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2010 - 2011

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Banking Details

Account BSAP Regimental Association
Bank Nedbank, Hillcrest
Account No. 1338108638 Branch Code 198765
Ref: Include your name & type of payment
e.g. subs/dinner/donation/sponsor etc.

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Cover page sponsored by 8068 Denis Wyatt in tribute to his sister Hazel, widow of 5943 Ray Borrett"
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EDITOR’S NOTES

Oops – for “Tomlinson” read “Morris”. A few readers noticed the error regarding the cover picture of our last (June) edition – one was even kind enough to suggest that I had done that deliberately in order to keep readers on their toes. But not so, it was the result of one of those ‘senior’ moments.

Mistakes are inevitable when producing a document containing some 65,000 characters – as I would point out to a local reader who went out of his way (placing a note in my post box) to report I had spelt his name wrong.

‘To err is to be human’ is a saying I wish to use in my defence. However, I wouldn’t like to be in the shoes of the person responsible for this recent blunder –

Should anyone experience difficulty in spotting the error then just check the map.

Since assuming the role of editor (nearly two years – how time flies) you may have noticed I tend to avoid reporting on the names of persons attending the various social functions, apart from those who are visiting from afar. I would rather advise ‘who is where’; hence the ongoing feature of “BSAP World Nominal Roll” which should be read in conjunction with the Obituary column.

This page sponsored by 5666 Dave Wright
5.

That way one should be able to check on who is still around out of the estimated 2,500 of us left on this planet – and not rely on an attendance register, which is misleading as ‘non appearances’ at a function do not tell us much.

The only exception to this rule is our Annual Lunch, which is usually well supported with sufficient numbers to warrant a parade report.

You will observe that my earlier plea for someone to please consider designing a suitable ‘police’ crossword puzzle did not fall on stony ground – Dick Isemonger has responded to the call and produced a magnificent effort – see page 13.

However, before asking Dick to think about making this a regular feature this is one of the few occasions where we really need your reaction. A lot of work goes into this sort of project so – please communicate with us and tell us what you think, even just a phone call if no time to write an e-mail or letter.

The question of whether or not we should be sending out electronic copies of the Natal Outpost to those who have indicated this preference to hard copy needs to be re-addressed. Firstly, please understand that the electronic version is not intended to be the alternative to receiving hard copy – you may have both as using the internet costs us nothing. The point we made at the outset was the Association could save on printing and posting costs by reducing the number of hard copies and as a result few of you have indicated hard copy is not required.

The second, and more important point, is that those of you with easy access to the internet may log onto www.bsap.org, open “Newsdesk” and read, even download, any of the branch Outposts or Newsletters that Andrew features under the relevant month. This means that sending out our cyber copy duplicates what is readily available on the bsap website.

Something to think about.  

_Trevor Dutton (td.)_

"Aim towards the Enemy" - Instructions printed on U.S. Rocket Launcher
6.

CHAIRMAN'S COMMENTS

After 28 enjoyable years in Pretoria, I was "coerced" out of my comfort zone by my better half, Linda, to move to the beautiful trees and hills of Hillcrest in Natal, something to do with reminding her of Scotland! She was certainly right about that – the thick fog/cloud that we "enjoy" about this time of the year can make driving a bit of a hazard, especially when there are no white lines or cat's eyes to guide you. Late one night in thick mist, I almost managed to mount the centre island when trying a right turn into Inanda Road, and that was without a drink! Fortunately someone had already "taken out" the centre robot. As other members resident in area will know, Hillcrest can also get more than a bit "parky" in the winter, when the snow is on the Berg.

I was also assured that I could fully retire and enjoy the peace and solitude! A fallacy, no such luck!

I seem to be busier now than ever – or is it the fact that things get done a little slower and one takes one's time? The folk here are very friendly and we have much more of a social life, as a fair number of our friends in Gauteng hadinconsiderately, either moved or "dropped off the perch", so it was probably time for a change. I now even go to the gym, a facility that I haven’t used since I was hurled against the wall bars by a massive PE instructor (who I later found was a UK heavy weight wrestling champion) at Hendon Police Training College after I was told to "attack" him! Because he claimed that I was a bit timid (and who wouldn’t have been) he gave me a second go, with the same result! Fortunately the only instructor we ever see here is a very lithesome young blonde, who unfortunately, is not into contact sports.

One of the great things about our move to Natal, was that it enabled me to meet, socialise and catch up with many friends and colleagues whom I hadn’t seen for many a long year. Then my "friend" Nobby Clark, the Natal Branch Chairman, who again ran the "Comrades" this year, decided that he needed a break from his long stint in the Chair, and I was again somehow "coerced".

Seriously, Nobby, you deserve a huge vote of thanks and appreciation from all of us for a job really well done over the last five years. To mark Nobby’s efforts he was accorded Honorary Life Membership of the Natal Branch. I was extremely fortunate to inherit most of his team, including our very capable and efficient Secretary, Des Howse (also now cum Treasurer), who does a brilliant job on our behalf and keeps us on our toes. Outpost Editor, Trevor Dutton, an old friend of many years, is also a great asset who produces a superb and interesting Outpost, which draws many positive comments from around the globe. Ken Wood and Dennis Wyatt are the other stalwarts of long standing on the Committee. Dick Isemonger, a former
7.

Chairman, who recently moved up the hill from Durban, also “joined us” with some persuasion at the AGM.

We were sorry to lose Val Oldham, who has done sterling work as our Lady Almoner, but she is now Mrs “Stretch” Hughes and has more important duties to fulfill. Thank you, Val for your input and efforts which were much appreciated. We wish you both, every happiness.

We were extremely sorry that Malcolm Wiltshire was forced to relinquish the position of Treasurer due to ill health and an impending move to Umhlanga, where he and his wife, Daphne, are now getting settled. It is great to be able to report that he is on the mend, but that it may be some time before he is fully recovered. Our sincere thanks Mac, for looking after our finances so capably. We sincerely hope that you will soon be back to full health and then maybe you can rejoin us?

I am very mindful of those of our members who are unwell or suffering from chronic health problems. We wish you well and our thoughts are with you. We hope that the various “Stations” keep in contact with these members, their wives and also the widows of members, who are confined to homes or hospitals, to maintain lines of communication with the Association and where necessary, to provide support.

Barry Woan has kindly stepped into the breach with our Margate Station and has already rounded up seven “strays” on the South Coast to join the association. Well done. Hillcrest remains an active station with regular functions. Durban South is looking for a “new venue” for “get-togethers” and, if we are lucky, the Natal North Coast may become active again. In spite of efforts, nothing seems to motivate the Durban North guys into action, which is a pity. (We suspect that they are all too busy counting their money!)

After some negative comment prior to the Football World Cup in South Africa, it was wonderful to see everything slot into place to provide a truly brilliant and spectacular event. The only real “faux pas” was the closure of the new Durban Airport for the arrival of Heads of State, which left some 700 ticket holders flying in for a semi final, unable to land and forced to return to J’burg. Not happy bunnies and rightly so.

As we flew into Durban one evening over the new, beautifully illuminated Stadium, we realised what a truly magnificent facility we had on our doorstep. During the games, the upgraded Durban beachfront was crowded with foreign visitors and the locals of all races, who mixed together with such friendly bonhomie, all having a whale of a time. This was without the fear of being mugged or hijacked, due to the presence of large numbers of patrolling, SA Police members. The colourful vista provided by the flags and national team shirts, etc was incredible, just a shame that it all had to end. It was truly a special time to be living in South Africa.
I still wonder where they managed to deposit all of the usual beggars, street children, layabouts and criminals, who were noticeably absent, but wherever it was, the gates must have been opened after the event, for as sure as hell, they are all back again!

The unsolicited remark made by young Phumla, the 16 year old girl that we sponsor from a Pretoria Children’s home, “it makes me so very proud to be a South African”, after seeing the major highway upgrades in Gauteng, the new stadiums, riding the new high speed “Gautrain” from Sandton (which will eventually run from Pretoria to Johannesburg), to the expanded Johannesburg International Airport, as well as a trip to the Durban beach front, truly said it all.

I was certainly very impressed, and it just goes to show what can be achieved in this country, when politicians are not involved in the execution of the work, even though they take the credit in the end and we pay for it.

Further afield, your Natal Branch, in line with other branches, decided to make a donation of £500 from branch funds towards the new British South Africa Police Memorial at the National Arboretum, in Alrewas, Staffordshire, in the UK. The Memorial will provide a lasting and permanent tribute and reminder of our great Force and its members. Dave Lynn represented our Region at the event.

The Zimbabwe Pensioners’ Support Fund continue to deliver truck loads of food parcels to indigent pensioners around Zimbabwe, including those who live in dire straits in some Old Folks Homes, or to others trying to keep body and soul together on their own. Some were reported to be lucky if they got three good meals a week. Sadly with the untimely death of Norman Nimmo, who was operating with the team on a full time basis, and the heart attack suffered by the organiser, Hannes Botha, the frequency of trips may have to be reduced. We sincerely hope that you enjoy a full and early recovery Hannes. However, the fund continues to need donations to keep this Good Samaritan service going as without funds, they will be forced to reduce the current levels of support, with dire consequences for the very grateful recipients.

Due to the charges raised by FNB for depositing cash, etc your Committee has arranged to open a new Nedbank Account for the branch. Please make a note of these new details which appear elsewhere in the magazine for future payments to the association.

Well, spring has arrived in this neck of the woods and summer is almost on our doorstep, thank goodness. I wish all of our members a great summer, good rains, not too excessive mind you. Go well.

Trevor Wilson

"A slipping gear could let your M203 grenade launcher fire when you least expect it. That would make you quite unpopular in what’s left of your unit."

- Army’s magazine of preventive maintenance.
O
n Sunday 25th July 2010 possibly the last important historical event in
the history of the British South Africa Police took place at the National
Memorial Arboretum at Alrewas in the county of Staffordshire,
English Midlands.

The official unveiling and dedication of the new BSAP Memorial was attended
by an estimated 400 former members of the Force and their wives.

