**Chairman’s Chat – Winter 2012**

Whilst this isn’t the forum for a debate on the differences between climate change and climate variability, there is room for thought on the fact that Perth has had a July record of the number of nights when the temperature has fallen below 5 degrees C and it is well over a hundred and twenty years since we have had less rainfall for the month. Friends from Jo’burg visiting Perth very recently commented that Perth’s July weather was a big improvement from what they are used to at home. The majority of us in WA prefer to live in a warm climate and that’s one of the reasons for being here. I belong to the school of thought which believes that snow and ice provide wonderful background images on Christmas cards.

When Laurie and I visited the UK in 2011, we attended the UK branch annual braai. Some of the members attending approached me and asked me if various old friends and colleagues of theirs were members of our branch. Not one of them is and this is frustrating if one is trying to assist them in reconnecting. They believed some of those “lost” colleagues were based in Western Australia and others in other Australian states. Whilst I have spent some time undertaking searches I have been unable to trace any of those former colleagues. It should be noted that none of the enquirers appear to have taken the initiative to contact me if various old friends and colleagues of theirs were members of our branch. Not one of them is and this is frustrating if one is trying to assist them in reconnecting. They believed some of those “lost” colleagues were based in Western Australia and others in other Australian states. Whilst I have spent some time undertaking searches I have been unable to trace any of those former colleagues. It should be noted that none of the enquirers appear to have taken the initiative and posted the names of those they are seeking to make contact with on the BSAP web site. I believe the web site is the most valuable tool we all have in reconnecting with former friends and colleagues.

---

**Annual Luncheon**

This year’s Annual Luncheon is on 8 September and will again be held at the Belmont RSL.

Full details will be mailed out to all members in mid-August.

Please put this date in your diary.

The Natal Outpost has previously contained an article on the *esprit de corps* of all of us who served in the BSAP. The number of branches of the Regimental Association around the world is a further testament to that and the occasion of the opening of the BSAP memorial at the National Arboretum in England is further evidence of that.

The subject of the likely longevity of the various branches of our Regimental Association has also been the subject of correspondence with a prediction of about a further 15 years generally being the consensus of opinion. It’s a sad fact of life and death that the most frequent posts on bsap.org are those of deaths. It has been suggested that if more serving members who attested from 1977 onwards were to join their local branch then this would ensure a greater longevity for the branches.

This is a proposition I generally support because of the numbers of people who served from that time until 1980. Our branch membership has a low proportion of such members. I recently, quite by chance, met two former NSPOs on separate occasions. I picked up the fact they were ex Rhodies by their accents and engaged them in conversation and from that established they were ex BSAP. Neither was aware there was a local branch of the Regimental Association even though one had been living in Perth for about 15 years. Both spoke in the most positive terms of their time in the BSAP and said they were in personal contact with a few of their former colleagues. I gave them my contact details and directed them to our web site. I hope they
join and also recruit their friends who are generally not in Australia.

Much of my comments so far in this Chat have a hidden agenda in that there has been no mention of social media. There has been a recent flurry of correspondence relating to the pros and cons of the use of social media such as to whether Facebook and is a more effective tool for communication between former members than using personal and branch emails and accessing information from the bsap web site. My view is one that echoes the sensible comments that have come from the UK branch and is that we need both.

Much of what I know of Facebook and especially Twitter is that much of what is written is superficial and only provides a platform for the few to pursue personal agendas. I know of a number of our members who have been members of some BSAP groups and who have accessed Facebook but no longer do so because, in their words, most of it is “drivel”. That does not mean that in this day and age that one should throw the baby out with the bathwater. For those of our members who are regular users of social media I encourage you to share information which assists in our branch in achieving its social and welfare objectives.

I encourage you to attend our Annual luncheon on 8 September. Our guest of honour and guest speaker is one of our own, Don Bulloch, former Police Reservist and Chairman of the Rhodesian Tobacco Association. I’m sure we can look forward to a very informative speech about Don’s career with tobacco both in Rhodesia and beyond. As a non-smoker all my life I have never been able to understand why cigarette manufacturers take a perfectly sound agricultural product, which was Rhodesia’ main export, and turn it by the addition of many, many toxic compounds into a lethal weapon.

The comments in this Chat are my own and do not necessarily represent the views of my fellow committee members and the branch as a whole.

Rob GATES Chairman

A Note from the Editor

Believe it or not, for the first time since I took over as Outpost Editor (12 years ago) I have actually received more material than I can use in single edition of the magazine – yes, miracles can happen!

Contributions were from many sources including Jack Bond (UK), Margaret Seward, Ian Pullar and Julia Rogers (via Rod Bater). Julia sent me the life story of her Grandfather Graham Cecil “Aussie” Rogers (2537) which will be published in our next Outpost.

Ian Pullar is a relatively new member of our Branch and served from 1958 to 1961. Thereafter, he joined the regular army in Rhodesia and attained the rank of Colonel. He now lives at Kiama in NSW.

A very interesting article was sent to me by Bruce Mellor (Victoria) who is an ardent medal collector but has only spent one day in Zimbabwe – many years ago. His connection with Rhodesia was that his father trained with the RAF at Mt Hampden during WW2. His article concerned an Australian: Tpr Henry Gibb (reg. No. 16 on the 1903 listing). Bruce thought that our members would find it both fascinating and rather amusing – I did!

Sincere thanks to all contributors but I would like to receive news of what’s happening to YOU for inclusion in our Station Notes.

Kerry Hoadley

STATION NOTES

New Member

We are very pleased to welcome 8927 Bill McCarthy. Bill served from 1973 to 1980 and left the Force with the rank of Section Officer.

Obituary – Bert Freemantle

We regret to advise the death of (4105) Bert Freemantle on 17 July 2012 in Perth.

Bert joined the BSA Police in June 1946. He was born in Dublin and came from a military family. Bert first worked for a newspaper company, after
leaving school, but shortly before World War II he had, apparently, falsified his age to join the Territorial Army.

