Collector of Rhodesiana

Why don’t you listen to the wife and clean out that old trunk under the bed and turn it into cash. I am looking to buy:-

- BSAP badges including cloth flashes and slip ons
- Books on Rhodesia
- Bits of uniform, kit and equipment

I intend to make a donation to the Association on every purchase made

Contact: Barry Woan on 0834430533 or Ramsgate: 039 3122028
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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.

Please try to avoid making a cash deposit

COVER PHOTO: A popular band with the Salisbury public – see Editor’s Notes (page 5)
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EDITOR’S NOTES

Our cover photo for this edition appeared in The Herald during April 1967, with the following caption – “Christine Loszek (5 years) entertained hundreds of Salisbury office workers with an un-rehearsed and un-scheduled solo dance in Cecil Square at lunch-time yesterday during a performance of the combined bands of the BSA Police and the 1st Battalion Rhodesian African Rifles. Christine who came to the square with her mother, danced to a selection of rousing marches.”

My projection regarding the 15 years life expectancy of our Association should perhaps have a rider – “all things being equal”. Providing human unrest in North Africa and the Middle East and Nature’s unrest in places like Rockhampton, Christchurch, northern Japan and now tornadoes in the southern states of North America do not escalate dramatically to the extent that we shall all be lucky to still be around in 15 years. Only a tongue in cheek observation as I really am an optimist!

Regarding said prediction the few responses I received all shared my view – except two. At the Margate braai on Saturday 12th March I spoke to two members of a contingent of former Black Boots from the Transvaal who had been visiting Natal in order to attend a memorial service in Pietermaritzburg for one of their comrades the day before. They suggested that because membership of the Association in Natal comprised mainly of the ‘older’ types my forecast could be wrong as they were on a strong recruiting campaign in the Transvaal where there were quite a number of ‘younger’ former members showing interest in joining. My informants promised to write to me about it but whilst still awaiting their report I thought I should at least mention it.

I obviously cannot speak for my fellow editors but I personally feel an empathy with those stalwarts who so professionally performed the task of putting together The Outpost magazine since inception in 1923. Today we see it as a hobby which takes up much of our spare time but whether I would have enjoyed ‘doing’ it on a full time basis, every month and, as in some cases, for many years I’m not so sure.

In a previous Natal Outpost and as a tribute to the memory of Alan Stock we published his first ‘Editor’s Notes’ when he took over from Eric Crabbe in June
1966. Hereunder we revive Eric’s last message as editor when he handed over
- to Alan the month previously (I rather like his comments about editor’s
referring to themselves as “we” – so true, especially when this editor is on his
jack!) -

Now my own time has come to dust off
the chair for my successor, and say farewell to
all the friends I have made in the past ten years.
Like Harry Baldwin, I propose to do so
personally and without any fancy royal plurals.
First, I would like to say that I could not
have had a better police force than the British
South Africa Police to edit a magazine for. I
cannot believe that there exists anywhere in
the world a body of men with a stronger sense
of esprit de corps, or with a more impartial and
developed approach to their duties.

I would like to thank (if I may, with respect)
the successive Commissioners of Police under
whom I have served, for their strong and unfailing
support of the magazine; the Chief Staff
Officers who have headed Outpost committees,
and other members who have served on them,
whose help and encouragement I have always
been able to rely on; and all those members of
the Force who have made time to write for the
magazine, or have passed on those little snippets
of information which are always of such great
assistance.

And lastly, I thank most sincerely the many
thousands of readers, whose interest and support
is ultimately the strongest prop of all. I hope
and trust they will extend the same kindness to
my successor, Section Officer Alan Stock.

ERIC CRABB
I would like to say a special thank you to all those readers who have sponsored one or more pages of this magazine. In the eighteen months we have been operating this system the total has reached R2500 – which pays the costs of printing, packaging and posting of half on one edition of the Natal Outpost – keep it up.

On a final note – for my recent birthday my granddaughter, Danae, told me “don’t think of yourself as growing old, but rather that you are ‘youthfully challenged.’”

........Trevor Dutton (td.)

CHAIRMAN’S COMMENTS

As members of the B S A Police Regimental Association, we belong to an incredible, unique and proud organization, which assists in keeping members in touch, providing news from all over the world of friends and colleagues as well as gatherings and events. The availability of such information with the advent of computers often enables members to re-kindled old friendships, connect with previous colleagues and to be made aware of those who have ill health or have passed to higher service.

It is always a source of frustration that a number of ex members, who attend Annual Dinners and/or who keep in touch with the BSA Police website, cannot be bothered to join their local association branches for one reason or another, but sometimes pontificate on how things should be run or done. Trevor Dutton has made efforts to try and gather some of these “lost souls” within KZN into the Natal Branch, with some success.

