"Time flies when you are having fun" they say! Well I won't categorise the last six months or so as "fun" exactly! With the "dollarisation" of the Zimbabwe economy many things have improved but, there are still massive problems in the business sector. We salute all who have been able to rise to the many and varied challenges faced on a day to day basis; just to survive and stay viable. Necessity is the mother of invention - flexibility and innovation!

Notwithstanding this Zimbabwe continues to amaze with widespread cheerfulness and ability to overcome the apparently impossible challenges we face on a day to day basis!

Well, it was our (my) intention to produce a quarterly edition of our Outpost. The idea having been conceived in the euphoric aftermath of our Annual Luncheon in November 2008. The final effort was dated March 2009 but actually only went to the printers in May and eventually received in June. Many initial teething problems were overcome and the finished article was a good deal more ambitious than my initial conception.

No one told me quite how much effort would be required (which is just as well or I wouldn't have even got started).

We have attempted to broaden the scope and content of this, our second edition and, hopefully we will be able to reach a wider audience (thanks to the Internet).

Anyway, we hope you enjoy and look forward to your feedback.

As usual, "The struggle continues".

Ed.
Visits

Our secretary, (she who must be obeyed and my better half) Denise was lucky enough to visit our children in Perth for a couple of months. She received a warm reception from John Seward and his committee and was able to attend their AGM. Unfortunately she was unable to make it to the Annual Luncheon which was held on the 12th September, 2009.

In November 2009 we received a visit by 8157 Barry Woan and 6468 Dave Callow, both of whom were up from Natal distributing largesse to the Zimbabwean pensioners. Barry very kindly brought with him a number of BSAP golf shirts and caps and we thank him for his extremely generous subsidisation on the cost price of these items. This has meant that we in turn have been able to sell them on to our members at very reasonable prices.

As most know, Barry is researching material for a future book on the history of the Support Unit. I was extremely pleased to be able to reunite him with former Sergeant Major 021609 Mishek Ncube P. D. G. Mishek is working for me at Guard Alert as a Security Officer.

Barry, Dave and I were able to get together with Ken MacDonald at his lovely pub for a few cold beers and some hot boerewors rolls. A very pleasant six hours or so were passed reminiscing and staving off dehydration!

Notice in “The City Barge” Chiswick:

This bar closes at 10:30p.m.
If by that time you have Not Had Enough, it is the Opinion of the Landlord you have NOT BEEN TRYING.
Time, Please.
On Saturday the 2nd of May 2009 a total of 23 members and guests gathered at the Academy of Music next to the Trade Fair Grounds in Bulawayo. Kindly arranged by Peter Rollason we were able to use the excellent Academy auditorium to show a splendid DVD entitled the History of the BSA Police. It brought back memories for many of us, in particular Robby Robertson 3893, who was part of the Coronation Contingent in 1953.

Afterwards we repaired to the Academy lawns where a fire had been prepared and much meat was roasted and beers consumed (to the general happiness of all concerned).

As usual our timing was impeccable and we were treated to our “very own” fly past by the Airforce of Zimbabwe (Trade Fair being on at the time)!
Beryl’s Birthday Bash
by Peter Rollason

A total of 33 members and guests turned out to celebrate Beryl Castle-Ward’s 92nd birthday. (Widow of 3497 Bill)

For those who had also come to eat, they were a little concerned to note a succulent pig ready on the spit, but with no legs! Would you believe the excuse given by the host was that he had to cut them off because the beast would not fit into his deep freeze - a likely story. Chief Chef Hugh Squair was at his best. Not only did he superbly cook the porker on the open fire, but supplied everyone with a starter of fish fillets baked in tin foil with savoury vegetables. They were lovely.

Most people brought salads and there must have been a variety of more than a dozen different ones. Sal Anderson, magnificent cook as she is known to be, produced a delicious chocolate cake for dessert. The thirty or so people present didn’t eat until about three o’clock - there was no rush anyway - and it was all so well worth waiting for.

