, by whom it is much appreciated.

When I am up in London for the B.S.A.P. Regimental Association Annual Dinner on 11th September I will look round the second-hand bookshops in the Charing Cross Road on the chance of finding a copy of *God's Outpost*, by Cullen Gouldsbury, for "Regulus."

Mr. Turner thinks that Gouldsbury's poem, "Afterword," should be published in full. I agree and am therefore sending you a copy of it.

Yours faithfully,

G. C. MCCLEMENT,
(Reg. No. 1661: 1913-19).

(A letter from Mr. J. N. Turner, after giving publication details of Gouldsbury's various books, continues:

I read *God's Outpost* when stationed at Enkeldoorn; a copy knocked about the camp for months. As far as I remember, there was a spicy bit about the "affair" the magistrate was having with the wife of the N.C.O. in charge B.S.A. Police. I shall look forward with interest to see if a copy has been unearthed.)

41, Pearson Avenue,
Eshowe,
Zululand,
20th August, 1959.

The Editor,
The Outpost.

Dear Sir,

With reference to Mr. J. N. Turner's support for the suggestion by Major F. R. Peters that Cullen Gouldsbury's poems be published in *The Outpost*, maybe I can help. I have a copy of *Songs Out of Exile* and a copy of *From the Outposts*. These I am posting to you as a gift from me.

I hope readers of *The Outpost* enjoy any reprints as much as I have enjoyed the originals. With best wishes.

Yours sincerely,

F. J. MOORE
(Ex-1556).

(Mr. Moore's gift has been accepted with sincere thanks. The first poem to be republished "Afterword," appears in this number.—Ed.)

The Editor would also like to take this opportunity of thanking (with mental reservations) the reader who sent him a map of the moon with the suggestion that he might care to spend his next long leave there.

"St. Keyne,"
4 York Avenue,
Highlands,
Salisbury.

The Editor,
The Outpost.

Dear Sir,

DOMESTIC NOTES

A Constable without a Christian name
Is not so easy to identify;
I deprecate the need for guessing game
To ascertain his vague identity.

A Sergeant would be easier to discern
Because he is a rarer sort of bird,
And when it comes to Sub-Inspector's turn
The odds are shortened by about a third.

Your marriage notices I criticise
Because without a number as a clue,
Or Christian name or two, it is unwise
To speculate upon who married who.

Yours, etc.,

A. S. HICKMAN.

Verses penned with elegance, like these, an ex-Commissioner's,
Display in every line of them a touch that's all their own;
Although (by retirement) we're no longer his parishioners,
It's only common courtesy that respectfulness be shown.

In notices of marriage, though we've only given her names
(Euphonically superior to the ones mere males have got),
We're endeavouring for the future to qualify the surnames
Of Constabulary members who have knit the nuptial knot.

CHORUS (all join in, please)

Apologies please to the thousands of Smiths who
Do not themselves know which spouse is whose;
And call down a curse on any who might wish to
Find themselves shod in another Smith's shoes.

—Editor.

6 Brighton St.,
East London, C.P.,
2nd September, 1959.

The Editor,
The Outpost.

Dear Sir,

In the August issue a photograph appeared of the Kariba Dam and mention was also made of Fort Tuli. I would like to tell in this letter how I first saw Fort Tuli and Kariba Gorge.

Fort Tuli.—At the age of 10 years (I am now 75) I crossed the Shashi River and passed through Fort Tuli with my parents when we trekked to Bulawayo from Johannesburg by ox wagon in 1894. I well remember us crossing the very wide and sandy Shashi River; we had great difficulty in crossing, our wagon having to be partly offloaded because of the sand in which the wagon wheels sank. At Fort Tuli, which was then the port of entry into Southern Rhodesia, we were met by members of the Matabeleland Mounted Police, now of course the B.S.A. Police. The M.M.P. were very helpful with advice, etc., for which we were very grateful. Our family then carried on to Bulawayo, arriving there in May, 1894, after a hectic and eventful trek of four months. Bulawayo was then a settlement of tin shacks and grass huts.

Kariba Gorge.—About 1934 I was tsetse fly ranger in charge of operations in the district of Miami and Urungwe Native Reserve. In the course of my duties I did walking patrols on several occasions to Kariba Gorge and the Zambesi Valley when it was real wild *bundu*, then the home of herds of buffalo, elephant, lion and game of every description. On one occasion I walked to Kariba Gorge with Mr. Chorley, who was Chief Entomologist. On our return we both went down with malaria, as we were eaten alive by mosquitoes at Kariba. I hope one day to be able to visit Lake Kariba, as it would be an eye-opener to me, having known the Gorge in its real wild and natural state.