Obviously it is an individual’s prerogative, for one reason or another, whether or not to join, but one or two offer as a reason that they “do not wish to belong to a bunch of “when we’s” run by “old farts””. However it often is a matter of fact that sometimes it is only the older members who step in to fill a gap, in order to keep the Branch alive and active. There are exceptions, of course, where younger members have stepped up to the plate and have done sterling work.
Many branches have tried to encourage the “younger” members to join the committees and inject new ideas and effort into their local branches, without much success. Some do not even attend the AGMs in case, we suspect, they are inveigled onto the committee.

That said, we still need to try and encourage ex members of the Force, who are not members, to join “their branches” of the Association.

We also need to remember that many members of our branch still do not have computers, but need to be kept up to date with events and current news. We need to focus on developing local “station networks”, where those with computers, can contact a limited number of members who do not have this facility, and keep them up to date with news and events; as Peter Arnold so aptly put it, “a grape vine” system.

There is also need to keep track of the more elderly members and/or their widows, and arrange to contact them from time to time, even just by phone, to ensure that the Branch is made aware of serious illness and/or when support is needed. This would also assist where the remaining partner becomes particularly isolated, lonely or depressed.

Currently, this branch is without an Almoner (Social Support Officer), so if you feel that you could fill this role, please don’t hesitate to contact Des Howse or myself.

On Saturday 12\textsuperscript{th} March, some of the committee visited the Ramsgate Bowling Club for a very convivial braai, for which Barry Woan and his team are renowned. It was a well attended and enjoyable event. Fred Mason kindly took Alan Brent with his wheel chair and oxygen generator to the event, which enabled Alan to catch up with many old friends and to enjoy the outing. As usual a fund raising auction was held, including some of the outstanding decorated glass work, which John Dolby produces and kindly donated. It was great to see so many old friends and colleagues present, including a number of members from the Transvaal in very smart and “different” BSA Police shirts.
Our sincere thanks, to the Margate Station, Ken Mackay, Fred Potgieter’ Barry Woan and our very first ‘overseas’ donor, Andy Shepherd from Canada, for their generous contributions to Branch Funds which are very much appreciated.

Due to the costs of printing and mailing of our first class Natal Outpost, the Committee has decided that it will no longer be sent to members who have not paid their annual subs for two years or more, so we urge all members of the Natal Branch to please keep their subs current. This may well be the last copy for some members, unless they pull finger!

(that last sentence was my contribution, not the Chairmans’...........(td.)

Sponsorship of the Outpost at R15 per page, also helps to offset the costs and is very welcome, so please give this some thought. Please advise Trevor Dutton, our esteemed and hardworking Editor, when you deposit funds for this purpose.

The Annual lunch will be held on Saturday, 24 September 2011, 12 noon for 1300, at the Club De Vie Restaurant, Le Domaine. A cash bar will be available. Le Domaine estate is located at 100 Acutts Drive, just off the Inanda Road, Hillcrest. So please diarise. Tickets for the Lunch will be R80 for members of the Association and their wives, and R100 for non members and guests.

There may be the odd groan that this is a bit further up “the Hill” from Durban, but the Committee felt that the Annual Lunch should provide the opportunity for members to get together in a venue which is pleasant, spacious, with easy parking and accessibility, also with good food at reasonable cost. Such venues are not easy to find at affordable prices these days.

Shirley Smith, wife of “Smudge” (Neil) of Equitation fame has recently undergone surgery in hospital in Pietermaritzburg, but we were pleased to learn that prognosis and progress is good, although a second visit became necessary involving a skin graft. We all wish you well Shirley and hope that Smudge has improved his “human” culinary and nursing skills.

This page sponsored by 6578 Ken MacKay
We were sad to learn of the death of Brick Bryson on the 19th April, 2011 at Ballito. A number of members attended the memorial service at Umhlali Beach. Brick was an old friend from my Mashonaland (P R & S) days.

He was a real character and we had many a laugh during our travels around Mashonaland, whilst holding PATU and Police Reserve training sessions. On some occasions due to his loud snoring, Brick was banished from our sleeping quarters in the gents changing room of various sports clubs and ended up sleeping on the bowling green, much to the chagrin of the local green keeper!

Rest well my friend. Our sincere condolences go to his wife Jenny, daughters Tish and Sue and the family.

At our Annual General Meeting on Friday 6 May 2011, I was re-elected Chairman, ahead of keen competition! Our Secretary and Acting Treasurer, Des Howse, was unanimously confirmed as an Honorary Life Member of the Natal Branch for his unstinting and tireless efforts over many years.

In addition, Andrew Field, webmaster for the BSAP internet site, was also made an Honorary Life Member of the Natal Branch for his ongoing commitment and effort in establishing, maintaining and updating the Website, thus providing valued support to members and Regions of the Association worldwide. Our sincere congratulations, to you both.

A separate report on the AGM appears elsewhere in this Outpost, but my only comment is that my dream of ‘retiring’ and putting my feet up has vanished for another year. 