4853 Fred Punter reports ‘This was one of the most memorable weekends in the
history of the Regimental Association, although held in UK and organised by the
UKBranch Committee it was undoubtedly a World Wide Association gathering with many
former members travelling from far and wide, with representatives of just about every
branch.

When the Parade “got fell in, in three ranks (I don't want you in fours screeched Tackie
Mackintosh)” for the march up to the Memorial I found myself in about row 10 or
so from the front, where the Standard Bearer, 6609 Hywel Parry Jones was in the lead,

This page sponsored by 3708 Bill Crabtree “In memory of my mates in Squad 4/38”
closely followed by right marker 7211 Peter Biddulph and 9207 Garth Long and others who managed to get their place in the front row.

There was a Landrover ahead with loudspeakers pointing out from the rear which played the Regimental March as we moved off. As we reached the end of the march I glanced to the rear and was absolutely amazed to see how long the parade was, I would estimate at least 40 rows. The speeches and prayers associated with the unveiling were well delivered, poignant and very moving.

As most of you know I am not one to generally give accolades but this event deserves every praise one could give. The Chairman of the UK Branch and his committee deserve the thanks and congratulations of all Association members for the organisation and hard work that obviously went into arranging the building of the Memorial and for the arrangements for the day, everything went off without a hitch.

There will never be another gathering like it. Fortunately, I and many others, can say, "We were there".

The unveiling was performed by General The Lord Walker of Aldringham. Michael Walker is the Patron to the BSAP Trust and has close ties with the UK Branch of the Association. He was born in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia in 1944, his father being 3088 Colonel WDH Walker who retired from the Force as a Senior Asst. Comm in 1958. Following a distinguished military career in the British Army Michael retired in 2006 and was created a Life Peer as Baron Walker.
11.

The dedication and the blessing of the Roll of Honour was performed by 4600 Reverend Terry Mesley-Spong. Terry served from 1950 to 1954.

The Parade Commander was someone well qualified to perform the task - 4777 ‘Takkie’ MacIntosh, at 80 years of age, acquitted himself well. [Before following the instructions hereunder please read to the bottom of the page first…. (td.)]

For those readers who are able to connect to the internet if you now click http://www.bsap.org/newsoct.htm #lastparade not only will our front cover picture come to life but you will also hear the very familiar parade ground patter of probably the most popular and efficient Depot Drill Instructor the BSAP ever had. Credit for the video clip is due to 6388 Will Cornell

This is the first Natal Outpost to be accompanied by sound and visual movement. Those of us who live in the Third World will find that the above mentioned hyper link will probably be “stop/start” which is very irritating (unless you have elected to upgrade from 386 kps to 4 mbps then you will enjoy a professional performance). However, for us plebs in darkest Africa Andrew has installed another option on his website so for those interested in pursuing this topic further just click on this link to download or play the video clip: http://www.bsap.org/images/LastParadeClip.wmv ...........................................................(td.)

This page sponsored by 6578 Ken MacKay
The last Commissioner of the British South Africa Police, **3939 Peter Allum**, gave the Final Address

A few ‘old’ familiar faces -

*Hueh Phillios, Jack Bacon*

*Tim Weimer, Robin Harvey, Winston Hart, Karl Hurry*

Dave Lynn represented Natal

*This page sponsored by PR 9465 Hilary Squires*
CROSSWORD

Dick Isemonger has very kindly put together our first crossword. Answers can be found on page 53 but please let us have some feedback before we ask Dick to prepare anymore brain teasers for future editions of the Outpost.

Clues on the next page

This page sponsored by 6578 Ken MacKay
"Cluster bombing from B-52s is very, very accurate. The bombs are guaranteed always to hit the ground."
- USAF Ammo Troop
This year's Lunch was held at the Augusta Country Estate in Hillcrest on Saturday 18 September 2010. Ninety members and guests attended (see list below) and were treated, not only to an excellent repast, but to a vintage Reply by the inimitable John Haswell who had some of those present crying with laughter. The Guest Speaker was Tommy Ballantyne, well-known ex-Rhodesian sportsman, who regaled us with stories from his days on the sports field of Rhodesia.

We were honoured with the presence of Judge Hiliary Squires and his wife Coralie and Phil Beck, the widow of the late Justice Beck, known to many members of the Force. Other invited guests were Major George Galbraith (SAS) and his wife Lynn, and Steve Stevens, Chairman of Natal Midlands Branch and his wife, Marion. Attendees from far-flung places included 7784 Steve Acornley on a visit from Scotland and Lee and Jan le Crerar from Hoedspruit (staunch Natal Branch country members). The Margate Station was well represented, ably mustered by 8157 Barry Woan, but were far less noisy than expected. Included in the Margate mob were three members, Barry Woan, Bob Packer and Rick Wentzel who were all on No. 2 Relief, Mzilikazi, in the early 70's, supposedly under my control (and you thought my grey hair was only due to old age!).

The bar eventually closed at 17.00 and, by all reports, everyone had a great time. Des Howse.

(Photos of this event are on the back cover).
16.

Members and guests who attended the Annual Lunch -

ACORNLEY, Steve (7784)        LATHE, Thelma & Steven
BAKER, Lionel (6422) & Rose Mee  Le CRERAR, Lee (6371) and Jan
BALLANTYNE, Tommy & Delia       LEES, John (6454)
BECK, Phil                      LYNN, David (6872)
BENNISON, Gavin (9109)          MACAULAY, Scotty (5480) and Felicity
BRAINE, Bill (7923)             MESSINA, Andy (7129) & May
BRENT, Alan (7055) & Myrna       MILLER, John (6759)
BRESLER, Rob (7860) and Marjorie OTTO, Jenny
BRIGSTOW, Rob (8308)            PACKER, Bob (8214)
CLARK, Nobby (6283) & Natascha  PAINTING, Ted (6097) & Sue
CLARK, Robin (6030)             PARVIS, George (8051)
COLEPEPER, Peter (5836) & Gill   PERKINS, Brian (8276)
CROSSLEY, Ant (6136)            PHELAN, Wanda
CUERDEN, Nigel (5826)           PRETORIUS, Ben (7552) & Joan
Da SILVA, Barbara               SAND, Neill (8180)
De WITT, Laurie (PR 12300) &    SHATTOCK, Peter (PR 23032)
Doreen                          SHEWELL, Paul (5749) & Heather
DOLBY, John (5251)              SMITH, Smudge (4254) & Shirley
DIXON, Hugh (6717)              SQUIRES, Hilary & Coralie
DUTTON, Trevor (5293)           STARR, Derek (5842)
DYER, Dickie (4726)             STEVENS, Steve (4767) & Marion
GALBRAITH, George & Lynn        SUTHERLAND, Vic (5939) & Reena
GATLAND, Pete (7543) & Elsa     VAN DER BERG, Shireen (WP56)
HARDIE, Laurette                VON HORSTEN, Butch (6467) & Hillary
HASWELL, John (6187) & Yvonne   WENTZEL, Rick (8194)
HATTON, Garth (5874)            WILLIAMS, Mike (6484) & Hazel
HOWSE, Des (7229) & Trish       WILTSCHIRE, Malcolm (5268) & Daphne
HOGG, Ian (5428) & Penny         WOAN, Barry (8157)
HUNTER, Giles (8270)            WOOD, Ken (5802) & Yvonne
JOHNSON, Robin (5087) & Pat     WYATT, Dennis (8068) & Marion
KERR, Derek (7033) & Megan       WYATT, Dennis (8068) & Marion

This page sponsored by PR 9465 Hilary Squires
17.

BSAP MATURE MEMBERS CLUB.

The tally now stands at 11 members, with 4 still in the pipeline.

Unfortunately membership numbers are dropping due to the passing of some but there must still be candidates out there that we have not yet been able to contact.

With the recent passing of Franklyn Bellamy, 3004 Neil Arden (formerly Alston) become the oldest known member in the world – having turned 100 years old on 27 Dec 2009. Neil is a member of the UK Branch.

Of special note - we have located our very first ‘Mature’ WPO. Kathleen Waterworth joined the Southern Rhodesia Women’s Auxiliary Police Service (SRWAPS) in 1942 and served until 1945. Her story appears hereunder and, thanks to Kathleen, we now understand more about the history of our Women Police.

Bill Crabtree advises that the SRWAPS were formed on 28th July 1941 to help replenish numbers when regular members of the BSAP were drafted overseas to assist in the war effort. Our WPOs, as we generally know them, only came into existence in 1946, after the war ended. But clearly their forerunners were very much part of the BSAP and we are pleased to welcome ‘No.’ 59 Kathleen Clayton (nee Waterworth) to the Mature Members Club.

SRWPS No. 59 Kathleen Waterworth (now Clayton) was born in Yorkshire on 7 December 1918. Today she lives in Auckland, New Zealand and at the age of 91 is a keen member and supporter of the New Zealand Branch of the Association.

In 2003 Kathleen wrote her story for the Kiwi Outpost which we now take pleasure in repeating for the benefit of those who may have missed it.
I attested in the Southern Rhodesia Women’s Police Service on 15 April 1942 and served three years and 217 days, being discharged ‘On Compassionate Grounds’ on 15 November 1945. We received no preliminary training and I was asked to report to the Charge Office, Bulawayo Police Station in Fife Street. We were issued with our smart uniforms, jacket and skirt with navy blue cuffs, navy blue epaulettes and navy blue lanyards. We had broad brimmed hats with the BSA Police badge and navy blue ribbon. For parades we wore a Glengarry with our dress uniform. Our working uniforms were a one-piece dress with all accoutrements as described above.

With trepidation I reported to Sergeant George Peck, who was in charge, and was given every assistance to get me into the workings of my new job. Names which stand out in my memory were Constable George Alderson, Sergeant Jordaan, Constable Joubert, Inspector Killick and, of course, George Peck. On the CID I remember Len Knight and Ken Leaver. The other policewomen who became good friends were Molly Sagar, Mimi Moss, Mary Davison and last, but not least, our interpreter Sergeant Fungera.