The outbreak of war saw him called up early, with the Queen's Own Dorset Yeomanry, and serving in the Middle East. He transferred to the Parachute Regiment in early 1943 and served in North Africa and Italy. At the Battle of Arnhem (September 1944) he was captured, taken prisoner and held until June 1945, when he rejoined his regiment. He served a further year with the Parachute Regiment before demobilising and shortly thereafter joining the BSA Police.

His career in the force started in Bulawayo and was followed by a tour in Gatooma District. He was promoted to Assistant Superintendent in December 1963, at which time he took over command of the new Support Unit which had just been upgraded from an Askari Platoon to a three troop establishment of men.

It was he who modelled this often unsung unit into a credible fighting force, and it was sometimes jested that he never took it "Airborne". Following a lengthy tour at Tomlinson Depot, Bert served on a few district commands.

He was promoted to Senior Assistant Commissioner in July 1976 and took command of the Victoria Province at that time.

Bert was the recipient of the PMM and PLSM. He retired from the force in December 1977 and later emigrated to Perth, Australia. Our thoughts and condolences go out to his wife Sylvia, family and friends, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy.

---

Obituary – Trevor Dutton

Those of you with access to the BSAP website will have been most impressed in recent years by the quality and content of Natal Outpost which was prepared by (5293) Trevor Dutton.

A few weeks ago, we learned that Trevor’s health had deteriorated rapidly and necessitated major surgery. Very sadly, Trevor passed away on 22 July.

Trevor Wilson (Chairman, Natal Branch) writes:

“Trevor was born in Stafford, England, in 1936. Following school, Trevor served two years as a Cadet with the Staffordshire County Constabulary and, at the age of 18, had to choose between joining the Grenadier Guards or the BSA Police.

He joined the BSA Police in September 1954. His first station, after Depot, was Gwelo Town Police. Trevor then moved to Shabani before joining the Criminal Investigation Department in Bulawayo. He later transferred to Salisbury CID Headquarters. He was promoted to Detective Inspector in February 1965 and ended his service as Member-in-Charge Bindura Station from where he retired on gratuity in May 1967. Trevor was a railway enthusiast, who had a lifelong ambition to drive a train, and eventually did so under strict supervision.

Trevor had been an active member of the Transvaal Branch of the Regimental Association and later took up office with the Natal Branch and became the Editor of the Natal Outpost, a function he performed with excellence.

Our thoughts and condolences go out to his wife Beryl, family and friends, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy.”
Travelling Members

Howard and Jan Martin’s Travels:

In late April, Jan and I set off for Egypt, not knowing quite what to expect in many ways. We arrived in Cairo and next day started a trip to Sinai with the expectation of going to St Catherine’s and getting up at 3.00am to see the sunrise over Mount Sinai. It was about a six-hour trip by road under the Suez Canal and then down the Sinai Peninsula. The further down we got the greater the security precautions; we were stopped at many armed checkpoints and latterly escorted by police vans bristling with AK47’s. On reaching the St Catherine’s turnoff we were told that the road was closed to tourists, as the Bedouin in the area were getting restless. We decided to go on to Sharm-el-Sheikh instead but still had to await police escort that never turned up! After two hours in 40 degrees our guide, Mohamed (together with drivers Ali and Ahmed, - what makes you think we were in Egypt?) decided to go with two other vehicles but no escort. The journey to Sharm-el-Sheikh was uneventful but, when we arrived, Mohamed said: “Wow that was pretty scary, you are very brave to come here at this time.” Strangely we hadn’t really felt any great insecurity – shades of Zim! From Sharm-el-Sheikh we went on to Alexandria by plane and then back to Cairo where we joined our Nile cruise tour. A couple of days sightseeing in Cairo and then flew to Abu Simbel where we joined the ship “Prince Abbas” for our cruise on Lake Nasser to Aswan. Absolutely fabulous is the best way to describe it. Made a number of stops along the way to see ruins of temples and the like. We had to change ships at Aswan and boarded the “Giselle” for the cruise to Luxor. Again there were many stops and lots of sightseeing. Highlights of the trip were probably the temples at Abu Simbel and the Pyramids and Great Sphinx at Giza, awe-inspiring in their majesty and age, 4000 years old or so.

We went on to another two weeks in Italy, visiting Milan, Lake Como (the most beautiful place – fantastic) Venice, Florence (from where we took a train to Pisa and climbed the Leaning Tower – vary strange feeling as the steps keep changing angle as you climb – when we came out everyone was staggering for a few moments before balance returned). Last stop Rome and home from there. The ruins in Italy looked quite “young” in comparison to those in Egypt but very impressive nevertheless. Wonderful trip.

John and Margaret’s Seward’s Cruise

Fiona our daughter collected us at 4am on 23rd of June and we eventually returned home from our cruise on 10th July having docked in Fremantle at 5am. We quickly passed immigration and customs and were home by 9am.

We had three days in Singapore and bought a new laptop and a new radio, and Margaret spent some time at Marks and Spencers in Orchard Road. We stayed at the Forum City Centre Hotel on the 10th floor, and had a great view of this clean and wonderful city. Talk about prosperity all over the place. We went to the Botanical Garden and also visited the huge Ferris wheel at the new port area. A Singapore Airlines’ bus took us all over the city, stopping at various places of interest.

On Tuesday we were collected from our hotel and taken to the new port to board the Dawn Princess together with another 800 folk.

We sailed off into the sunset and made our way to Ho Chi Min City in Vietnam but had to dock at Phu My which is a two-hour drive to the City. Overall we were impressed with what we saw. In the evening we sailed to Sihanoukville in Cambodia where we went on a tour but this was the poorest part of the trip. Lots of poverty.

The next day saw us in Laem Chbang, the port of Bangkok in Thailand. We took a tour once again but did not go into Bangkok as we decided to visit Pattaya instead - what a place that was. We saw a lot of prosperity in this area with wonderful shows of elephants and monkeys, and we enjoyed a great fish BBQ.