....................Trevor Wilson

Linda, Trevor’s wife, probably had an ulterior motive when she took this photograph of a ‘visitor’ to Durban harbour earlier this year – planning a holiday on the Queen Mary 2 when Trevor does ‘retire’? ................(td.)
Was this a “turn-OUT” or a “turn-DOWN”?

From left to right: Chris Driver : Peter Arnold : Peter Cutting : Ian Hogg : Ian Laing
Nobby Clark : Mac Wiltshire : Dicky Dyer : Derek Starr
The AGM of the Natal Branch was held on Friday 6 May 2011 at the German Club (ex-Shamwari), attended by a grand total of fourteen members (what is it about AGM’s that members don’t like?) Maybe if we offered free beer next year we might get a better turnout! We did have twenty apologies, though. It was also suggested that we hold the next AGM on a Saturday morning, followed by a lunch/braai, so that those who don’t like driving at night would be encouraged to attend.

Items of interest that came out of the meeting include

- The Annual Lunch is to held at Le Domaine, Hillcrest, this year at a cost of R80.00 per Association member and partner and R100.00 a head for non-Association members;
- The monthly ‘First Friday’ drinks evening at the Better ‘Ole Shellhole has not been a success and it was proposed that this be moved to a Saturday morning. The Committee will look into this.
- The Committee was re-elected on bloc (surprise, surprise!) with the addition of Dave Lynn (to whom we extend a warm welcome).
- The committee was satisfied with the subsequent financial accounts received and the Natal Branch is in good standing”

Des Howse

BSAP WORLD NOMINAL ROLL

In previous editions of the Natal Outpost names and numbers have been published of the members of our various Stations in Natal, including Non-Residents.

Before venturing to other Branches it was thought having a slight deviation should be of interest. Those of you who have, over the years, submitted your details and registered on Andrew Field’s website www.bsap.org (just under 1000 at the last count) will have recently received from Andrew an e-mail reminder to please make sure your data is up to date, as well as urging support in trying to locate other former colleagues who have not yet been identified and registered.

At my request Andrew very kindly provided me with the names and whatever other useful information he has on ex-members believed currently residing in South Africa and from that list I extracted those in Natal.
Following comparison with our Nominal roll we came up with a potential increase of membership by 44 names!

As we go to press I can advise that 9 (representing 20%) have been successfully located and contacted and Application for Membership forms sent to them. However, only 2 new members so far have resulted (a success rate of 21%) which is rather disappointing.

"You can lead a horse to water...........................................!"

The question now to be answered – “is it at all worthwhile, trying to persuade them (not the horses) to drink”? If they do not want to be part of a proud history, as our Chairman quite rightly points out, “it is their prerogative”.

We at least tried to get them to change their minds but now I personally am inclined to adopt the view (and, it seems, I am not in the minority) that we should leave ‘them’ alone and let them make the next move (hopefully before we sadly record their names one day for the last time).

On a brighter note we can advise so far this year we have recruited 7 new members (including the 2 referred to above) and welcome aboard –

6805 Phil Graham (Hillcrest) : 6000 Peter Finch (Non-resident) : WSO 424 Pauline Clarke (Margate) : 7110 Ed Bird (Durban South) : 9433 Jamie Macmillan (North Coast) : 9992 Chris Digges (Westville) : 111166 Rob Kempen (Hillcrest).
Whilst we have no further news of new members to the Club it is very pleasing to believe and report that they are all still with us.

Our only ‘local’ member, Bill Crabtree, turned 94 on 12th February this year. When I phoned to wish him a happy day I added “I look forward to celebrating your 100th one day”. Quick as a flash he replied “I hope you will still be around then!”

Jenny Lawrence, daughter of **3525 John and Eileen Wordsworth**, says “Mama is still exceptionally well for her age (97 going on 98 in December this year), and she even voted in the election on May 18! She is very active at Batavia Place in Somerset West, playing carpet bowls, bridge, bingo, walking daily, reading and doing crosswords at every opportunity. Eileen also likes to keep up with all the family spread now around the world.”
This book, in hard cover, has been very kindly lent to me by our Associate Member, Bill Cordell. Seemingly commissioned by ‘The Outpost’ and published in 1970 by Books of Africa, illustrated by Penny Miller, it contains an Introduction by the then Commissioner of Police, Sid Bristow.

It is intended to publish some of these stories in future editions of the Natal Outpost.

INTRODUCTION

BY

THE COMMISSIONER OF THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA POLICE

S. F. S. Bristow, Esq.

It is perhaps fitting that this book makes its appearance during the 80th anniversary year of the British South Africa Police.

The miscellany of stories contained in this volume are taken from the pages of the Force regimental magazine Outpost which, under its original title of The Police Review, first saw the light of day with its publication in Bulawayo during March, 1911. This milestone represented the fulfilment of an idea stemming from discussions in the old Gwanda police camp some two years earlier, to be followed by much preparation before the magazine was finally launched with Trooper Wilfred Bussy as first editor assisted by Messrs Law and Banning as business and advertisement managers respectively.
Little could these gentlemen have foreseen the significance of this event and that their endeavours would culminate in the founding of a magazine which would endure and flourish through the years ahead, see change from virtual pioneer conditions to full and progressive nationhood and become an inseparable part of our Force traditions. Proudly and with every justification Outpost rightly claims its place as the oldest magazine in Central Africa and one we believe to have a far wider appeal than the confines of serving and ex-members and the borders of our land.