In no time at all we were taking statements, doing street patrols, point duty and later we took people for their driver’s licence. We attended a postmortem and as the Ambulance Service was part of a policeman’s duties, we also did our fair share of taking patients to hospital. We were only sent out to pick up female patients. As these were mostly pregnancies, we were sent to the Township Clinic to watch the birth of a baby, to enable us to cope should this situation arise. Thank goodness it never did. One day we were asked to pick up a lady who had just given birth to a baby boy. She lived on the second floor of a block of flats - NO LIFT. We arrived and put mother and baby on the stretcher and then took her down the two flights of stairs. Molly Sagar was my partner and the two of us thought we were going to drop mother, baby and all, but we got them safely down and into the ambulance and delivered to the hospital. We heaved a sigh of relief. That was not the end. The following morning we were called
to the CID Office, as the baby had died and they were not satisfied that this was an accident. We had seen nothing untoward when we arrived at the flat, so we heard no more about the sad case.

It was drummed into us that when being addressed by an officer we must stand to attention and salute. Shortly after my joining up, the Superintendent’s secretary was away for a couple of days and I was asked to fill in for her. The first morning when the phone rang and Superintendent Richens(?) said ‘Constable Waterworth’ I immediately sprang to attention and just managed NOT to salute as I said ‘YES SIR!!!’

Some time later three of us approached Superintendent Richens(?) to ask his permission to ride the police horses. He said ‘Oh no, I couldn’t take that risk.’. We assured him that we would take full responsibility should we be injured, to which he replied ‘Oh no, I am not worried about you, it is the horses I am thinking about!!’

At the end of June 1943 my fiancé returned from England where he had been stationed at Waddington, 44 Rhodesian Squadron. Three weeks later Clive Goodyear and I were married and, as Clive was posted to Salisbury, I asked for a transfer as well. After a short while I was posted to the CID, and there I stayed until my discharge on 15 November 1945 with the rank of 1/Sergeant.

I found it a wonderful experience and was proud to have been part of such a great police force. On reading Peter Gibbs and Hugh Phillips’ The History of the BSAP 1880-1980 I note that we received only a brief mention and I quote: ‘The women Police made it clear that they enjoyed doing a man’s job, were not especially pleased that a committee of men had designed their uniforms ... (I cannot remember any of our Bulawayo girls complaining about their uniforms being designed by men, we liked them very much) ... but felt that in the future they, the Women’s Police that is, would be more necessary than they had been hitherto.’ End of quote. The underlining is mine. That was all, and looking at the Roll at the back of the book I saw my Reg No 59 had been issued to WHITEHEAD, Lucy Claire. Disappointing yes, but we knew we had given of our best.

©
20.

The roll then, as at today and in the order of ‘seniority’ –

3004 Arthur Neil Alston (now Arden): England
3385 Lionel Ludvig Lumholst-Smith: England
PR 4891 Sid L. Cooper: England
3693 Charles Anthony “Bill” Schollum: New Zealand
PR 16707 Milton McGarrick: England
3605 Thomas Stewart “Paddy” Anderson: Isle of Man
(3525) Eileen Wordsworth: Western Cape
3708 William “Bill” Crabtree: Natal
3893 John Brampton “Robbie” Robertson: Bulawayo
3801 Philip Whitbread “Coot” Atkinson: Johannesburg
59 Kathleen Waterworth (now Clayton): New Zealand

PR 16707 Milton McGarrick very kindly sent us these photos – can anyone fill in the gaps?

PR 16707 RSO
MJB McGarrick

TOP: ? Todd and ?
2ND ROW: Alec Atkinson : Fred Cobbold : Curly Turner
A STORY OF A POLICE DOG - Part 2

"Leon’s spirit was to be severely tested again almost a year later, this time in the Zambesi Valley, the malaria-ridden, tsetse-infested area which has seen most of the clashes between security forces and terrorists. Contact between the forces had been made in a river bed and several of the invaders had been killed. But one of them, slightly wounded and armed with machine gun and grenades, had made off through the bush up a hillside.

The army decided to call for a police dog to track him down. Butch von Horsten and Leon were flown to the scene of the clash in an Air Force helicopter.
Again the intense midday heat, the eye scorching glare off withered grass, the tension of an unseen enemy.

The plan was for Butch and Leon to lead a stick of eight soldiers after the terrorist. Leon would indicate the man's position, the two would fall back and the soldiers would take over.

The terrorist had lost some blood so it was not difficult for the dog to pick up the trail. Leon bounded up the hillside, stopping now and then for the patrol to catch up.

The hunted man had learned a good deal about bush fighting. Just over the prow of the hill, a mile from the river bed, he found a rocky overhang behind a clearing in the grass. Here he set up his ambush. It was perfect. As the patrol came over the brow of the hill they would be sitting ducks in the clearing. The first man to cross his gun sight would be Butch von Horsten.

It is important to realize that Leon was not trained to attack the person he was tracking. For good reason - sometimes dogs are trained to find missing children. His job was to simply indicate where the man was hiding.

But this time something made Leon attack. Was it a hostile move by the terrorist? Or did something snap in his mind, a stirring of a forgotten memory? No one really knows what happened.

Leon streaked through the clearing and at the overhang under which the man was waiting. For a while, man and dog grappled and fought on the ground. The terrorist could have shot Leon but he clearly did not want to ruin the ambush by indicating his position.

This page sponsored by 5802 Ken Wood
Then the patrol cleared the hill and was on them. Butch called his dog off. Their job was done. Leon, snarling and angry, obeyed and withdrew.

But the terrorist was still full of fight. He had been ordered to raise his hands high above his head. Suddenly he grabbed at the grenades in his shirt pockets – a futile gesture by a desperate man.

The patrol opened fire and he was cut down before he could release the firing pins.

Why had the dog attacked? He had proved his obedience to his handler on many occasions and he should have stood still when he saw the terrorist. Some will say the dog was simply acting from instinct and must have fought back when the terrorist tried to kill him. Others will suggest it was vengeance. But are highly trained obedient dogs capable of vengeance?

Whatever the reason for Leon’s behaviour, Butch von Horsten is convinced that the dog saved his life.

"It was a perfect ambush, a professional job. If Leon had not gone for the man I would have walked right into it.”, he says.

Today, Section Officer von Horsten and Police Dog 211, Leon, still operate as a team. Apart from their anti-terrorist work, they have investigated numerous routine crimes and Leon has made several arrests.

Off duty, Leon is a playful animal and he allowed me to pat him like any family dog. But he kept a wary eye on me when I moved closer to his handler to ask some questions.
"A man and his dog get very attached to each other", says Butch.
"He is part of my life. It is difficult to explain just how strong this bond is.

"But out there in the bush we understand each other."

WOMEN POLICE.

Of the now known 17 former WPOs living or based in Natal and apart from the 13 already featured we can advise that WPO 565 Shireen Otto has now joined the Natal Branch (welcome Shireen). WPO 303 Jacqui Short we will work on when she docks (not Jacqui – her cruise ship) at Durban in November; WPO 180 Mariette van Heerden ‘doesn’t want to know’; whilst WPO 073 Shirley Hodson remains under cover.

Interest in this particular exercise is being expressed in other parts and as we go to print we can publish the following –

MOSSEL BAY

**WPO 244 Jenny Papenfus-Swart**: I left the force in 1983 and stayed in Bulawayo. I joined National Books of Zimbabwe and was promoted to branch manager in 1984. I left them and moved to Harare where I started working for Kingstons as a manager. I left Harare in 1989 and immigrated to SA. I worked for BSAP (Better Security and Protection) in Pretoria as a private investigator for Laurie Ibbitt who owned the company. In 1991 I left BSAP and joined Sun International as a Surveillance Investigator at the Carousel Casino and Entertainment World. I left Sun International in 1998 and joined
the Gold Reef Resorts Group as a Surveillance shift manager at Gold Reef Casino in Johannesburg. We then opened Mykonos Casino in Langebaan on the West Coast in 2000. I was the Surveillance Manager of this unit. In 2002 the group opened the Garden Route Casino in Mossel Bay and I transferred across as the Surveillance Manager. I do not have any plans to move in the near future and am just loving being at the coast in Mossel Bay.

SCOTLAND

WPO 344 Rene Willemsen now Birrell. – served with the BSAP from 10 May 1976 and left on 02 September 1980 with the rank of DWPO. I served in Charge Office Bulawayo Central, Traffic and then CID Homicide Section.
After leaving the Force I left for South Africa and was employed by the SADF Administration for one year. Then managed two video shops. Later worked as Assistant Manager in Garlicks, Durban in security. Worked for Gray Security Services, Cape Town, for about two years.
I was then recruited by Doug Grierson and Dave Blacker at the University of Cape Town in the Crime Investigations Department. Was there for three years. Moved to London where I worked for Selfridges in Oxford Street as a Fraud Investigator for one year.
Back to Cape Town to University of Cape Town for the same position I had prior to leaving.. Then when Dave Blacker retired I took over from him until 2004. I must say that he was an excellent manager and good friend.
I then moved to Scotland where I worked for the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe until 2010 in Floors Castle as Head Housekeeper. That’s me for the past 30 years and of course I have been married to Eric for the same period. I am proud to have been a member of the BSAP.

ZIMBABWE

WPO 148 Kerry Phelan (now Kay) “Joined October 1969 - squad 2 of 1969. WPO 148. Posted to Bulawayo, Charge office and Info room, CPU (with Chris Lathe as boss, Pat Adams and lots of mbanje in the cupboard!), then to Special Branch (communism desk) with Paddy Anderson as my boss.
Thereafter to Fort Vic urban. Left after 3 year contract, went overseas for 3 months, missed the Police so much, that I came back and rejoined WPO 210. Posted to Chiredzi (Propol George Atkinson), then to Marandellas to the end of my second contract.
Again missed it, so applied to work as an A reservist on any JOC in the country. Went back to the JOC in Chiredzi for some months. Roy John Jennings was JOC officer (when he was around!!).

Married farmer Iain Kay (Chipesa Farm) in Marandellas March 1977. Still remained involved in security as the rep liaising between the Police and the farmers. Once a cop always a cop it seems!!!

Current "occupation" is Secretary for Welfare for the Movement for Democratic Change (T) and a national executive member of the MDC. Previously was deputy secretary for Health in the MDC. Husband Iain, is the sitting MDC MP for Marondera.