Yours, etc.,
Capt. A. E. BEECHEY, M.M.
(Ex-834).

(*There can be few alive to-day who can* remember *entering Rhodesia by ox wagon at Fort Tuli. Another distinction which Captain Beechey can claim is that of being the sole surviving member of the Colour Party of Southern Rhodesia Volunteers who went to Mafeking in* 1904 *to receive the unit's colours, awarded for its services in the South African War.*—Ed.)

Richmond,
P. Bag 578,
Sinoia.

The Editor,
The Outpost.

Dear Sir,

It gives me great pleasure to send you my subscription in renewal of *The Outpost*, as I consider it a very fine magazine, and although only a Police Reservist, I feel happy to be a small part of this fine Corps.

May I suggest that those officers who annually conduct field training days in the districts come prepared to accept new subscriptions and to renew old ones at the pay parade. Many Reservists with a day's pay in their pocket (or even before it gets that far) for a happy day's break from the farm or mine would gladly part with 18s. for a year's subscription before the "bloke" behind the canteen bar gets it all.

Yours faithfully,
G. T. GOVER.

(*We doubt whether any Force in the world can claim association with as fine a crowd of men as the B.S.A. Police has in its Reserve. "The Outpost" endeavours to do its part in fostering* esprit de corps *between Regulars, Reservists and members of the Regimental Association and is proud to number a very large number of Reservists among its readers. Although we would like to see yet more Reservists on our lists, we would prefer their subscriptions to be sent to us voluntarily rather than, possibly, under some sense of obligation at field training days. A good word, we believe, from a satisfied P/R reader is worth more than all the blandishments of a Provincial Warrant Officer.*—Ed.)

From Force Orders

APPOINTMENTS

His Excellency the Officer Administering the Government has been pleased to approve the following promotion in the British South Africa Police:—

Mr. J. Spink, Chief Superintendent, to Assistant Commissioner; 15-8-59.

His Excellency the Officer Administering the Government has been pleased to approve of the following appointments in the British South Africa Police with effect from 1-8-59:—

No. 4024, Inspector Edward James Sheriff to Assistant Superintendent.

No. 3916, Inspector Alec Ernest Frederick Bailey to Assistant Superintendent.

PROMOTIONS

No. 5250, Const. Braidwood, C.I.D., Sby. (Dog Section), to Sergeant; 1-8-59.

District Branch

No. 4059, Sub-Inspr. Robinson, Sby. D., to Inspector; 26-8-59.

No. 4344, Sgt. Ward, Umt. D., to Sub-Inspector; 26-8-59.

No. 5110, Const. Bailey, Sby. D., to Sergeant; 26-8-59.

Staff Branch

No. 3950, Sub-Inspr. Crabbe, P.G.H.Q. (Publications), to Staff Inspector; 26-8-59.

No. 5996, Const. Wiles, Depot. to Staff Sergeant; 27-4-59. No. 5969. Const. Boshoff, Mid. Prov. (Radio), to Staff Sergeant; 2-3-59.

ATTESTATIONS

For the Duty Branch, posted to Depot on 20-8-59:

Alan Richard Castle, Brian John Cyril Gibbs.

For the Duty Branch, posted to Depot on 31-8-59:

Anthony William Amor, Roger Alan Chapman, Melvyn Geoffrey Dean, Alan Peter Stock, Richard James Albright, Victor Assersohn, Michael John Scott Bowerbank, Gordon James Geddes, Laurence Arthur Ibbitt, David Sydney Long, Rory Campbell Wardlaw Milne, Christopher John William Pollard, Michael Basil Stapleton, Michael John Tasker, Alan George Terry.

DISCHARGES

No. 5275, Staff Sgt. Bound, Depot, At Own Request; 8-9-59. No. 5545, Const. Knight, Go. D., Time Expired (Expiration of Contract); 5-9-59. No. 5771. Const. Lewis, Sby. Urban; 8-8-59. No. 3857, Inspr. Everitt, Byo. D., Retirement on Pension; 25-8-59. No. W.P. 51. W/Const. Pizey, Sby. Urban, On Marriage; 10-9-59.

Domestic Notes

Births

BELL—To Sergeant and Mrs. P. R. Bell, at Fort Victoria, on 4th August, 1959, a son: John Richard.