Spanning the years, selected stories portray not only the life of the earlier policeman in contrast with that of his modern counterpart, but also provide an insight into the general conditions under which our forbears lived and worked in laying the foundations for so many of the advantages that we now enjoy and, dare I say, too readily take for granted.

Amongst these pages will be found a brief history of the Force, glimpses of personal experiences and reminiscences of the early days, accounts of police investigations and other articles, some of which venture into the field of fiction and, in much lighter vein, deal with the policeman’s lot. In all, our hope has been to provide a volume both of historical interest and of entertainment to our readers.

In more recent years the Force has undergone a period of major transition with the horse giving way to the machine, sophisticated country-wide communications systems, the extensive use of aircraft, greater use of scientific aids to investigation and, of course, improved training methods to keep abreast of current trends. On a more sombre note reference must be made to one of the most significant developments with which we have been faced, that of combating the incidence of armed incursions by gangs of terrorists.

On this latter aspect it is, of course, neither possible nor desirable to disclose in any great detail the specific counter measures adopted or the successes achieved in dealing with these individuals. This is a matter which we must leave to the historians of the future. However, this book would be incomplete without certain articles, already published in Outpost, giving some indication of this most important and recent phase of police activity in maintaining law and order. The splendid manner in which members of the Force, and our friends in the Armed Services, have responded in both meeting and overcoming most competently this threat to the peace of Rhodesia is deserving of the highest praise.

Sadly, the success achieved has not been without loss and this book will stand as silent tribute to those who paid the supreme sacrifice that we might enjoy the undoubted benefits of the land we know today.
SCOTLAND THE BRAVE

Having established that there are some 42 members of the UK Branch of the Regimental Association residing ‘north of the border’, these two stalwarts, Steve Accornley and Nigel Seaward, decided to organize an inaugural ‘Scottish Gathering’, which took place at 28 York Place, in Edinburgh, from 11 am on Saturday 14 May 2011. Fifty-nine members, wives and guests, attended which included a few sassenachs - intrepid souls who ventured across the border were 6905 Chairman Peter Phillips; Almoner 7211 Peter Biddulph, 5111 Jack Bacon, 5559 Dick & Bev Thompson, 5926 Jim and Ann Shiel, 7836 Howard and Katherine Biggs, and 7612 Jerry Rickson.

From all accounts the event was a great success and it is intended this will become an annual feature.

This was a gathering of folk from near and far,
In a police club venue, with quite a decent bar…
Not really strangers tho’ – we’d all just met that day.
New friends instead who had decided, in this cold land to stay…
All people who had journeyed from a bygone age.
A history full of heroes which went on page by page,
Rhodesia our land with a magnificent band
Of men and women together, who valued all the laws.
And now – alas – a place just full of flaws.
And yet there’s plenty laughter galore
With tales and tears; emotion, really still quite raw,
We’re more than just related but joined by kin-folk blood,
Despite the horrors of the past,
When all our fates and fortunes were taken by the flood…
We all still do enjoy – a really serious blast…
Our numbers are much smaller now, but still all loyal and true,
Completely and forever – TO THE GOLD AND TO THE BLUE!

………………………Beverley Thompson
THE BSAP – RHODESIA’S FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE (continued)

(5) The ‘First Line of Defence’.

The BSAP ended the First World War as it began, as **Rhodesia's first line of defence**. In the years to follow it was to learn, as Peter Gibbs said: "... the need to shed the image and trappings of one of Queen Victoria's mounted infantry regiments - and while still preserving its regimental dignity - to establish public respect for its reputation as an efficient police force".¹

Prior to Federation the B.S.A.P had been regarded as a military body, trained both as mounted infantry and police. The aim had always been to change the image to that of an entirely civil police force, however, because of factors of manpower and limited finance, the colony was not able to produce or maintain a standing army as such. With the Defence Act of 1926 an active Citizens Force (or Territorial Force) was established, but this could not in any way be considered a standing army.

**[Note: The following extract from Richard Allport’s ‘History of the Rhodesian Army’]**:

"The Defence Act of 1927² finally created a Permanent Force and a Territorial Force for the colony, although little progress was made in the period up to 1939, at which time the police were finally separated from the military and conscription for the latter introduced."

Thus the Police were still obliged to undertake the major role in defence of the colony.

Any adverse effects this dual role may have had on the Force's civil duties were overcome by a strict adherence to the practice of performing all constabulary duties unarmed. When Southern Rhodesia became associated with Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland in a federal form of government, defence became the responsibility of the Federal Army and only then was the BSAP relieved of its duty as the first line of defence.