Must mention that BSAP training was an amazing grounding in so many ways. As Sec for Welfare my police experience has been incredibly valuable in assisting me to obtain and document information around the terrible political violence of 2008, as well as the farm invasions etc from 2000!

*Kerry has a special request – if anyone has a copy of their (Squad 2/69) passing out photo would they please send her a copy? Please contact me if necessary……… (td.)*

**TRANSSVAAL**

WPO 74 Marie Lila Dorothy Keats (now Stanton) "I took my discharge by purchase from the BSAP on the 31 March 1964 in order to marry my present husband (5809) Peter Stanton, who was then a serving member of Special Branch.

Peter and I were the first couple to be married in the BSAP chapel. Just before the ceremony Peter realised that there were no candles in the chapel so he dashed into the BSAP depot canteen and purchased a packet of candles for the ceremony.

Our son John was born in Salisbury in June 1965 and he presently resides with his family in Johannesburg whilst our daughter, Claire who was also born in Salisbury January 1970, is married to a farmer and has two children of her own. They presently farm in Zambia having had their Bindura farms invaded and confiscated by the Zimbabwe Government.

On leaving the BSAP I worked at Nestle and later with NCR and the Insurance Company of Rhodesia (ICR) until emigrating to South Africa in 1980. For the past 28 years I have been engaged in the administration and accounting division of a Lightning Protection company in Johannesburg."
PRETORIA

WPO 950604 Leigh Herschel “I was in Squad 3/80, joining on 3 September 1980 and leaving 4 May 1983. On leaving the Force I joined National Foods in Bulawayo and soon discovered that secretarial work was not ‘my cup of tea.’ In 1986 I joined Sun International.

Here I did the rounds and worked at Wild Coast Sun Casino and The Carousel Casino and Entertainment World, still in the Surveillance field.

Whilst at The Carousel I decided to change career paths and in 1998 I moved across to Human Resources where I am currently employed as the Employee Relations Manager. All in all I have been in the employ of Sun International for 24 years and God willing I hope to retire here.”

Some of you may have noticed Leigh’s regimental number and wondered where that came from? Then on checking her date of attestation you would have realized that Leigh must have joined the ZRP because on Hugh Phillips’ Women Police Nominal Roll he clearly indicates that the LAST WPO to join the BSAP was No. 603 Miriam Moyo on 28th July 1980.

Leigh therefore has the distinction of being the FIRST WPO in the ZRP and whilst the Outpost is designed to be the ‘Magazine of the British South Africa Police’ we felt it newsworthy to include her in our ‘Women Police’ feature. Whilst she does not qualify to be a full voting member of our Association her credentials (one of which - she wore the uniform of the BSAP for some time), I believe, are such that if she applied to join she would be welcomed as an ‘Associate’ member……………(td.)

This photograph of WPO 233 Arlene Gardner who served in Bulawayo in the early 1960s.

Can anyone assist in suggesting where she is now and can be contacted?
OBITUARIES

3667 Cyril Bernard Turner at the age of 96 years died on 21st January 2010 at his home in Dawlish, Devon. Another member of our exclusive Mature Members’ Club, he joined the BSAP on 8 April 1937 and transferred to Permanent Staff Corps on 17 April 1939.

P/R 18084F Norman Cuthbert Binder at the age of 91 years died on 9th April 2010 in Nelspruit. He had served for many years in the Police Reserve, notably with the Recce Unit and was immensely proud of his connection with the Force.

5742 Russell Hugh Langley died on 4th June 2010 in Port Alfred following a period of ill health. Russell served from August 1957 to March 1962, leaving as a Constable.

7537 Lance Christopher Jamison Abel died on 18th June 2010 at Hastings, New Zealand. He served from March, 1966 until January 1970, leaving as a Patrol Officer.

4267 Shane Rees died on 23 June 2010 at Runcorn, Cheshire. Shane served in the force from May 1948 to November 1960, retiring with the rank of Staff Inspector.

6063 Alan Peter Stock died on 20th June 2010 at St Wilfred’s Hospice, Eastbourne, UK.

Alan served from August 1959 to August 1984, retiring ‘on medical grounds’ in the rank of Chief Inspector. He was well known as the editor of The Outpost magazine, serving in this role from June 1966 for 22 years until his retirement.

As a special tribute to Alan we re-produce his first Editors Notes from The Outpost: June 1966, hereunder
Phyllis, widow of Inspector Sid Trower passed away in Pietermaritzburg on 29th June 2010.
30.

**John Franklyn Bellamy** died peacefully in his sleep on 30th June 2010, aged 102 years.

He had become well known to us here in Natal, being the oldest known former colleague worldwide and featured prominently in our Mature Members Club. The following Obituary was prepared by his son-in-law, Michael Etherton.

**John Franklyn Bellamy 12 January, 1908 – 30 June, 2010**

Franklyn Bellamy died in his sleep in Deer Park Nursing Home at the magnificent age of 102, half-way through his hundred and third year.

He was born in the Wirral, in Cheshire, in January 1908, the middle child of seven in the affluent family of a merchant shipper, Richard Bellamy, who operated between Brazil and Liverpool. Franklyn’s direct ancestry included Admiral Sir George Somers, who founded the colony of Bermuda; the surgeon George Bellamy, on HMS Bellerophon with Nelson during the Battle of the Nile, and afterwards the Mayor of Plymouth, in 1812, in Devon. The Bellamys were an old and illustrious Devon family, but Franklyn’s father, when he retired moved from Liverpool to Norfolk, near King’s Lynn, a gentleman farmer. Franklyn saw no future for himself there, so far down the family hierarchy, that he answered an advert, aged nineteen, for young men who could ride and shoot, to join the British South Africa Police in what was then Southern Rhodesia [now Zimbabwe]. He was recruited and arrived there, a young trooper, in 1928.

The life of a mounted police officer, in the BSAP, in the African bush suited him down to the ground, for he was a very good horseman, steady and practical and so able to cope with difficult and unexpected situations with a quiet resourcefulness that was untypical of his fellow recruits. He served the BSAP well in a number of remote bush stations in Southern Rhodesia. He met, on his return from his one and only home leave, on the Union Castle liner back to Cape Town, Joan Parks, fell in love with her and they were married in Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia, in 1937. They had two daughters during the Second World War, and both Franklyn and Joan had war-time responsibilities, he in his policing duties, and Joan as matron of an African hospital.

After the war, Joan Bellamy took her bike on the train to Marandellas [now Marondera] and bought a hundred acre tract of land, for their eventual retirement.
In May 1949, Franklyn retired from the BSAP and joined the Que Que [now Kwe Kwe] Municipality as, what was titled then, the Native Administrator. Both Franklyn and Joan became professionally involved in the lives of the Africans living in and around Que Que. Franklyn was widely respected among the Africans in Que Que who called him Chinyereri “The Quiet One”, a sign of the high esteem the African community held him in. The Bellamys built a house and lived there for over twenty years.

Living in Que Que, Franklyn built by hand – and without power tools – his own sailing dinghy which he sailed at weekends on a large nearby dam. He was a good carpenter, a problem solving handyman, and was knowledgeable about antique furniture and silver. He played an active part in the local repertory theatre, creating and building many imaginative and artistic sets for their productions. He remained a member of the Que Que Lions Club until his retirement. He also became a good painter, both in water colours and then in oils: landscapes and seascapes along the wild coasts of the Eastern Cape in South Africa. They are the tangible part of the legacy he leaves.

Franklyn retired from the Municipality in 1973 and he and Joan moved to their land in Marandellas which they developed into a farm. This happy time for them both was increasingly undermined by the bloody war between the Rhodesian Armed Forces and the Zimbabwe guerrillas; and they had to leave their farm in 1977 to live in a house in Salisbury [now Harare], provided by their son-in-law Denis and their younger daughter, Alex. In 1979 they left Rhodesia and immigrated to the Republic of Ireland. The last time Franklyn had visited England was in 1939. He had lived in Southern Africa for over fifty years. After three and a half years in Ireland they moved to a small four hundred year-old cottage in Devon; though they still went back and forth to Ireland, to the house their elder daughter, Mary, and son-in-law Michael had built in County Kerry.

Joan died in 2004. They had been married for 67 years. After her death Franklyn resumed his visits to Kerry, by plane, often on his own in his later 90s, until a stroke, from which he made an extraordinary recovery, actually ended his travelling days.

Franklyn maintained his links with the BSAP, increasingly during the last decade of his life. On his hundredth birthday in 2008, in his cottage in Devon, he not only received his telegram from the Queen – he had met the Queen Mother who was Patron of the BSAP Association – but also a number of cards and emails from other retired BSAP Association members. The Natal – South Africa – Branch of the BSAP Association made Franklyn “our President of the Mature Members Club”: they published photographs of him, aged 21 in his BSAP uniform; the UK Branch had reproduced for his hundredth birthday some of his cartoon line drawings which he did for the BSAP magazine Outpost in the 1930s.
Everybody who met Franklyn Bellamy knew him as a gentleman, a quiet, thoughtful man, cultured and consistent. All his life he was shy and very reserved – but well read, informed, knowledgeable and above all witty. His mind was sharp and alert until the day before he died. His body had given up on him in the nursing home in Devon, but the essential man was found in his awareness of who he was and his acceptance of his lot until almost the last breath he drew, on June 30.

10231 Brian Williams died from cancer on 8th July 2010 in Johannesburg. He served from January 1977 to October 1979, leaving ‘by purchase’ in the rank of Patrol Officer.

6235 Lynn Andrew Carlisle was found dead in his flat in Johannesburg on 19th July 2010. He had been suffering from cancer for a number of years. Lynn served from December 1960 to March 1966, leaving as a Patrol Officer.

6569 Felix Johannes Joseph Kuttner was killed in a road accident between Triangle and Chiredzi on 28th July 2010. He served from January 1962 to April 1980, retiring as a Superintendent.

7597/8886 Harold Aspinall Wright died on 7th August Keynsham, UK. He served initially from May 1966 to August 1971, and then re-attested in December 1972 until retirement in July 1982 as an Inspector.