Among the guests were entertainers Ant Lubbe (vocals) and Craig Friend (guitar & harmony), who sang us a few well known and long remembered “troopie” songs which they had rehearsed and prepared especially for our function.

A party in Zimbabwe is the traditional braai. This situation was amply satisfied on 13th June last at Karl and Denise Hurry’s lovely garden. Just to make things even better Karl had almost completed a very attractive outdoor braai and pub area which made even drinking beer a perfect pleasure.
Beryl's Birthday Bash

Sitting at one table was the birthday girl herself, Beryl Castle-Ward, widow of the late Bill, who had not only started to enjoy a couple of glasses of wine and a well-filled plate of food but regaled us with memories of days long gone by. She was due to celebrate her 92nd birthday the following week. She is living in a small house in Bradfield and drives her own car. She remains active in a number of causes including her favourite, the Women's Institute.

The writer remembers her two sisters, Audry and Esme, also her parents, Mr and Mrs Osmond who used to be patients of his pharmacy in the early 1950's; and that's a long time ago.

The weather which had been unsettled and cold organized itself perfectly for the day and it could not have been more beautiful. It was great to notice the groups of people swapping yarns together - Paul Kruger, Tony Turner, Ken MacDonald, John Learmonth among them.

It was also an occasion with Karl presenting the first copy of the Bulawayo edition of the magazine, with promises of more to come.

Having started in with the first cold beer at around eleven o'clock people began to feel a bit jaded as the sun retreated, so most faded away around five. A very successful and happy day ending with a vowed intent to make such a function a more regular occurrence, providing of course the beer supply remains uninhibited.
On Thursday 21st May 2009 the Committee arranged for a day out at the Hillside Dams. Thanks to the generosity of the Hillside Dams Conservancy.

The day was aimed at getting some of our less mobile members and widows out and about and was a huge success. A total of 22 widows and pensioners were able to enjoy the day.

Starting at 15:00 hours, tea coffee, cakes, sandwiches and snacks were provided (a veritable feast). A great thank-you to Tony Turner and his “girls” from the SPCA shop!

Although the weather was a little chilly, a hardy few stayed to watch the sun go down over the dams and enjoy a braai.

It should be noted that the Hillside Conservancy, in partnership with many Bulawayo companies have done a tremendous job in cleaning up the dams and surrounding countryside. It has always been a wonderful venue and asset to Bulawayo, but was becoming a bit of a “den of thieves”. Well done Bulawayo!

Those in attendance were: Margaret & Len Howe, John “Robby” Robertson, Beryl Castle-Ward, Jill Parry, Pat Knight, Peggy Tomlinson, John & Margaret Learmonth, Dick Hall & Shiella Chisnall, Ken & Glenys MacDonald, Barry & Lara Knight, Tony Turner, Ian Terry & Pat Parker, Karl & Denise Hurry.
Annual Reunion

Luncheon

The annual Reunion Luncheon was held on Saturday 7th November 2009 at our (now) usual venue of the Women’s Institute Hall, Hillside.

Attendance was up with a total of 61 members and guests (3 apologies) (12 up on last year’s turnout) sitting down to a wonderful meal. The seafood cocktail starter was provided by Denise Hurry, Hugh Squair (6540) performed his usual miracles and produced the most succulent roast beef, with all the trimmings and Tony Turner provided delicious desserts. Thanks to all involved.

An “official” souvenir menu was produced by Karl Hurry (9499) and makes a wonderful memento of another great occasion.

Canon Ken Berry (4750) said Grace before the Loyal toast was raised by our chairman, Tony Turner (C1231).

Our guest speaker was advocate (6427) Tim Cherry who gave a most amusing talk, in which he reminisced over his time in the Force and close association as a Magistrate. Upon close questioning by his audience, he revealed the machinations behind the annexing of “Cherry’s Island”.