Then off to the island of Koh Samui in the Bay of Thailand and this seemed to be a holy island with numerous statues of Buddha. After a couple of
days at sea we reached the island of Lombok in Indonesia which is situated next to Bali and extremely interesting. Then three more days at sea and back to Fremantle.

There were just under 2000 passengers on board, mostly from Western Australia but also from many other countries. We met folk from Canada, USA, and Britain. Most of the crew were from the Philippines but there were also Mexicans, South Africans, Canadians and Thais. We even met two girls from Argentina so I managed to practice my Spanish - and boy did I need it!

We had great entertainment on board with every evening some wonderful shows with dancers, singers, comedians. All together, a most worthwhile trip.

-ooOoo-

**Money Matters (Essential Reading!)**

(A note from the Treasurer)

I had hoped for a better response to my appeal for donations from members in lieu of paying annual subs. So far this year, the following members have heeded my appeal:

John Heycock
Ernie Mason
Kerry Hoadley

We also had a very generous donation from an unknown source, possibly in Victoria. Sincere thanks to whoever it was. I should also mention that Steve Martin makes an ‘indirect donation’ as he undertakes all of our printing for free.

We have about 120 members so you will agree that this has been a disappointing result ...... so far. We are trying not to re-introduce Annual Subs but will have no option if the current trend continues.

So, if you can spare a donation of any size, please send it to me (address on back page) or transfer it direct to our NEW bank account with **Westpac**:

**Name:** BSAP Regimental Association  
**BSB:** 036001  
**A/C No.** 459125

On this page (below), you will see that we are holding a special raffle in an attempt to swell Branch funds. Tickets will be $5 each or 5 for $20. Why not purchase a few tickets in lieu of making a donation; that way we are all winners. Details will be mailed to all members in mid-August.

Kerry Hoadley, Treasurer

-ooOoo-

**Special Raffle: Mounted Trooper**

This is arguably the finest model of a BSAP Mounted Trooper you are likely to find ANYWHERE! The kit was donated to us by 8745 Richard Pike (UK) and assembled, painted and beautifully mounted on a wooden base by Tom Doherty.

It measures 170 mm in height (to tip of lance). Please read Richard Pike's advert towards the end of this issue.

Details of the raffle will be mailed out with our Annual Luncheon flyer.
Mail Box

A very interesting note to John Savage from (4567) Jack Bond in UK

I am afraid I still live my life with a lot of my thoughts centred on my Rhodesian roots and the country's history. To this end, I was very lucky to make a chance meeting earlier in the year with a 90 year old named Patrick Dorehill, who lives about a mile from me here in Crowborough, Sussex.

At the risk of boring you stiff and cutting a long story short, I thought this might be of interest to you. He was born in 1921 in Fort Victoria where his father was a Native Commissioner. Both his father William John Dorehill (Reg. No. 1291) and his uncle Thomas Vere Dorehill (Reg. No. 1313) had initially joined the BSAP in 1910.

Patrick Dorehill, himself, left Rhodesia in 1940, aged 19, and came to England and joined a Rhodesian Air Squadron flying Lancaster Bombers. At the age of 20 he had won his first DFC and by the end of the war, still only 24, had won the DSO and another DFC. After the war he joined BOAC and flew Concorde and never went back to Rhodesia. He is the most modest man and I only found out about his war record after Googling his name on the internet.

In passing, he mentioned that his Great Grandfather had been a Major General and that his Great Uncle, George Dalton Dorehill, had hunted with Frederick Courtenay Selous in Rhodesia in the 1870's and 1880's. This latter, I was also able to check out on the internet and as a result found that Selous had written the undermentioned three books, of which I was completely unaware.

Surprisingly, my local library had all three books, although they had to retrieve them from storage and one of which I subsequently pointed out to them was a 1st Edition worth anything up to £500. If you haven’t already read them, I think you would find them of interest.

To present-day readers, Selous would be regarded as a right wing reactionary racist, which is complete nonsense in the context and circumstances of the time.

“A Hunter’s Wanderings in Africa”, in which there are several references to George Dalton Dorehill.

“Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa” in which again there are several references to George Dalton Dorehill

“Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia” which covers the 1896 Rebellion.

I subsequently found that a J. G. Millais wrote a Biography of Selous sometime after Selous's death in 1917 in WW1. The book “Life of Frederick Courtenay Selous, DSO. Capt 25th Royal Fusiliers”, has been republished and I have managed to get a copy from Amazon for less than £10 which I am just starting to read.

(Editor’s note: Jack Bond was born in Rhodesia and served in the BSAP from 1954 to 1964. He subsequently moved to UK where he became a solicitor. He wrote the article on William Bodle for the Winter 2007 edition of the Aussie Outpost.)

-ooOoo-

110th Anniversary of Boer War Peace Treaty

By Rob Gates

On Sunday 27th May I was invited to lay a wreath on behalf the Regimental Association at a commemorative service at the WA Boer Memorial on Fraser Avenue in Kings Park, Perth.

The occasion was the 110th Anniversary of the signing of the peace treaty of Vereenining.

The invitation was extended by the Military History Society of Western Australia. This is an organisation with a strong interest in all aspects of the Boer War and in the participating forces and civilians. Attending the service and laying wreaths were numerous representatives from the Australian Army, Rhodesian Services and South African War veterans. The 10th Light Horse Regiment provided a catafalque party for the service and a mounted escort for the occasion. Over a thousand Australian service personnel
died in the Boer War and over 43,000 Australian horses were either killed or could not be returned to Australia because of quarantine restrictions. Amongst the people attending from our Association were Charles and Adele Scott and Bill and Liz Johnstone.

The service formed part of concerted campaign for a National Boer War Memorial to be established in Canberra. I understand that the only major military that Australia has been involved and for which there is no national memorial is the Boer War. A site has been allocated and there is a National Boer War Memorial Association which is working towards establishing the memorial. The proposal has Government support but as yet no funds have allocated to establish it. The Boer War occurred both before and after the Australian Constitution came into being. Thus in the early stages each separate state sent troops before Australia formally came into being as a nation. Both the Governor of WA and the Chief Judge attended the service to indicate that at both a political level and at a judicial level troops from WA had the authority to serve in the Boer War.