4956 Alexander Robin Williamson died on 14th August 2010 at Heywards Heath, Sussex. He served from July 1952 to July 1954. He was not a member of the Association.

7000 David Phillip Harley died from cancer on 18th August 2010 in Melbourne, Australia. David served from 1963 to 1965 and was not a member of the Association.

David Luscombe passed away on 10th September 2010 at Plymouth, England. He had been suffering for some time with cancer. Dave served from 10 November 1975 to 23 May 1982, leaving with the rank of Inspector.

SALISBURY IN THE 1950s

This page sponsored by 7229 Des Howse
Inchanga Braai : Sunday 25 July 2010 - just a few of the 50 odd (not really) who attended

Hilary Squires & Bill Crabtree

Johnny Carroll & Ken Wood

Elsa Gatland & Marion Wyatt

Trevor Wilson

Linda Wilson; Rene Sutherland & Nancy Carroll

Des Howse & Peter Rowsell

Peter & Jean Reynolds

Stretch Hughes

Miles Barnfield & Steve Stevens

This page sponsored by 6578 Ken MacKay
I was born in Johannesburg on 28th July 1941. My father, Reg Haswell, was a well known boxing promoter and my mother, Elizabeth Haswell - better known as Betty came from Wales and never lost her ‘sing-song’ Welsh accent.

Dad was born in London and emigrated to S.A. in 1937 to start Greyhound racing and was the CEO of Union Greyhounds based at Wembley Stadium in Johannesburg. Greyhound racing or “the Dogs” was banned by the Smuts government in 1947 and so the stadium was used for speedway and boxing. I was the middle child amongst a family of seven. Two brothers and a sister older than me and two brothers and a sister younger than me. You can see television hadn’t yet arrived in South Africa.

My father was a great sporting man and encouraged us all to play as many sports as we could. Of course Rugby, Cricket and Boxing topped the list. At the tender age of twelve I was the flyweight champion at Yeoville Boxing Club. I played 1st team rugby and cricket at school and was awarded full colours for both sports. My cricketing claim to fame is that I played in the same school team as Ali Bacher who later became the SA captain.
After passing Standard 10 I had no idea what I wanted to do and so I worked at odd jobs until I had enough to go overseas to visit relatives in London and Wales. The weather was lousy and after three months decided that I had better return home and so I sent a telegram to Dad asking for funds to pay for my return trip. I got a reply that said: “You got yourself there so now get yourself back!” I then saw someone in Knightsbridge London looking for a rose salesman and I applied for the vacancy and got a reply that I had to come in for an interview. I got one hell of a fright because I knew nothing about roses.

Off I went to the local library and educated myself on roses. When I went for the interview they thought this chap from the colonies knew a thing of two about roses and I got the job. I worked there for six months and got paid 7 pounds per week and so I was well off.

I then played a game of rugby for the London Springboks and after the game a Rhodesian in the team told me about the BSAP and what a wonderful life it was. I must admit that he stretched the truth a bit or had one too many beers but he got my attention. Next day I went off to Rhodesia House in the Strand and applied for the force. I had a medical examination and a spelling test and was told I was suitable; they were short on recruits I thought.

I had to wait two weeks before they got enough “Pommies” to sign on and it was off to Africa and I didn’t have to pay a cent. On board we had a good trip because the South African women’s hockey side was returning home - Anglo/South African relations were strengthened.

On arrival in Salisbury by train over night from Bulawayo we were met by Sgt Gerry Winchcombe who became our squad instructor. He took one look at us and exclaimed “Bloody hell a bunch of Rock’n rollers”. We all had long Beatles hair cuts and stove pipe trousers. A few of the lads had cheap guitars purchased in Las Palmas.

On arrival in Depot we were introduced to our batmen. Mine tried to shake my hand because he thought I was a Pommie. He soon found out I wasn’t, that I was a son of the soil and after that we got on well. In fact I was the only one to have no kit stolen whilst in Depot.

In Depot we had many a moment but the best was one morning on parade in our number ones we had a Welshmen, Taffy, who had had a heavy night the night before and was a bit the worse for wear. He had put his boots on the wrong foot.
Sgt Winchcombe inspected the squad and when he got to Taffy, who was standing next to me, he looked down looked up and with a straight face moved on. I was biting my tongue trying not laugh, Sgt then moved behind us and when he came up to Taffy he put his lips on the back of his neck and said “They haven’t found an abominable snowman yet, have they trooper?” “No Sgt came the reply”. I could not hold back and burst out laughing. Of course I spent the rest of the morning running at the port.

I always fancied myself as a dog handler and thought “Butch von Horsten – who’s he?”

Then I considered joining the BSAP Sub Aqua Section but the water put me off.

After leaving Depot I was posted Salisbury Central in Railway Ave and came face to face with Chief Inspector McDonald, a ‘rather slap in the face’ experience. He called out my name and said “Salisbury Traffic”. In my inexperience I answered that I wanted to be a policeman not a traffic cop. He gave me that look and told me to wait. After he had finished with the rest of the squad we had a cup of tea together. He then told me I could go to “F….. Mazoe.” I lasted one week there and then rioting broke out in Harare township and I had to report there in my riot gear. Two years later I was still there.

Whilst stationed in Harare I learnt a bit of Shona and that started my Chilapalapa. I also got the nick name “Babba Boy” from the African policemen and this came about as a result of a boxing match. Each Sunday afternoon in Old Bricks the City of Salisbury had erected a ring and people could shadow box and if you thought that you could beat this person you could challenge him.

*This page sponsored by 5842 Derek Starr*
38.

The local “Champion” was one Duly Macharda, so called because he had stolen a flag from Dulys Motors and used to enter the ring draped in this flag. No one would challenge him and I remarked to the African Constable, Godwin Hatichke that I could take him. He suggested I should prove it. I then took off my tunic and cap at took up the challenge. Of course the shout went up that a Majohnie was going to fight Duly. He was, as I thought, useless and I knocked him out in the 1st round. The crowd then jumped into the ring and carried me out of the ring shouting “Babba Boy” which means the man who can punch.

At this time the OC Mashonaland South was driving past. He thought I was being attacked and mounted a rescue mission. When the dust had settled I was charged with Conduct Unbecoming an Officer. At the subsequent hearing I was found guilty but was given a warning because I had won the fight.

By now I was sick and tired of being stationed in an African township and so in 1964 applied and joined the CID.

I did a years’ probation in Crimes of Violence stationed in Highfields, another African Township. I then applied for the Fingerprint Bureau and spent three boring years looking at prints. The only good thing was that there was no night shift. I was then transferred down to Bulawayo and guess what - Western Commonage CID with Dick Hall. No wonder my Chilapalapa was so good However I learnt a lot from some fine African Policemen about their culture and ways. I respected these men. It must have been hard for them because of the political situation that was growing in Rhodesia at the time.

Their sense of humour and ability to laugh at the hardships I greatly admired. Whilst in Bulawayo I was promoted to D/Sgt and then a few months later DSO .

This was the life.
I had of course met a female and she became my first wife. Leslie and I were married for five years and the marriage broke up because our daughter Zoe died a cot death and the strain it put on the marriage was just too much.

I was single again and on the loose in Bulawayo. In 1971 I took my discharge because I was again overlooked for promotion to Det/Insp and then I was told that Rhodesia could not let good men go and I should reconsider and check out force orders the following Friday and there it was “Det/Insp.” I still left but got a bit more money.

I joined Sea Blue Pools as a Salesman and after a year was made sales manager. A year later the credit squeeze hit us and so I bought into the Golden Spur Steak House in Grey street Bulawayo. The hours were long but the money was very good.

Call ups made life difficult and so I sold my shares and joined Viking Finance in Bulawayo. I then studied and passed my banking examinations to become a Fellow of the Institute of Bankers. Whilst on holiday in Ramsgate by chance I met up with the CEO of Wesbank and he offered me a job in South Africa - so I came home as it were.

You will never guess it but I was sent to Empangeni in Zululand as the manager. Another black station. I found the blacks in South Africa to be aggressive as opposed to the Rhodesian and of course my Afrikaans was not as it should be but that soon changed and after three years I was promoted to Motortown branch in Durban in 1981.

In 1985 I was made an Area Manager for McCarthy Finance, a division of Wesbank and controlled the Natal region until I retired at the age of sixty. I then studied Reflexology and have rooms in Durban North which I share with my son Garrick who is a Chiropractor.

Over the years I did numerous variety shows, T.V. appearances and made a record which went gold in Rhodesia with my Chilapalapa.

About 40 years ago I was the junior trooper at a Regimental Dinner in Bulawayo and had to give the reply. I cannot remember what I talked about but it must have been well received because ever since I have been asked to reply at Regimental dinners in Bulawayo, Durban, PMB ,Cape Town and Port Elizabeth.
I must admit that it has been a great honour for me and if I offended anyone over the years I apologise. I know some people didn’t like my style and sometimes my language but over the years I have mellowed. I have been truly blessed and I thank the Lord for being my guide during the dark times but thankfully they have been few and far between.

My wife Yvonne for the past 38 years has been my rock and has kept our family strong and she has taught me the importance of family. I love her more now than I did when I married her, people have asked me if I ever thought of divorce I say no but “Murder” on a few occasions. I met her after a game of rugby when we, the Bulawayo Police played Fort Vic. I was at that time never going to get married again but Yvonne changed all that and I am truly grateful for that.

I end by saying that I am a South African by birth but I will ALWAYS BE A RHODESIAN BY CHOICE.

"It is generally inadvisable to eject over the area you just bombed"
- U.S. Air Force Manual

This page sponsored by 5842 Derek Starr
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

**Dot Palmer** (widow of P/R Air Wing 7066 Phil Palmer) writes – “Phil was a founder member of the Police Reserve Airwing in 1959 and served as Unit Commander from then until 1979. For his 20 years service in that capacity he was presented with a beautiful silver tray inscribed on behalf of all his colleagues in PRAW and this is now a treasured possession of mine. With kind regards
Dot Palmer”

**5976 Nigel Seaward** writes – “...............Attached photograph is a contribution from Colin John (Nigel’s son) who lives in Woombye in Queensland, Australia. Pauline and I called in on Colin during our visit to Australia in March, and he was happy that I pass this on to you.