BROWNBRIDGE—To Staff Sergeant and Mrs. P. M. Brownbridge, at Salisbury, on 11th August, 1959, a son; John Edward.

GATES—To Sergeant and Mrs. B. A. Gates, at Umtali, on 14th August, 1959, a daughter: Pamela Joyce.

ALFORD—To Sub-Inspector and Mrs. S. C. Alford, at Fort Victoria, on 17th August, 1959, a son; Stephen Charles Elliott.

REES—To Det. Sub-Inspector and Mrs. R. H. Rees, at Bulawayo, on 31st August, 1959, a son; David Stephen.

Marriages

POTTER-TESTER—Constable Timothy Hugh Potter to Miss Margaret Jane Tester, at the Parish Church, Horley, Surrey, on 20th June, 1959.

HICHENS-HORNEY—Constable George Roger Vyvyan Hardy Hichens to Miss Margarey Elfrida Horney, at the Cathedral, Salisbury, on 18th July, 1959.

LEE-SHAW—Constable Colin Lee to Miss Dawn Shaw, at the Catholic Cathedral, Salisbury, on 25th July, 1959.

WOLHUTER-WEIR—Constable Henry Charles Wolhuter to Miss Beryl Jacqueline Weir, at Salisbury, on 25th July, 1959.

STOCK-COMBE—Constable Philip Rodney Stock to Miss Elizabeth Combe, at St. Margaret's Church, Bulawayo, on 15th August, 1959.

NEALE-HEWITSON—Sergeant John Philip Neale to Miss Elizabeth Hewitson, at Holy Trinity Church, Carlisle, England, on 22nd August, 1959.

MAY-SHEPHERD—Constable Michael Alan May to Miss Vivienne Margaret Shepherd, at the Presbyterian Church, Umtali, on 29th August, 1959.

PERKINS-KEMP—Staff Sergeant David Layton Perkins to Jeannette Kemp, at the Presbyterian Church, Salisbury, on 29th August, 1959.

FOWKES-LAY—Constable John David Fowkes to Miss Jennifer Wendy Lay, at Salisbury, on 29th August, 1959.

BERRY-COETZEE—Constable John Joseph Berry to Maria Susanna Margrietha Coetzee, at the Dutch Reformed Church, Salisbury, on 29th August, 1959.

MACKAY-DIXON—Det. Sergeant Eoin James Ross Mackay to Hazel Dixon, at the Presbyterian Church, Salisbury, on 1st August, 1959.

MAGOWAN-VAN BLERK—Constable Ian William Magowan to Miss Dawn van Blerk, at the Presbyterian Church, Bulawayo, on 5th September, 1959.

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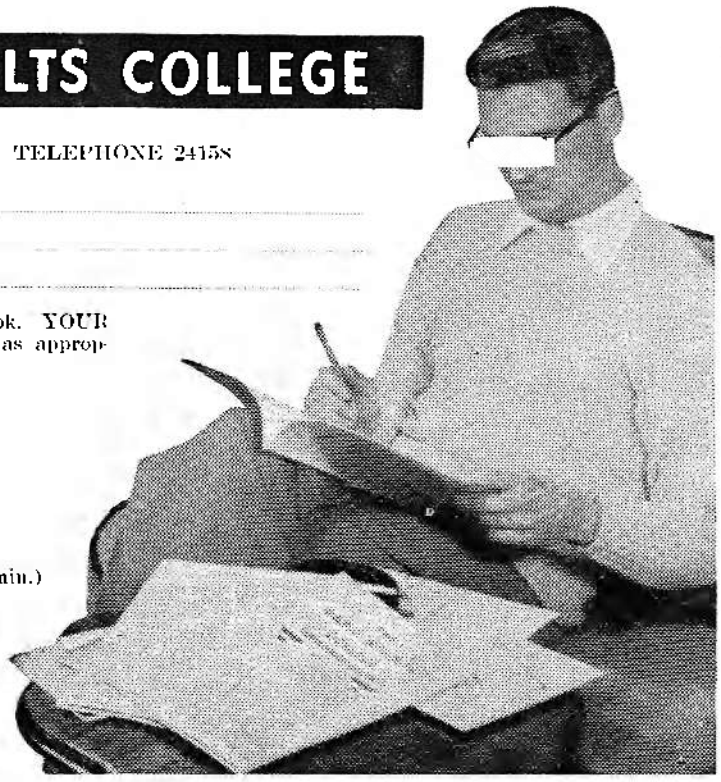

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