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² Allport was a year out with his dating of the Act
Jealous of its unique distinction from other colonial police forces, the BSAP remained the only law enforcement agency within Southern Rhodesia, responsible to the territorial Government but enforcing both Federal and Territorial Laws. As Salisbury was the capital of both the Colony of Southern Rhodesia and the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, the Force performed certain functions on behalf of the Federal Government, such as escorts to His Excellency the Governor-General and ceremonial and security guard duties at his residence.

With Federation, it was hoped that the Force might be able to shed the last vestiges of militarism, but this hope was not to be fulfilled. Events in Africa and elsewhere brought home the realisation that it was necessary to maintain a strong and efficient Police Force, trained in the use of arms. Indeed history has proved that in the context of Africa, a police force had of necessity to be a para-military organisation.

(6) ‘The Right of the Line’

In the Great War of 1914-1918, as in the Second World War, no other colony or territory in the British Empire donated so large a proportion of its available manpower to cause of freedom, as did the infant colony of Rhodesia. That Rhodesia was able to do this was largely due to the BSAP. In 1914 the only body of men ready and trained for war - and fit and keen to fight on any front - were the police.

Naturally it was their expectation to be first into the fray. It was not to be however, for the Force was ordered to ‘stand-fast’ for the duration. Bitterly disappointed, the would-be warriors had to allow civilians to go to war.

To quote from Lieutenant Colonel A.E. Capell's book: 'The Second Rhodesia Regiment at War':

"Called out on active service they stand undecorated, for no medal comes their way, but an unstinted deed of honour is their due for they permitted, sanctioned and guaranteed the exodus and fully redeemed the unspoken"
pledge. *Cede ye them the right of the line, as a tribute to worth for value received.*"  

The B.S.A.P’s claim of right to the ‘Right of the Line’ goes deeper than this however:

The right of the line has always been considered a post of honour allotted to the regiment or corps taking precedence over all others present on a parade.

In Britain’s wars of the 18th century, the guns came into action on the right of the infantry battalions that they were supporting. It is for this reason that the Gunners claimed the right of the line on parades. This claim was challenged a number of times in the years that followed, until finally the Commander-in-Chief of the Army confirmed that the artillery would take the right flank of all regiments of foot on all parades and of dragoons when dismounted. The Royal Horse Artillery, nevertheless, were regarded as an extension of the cavalry and given precedence accordingly. Squabbles between the R.H.A and the Household Cavalry nevertheless continued until a firm and final decision was made that the Household Cavalry, as part of the Sovereign’s bodyguard, would take precedence over all other corps, including the Royal Artillery. The Royal Horse Artillery, however, when on parade with their guns would take post of honour to the right and march past at the head of the Household Cavalry.

Thus when the army is on parade, it is the cavalry (whose traditions go back to the age of chivalry) which forms on the right, unless the Royal Artillery is present, in which case the horse gunners claim the post of honour. When the three services parade together, the Royal Navy, as the senior service takes the right…”

Elsewhere than the United Kingdom, on ceremonial occasions, when units of more than one service are on parade, it is customary to grant the senior service on parade, the privilege of ‘the right of the line’.³

The B.S.A.P's status as Rhodesia's senior service and its right to stand 'At the right of the Line' - in Rhodesia - is unassailable. The Rhodesian Army and its

earlier formations were the offspring of and grew out of the British South Africa Police and its B.S.A. Company predecessors (4. Supra.).

(7) The Banner and a Hallowed Tradition

It was a hallowed tradition in the Force that King Edward VII had been pleased to mark his appreciation of the services of the BSAP in the Boer War by conferring upon the Corps the status of a Regiment and by the presentation to it of a Regimental Colour. The ‘Colour’ was presented by Lord Milner at Mafeking on 5 October 1904, and for many years afterward it was afforded all honours due to such regimental icon.

However when, because of its dilapidated state, a replacement was sought prior to the 1937 Coronation, in the resulting negotiations the Army Council ruled: “...the flag presented to the British South Africa Police in 1904 was a banner...” It was not, after all, a Colour.

Deeply offended, the BSAP tended to regard this as but another example of perfidious Albion. [Nevertheless, it was as a Colour or Standard that the Banner was last paraded - in review before Her Majesty the Queen Mother - in Salisbury on 30 May 1960. Thereafter, until the regiment’s demise in 1980, it was lodged in a place of honour in the Officer’s Mess in the Police Depot]

A number of other ‘Empire and Colonial’ military units were presented with Banners at or about the same time. It should have been made clear to them at the time, that the Banners presented to non infantry units were not ‘King’s Colours’ but ‘Honourable Insignia’ presented as a special mark of favour in

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4 Lord Strathcona’s Horse (Canada) and Australia Light Horse Regiments, for example.
recognition of valuable services rendered in South Africa during the 1899-1902 war, and that Honorary Distinctions were not to be borne upon them. It would seem that the BSAP (among others) were not advised of this stricture until many years later, hence the ‘hallowed tradition’.