This page sponsored by 5842 Derek Starr
42.

The photo was taken when Colin was the Member in Charge of BSAP Kanyemba (Section Officer 6994) in the early 1970s, probably 1972. There is more to this picture than immediately obvious. The turnout of the men is very smart, but then the parade was the Annual Inspection. Unfortunately, Colin is unable to recall who the Inspecting Officer was on this occasion, but would have been either Dispol or Dispol Minor from Lomagundi DHQ. What one ought to reflect on is that Kanyemba's nearest neighbouring Police Station was Sipolilo, I guess about 80 kms to the south, and Sipolilo itself was a remote District Police 'outpost'. Kanyemba was at the northernmost tip of Rhodesia, the Zambezi River can be seen in the background of the photograph. The only population of the area at the time (terrorist incursions were to follow shortly afterwards) consisted of Chief Chapoto's tribes people, although the Evangelical Alliance missionaries may still have been at their mission stations on the Hunyani and the Musengedzi Rivers.

The changing style of uniform is of interest. The Shako helmet was previously matched with long puttees, but by the time of the photograph, puttees had been phased out and replaced by leather leggings. Clearly the intent, indeed the desire of the men themselves, must have been a uniform 'uniform' throughout all ranks of the Force. As a District policeman in 1960 and 1961, I attended many NDP political rallies in tribal areas, and understood the painful humiliation of African colleagues who had to endure in silence the taunts of the speakers who drew attention to those of us wearing leggings, and then the Africans wearing 'bandages' on their legs.

For me certainly, and perhaps for others too, a rather nice photograph which evokes strong memories.”

6434 Alf Taylor writes – "Settled down (in Scotland) and enjoying some summer weather. I enjoyed the story on Maurice. At his farewell at which I was required to make a speech I commented on his decision making and congratulated him on having made the decision to have me appointed at his Deputy.”

Alf later followed up (with just a wee bit of persuasion…..(td.) with

“I joined the BSAP from Scotland in July 1961 and sailed out to Capetown on the CapeTown Castle along with ten others, we made up the bulk of Squad 9/61.

"Whoever said the pen is mightier than the sword obviously never encountered automatic weapons."

- General Macarthur
Completed basic training and posted to Salisbury Prov. where I served in Charge Office, Hatfield, Info Room, Enquiries Section Sby. Cen. Promoted to Section Officer in 1965 and again posted to Hatfield, also did time at Waterfalls, Southerton and Sby Traffic.

Promoted to Insp. in 1970 and transferred to District Branch, spent time at Sinoia and Kariba and then did a stint at PGHQ as Insp. Press and Public Relations. Promoted to Chief Insp. in 1976 and took over Shabani where I remained for ten months before being promoted to Supt. and returned to Mash. Prov. HQ as Supt (PR&S) remained there for two years then posted to Bindura.

At the conclusion of the "war" I was Deputy Commandant of Tomlinson Depot training an amalgamation of Zanu and Zipra recruits. It was during this period that I decided like many others it was time to move on.

Saw an advert for Deputy Chief Constable of the Durban City Police and remembered that Maurice Beaver had gone there, I had met him only once before on Riot Standby Duty at Cranborne, he was then MIC Avondale and I was a SO at Hatfield. Stuck in my application and was invited to Durban for a week (all expenses paid) for interview etc. and found myself being appointed. Returned to Salisbury and attempted to get waiver of notice but no joy, had to wait three months and left in April 1982 to take up my new position.

"Try to look unimportant; they may be low on ammo."
- Infantry Journal
Maurice and I worked together for ten years in what was a very amicable relationship, we did make a big difference to what was then a Durban City Police in pretty poor condition, in fact only months after arriving I considered whether I made the right move and had thoughts of moving on. I stuck it out and things did get better,

I eventually took over as Chief Constable in 1992 when Maurice retired. Political changes in the Durban City Council saw the formation of the Durban Metro Police in 2000 and it became apparent that I was not to be considered for the Chiefs position, so I decided that it was again time to move on, I retired in April 2000.

Having spent some time in Durban as a retiree, my wife and I decided to emigrate to Australia where my son and his family live. We applied and were accepted and made the move to Aussie only to find out that whilst our application had been accepted and approved we were on a waiting list, this list had 12000 names and visas were being issued at 1000 per year, it would take 10 years plus for us to received residence permits, so it was back to Durban where after much thought we decided to move back to the UK, which we did in 2007.

We are now resident in Blairgowrie in Perthshire in a very nice bungalow which we have bought. The house was a "renovators nightmare" but after two years of hard work we now have a lovely home in a superb area surrounded by golf courses.”

"If the Enemy is in range, so are you."
- Infantry Journal
From Mary Etherton (nee Bellamy)

“Dear Trevor,
Thank you all so much for your very warm condolences and the affection you have shown for the very old trooper, we were very moved by your message. Franklyn was alert and still very much himself to the end. We will send you the obituary we are preparing should you be interested. Your interest in him was both a surprise and a delight to him. He enjoyed receiving your Outpost magazine and searching for people from his past. Thank you all again for these kindnesses to him.
Best wishes,
Mary and Michael”

Line up of privately owned jet aircraft at Lanseria Airport on the Sunday of the final match of the 2010 Soccer World Cup - mind boggling!

"When one engine fails on a twin-engine airplane, you always have enough power left to get you to the scene of the crash."

This page sponsored by 5661 Trevor Wilson
46.

THE DISTRICT FORTY-SIXERS.

I have become a great admirer of 4119 Paddy Watson’s writing skills and have used his amusing and descriptive features on two occasions so far in my Editor’s Notes.

Paddy was “stand-in” editor for Eric Crabbe when required during the early 1960s but what is probably not so well known is that he used the pseudonym “Scrimshank-Wick” to write a series of humorous short stories which so delighted readers of the Outpost.

Something else about this man which deserves special mention – during his 20 years service with the BSAP he passed both Lower Law exams and Higher Law in consecutive 6 monthly sittings (an achievement very few other students could boast) and qualified as an LL.B before his retirement in 1966 when he followed a new career with the legal profession.

My purpose for telling you this?

During 1988 Neil “Smudge” Smith started a project intending to pictorially illustrate 90 years of BSAP history from 1890 to 1980. During a visit to Cape Town he met up with Paddy, who was then legal adviser to the Cape Town Municipality, and persuaded him to write an article on the “Forty-Sixers.” Here follows Paddy’s rendition, which I think is brilliant –

“MEMORY HOLDS THE PEN and it is easy to write this now, after a lapse of 43 years. Nothing to it. Simple as A B C. “A” is for Alcantara and “B” the boys who sailed out in her and other ships, after World War 2 ended, to join the Class of 46. “D” is for Depot. They went through its gates and into a bit of history.

Let’s parade the rookie District policeman again, for an early morning ride.

This page sponsored by 5661 Trevor Wilson
Line up, the matelots from the storms and icy seas of the Russian convoys, the riflemen and tank crews who fought at Alamein with Montgomery, the glider pilot who’d gone a bridge too far at Arnhem, the lieutenant-commander who flew against the might of the Scharnhorst, the squadron-leader gunner with a DFC, won at great cost in the skies of Europe. Stand to your horses, the paratroops from the D Day landings, the soldiers from the jungles of Burma, the airman who survived a Japanese POW camp.

Rare, roaring, roistering lads they are, all in their early twenties.

Among that lot is a future commissioner, a sprinkling of drop-outs who’ll end up as magistrates, lawyers, farmers, teachers, businessmen and writers, and a couple of cultured ne’er-do-wells. (It’s hard to tell at the beginning, who will be who at the end.)

Mount up and follow them, and get the feel of Depot.
“The whole ride, Walk – March. Don’t say ‘Gee-up’ to the horse, that man. Stick yer heels in. Gently on, Terrr-ot”

Depot is trumpet fanfares and bugles sounding, bawled orders, men marching and horsemen riding by. It is whitewashed stones, gleaming leather and starched tunics, the crunch of boots on the hard square, the revving of motor bikes and the staccato rattle of rifles on the firing range. It is law and police lectures and PT, first-aid and animal husbandry. It is bowls of fresh fruit salad and paw-paw, and bacon and eggs for breakfast after the lean years of war. Take plenty, eat as much as you want.. There’s crayfish in the evenings, too, if you fancy it, at 1/9d a tin in the canteen, and beer at 11d a pint.
This is the trooper’s haven for the next 6 weeks – keep them there any longer and they’d become too soft and indolent to preserve the peace, prevent crime, protect life and property and apprehend offenders. No kidding. That’s what an Act of Parliament authorizes and requires them to do. It’s a lot to expect after 6 weeks’ apprenticeship – and for fifteen pounds a month.

So long, Titch, Spike, Lofty, Nobby, Bunts. Take care, Chuck, Sparks, Bomber, Spud. And you, too, Chalkie – especially you. See you around, Taff, Jock, Paddy, Yank, Scouse and Wack.

That was the easy bit. Now everything happens fast. Bounce over endless dusty roads in the burning sun to the scattered mines and farms, on a rigid “BSA”.

Prosecute cases in the name of His Majesty – it says so on the Charge Sheet for the Native Commissioner’s Court – Trooper Toppling for the Crown. Imagine that!

Attend post mortems (“You gotta weak stomach? Naw, it must be something I ate.”) Take the innards of a little kid, who was the victim of a ritual killing, up to the Government Analyst in Salisbury and meet the men of ’47.

“What’s it like inna flippin’ jungle, mate, wiv da lions and da tigers?” Swing the lamp and tell the tale.

Go back another time and report at Depot for the murder trial in the High Court, dressed to the nines in a green tunic buttoned up to the neck – clean and efficient in a topee, bandolier, breeches, boots and spurs. Tell the whole truth – the native police solved that mystery for you, and most of the others, too, in those early days.