Tim Cherry (Guest Speaker) & Tony Turner

Margaret & Len Howe
A full list of those who attended:


“Souvenir Menu”
for the Annual Reunion Luncheon
Annual Reunion Luncheon

9209 (P/R) Ray Herron & 4993 John Fielder

8766 Gordon Kent, Sheila Chishall, 5117 Dick Hall and 6069 Gordon Geddes

Rear Rank:  901227 F/R John Glossop, 7435 Tuffy Jones, 6540 Hugh Squair, 9209 P/R Ray Herron, 9499 Karl Hurry
Front Rank: 6247 Tim Cherry, 8496 F/R John Learmonth, 5247 Ken MacDonald, 3893 John “Robby” Robertson, C 1231 Tony Turner (Chairman), 8347 Dave Anderson, 4993 John Fielder
Since moving to Busters, we have seen a marked improvement in attendances at the monthly sundowners. We regularly see 20-25 and sometimes as many as 40! Thanks to all the ladies for the snacks - Keep it up!

In Post

Dear Karl,

I came across the enclosed “Photie” recently and it goes back a few years when I was stationed at Mount Darwin under Roger Patching with Ron Pilborough as OC North East Border, Circa 1969/70.

In those days we took turns to do a week patrol based at and working out of Mukumbura. Mukumbura was quite popular at that time and got many visitors (mostly farmers from the Mount Darwin/Centenary/Bindura areas) to buy Portuguese beer and wine which was in transit from Cabora Basa. As a result we had a very good liaison with the PEA authorities there - sometimes resulting in headaches!

The photograph shows what you could call “The Mazoe Valley Police Representative XI” as those shown in the photograph were variously stationed at Bindura, Mount Darwin etc. (including one well known farmer F/R Dan Landrey)

The photo was taken at Mague in PEA, a Portuguese Army Fort; where we played against a Portuguese Army XI. (The result of the match was not recorded! - Ed.)

The liaison trip was probably arranged by either Ron Pilborough or Winston Hart; but I may be wrong there. Anyway a good time was had by all with plenty of 2M Manica and “Bakaliaw” (Fish) was consumed.
Can you name any of the players (apart from those whose names have already been given away in the letter! - Ed)

Here is a list of those Taffy can remember.

Perhaps some of the old sweats out there can fill in the blanks?

Cheers,
Taffy

---

4757  ?  5225  ?  5872  7435
R. Pilborough  J. Carse  W. Hart  T. Jones

F/R  D/Sgt  7319  ?  5240
Dan Landry  Chirambadari  T. Glover  Rob  R. Patching
Quiz Time!

The following three photographs have been submitted by Barry Knight from his father's collection (3757 Leonard "Knocker" Knight).

Can anyone identify the Police Station (A), hazard a guess at the year (B); and the intrepid motorcyclist depicted (C)?

Answers on a post card please! (or if you prefer, by E-mail to: karden@yoafrica.com)
Extracts

We have taken the liberty of including some extracts from the Jubilee & Christmas Edition of the Outpost, No. 12 Vol. XVII, dated December 1940. "A Toast" and "The Ideal Policeman" and "My Breeches" all by The Bard of the Bembezi.

-A Toast-

Fill up your glasses and drink to the lasses;
   Gentlemen, rise on your legs.
This is the toast we must honour the most;
   Drink it right down to the dregs.
The ladies, God bless 'em! We long to caress 'em;
   They give us some worry 'tis true;
They bring on this earth, from the day of their birth;
   Quite half of our troubles, they do.
But then, we must sat it, they more than repay it;
   They compensate life for its ills -
And ladies, dear ladies, the world would be Hades;
   Except for your graces and frills.
GENTLEMEN - THE LADIES!

-The Ideal Policeman-

If, to atone for my sins and those of my forefathers, too,
The fates have ordained I shall join the Police as other poor sinners must do,
Oh! Let me get out on the outset of out of the stations there are on the map;
Don't stick me inside, to a Drill Sergeant tied - that's a H---l of a life for a chap!

Give me a horse or a mule or a moke and a couple of native police,
And bundle me off with a gun and some scoff and let me meander in peace;
Give the longest of lengthy patrols away in the veld on my own;
Mine is the peace and contentment of he who is happiest when he's alone.