The Military History Society of WA has requested that our Association provide a speaker at one of its evening meetings on the involvement of the BSAP and its immediate antecedents in the Boer War. My knowledge is limited to what is written in *Blue and Old Gold*. Do you know anyone who has interest and knowledge of the topic and who could talk about our role? If so please contact me and I will put you in touch with John Sweetman who has made the request.

---

**Trooper Henry James GIBB – Reg. No. 16**

From Bruce Mellor (Melbourne, Victoria)

Hello Kerry, This may give you and your BSAP comrades a laugh:

Many years ago I purchased a group of medals which were awarded to Trooper Henry James Gibb, No 16 BSAP 1896. The group of medals included:

- British South Africa Company (BSAC) medal 1896 and bar 1897,
- Queen’s South Africa Medal (QSA) 5 bars when he served as a Sergeant (No 1138) in the New South Wales Mounted Rifles, and the British War and Victory medals WW1 when he served in 14th Battalion, Australian Imperial Force (No. 6733).

![Gibb’s BSAC Medal and Bar](image)

In 1896 Gibb travelled to Rhodesia to join the BSAP with a group of Australians.

Gibb who was born circa 1853-4 had the dubious honour of being the eldest Australian to be killed in action during WW1; apparently 64-5 years old. His grave stone in France lists him as aged 45 and the epitaph reads "Peace after strife".

I recently discovered his prison photo in the Australian National Library. He went down for four years in 1893 for rustling cattle and somehow was released to travel to Rhodesia to become a policeman. An extract from the Sydney Morning Herald dated 31 March 1893 read as follows:

**FORBES QUARTER SESSIONS, FORBES (NSW), THURSDAY.**

*At the Forbes Quarter Sessions last night, before his Honor Judge Docker, Henry James Gibb and William Andrew Berghoffer were each found guilty of stealing, in February last, 41 head of bullocks from Carrowobbity Station, near Forbes, the property of Mr. Henry Blanchard Coward, owner of the station.*
This morning they were each sentenced to four years, penal servitude.

The 14th battalion AIF history lists him as twice wounded in Matabele War. He was killed in action on 7 June 1918 and is buried at Villers Bretonneux Military Cemetery in France.

--ooOoo--

**Short History of Life of Margaret Seward**

(Margaret is the wife of our former Secretary (4649) John Seward and was, herself, a Police Reservist – Ed.

I was born in Scone Scotland which is a village two miles outside Perth. I thought before I go on any further about me I would tell you the connection between the Perth we now live in and the one in Scotland.

The Secretary for the Colonies in the mid 1820s was a man called George Murray who came from Perth in Scotland and he sent Captain James Stirling to explore the west coast of Australia with regard to establishing a settlement there and in particular the Swan river region. Stirling completed this mission and on his return reported the area was suitable for settlement. He returned in 1829 with two ship loads of settlers and claimed the land for Britain. In honour of Murray he called his future capital city Perth and one of its main streets Murray.

Going back to me, my father was an Englishman who came from Yorkshire. In the years of depression in the 1920s he could not find work so he went up to Perth where one of his sisters lived having married a Scottish soldier she met during the WWI and there he secured a job as a van delivery man and never returned to live in England. He met my mother there who was Scottish through and through and they married and went to live in Scone. My grandfather owned the bakery in Scone and my father went to work for him and eventually took over the business.

I have a sister who still lives in Scone and a brother who lives here in Perth and we all had a very happy childhood. I remember we used to go to Yorkshire every summer so that my father could help his father with the haymaking and some of his brothers and sisters came too with their families and so I met my English cousins and we had a great time helping a bit with the haymaking and playing on the farm.

In Scone we had a lovely park and we used to play there, in the summer at the playground, or hide and seek, tag or tennis at the tennis courts. In the winter we skated on the park pond or got on our sledge and went down the hill paths. It was a good life.

Another thing we did in summer as we grew older was cycle to the Tay River and in a canal taken from the river to drive a mill, we learned to swim. There were fishermen’s ropes there and one was tied to the branch of a tree beside the canal and we would swing on this and drop off into the water or with great effort jump off on the other side.

I remember the war being declared and we all wondered what was going to happen to us all. We did not have to wait long; soon we were issued with gas masks, identity cards and food ration books. The street lights were dimmed and we had to get black out curtains and then came the evacuees needing to be housed. At the same time came Polish soldiers who had escaped from Europe and they were billeted in the village hall and any other accommodation that could be found and there they stayed for the full length of the war years.
The full destruction of the war never came to us but the German bombers flew over us on their way to bomb Glasgow. One summer night my sister and I decided to camp out in the garden. We threw a bedcover over the wash line and that was the tent. Well that night bombs fell in a field outside Scone and we heard the bang. I tell you we quickly abandoned the tent and ran inside to our parents.

After the war, teachers were needed so when I left school I went to Dundee Teachers Training College which was the education college of St Andrews University. It was in Dundee because there were many more schools there for the students to visit than in St Andrews. I tell you this because years later when we moved to live in South Africa and I applied for a job I had to submit my teaching certificate to Pretoria and I got a phone call from the office there asking me, “Where is St Andrews?”

My sister was called up at the end of the war and had a great time travelling around so I wanted to see the world too. I applied to the Colonial Office but had no success there. A family friend suggested Rhodesia and so I applied there and in next to no time I had an interview and a medical, was accepted and on my way.

I arrived in Rhodesia in January 1952 and was posted to Chipinga School. I took the RMS bus from Umtali and sat up front with the driver who was a good guide. We stopped at Melsetter Junction, Nyanyadzi and Hot Springs which was a big surprise for me never having seen anything like that before. This was a day of surprises for me and the next was running out of narrow tarred road at Tanganda Halt. The rest of the way was dirt but once we arrived in Chipinga there was a strip of tar all the way up the main street to the school right at the top of the town next to the Police Camp. Surprise number three was that there was no electricity and I was given an Aladdin lamp. It and I had many battles but I eventually learned the trick of shaking a little salt on the mantle when it got black. Surprise number four was that the toilet was outside behind the hostel!