Give credit where it’s due – to the Majongosi’s, the Taderera’s, the Lobengula’s. Somebody ought to say something about them and they may not have a spokesman now. They were advisers and consultants in all things criminal. They were kindly, knowledgeable, patient men of integrity; tolerant, loyal, brave, they were, and incorruptible. It would need a book to get them all in.
Watch the antics of the white-Brit troopers, learning to spell strange names like Andries Bezuidenhout and Gregoriou Paphasnasoplos (how was that again?) and Lodewickus Jacobus Labuschagne. “Hi Andy. Howzitt Pappy? Mornin’ Vikkers.” See – it didn’t take all that long to get these things straight.

Then all the learning curves seem to soar up and up forever, around the time of the Royal Visit in 1947, on the day the King inspected his mounted escort. Plenty of Forty-Sixers lined the Royal routes, but here the glory focused on the men up there on the horses, in that last parade. An officer explained to his Sovereign “They’re all recent recruits, Your Majesty.” It was said with pride. “They don’t look like recruits to me,” the King said. And they were’nt. Not any longer. They had made it.

There is isn’t much more to be said about the Class of ’46. Except, perhaps, to toast ourselves as we were then, in the year that was always summer:

“Here’s tae us. Wha’s like us? Damn few.”

In a covering letter to Smudge, dated 25 November 1988, Paddy said “The anecdote by the late King is true. A number of chaps on the escort actually heard what he said.”

SPECIAL NOTICE  Peter Arnold, Member i/c Durban South, is pleased to announce his Station is coming alive again, after a sojourn of more than 12 months. On Sunday 14th November 2010, a “Bring & Braai” is scheduled at T C ROBERTSON Nature Reserve, Scottburgh. Provided will be grassy space, shade, braai fires and cover should the weather be inclement – visitors to bring everything else, including R15 per head.

DIRECTIONS - Entrance on R102 at Scottburgh on right, immediately after crossing the Mpambanyoni River.

RSVP – (Before 7 November please) Either Peter (039 973 2445) or (083 775 2445) or Vic Sutherland (031 903 1540).
This photograph of the Umtali Magistrates Court and BSAP Charge Office will bring back memories to many ex members of the Force – and especially 7552 Ben Pretorius. Ben has a story to tell -

“One regularly reads or hears about incidents that occurred whilst members served in the BSAP. I can divulge an incident that occurred at Umtali during the late 60s. It was still during the time when Police members were concerned with the ordinary humdrum of routine Police duties. At the time I was a young Patrol Officer attached to the Uniform Branch Umtali Traffic and Enquiries Section.

It was early autumn and also the time that the Hells Angels from Johannesburg would usually visit, on their motorcycles, in order to partake in a rally which was held annually at Inyanga. As was usually the case they would arrive during a certain evening in their hordes, riding the most extraordinary, flamboyant and commodious baffleless receptacles, accompanied by their “Sheilas” attached to their backs.
After their long journey it was usual for them to overnight at the Royal Hotel situated in the Umtali Main Street, where they would all congregate in order to continue their journey the following morning to Inyanga. The Charge Office night shift were especially busy with the cavorting and frolicking of these unwelcome guests during this layover.

What was also the custom at the time, was for a member of the Traffic and Enquiries section to escort these ruffians out of Umtali the following morning. This usually took the form of leading them through the streets of Umtali on a Police Motorcycle, travelling within the speed limit whilst they neatly follow in “disciplined “ pairs to the town boundary where they were then left to their own devices, usually resulting in them accelerating and roaring off up Christmas Pass at speeds too ghastly to contemplate. The escorting through town usually caused much hilarity, admiration and fanfare amongst the locals, who customarily turned out in their hordes to observe this annual spectacle. One must not lose sight of the fact that during the sixties the Hells Angels caused chaos and havoc wherever they went with their reputation preceding them. The lovely law abiding bikers one sees nowadays roaming the highways are definitely not associated to these miscreants of old.

As fate would have it, it was my duty that Saturday morning, being the “duty dog”, to escort this cavalcade of rogues, and to make sure that every last morsel of them left this sleepy hollow.

I vividly recall firstly proceeding to the Umtali Charge Office on my allocated Police motorcycle a BSA 650, which had been cleaned, shined, spat at and polished, similar to the Annual Inspection scenario, to report to the Charge Office Section Officer who at the time was Paul Shewell. Also on duty at the time were fellow colleagues P/Os Ian Hughes, Pete Allanby and Keith Rutherfoord. This visit of course was also to inflate my own ego by strutting around the Charge Office in the required riding britches, boots leggings, white traffic sleeves and regulation white helmet, Dark glasses were also neatly folded in the top pocket of my barathea tunic, which also pretentiously displayed crossed rifles on the sleeve for being a local yokel marksman. This swank/vain action was very important to this young Patrol Officer at the time, similar to a male peacock displaying its array of feathers. I also recall a new gorgeous, beautiful Woman Patrol Officer, Eileen Banks, being on duty on S/O Shewells’ shift at the time. No more said.
Having now completed this ritual, this self inflated VIP strutted outside only to find that the allocated gleaming BSA 650 had done a “Houdini”, and in its place stood a tiny little Vespa Scooter which seemed to diminish more in stature as the seconds ticked by. Those of you who are familiar with the times would recall that the BSA 650 was the largest, fastest and most impressive Police motor cycle at the time, and the inconsequential Vespa scooter was usually used by Policewomen. It was most demeaning for any male to ever be seen placing his backside on a Vespa seat, let alone ride it, especially one who was in his full parade dress usually reserved for Parliamentary escorts. If a male was ever forced to use this mode of transport, and this would be under duress, it was usually after midnight to check foot and cycle patrols, usually when the whole village was asleep. Then ones actions were so surreptitiously furtive that detection was minimal if not impossible.

After much searching, questioning, pleading and fighting a losing battle, which had obviously been pre orchestrated by my beloved colleagues, a very exasperated, aggravated, fuming and a fast diminishing self inflated Patrol Officer, also having been summarily and aggressively informed that no other transport was available, sulked down the back streets very reluctantly, riding the Vespa Scooter to the pre arranged rendezvous with Hell, being the Royal Hotel.

Well dear readers, I now leave it to your very fertile imagination as to what then transpired. But to give you just inkling, travelling up Main Street in all his glory, in full view of the cheering and clapping public, who were by then lining the street displaying much jollity and levity, was this very embarrassed aberration in full uniform, very reluctantly perched on a petite little scooter, not averting his screwed up eyes left or right, leading a procession. Behind him .............
FOOTNOTE: - “Hi Trevor: Of course you have permission to use my cartoon. I drew the cartoon about a week ago. I used to be the editorial cartoonist for the Rhodesia Herald so I was very familiar with Ben’s story. I now live in southern California and my latest cartoon book is called "A Cat for Nine Reasons. Regards, Vic Mackenzie”

Dated 10 August 2010.

CROSSWORD - ANSWERS
His (Shackleton’s) first visit to the Antarctic was with Scott in about 1902, but due to ill health suffered during his march towards the Pole he was invalided home in 1903. In 1907 Shackleton himself organized and lead an expedition using the small ship called the Nimrod to try and reach the South Pole. He was unsuccessful in this attempt but returned home with no lives lost.

In 1914 the South Pole had been reached by Roald Amundsen but Shackleton mounted an expedition of 28 men to cross the Antarctic continent. But disaster struck in January 1915 as his ship, the “Endurance”, became trapped in the ice shelf and eventually had to be abandoned when it was crushed.

After camping for several months on the north drifting ice floes it became imperative to move on so, taking what they could carry and pulling the 3 small lifeboats, they set off towards to the edge of the ice shelf and thus try and sail to open sea once the ice had melted sufficiently to allow them to launch their boats. But traveling became impossible so the party set up camp on the ice shelf and waited.

By March 1916 the ice floe on which the party was camped had drifted to a point opposite the tip of the Antarctic peninsula but by April, when the conditions were right for them to launch their boats they had drifted (2000 miles) past both the peninsula and Paulet Island (where there was a hut of supplies from a previous expedition). Only two more islands stood between them and the wide empty ocean - Elephant and Clarence Islands.
At this point, April 1916, the 28 men clambered into the 3 tiny life boats and set off steering a course for Elephant Island, a tiny dot of land 200 miles away with nothing but a thousand miles of empty sea in any direction. It took 7 days in bitter cold to cross this stretch of the Southern ocean and when they reached Elephant Island, not surprisingly, they were totally exhausted with many of the team needing medical attention.

But that was not the end. Elephant Island is a most inhospitable “rock” with cliff faces falling into the sea on all sides making it difficult to even find a place to land. We visited the site on which they landed and lived and it is incredible that anyone could have lived there and survived. It was clear that, in their condition, the party could not stay on that Island for long – it was bitterly cold with howling winds. Furthermore it was quite deserted. The only hope was to make for South Georgia and the whaling station at Stromness Bay, and that was 800 miles away across the south Atlantic sea. The waves in this part of the ocean are called Cape Horn rollers, and with no land to break them they reach great heights and speed, not to be sailed in an open lifeboat! But that was the only viable option. Staying where they were was a no brainer, nobody knew they were there, and living on penguins and seals was, at best, a short term solution.

Leaving 22 men behind, Shackleton and 5 men set out in an open lifeboat, the “James Caird”,
for South Georgia – 800 miles away across this storm tossed ocean. But incredibly, after battling the seas, drenched with seawater, with salt sores and clothes caked with ice, one of the crew saw seaweed floating past the boat, then a cormorant flew overhead and they never fly more than 15-20 miles from land. They reached the Southern coast of South Georgia in a force 5 gale and had to back off to let it abate before trying to land on the rugged coastline.

There was no habitation on this side of the island so, to reach help from one of the whaling stations, someone would have to climb over the glaciated mountain range to reach Stromness Bay on the opposite shore. These mountains had never been traversed before. This was done by Shackleton and two of his group – a climb of up to 4500 feet with only 50 feet of rope and a carpenter’s tool to chop footholds in the ice. But they made it in 36 hours! A few years ago, a trio of professional Austrian mountaineers tried the same route and it took them 3 days!

Shackleton and his men finally reached the whaling station. They found the manager’s hut, knocked on the door and announced to the occupant, “My name is Shackelton”. Legend has it that the man fainted – not surprisingly if true, because no one had heard of the Endurance for over 2 years and it was generally believed that the expedition had been lost at sea.