Notwithstanding its ‘junior’ status, a Regimental Banner is afforded the same compliments and respect as a Queen’s Colour’

A point of interest to close matters under this sub-heading:-

In November 1971, acting on instruction from the Deputy Commissioner (Administration) the writer submitted a proposal (in draft) for:

“A Proposed Presidential Standard, Regimental Guidon and Battle Honours for the British South Africa Police”

This was eventually filed with the Commissioner’s comment that “This matter is to be filed until such a time as Rhodesia gains its recognised independence…”

And there matters rested.

Finally, to bring this essay to a close, reference to...

(8) Our ‘Regimental Colours’ (As opposed to a Regimental Colour (singular) i.e. a King’s or Queens Colour; a Standard; a Guidon or Banner.)

This is a matter that ‘The Regiment’, in its various editions, touched upon but lightly, because of a lack of positive evidence as to the date when any proprietary claims to the combination of colours ‘Blue and Old Gold’ was sanctioned. [I’m of the belief that such evidence might be found in Outpost’s circa 1946-7, which were not made available to me when conducting my research in 1970 (the Editor and I did not get on!). New ideas for uniform and equipment were recommended and put in to use during this period. Items of blue and gold cloth and material began to appear on uniform, equipment and paraphernalia, such as badges of rank, lance pennants and saddle cloths, thereafter].

This page sponsored by 5661 Trevor Wilson
It is easier to positively identify from whence our regimental colours [and our regimental badges] were derived:

The British South Africa Company Medal
Originally instituted in 1896 for award to troops taking part in the suppression of the Matabele rebellion it was later extended to cover operations in Rhodesia (1896) and Mashonaland (1897). In 1927, the government of South Rhodesia, somewhat belatedly, issued retrospectively a medal to commemorate the 1890 Pioneer Column.

This medal is identical to the earlier medals, except that it was struck without any campaign details on the reverse.

The obverse of the medal shows the ‘Old Head’ bust of Queen Victoria. The reverse (pictured) a charging lion impaled by a spear, leaping a (Matabele) shield and a litter of assegais, with a mimosa bush in the background.

The silver medal is 36.7mm in diameter and the ribbon consists of four golden yellow (old gold) and three navy blue stripes.

These medals were struck by the Royal Mint.

In making this last statement, I am aware, following the (re) publication of the ‘Editor’s Miscellany’ from the November 1960 ‘Outpost’ recently,⁵ that I immediately put myself at odds with ex 896 Turner and a former Librarian and curator of the Royal Mint. I am not a numismatist and have no qualifications or experience in the study of coins or medals. Nevertheless so intrigued had I become with this subject that I decided to delve further. Threading my way through websites for the Fitzwilliam Museum of Cambridge and that of ‘Spink of London’ (Bloomsbury), York, Dallas, New York and Singapore, among others, lead me to a paper headed: “Numismatic Implications of the 1874 Watershed in Medal Manufacturing” by John Hayward.
This paper, in essence, informs that prior to 1874 virtually all British war medals were struck at the Royal Mint. However, a large proportion of the manufacture of bars, clasps, the mounting and the finishing of medals were carried out by contractors and sub-contractors. These arrangements being made to alleviate pressure of work on the Mint’s Die Department.

For some years the involvement of outside contractors gave rise to endless complaints about the incompleteness of certain work, constant delays and most of all - bad workmanship. This came to a head in 1874 when the Mint formally terminated all outside contracts and transferred all outstanding work to Tower Hill, London. In January of that year a letter from the War Office had directed that ... ‘the duty of inscribing the name of the recipient on the rim of the medal can be in future undertaken by the Controller of the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich’. In March, a machine for ‘inscribing’ such medals was transferred from the Mint to Woolwich.

The first medal produced entirely at the Royal Mint and ‘named’ at the Royal Arsenal was for the Ashantee Campaign of 1873-74. The riveted claw used for that medal was, thereafter, used for all following issues including the B.S.A. Company Medal 1890-97 and is a positive identifier of work done at the Mint.

It is my belief that the recipients of the medals, having received them ostensibly from the Royal Arsenal, believed, not surprisingly, that that was where they were struck – but not so!

One further, very interesting item resulting from this last research, is that I am at last able to identify the artist who designed the reverse of the B.S.A. Company medal – and thus responsible for all subsequent BSAP insignia – was Richard Caton Woodville (7 January 1856–17 August 1927) an English artist and illustrator, best known for being one of the most prolific and effective painters of battle scenes and military uniforms in the late 19th and early 20th centuries.

.............................................Richard ‘Dick’ Hamley

This page sponsored by 8157 Barry Woan “In Memory of Jim Van Dyk and Mike Bullen”.
About the writer

The following should be interesting information for many of us -

“Born into a ‘service’ family – father a founder-member of the Royal Air Force, brother a WWII flyer and first of the RAF’s jet pilots, sister a WRAF Nursing Sister, and with yet another brother in the Royal Marines – it was inevitable that Dick’s abiding interest should be in matters military and in military uniforms in particular.