Despite all that I loved my time in Chipinga. There were many young people there, in the town Government employees and in the districts young farmers from the Tea Estates and the Wattle Company Estates which were just being set up at that time and sugar estates too. We made our own fun and life was good. John arrived at the Police Camp next door to the school and the rest is history. We married the next year 1953 and have been together for 58 years. So began my life as a policeman’s wife and the tour of various Police stations during the next 17 years.

We started off in Cashel where we were for three years and where our two children were born and then we moved around Manicaland and Mashonaland until John retired from the Police in December 1970 and we moved to Salisbury where we lived for 13 years before moving to South Africa.

We had tea chests which were kept safely for the packing for the next move. This nomadic life style was hard in some ways as our children had to be boarders when we were stationed in places without a school but it had its good side too for we met many people and made many friends many of whom we still correspond with today and some of whom are here today, Barbara Osborne from Bindura days and Bill and Liz Johnstone ex Assistant District Commissioner from Buhera days.

I must tell you that in most of the years in various Police Stations we lived at the end of a dirt road and in the case of Bindura a strip road. The Road Department in nearly every case started building new roads while we were there so our journeys to the big cities were mainly through dust and on deviations but the end results were superb and well worth all we put up with.

In most of the places where we were stationed the headmaster was on our doorstep when we arrived offering me a job at the local school and I enjoyed all these appointments, the children of Rhodesia were great, keen to learn and take part in sporting and other activities and it was also a
pleasure to meet their parents and enjoy their company.

I was also in the Police Reserve. I joined when we lived in Buhera and I learned to be a radio operator and used to do radio work there. I did little Reserve work after that until we moved to Salisbury when I did two nights a week, one night at Railway Avenue Police Station and the other at the Industrial Area Station after the petrol tanks were blown up. One school holidays I went up to Mount Darwin to help the farmers’ wives there who were doing a wonderful job and the ease with which they could man the Radio Room made my efforts seem pretty feeble. Another school holidays after the bomb exploded in Woolworths I walked the streets of Salisbury, looking in dust bins and flower pots and supposedly giving shopkeeper’s advice on how to secure their premises.

By the time we set up home in Salisbury both our children were in High School and they chose to remain in Umtali as boarders where all their friends were rather than come to a new school in Salisbury so we were still on our own. I got a job at Ellis Robins my first time in a high school. There was a shortage of Maths teachers at that time so I did an inservice course at UR and from then on I was a maths teacher teaching up to O level by the time I left in 1984 when we went to South Africa and it was a good thing I did for it was this skill which got me a job there.

When we moved to Bloemfontein, our children by then had left home and were in London, I got an appointment at St Andrews Boys School and John at Coca Cola. We had a good life there and we enjoyed our jobs. John had been a member of a Lions Club in Salisbury and transferred to a club in Bloemfontein so in this way we made friends and kept busy outside our jobs. We were happy there and bought a house for our retirement but when that time came both our children were married and living here in Perth. They prevailed upon us to move here too instead of living in another continent and this we did in 1994. We both love living here and have no regrets in moving to Australia. We now have six grandchildren all Aussies and all living in Perth.

I think I can say like Albert Facey, “I have had a fortunate life.”

Recollections of my Depot Days

By 5832 Ian Pullar

I can’t remember the day of the week that I walked through the Depot Gates on the 1st June 1958, but I know it was a weekday because there was activity, which I subsequently found did not exist on a weekend. Dragging a medium size suitcase, no wheels then, with all my possessions, I thought the depot rather tidy and clean. Looked like a pretty good place to be. Just shows how one should not take first impressions as being necessarily correct.

I had instructions to report to a Sergeant Gray who was the recruiting officer and eventually found him with a half dozen other people of around my age. There was a shortage of Maths teachers at that time so I did an inservice course at UR and from then on I was a maths teacher teaching up to O level by the time I left in 1984 when we went to South Africa and it was a good thing I did for it was this skill which got me a job there.

Sgt Gray eventually separated us from our baggage and herded us to a building abutting a tarmac area which was the drill square. This building looked like a turn of the century Transvaal farmhouse with a red corrugated iron roof and verandah all the way round. There were a number of other recruits sitting on a bench, one of whom was dressed in uniform with shorts. His cap had a light blue band, all the others I had seen were dark blue and he had white slip-on epaulettes. Gray, who seemed a pleasant,
friendly sort, told us all to wait where we were. No-one said much, just sort of “where you from?” type queries. Every now and then, a uniformed fellow would walk past with shoulder rank. I didn’t know what these were but I knew silver stars were officers but one shortish older person who was very smartly turned out had three brass bars instead of stars. The other had least said “good morning”, but not him, he just glared. I got the impression he was forming an opinion of this crowd on the verandah and it wasn’t a good one. It wasn’t a big verandah either and as our group now numbered ten, it did make it somewhat crowded. Turned out we were all from South Africa or Southern Rhodesia and the first recruit squad ever to be so constituted. That made us “locals” in the depot. The uniformed fellow whose name was Colin Beck, I subsequently found out he was a “cadet” which didn’t mean much to me at the time, kept jumping to his feet and saluting. After a while he stayed upright. He didn’t salute the three bar person, I noticed. Just froze in the attention position. I had been a Cadet Officer in my school Cadet Corps and my father had been a regular in the British Army, so I was not ignorant of rank and procedure, but I was puzzled by the military aspect of all this Police business.

After a while Gray returned and we were assembled in what passed for a line outside an office, which we entered individually. Once inside we were required to read a bit of a form and sign it. I should remember who administered this oath of allegiance, considering I was giving three years away and that at the age of 18 is a rather long time but I cannot visualize him or recall his rank. I must have been numbed. Anyway once we were all safely signed on, and captured, along comes Mr. Friendly with the brass bars, only this time he is not in a good mood. Not in the least actually. He was raising his voice before he even got to us. Quite an extraordinary performance. We got the message though. “Sloppy, disgusting” things like that. Hair seemed to be a particular thing with him. Didn’t like it at all. Even Sgt Gray seemed upset. Mind you I couldn’t blame him. Seemed like Genghis Khan reviewing enemy prisoners.