As was typical of Shackleton his first thought was to rescue his men that had remained on Elephant Island. He made three attempts but each time his ship was stopped by ice. Being unable to obtain the help of a sufficiently strong British ship soon enough, the Chilean government came to the rescue and provided a small steel hulled vessel that made it’s way through the ice floes and icebergs to the island, and in August 1916 –four and a half months after he left, Shackleton came back to rescue the men, the only casualty being one man who lost his toes to frostbite. What a leader! What a commander! What a man! No wonder his men called him “Boss”. They don’t make them like that anymore.
But none of this could ever have been achieved without the superb navigating skills of Woolsey, the captain of the ‘Endeavour’

While at Grytvyken and Stromness Bay, we went ashore to look at the old deserted whaling station, now just a collection of rusting corrugated iron sheds and buildings, save for a museum (housing a replica of the “James Caird” ) and a small chapel.

It’s plainly a tourist attraction, for a while there, we saw two yachts that were making the visit.

Shackleton’s grave is there in a small cemetery, one of a dozen or so others, the latest occupant being an Argentine airman, shot down during the brief skirmish over the Falklands in 1982. The rest of the journey passed pleasantly enough. We reached the southern most point of the voyage at a place called Pleneau Island in the Lemaire channel, where we went ashore and actually set foot on the continent of Antarctica at Neko Harbour. The trip back across the Drake Passage was the roughest part of the exercise, which even we felt down in the bowels of the vessel.

Up, pause, down and crash into the next wave, became the pattern of progress, and was the only point at which the anti-seasick pills were essential and the only time I missed the meals.

We reached Ushuaia 3 weeks after leaving and then headed north to Chile and Patagonia spending a few days in one of the Andean national parks. Lots of snowcapped mountains, lakes, forests and walks, but the only wild life visible were, apart from a fox on the hotel lawn and the Magellanic woodpecker mentioned earlier, lots of lama type creatures called guanacos. The journey from Argentina into Chile was actually by bus, and interesting because a good part of the countryside looked very much like the Karoo, flat, open spaces and the same sort of scrubby little bushes. It didn’t surprise me to later realize that it was in the same geographical latitude as the Karoo and is also used for sheep and lamas.
58.

We spent 3 days in Santiago, waiting for our return flight and were able to meet up with old Rhodesian friends who were temporarily living in Concepcion. They travelled up to Santiago and took us to visit friends of theirs who live north of the City. We all lunched together and discovered that their friend, a Rhodesian girl, had been at Oriel Girls High at the same time as our daughter. How far the Diaspora has spread.

Then, and not before time, the “huis-toe gaan was daar”, and you may confidently take it from me, that there’s no place like home! That sort of caper is best read about in travel books or magazines – especially at my age and, like matrimony, is not to be undertaken “lightly, frivolously or wantonly”.

_Hilary Squires_

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**SOCIAL EVENTS 2010.**

_Hillcrest_ “Bring & Braai” at Augusta on **Sunday 21st November**, from 11h00.

**BUT DON’T FORGET** - monthly social gatherings now take place from 5.30 pm on the first Friday of every month at the Better ‘Ole MOTH Shellhole, 111 Underwood Road, Pinetown (entrance in Lesley Rd.)
POLICE DISPLAYS – 1948 TO 1950.

Before starting our first trilogy of Police Displays, from material kindly supplied by Neil “Smudge” Smith, the following revelation by 8745 Richard Pike should be of interest.

In our last Outpost we published this photograph –

Richard writes – “The photograph depicting the horsemen in various stages of dress I recall very well. The rider in the foreground, in No’ 1’s, is me riding R/H Caesar. The names of the riders are from rear to front. The rider at the top of the mound am not sure of but think it is 8727 Bryan Parsons; then 8716 Billy Viljoen riding RH Ensign; 8735 Peter Claассens riding RH Dreadnought, then myself riding Caesar.

This photograph was taken during the evening at approximately 5:30 pm/6:00pm just before the sun going down. On the police golf course behind Morris Depot.

It was recorded for the cover photo of the Police Display programme, 1972.”
In 1948 the first post-war Police Display was presented in the form of a musical ride of 16 mounted recruits and staff members. Training in the early mornings on the North Paddock of the Police Depot with the Police Band in attendance was very invigorating. Our training officer was 3009 Leslie Graham “Curly” Gaylard and in occasional attendance Colonel Spurling, commonly known as “Hokoe”. Members of the Depot staff were not enamoured with the fact that they had to associate with young recruits in a display which required a great deal of precision riding. Early in the training a mishap did occur when a recruit virtually out of control of his galloping steed collided with one of our precious egotistical riding instructors in a figure of eight crossover movement. Threats were made by staff members and counter threats were made by the recruits, stating unequivocally that they did not want to be part of the ride anyway.
The first display at the Salisbury show in front of a large crowd was a disaster when a helmet of a rider was dislodged over his eyes and he had no way of seeing where he was going, resulting in a scrum in the middle of the arena. Of course a recruit was fingered and words were again said. Happily this was the last incident of this nature and the team completed their duties at Salisbury and proceeded to Bulawayo where they were enthusiastically received.

In support of the musical ride Curly Gaylard, riding R.H.Flight, presented an equestrian display of the greatest horsemanship seen in Rhodesia and possibly southern Africa. He was a product of the Weedon Military Riding Establishment pre-war 1939 – 1945. On retirement he opened a top class equitation school in the Marlborough suburb of Salisbury.

**POLICE DISPLAY 1949**

**VAULTING TEAM**

This year featured a 10 man vaulting team provided by the Remount Training Staff and trained by “Ginger” Lardant, the Depot Chief Inspector. At the time it was considered a fine display of physical fitness and horsemanship. Music was
provided by the B.S.A.P. band under the direction of Max Sparks. As a member of the team I found the training physically demanding with great co-ordination required between horse and rider and timing was all important with other members of the Squad. Movements were performed on the flat and over jumps. The scissors, nearside offside, vaults were spectacular and difficult but with constant practice were pleasing to the eye.

To support the Vaulting Team an elephant hunt was created much to the delight of the spectators. It consisted of a ‘policeman’ (guess who? – Smudge himself…..(td.) dressed in a tiger skin, RH Cannon dressed as an elephant complete with howdah, with a big white hunter seated on top. The elephant was led by a South African dressed as an Indian handler and the hunter was Tpr. Lowther-Pinkerton, a Public Schoolboy from England. Right at the beginning there was obviously some tension between two of our performers - the ‘Indian’ handler let the ‘elephant’ go, who then proceeded to gallop around the Show Ground, much to the delight of the public. At the same time the ‘tiger’ was being pursued by a pack of dogs from the nearby Dog Show which was taking place at the time. Pandemonium was obviously the order of the day however all was settled amicably over a pint of beer after the Show.
POLICE DISPLAY 1950
MUSICAL RIDE – HORSE AND MOTOR CYCLE COMBINED

Consisted of 8 motor cyclists and 8 mounted horsemen to show the interaction of both elements of the Force. The display carried out the same movements as a musical ride with only the roar of the motorcycles drowning out the music provided by the BSAP Band. The team members were from Number 1 Squad of 1950 and to support the ride and drive were the motorcyclists performing feats such as jumping through fire screens, over ramps and a dismounted motor cyclist vaulting over the motor cycle at up to 35k an hour. The team was the first to travel to Bindura, a small country town in the Mazoe Valley, a forerunner to other country agricultural shows. A recently trained remount Riding Horse RH Kentucky, a popular addition to the display team, jumped through a paper screen and also a fire hoop and a human arch. At Umtali Show he mistimed his jump knocking the tableau to the ground and breaking a member’s arm.
Section Officer 7026 Errol Trevor ‘Stretch’ Hughes to Woman Patrol Officer 96 Valerie ‘Val’ Oldham at Hillcrest, Natal, on 15\textsuperscript{th} May 2010.

The ceremony took place at the home of Fred and Lindsay Mason, officiated by Marriage Officer Jan Ferreria. It was a quiet wedding with just family and a few close friends.

Val gave us the background to this happy event –
“Stretch and I first met in Depot in 1964 (I was 1/64 of the women's squad and he was 9/63). We never had much to do with each other in Depot.

We were both sent to Driving School in Bulawayo (our instructors were Sgt Pete Jackson and Gordon Walsh). We spent a lot of time together in Driving School but were never interested in each other then. Mick Moss and Stretch always made me laugh, I remember that. (Stretch always likes to tell people that I used to stalk him in Driving School omitting to explain that he just happened to be "tail-end Charlie" of the men on motor cycles and I happened to be the first woman behind him on scooters!!!) After Driving School Stretch was sent to Kezi and I to Bulawayo Central.

We never saw each other again until 2008 (44 years later) when I joined the Natal branch of the Regimental Association. I then made contact with a few people that I remembered from Depot and who I had worked with just to say "Hi, how are you? Remember me?" It took me forever to track down some of them like Brenda Pidduck (now Sherri Lyn) who I discovered is overseas. Stretch, at the time, was living in Darnall. When I phoned him, we chatted and that was that.
I had been happily single for many years (having divorced 24 years previously) and Stretch had lost his wife 7 years earlier. We arranged to sit next to each other at the BSAP Annual Dinner where we met up again for the first time since Bulawayo days. We discovered that we had a lot in common (i.e. nature, wildlife, bird-watching, etc) and started to get to know each other again. The rest is history.”

"You, you, and you. Panic. The rest of you come with me."
- U.S. Marine Gunnery Sgt. (Mgysgt5)

This page sponsored by 5802 Ken Wood
This is the last edition of our Outpost before Christmas. As it is a little too soon to send the usual messages for the festive season we can at least publish something which has reference to that time of year –
“Av you gotta purmit to enter?”

Nobby and Tommy Ballantyne played soccer in the same team.

A youthful looking Tommy Ballantyne

Guests George & Lynn Galbraith

Barry – half asleep or half awake?

Obviously thinking of Scotland, [Steve, that is]

Smudge, either saying “Grace” or about to eat