With no particular academic bent, he was sent for Schooling to Burford (Oxon.) and thus became one of the first of RAF dependants to be associated with that fine old educational establishment. A Boarding School in the Cotswolds was a heaven-sent experience and an excellent training ground for the life to follow. He joined OTC (Officer Training Corps) and rose rapidly through the ranks to become a Sergeant Major of the Ox & Bucks Light Infantry ACF (Army Cadet Force). Commissioned into the RAF as a Navigator, ‘Wings’ training in Canada led to exposure to the operations of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and the ‘culture’ that was to become a way of life.

Truncating his Short Service Commission at the rank of Flying Officer with the intention of returning to Canada and the RCMP, he was diverted by the (Mau Mau) Emergency then occurring in Central Africa and entered into a two-year contract with the Kenya Police. Following a personal inclination he joined the elite General Service Unit, eventually to lead his own combat platoon on what seemed a continuous but enjoyable safari from one end of the Kenya’s wonderful Rift Valley to the other.

During his sojourn in Kenya he learnt of Rhodesia and the British South Africa Police. Richard would say that he became a real policeman on that day in October 1956 when he was appointed as a Constable in the BSAP. Proceeding through every rank of that organisation he was to achieve the rank of Assistant Commissioner and in so doing to become the last Quartermaster [S.S.O(Q)] of the Force. He served on through the transition, eventually to retire from the Zimbabwe Republic Police as Acting Senior Assistant Commissioner and Chief Staff Officer (Administration) at the age of 49.

Immigrating to Western Australia he continued in Government Service, firstly with the Country High Schools Authority as the Warden/Administrator of the Northam Hostels and then to find a natural billet as a Consultant to the Western Australia Police Service. Richard continued with this appointment for 11½ years until his final retirement in January 1999 at the age of sixty-five.
The founder and inaugural chairman of the Australian Branch of the British South Africa Police Regimental Association and a member of the Western Australian Branch of the Kenya Police Association, Richard maintained an interest in active policing through his association with former colleagues of the Western Australia Police Service. On occasion, through their good offices, he was able to parade his old Regimental Mess Kit, when attending the W.A. Police Commissioned Officers Mess as a guest. On such occasions, ‘The Regiment’ lived again – and with pride.

Now 77, Dick with his wife Helen, and border collie ‘Rafe’, live in a retirement village south-west of Perth. Here he spends much of his time re-working his water colours of ‘The Regiment’, cartooning, drawing and painting caricatures and performing the odd writing tasks which provide an outlet for his own, unique, brand of social commentary.

These three people have something in common -

- Roald Amundeson
- Hilary Squires
- Duncan Paul

- THE SOUTH POLE!
Roald Amundeson, a Norwegian, was the first man to reach the South Pole, on 14 December 1911.

PR 9465 Hilary Squires was the first known member of the BSAP to visit Antarctica in January 2009.

8980 Duncan ‘Porky’ Paul was the first known member of the Force to reach the South Pole at the end of 2010.

We have already recorded in detail Hilary’s epic adventure (See Natal Outpost editions 84 and 85) and now we report Duncan’s story -

“The interior of the Antarctica is the most beautiful, pristine place that you can ever imagine. Everything is white and silent. There is no landscape, it is flat remote cold and bleak. To me it felt like a surreal out-of-body experience. Our clothes, gloves and headgear saved us from frost bite, sun burn and snow blindness. Without modern equipment this type of expedition would be very very difficult. Our team continually praised and saluted those early explorers who ventured in to this, the most extreme wilderness in the world.”

Without any skiing experience, Duncan “Porky” Paul from Pietermaritzburg (and a member of the Natal Midlands Branch of the Association), took on the South Pole and lives to tell the tale.

From the 22 November until the 14 December 2011 Duncan accepted the challenge of a ‘Last Degree South Pole’ expedition. He was part of a private expedition consisting of 5 people: 3 friends from Saudi Arabia, an English doctor and cameraman, South African, Sean Wisedale. The expedition commenced from Punta Arenas, Chile from where they flew for 4.5hrs in a Russian Illuyhsin jet into the Antarctic Interior, landing on a blue ice runway in the Elsworth Mountains. At their base camp, called Union Glacier, they partook in 4 days orientation, acclimatizing and training and thereafter the expedition
team flew for 4 hours onto the polar plateau landing at 89° South. The goal was the South Pole at 90°.
The expedition involved 111km of cross-country skiing to the South Pole at an altitude of 3,250m. However, due to the dynamics of the rotation of the earth and density of the cold air, the altitude was equivalent to 4000m. The team had to deal with the effects of a dramatic change in altitude for the first couple of days.

It took ten days to reach the South Pole, skiing at an average of 2.5km/h for nine hours each day. The warmest day during the expedition was -32°C, with the coldest days reaching -50°C.