Turned out he was a Chief Inspector. In fact he held the Senior Chief Inspector post in the BSA Police. His appointment was that of Depot Chief Inspector (or DCI for short). He was I suppose the equivalent of an RSM in the military, but a very senior one. Everybody was terrified of him. I heard someone once say that he was a kindly man at heart, once one got to know and appreciate him.

Fortunately we had very little to do with the DCI after that first encounter. He either retired or went on transfer about three months into our course. He was replaced by a Chief Inspector Trangmar, an enormous man with a voice to match.

I did hear that he could pick up a BSA Golden Flash (the police motorcycle of choice at that time) by himself. I am not sure whether that had any value in terms of job description though. He was completely different from his predecessor – DCI Trangmar did not shout, he roared!

I remember that we had to do a spelling test and were asked words like ‘cemetery’ and ‘sergeant’. We also had to indicate whether we could shoot (unspecified as to what), ride a horse, drive a car, or ride a motorcycle. Well, I could shoot. I had owned a .22 since I was fourteen, and a pellet gun before that. I had ridden a horse but didn’t think that was good enough. I could ride a motorcycle and drive but had no licences. I was quite worried about this form, as I felt I may not have been adequate as a recruit without all these skills. I had already had a problem with the medical because I was marginally short of the 5’9” that was a height requirement. Funny how these things were so important at the time.

Once we had been driven, I don’t mean like in a vehicle, I mean like sheep, to our quarters, we had to settle in prior to going to Cranborne to be issued with uniforms and suchlike. Our rooms were shared and not bad at all. I had never been away from home before so this entire exercise was a mix between fascination and significant apprehension. I had a 2x rifle holder above my
bed. After we had been issued rifles - 303 smle (Short Model Lee Enfields), it would be 20 Years before I found out that the “Short” in the title had nothing to do with the its length. They were placed in the holder, crossed over and left there. I don’t even remember if they were chained, but I imagine they must have been. Or maybe not. I am not even sure if the bolts were removed.

We were issued with an enormous amount of kit and uniforms. Much of which didn’t fit, but it was good quality. The number of different forms of dress amazed me as did the number of changes we had to make on a daily basis. To keep this stuff in the condition expected, one needed to employ a batman. They were paid six pounds, ten shillings a month, or more, which came out of the twenty pounds we received. That was a good wage for an African worker then, and as they worked for several people, they did quite well out of it. They did work very hard though and were absolutely essential for the circumstances with which we had to contend.

We had to do quite a lot ourselves though, especially leatherwork. We had been issued with two saddles each. One of which was specifically for use on our passing out parade on a one time only basis and the other for the daily riding instruction. Two saddles being issued with no immediate explanation as to why, is a traumatic event. How much riding were we going to do for heaven sake?

I forgot to mention the haircut. I never had particularly long hair. Elvis was fashionable in Johannesburg as was a coiffure called a ducktail, but in the BSAP depot a ‘no-hair-at-all’ style was preferred.

I must say that after a few days of what was euphemistically called settling in, had I been asked if I wished to be released from my contract, I would not have remotely considered it. I would have stayed on out of sheer curiosity. I have to mention too, that our instructors were not averse to physical encouragement. They did not actually punch us but pushing, prodding and jostling seemed to be acceptable.

It didn’t take long for me to realize that instructors had a repertoire of what they understood to be hysterically funny comments made of course at the expense of some recruits’ self-confidence. Actually some of them were funny, but you were not permitted to laugh. On one occasion Sgt McIntosh our drill instructor was inspecting the rear rank of our little squad, when he made a particularly hilarious comment of some sort. I couldn’t laugh out loud, but my shoulders were shaking with mirth as must have been the rest of me. Next thing, McIntosh had managed to get his entire hand inside the rim of my bush hat with the knuckles against my head and shook it around a bit. I was in the front rank so I didn’t see him coming. That stopped the laughing, I have to say.

We knew that Sgt McIntosh had been trained at the British Army Guards Depot at Purbright in England and he must have come out top of his course because he was an immaculate drill instructor. He was also a Physical Training Instructor and was really good at that too. He was a very decent person, and was never seriously unpleasant to us even though on occasions we probably gave him good cause to be. His nickname was (and still is) “Tackie”. Not that we called him that directly of course.

After our induction and kit issues we never seemed to stop moving. Most of our squad had never had the experience of military life. Previous intakes, principally recruited from Britain often comprised servicemen and Police officers with several years experience. I think the Depot Instructors were more used to recruits who had seen it all before, than they were to us.

We did have a Police cadet though, but I am not sure that counted. I seem to remember also that one of our number had been a traffic officer in Johannesburg. Otherwise we were distinctly non service and non military. That meant of course, in the eyes of our instructors that we needed to be moulded.

On the first Sunday night that we were there, at about 7pm, our squad was told by a member of a
more senior intake to report to one of the lecture rooms as the ‘Padre’ wanted to talk to us.

The lecture room was quite full and an officer wearing a superintendent’s rank and the black vest and white collar of a clergyman was sitting at the top table. He went on about sexually transmitted diseases (called VD then) and the perils of drink, loose women and suchlike for about 10 or 15 minutes. I don’t remember what else he spoke about as I had been more or less numbed by the opening bit.

In fact by the time he had finished his introductory phase, one could have assumed that downtown Salisbury had been modelled after Sodom as well as Gomorra.

I wondered if he realised that most of us new guys were not exactly world weary, party animals but then it occurred to me that the rest of the Depot may have been in need of such counselling.

I did notice that there was an atmosphere of some levity in the lecture room and assumed that a session by the Chaplain was a welcome relief from normal depot routine. He even did some prayers.