Let me get out at the break of dawn to hunt for the succulent meat
That God, in his goodness, has put on the veld for primitive people to eat;
Then, when it's killed and on the coals grilled, and I've eaten as much as I can,
Let me go on with the journey again - Ah!
That is the life for a man.

Let me lie down in the heat of the day in the shade of the sheltering tree
And call up the spirits of women who once had wasted their sweetness on me;
There let me doze in the same peace of mind as is shown on the face of my mule,
And tell myself, gently, that
Man in the world, with his striving, is merely a fool.

Continued on Page 16
-8812C-
DE MILITA MCM
Edward Clive
Died Marula on 8th June 2009.

BRADFIELD - Joan
Widow of the late 4511
John Douglas Bradfield
Died Harare on 9th July 2009.
A memorial service was held for her at
Hillside Dams, Bulawayo
on 16th July 2009.

HERRAN - Marianne
Widow of Reserve Inspector 9209
Raymond James Herran
Died Bulawayo on 25th July 2009.

HOWE - Leonard Charles MC
Police Reservist between 1954 & 1964
Died Bulawayo on 3rd January 2010.
Leonard was 93 years old and is survived
by his wife Margaret.

MUNROE - Alexander,
Section Leader Police Reserve - Plundree
Died Bulawayo on 6th July 2009.
Father of 8088 Section Officer
Ray Munroe and 8714 Inspector
John Munroe.

VAN RENSBURG - Raymond Peter
Field Reservist.
Murdered in Gweru on 15th July 2009.
A memorial service was held in Bulawayo on
23rd July 2009. Ray was a member of the 1953
Coronation Contingent as a Territorial soldier
and later joined the Police Reserve.
He was awarded National Colours for
Service Shooting.

WEBB PMM - Edwin Alfred
Died Bulawayo on 27th August 2009.
“Eddie” joined the Force in March 1949 and
served until April 1982, at which time he was
PCIO Matabeleland. Eddie was a keen snooker
player and an active member of the Association.

A 5 Minute Management Course
Lesson 1:
A man is getting into the shower as his
wife is finishing up her shower, when the doorbell
rings. The wife quickly wraps herself in a towel and
runs downstairs. When she opens the door, there
stands Bob, the next-door neighbour.
Before she says a word, Bob says, “I’ll give you
$800.00 to drop the towel”.
After thinking for a moment, the woman drops her
towel and stands naked in front of Bob, after a few
seconds, Bob hands her $800.00 and leaves.
The woman wraps back up in the towel and goes
back upstairs. When she gets to the bathroom, her
husband asks “Who was that?”
“It was Bob, the next-door neighbour,” she replies.
“Great!” The husband says, “did he say anything
about the $800.00 he owes me?”

MORAL OF THE STORY:
If you share critical information pertaining to credit
and risk with your shareholders, in time, you may be
in a position to prevent avoidable exposure.

Lesson 2:
A priest offered a nun a lift. She got in
and crossed her legs, forcing her gown to reveal a
leg. The priest nearly had an accident. After
controlling the car, he stealthily slid his hand up her
leg.
The nun said, “Father, remember Psalm 129?” - The
priest removed his hand.
But, changing gears, he let his hand slide up her leg
again.
The nun once again said, “Father, remember Psalm
129?”
The priest apologised, “Sorry sister but the flesh is
weak.”
Arriving at the convent, the nun sighed heavily and
went on her way.
On his arrival at the church, the priest rushed to look
up Psalm 129, it said, “Go forth and seek, further up,
you will find glory”.