After about 30 minutes of this, the door crashed open and a rather dishevelled recruit came in, stood to attention, saluted and said, “Sir you must come to the stables right now, a recruit constable (or someone or other) has been kicked in the head”. I presumed by a horse. He went on to say that this fellow was not going to live and needed a Padre. I would have thought a doctor might have been more appropriate, but the Chaplain rushed out, blessing everyone and leaving us somewhat discomforted.

The next day at Breakfast, I noticed the “Padre” sitting at a table with the senior squad, only he wasn’t a superintendent, he was a recruit.

I guess we had been rather well conned.

His name was Peter Armstrong and he was, to my mind, a pretty good actor. The “Church Parade” was never held again during my time in the Depot and I imagine Peter Armstrong was a one-off.

Once he passed out there were no others of like talent, at least not while I was there. I never saw him again after he left.

(Peter Armstrong (5805) served from 1958 to 1965 and went on to write a couple of books. I believe he was also involved with the Reps Theatre. He was very talented, played the guitar and sang with another ex-BSAP guy (Richie Morris?). He died several years ago – Ed)

The following day we started our introduction to equitation. I had heard that some recruit squads did not do this, and despite the issue of two saddles, I still harboured the optimistic view that we might be one of those fortunate squads. This perception was to be cruelly dashed on our first encounter with First Class Sergeant Peter Langhan, the equitation Instructor. There were two, Sergeant Smith (known as Smudge for some reason) was the other.

We didn’t actually get onto a horse first time. We had a sort of general description of equipment and the beast itself. Then we put a bridle on and walked about leading the creatures by the nose.

In those days the police had a rank of Assistant Superintendent which was the first commissioned rank. In Depot at this time was A/Supt. Vansittert. He used to ride a lot and I have to say that he looked pretty good on a horse. He appeared rather aloof most of the time, and was hard to please to say the least. He used to conduct our weekly room inspections and he was decidedly ‘picky’.

I think he rode a lot because he commanded the mounted escorts for the opening of Parliament. It was important that he could control his horse when the Artillery fired the 21 gun salute. Many years later in a different life, I actually commanded the Artillery saluting troop for an opening of Parliament and wondered what had become of him.

There was also a group of constables who had already passed out, but continued to live in the Depot. They had a different regime from ours and seemed more relaxed and definitely happier now
that they were no longer recruits. These were the remount riders. After their recruit course they opted to stay in the Depot, in the equally wild world of horse training. They must have had an aptitude for equitation and would have had to be selected and then asked if they wanted to stay, at least for a while. They also rode the mounted escorts. I was never asked and don’t know if that meant anything!

(To be continued in our next issue)

-OoOoo-

**BSAP Shields**

These are available from Tom Doherty who may be contacted at the following email address or by phone: peejay26@iinet.net.au  Tel. (08) 9341 5228

The price of each shield is $80 plus postage ($7.45 for WA and $9.40 inter-state)

-OoOoo-

**Blazer Badges**

BSAP blazer badges are now available from the following for $40:

Ken Palmer

Phone: (08) 9459 8864 (H)

(08) 9365 1111 (W)

-OoOoo-

**Mugabe - My Part in His Victory**

By Chris Walmsley

Crunching out the National Debt figures for Rhodesia in 1974 was not quite as exciting as it sounds. Chris Walmsley thought anything had to be better than this - even national service. Just as well. His brown envelope instructing him to report for duty was waiting for him at home. Some bright spark at Police General Headquarters had decided a good use of the country's scarce manpower would be to train recruits to be a competent military force, and also to man rural police stations in their spare time.

As he surveyed the motley horde assembled in front of him at the fabled British South Africa Police Morris Training Depot, DCI Thompson knew this was easier said than done. The sight of Fats Walkden, Hyena Wilde, Fred Youngman and school leavers barely past shaving age appalled him. Things were looking up for Mugabe and in this war, as in any other, there could be only one winner...

The author, Christopher Neil Walmsley, was born and raised in Rhodesia prior to it being renamed Zimbabwe. After attending Rhodes University in South Africa and Trinity College Dublin he completed his national service in the British South Africa Police. He fought in both the military war against the guerrilla forces of Robert Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo and also played his part in the economic war under United Nations sanctions. He left the country shortly before Robert Mugabe's accesion to power in 1980 and now works in financial education in the UK (Watch out for his sequel: Financial Education - My part in the global financial crisis). His first book "How to choose the losing side" never made it into print. He lives in total obscurity in Surrey.

(please excuse the typos which occurred during the printing process)

This is a light-hearted account of Chris Walmsley’s service in the BSAP as an NSPO in the 1970’s. Although he has changed the names of the various officers with whom he came in to contact, many will be clearly recognisable to those who went through Morris Depot.

The book is available from www.amazon.co.uk (ISBN 978-1-908447-64-7 or search for “Chris Walmsley”). The price is £9.99. It is also available on Kindle in ebook form which is cheaper.

-OoOoo-
So Far & So Good
By Denis Petmezaki

A book crammed with humour & heartache, adventure & industry, combat & love.’

Born on the flat roof of a house in Omdurman, Sudan in 1931, Denis Petmezaki has battled the odds throughout his varied and inspiring life.

From London during the Blitz, to the Rhodesian Bush War and the terrors of the Mugabe regime and finally on to Britain and Australia, he has overcome every obstacle.

Available by E-mail: nkosi22@bigpond.com or ring 61 89572 1621 (Western Australia) to order, or write to C. Petmezaki, 250 Alison Street, Mount Helena 6082 Western Australia

Denis will kindly donate a copy of his book which will be raffled at a future function.

The Last Parade DVD

We have several DVDs available for sale of the unveiling of the BSAP Memorial at Alrewas, Staffordshire, in July 2010. These were obtained from the UK Branch to whom we made a donation. Members may purchase a copy at the forthcoming AGM or they may contact Rob Gates direct (address on back page). The cost is only $10 which includes postage within Australia.

The DVD runs for about 1 hour.