MORAL OF THE STORY:
If you are not well informed in your
job, you might miss a great
Opportunity.
Last Laugh

A 5 Minute Management Course

Lesson 3:
A sales rep, an administration clerk, and the manager are walking to lunch when they find an antique oil lamp. They rub it and a Genie comes out. The Genie says, “I’ll give each of you just one wish.”
“Me first! Me first!” Says the admin clerk. “I want to be in the Bahamas, driving a speedboat, without a care in the world”.
Puff! She’s gone.
“Me next! Me next!” Says the sales rep. “I want to be in Hawaii, relaxing on the beach, with my personal masseuse, an endless supply of Pina Coladas and the love of my life”.
Puff! She’s gone.
“OK you’re up,” the Genie says to the manager.
The Manager says, “I want those two back in the office after lunch.”

MORAL OF THE STORY:
Always let your boss have the last say.

Lesson 4:
An eagle was sitting on a tree resting, doing nothing. A small rabbit saw the eagle and asked him, “Can I also sit like you and do nothing?” The eagle answered: “Sure, why not.” So, the rabbit sat on the ground below the eagle and rested. All of a sudden, a fox appeared, jumped on the rabbit and ate it.

MORAL OF THE STORY:
To be sitting and doing nothing, you must be sitting very, very high up.

Lesson 5:
A turkey was chatting with a bull. “I would love to be able to get to the top of that tree,” Sighed the turkey, “but I haven’t got the energy.” “Well, why don’t you nibble on some of my droppings?” Replied the bull. “They’re packed with nutrients.”
The turkey pecked at a lump of dung, and found it actually gave him enough strength to reach the lowest branch of the tree. The next day, after eating some more dung, he reached the second branch. Finally after the fourth night, the turkey was proudly perched at the top of the tree. He was promptly spotted by a farmer, who shot him out of the tree.

MORAL OF THE STORY:
Bullshit might get you to the top, but it won’t keep you there.

Lesson 6:
A little bird was flying south for the Winter. It was so cold the bird froze and fell to the ground into a large field. While he was lying there, a cow came by and dropped some dung on him. As the frozen bird lay there in the pile of cow dung, he began to realise how warm he was. The dung was actually thawing him out! He lay there all warm and happy, and soon began to sing for joy. A passing cat heard the bird singing and came to investigate. Following the sound, the cat discovered the bird under the pile of cow dung, promptly dug him out and ate him.

MORALS OF STORY:
1. Not everyone who shits on you is your enemy.
2. Not everyone who gets you out of shit is your friend.
3. And when you’re in deep shit, it’s best to keep your mouth shut.

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The Ideal Policeman (Cont.)

When I have got in the afternoon trek, let me span out for the night,
See there is water and wood for the fire and
that the old mule is all right;
Let me lie snug in a Government rug, with
my belly extended with buck,
And warmly indulge in the morbid delight
of kidding I’m down on my luck.

Let this go on for some years till I’m fed up
with the Mounted Police,
Then let me find I can quit the old grind
because of an uncle’s decease;
Let me return to the old English home and
marry a sweet little wife
Who’ll pet me and cuddle and fool me about
for the rest of my worthless old life.

- My Breeches-

They were polished, at first, on a form at school,
They were next introduced to an office stool,
And now are rubbing the back of a mule—
My breeches.

At school ‘tis, alas, a deplorable fact
They daily presented their seat to be whacked;
They were not respectable; sometimes they lacked
Their stitches.

The office then knew them in elegance striped,
All splendidly creased, with the seams of them piped,
And regarded with awe by the ladies who typed—
The witches

No longer beautiful, now they bestride
The quadruped horror a trooper must ride,
And sometimes a flea slips through from its hide
And itches.

And sometimes this hooligan quadruped
Puts shame on my bags to their meanest thread
When, viciously bucking, them mover its head
It pitches.

They are not well cut, but I may as well say,
They’re the best one can button on five bob a day;
If the belt is kept tight, in their place they will stay
With hitches.

Yet may be clothed in immaculate pants
If there die, before me, my two maiden aunts,
And the Lord, in His goodness, this sinner
but grants
Their riches

Just as my lyric has come to an end
I’ve met with an accident while on the bend
And so I must hurriedly leave you, to mend
My breeches.
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K. B. Davies

Look out for the next great issue of The Outpost...
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