The Benefactor’s Monkey
By Chris Morten

This book is available directly from Chris Morten at a cost of A$29.95 plus postage and handling costs.

Contact Chris at cmorten@wn.com.au or phone him on 08 9756 0264.

BSAP Mounted Trooper

In late-2011, Richard Pike wrote to us as follows:

“I have recently started to produce a scale model kit of a BSAP Mounted Trooper (see photo on page 5). The scale is 120mm with the kit coming in 11 pieces - base, horse (2 halves), trooper, arms, lance, helmet spike, 2 sets of reins and rope. The price per kit is £59.99 which includes post and packaging (registered/recorded delivery) from England. This price is specifically for BSAP members and ex Rhodies. The market price will be set higher.

With Christmas just around the corner perhaps there are those members wishing to have an item of this nature to grace their bar or living room or office, and would appreciate it if you would get the word out.

Andrew Field and Alan Hadfield have been a great help with my project.”

Richard (Pike) DP/O 8745
ariolmodels@hotmail.com
Roll of Honour

06-Jan-2012 Wright, Trevor Sidney (5873) - Harare, Zimbabwe
05-Feb-2012 McDonald, Graham (16316J) - Overgaard, United States
16-Feb-2012 King, Laurence Reginald 'Larry' (4716) - Wrexham, United Kingdom
25-Feb-2012 Hart-Davies, David Vincent (6469) - Harare, Zimbabwe
26-Feb-2012 Colquhoun, Robert Dawson (4768) - Port Elizabeth, South Africa
28-Feb-2012 Ware, John William (4200) - Madeira, Portugal
11-Mar-2012 McCallum, Steven John (110945) - Krugersdorp, South Africa
18-Mar-2012 Bird, Michael John (7054) - Auckland, New Zealand
21-Mar-2012 Hart, Philip William (7564) - Bloemfontein, South Africa
23-Mar-2012 Blick (was Wessels), Bridget Juliette (WP470)
02-Apr-2012 Standers, John Bancroft (8588) - Hwange, Zimbabwe
04-Apr-2012 Murrell, Gordon Eric George (7269) - Portsmouth, United Kingdom
06-Apr-2012 Phillips, Christopher Robin (7206) - Mutare, Zimbabwe
13-Apr-2012 Jones, Michael Anthony 'Scouse' (5509) - Pietermaritzburg, South Africa
19-Apr-2012 Evans, Clive Joseph (5768) - Bruckless, Ireland
21-Apr-2012 Young, Andrew Ian 'Ian' (4537) - Randfontein, South Africa
23-Apr-2012 Cutler, Kenneth John (5555) - Durban, South Africa
06-May-2012 Slater, Rd (P/R) – Port Elizabeth, South Africa
12-May-2012 Horner, Michael John 'Mike' (6125) - Tunbridge Wells, United Kingdom
13-May-2012 Rutherford, Keith Graham (8152) - Perth, Australia
14-May-2012 Naude, Dudley Frederick (6047) - Harare, Zimbabwe
26-May-2012 Brownless, David Stanley (4244) - Marondera, Zimbabwe
28-May-2012 Hemmings, Ieuan Guy (5051) - Gwent, United Kingdom
29-May-2012 Davis, Charles William (8674) - Port Shepstone, South Africa
23-Jun-2012 Stanford-Smith, Kenneth Gordon (4549) - Liverpool, United Kingdom
07-07-2012 Stevens, Graeme Stuart “Steve” (4767) – Howick, Natal, SA
08-Jul-2012 John, Colin Barry (6994) - Nambour, Australia
17-Jul-2012 Freemantle, Albert Brendon “Bert” (4105) – Perth, W. Australia
23-Jul-2012 Dutton, Trevor (5293) – Gillets, Natal, S. Africa
# Committee of the Australia Branch

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Role</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Contact Information</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chairman</td>
<td>Rob Gates</td>
<td>tel (08) 9446 1569&lt;br&gt;<a href="mailto:rolegates@yahoo.com.au">rolegates@yahoo.com.au</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Secretary</td>
<td>Howard Martin</td>
<td>tel (08) 9409 894&lt;br&gt;<a href="mailto:hma18841@bigpond.net.au">hma18841@bigpond.net.au</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Treasurer</td>
<td>Kerry Hoadley</td>
<td>tel(08) 9293 1043&lt;br&gt;<a href="mailto:aussie-outpost@hotmail.com">aussie-outpost@hotmail.com</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Committee Members</td>
<td>Lew Whitmore</td>
<td>tel 9236 0124&lt;br&gt;<a href="mailto:jolewwhit@yahoo.com.au">jolewwhit@yahoo.com.au</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>John Seward</td>
<td>tel (08) 9277 3396&lt;br&gt;<a href="mailto:olivos@iprimus.com.au">olivos@iprimus.com.au</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Steve Martin</td>
<td>tel (08) 9446 5947&lt;br&gt;<a href="mailto:stevem@tpiwa.com.au">stevem@tpiwa.com.au</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Peter Scott</td>
<td>tel: 9527 8075&lt;br&gt;<a href="mailto:scott.pete@bigpond.com">scott.pete@bigpond.com</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liaison Members</td>
<td>Alan Hadfield</td>
<td>tel. (02) 4647 3227&lt;br&gt;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>John Heycock</td>
<td>tel (03) 6250 1021&lt;br&gt;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Derek Hardey</td>
<td>tel (03) 9700 1431&lt;br&gt;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Will Singleton</td>
<td>tel (02) 6238 0168&lt;br&gt;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Editor of Aussie Outpost</td>
<td>Kerry Hoadley</td>
<td>16 Wyee Place,&lt;br&gt;Gooseberry Hill, WA 6076&lt;br&gt;<a href="mailto:aussie-outpost@hotmail.com">aussie-outpost@hotmail.com</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bank Account</td>
<td>Westpac Banking Corp.</td>
<td>A/C Name: BSAP Regimental Association&lt;br&gt;BSB: 036001&lt;br&gt;A/C No. 459125</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Views expressed in this Outpost are not necessarily those of the Australian Regimental Association