“In the morning you first ski for ten minutes and then stop for one minute to re-adjust clothing and equipment. Then every hour you stop for five minutes. It’s so cold that you can’t stand for long and in those five minutes you have to eat, drink, adjust your equipment, go to the toilet... Because of the cold you may be wearing three pairs of gloves and have to remove most of these before you start this process. It was pretty hectic.”

“Everything had to be insulated or it froze. I had some energy bars in my pocket which froze solid like a steel bar. Midway through the expedition, we were hit by really bad weather with winds gusting up to 80km/h, white-out conditions and we were tent-bound for 2 days. I wanted to read but even my book froze, I could still turn the pages but it was like holding a block of ice.”

“We also had to ski at a slow and steady pace to avoid sweating, because the sweat would freeze and your core temperature would drop and to compensate, the blood then drains from your extremities (hands & feet).”

However, the relentless cold was not all the team was up against. With 24 hours of daylight, getting sunburnt was also a possibility and the team had to wear special goggles during their ski to prevent them from going snow blind. No part of the body could be exposed for too long, or else one would suffer from frostbite. Despite taking precautions every member of the expedition suffered various degrees of frost-nip and early stages of frostbite.

The final two days push to the South Pole were really tough and grueling. There was a 50km cross wind and -49°C temperatures.

“Well definitely one of the highlights of my life!........ .Duncan Paul”
OBITUARIES


9324 Frank Stober died on 3 December 2010 in a Harare hospital. He served from 1974 and 1978 in the Technicians Branch and left with the rank of L/Inspector.

7217 John Dill Tedford died on 2 January 2011 in Darwin, Australia, from lymphoma. He served from 1964 to 1981, retiring with the rank of Inspector.

6057 Michael John ‘Mike’ Tasker died on 20 January 2011 at Marondera, Zimbabwe. He served from 1959, leaving the ZRP in the early 1980s, retiring in the rank of Chief Superintendent.

6431 Iain William Penfold died at Truro, Cornwall, on 23 January 2011, from respiratory problems following surgery. He served from 1961 to 1970, leaving with the rank of Section Officer.

4346 Terrance Cottam died at Auckland, New Zealand, on 24 January 2011, following a short illness. He served from 1948 to 1951, leaving as a Trooper.

4228 Anthony Michael Hubbard died on 31 January 2011, in Cape Town. He served from 1947 to 1973, retiring as a Chief Superintendent. Tony was the son of 2029 William Hubbard.
8709 Michael Gordon Franklin died on 2 February 2011 in the UK. He served from 1971 to 1982, retiring with the rank of L/Inspector.

5539 Andrew Learmonth died on 4 February 2011 at the Benoni Hospice (Johannesburg) after a long and difficult battle with prostrate cancer. He served from 1956 to 1966, leaving as a Section Officer on Gratuity.

5312 Michael Edward ‘Mike’ Lindley died on 12 February 2011 at New Ollerton, UK. He served from 1954 to 1978, retiring in the rank of Chief Superintendent.

6209 Ian Taylor RULE died on 22 February 2011 at Southend-on’Sea, UK, after a long battle with cancer. He served from 1960 to 1964, leaving as a Detective Patrol Officer.

7460 Ronald Charles GOOD died on 25 February 2011 at Poole, Dorset, England, as the result of cancer. He served from 1965 to 1970, leaving as a Patrol Officer.

6180 Barrington Sinclair Ernest ‘Barry’ Bennett
Died on 1 March 2011 in Pretoria, South Africa. He joined in 1960, leaving in 1971 in the rank of Section Officer.

3905 **Theunis Gert Coetzee** died on 10 April 2011 at Harare, Zimbabwe. He joined in 1940 and served until 1964, retiring in the rank of Superintendent.

6268 **Leon du Toit** died on 11 April 2011 in Johannesburg, South Africa. He joined in 1961 and left in 1964 as a Constable.

4157 **James Oliver ‘Jimmy’ Watkins** died on 12 April 2011 at Claremont, Cape Town. He joined in 1946 and retired in the rank of Chief Superintendent in 1966.

9322 **Ian Grant ‘Brick’ Bryson** died on 19 April 2011 at Ballito, Kwa Zulu Natal, after battling the crippling effects of a serious stroke he suffered some 7 years previously. He served from 1970 to 1978, leaving as an Inspector (T).

At his funeral service on 29 April 2011, Fred Mason gave the following Eulogy

“Brick served in the Force in Karoi from the late sixties as a Reserve Section Officer, training Police Reserve and members of PATU in Mashonaland Province and as an Inspector (T) from 1 October 1974 through to 31 December 1978.

I first met and worked with Brick on a Section Leaders Training Course at the end of September 1967. The course was held in Brick’s back yard - the Horseshoe Block Sipolilo district. For nearly 10 days I carried a 2lb tin of peaches in my back-pack. At lunchtime on 2nd October (a particularly hot day) I took the tin from my pack, opened it and offered to share it with Brick and the lads. Brick’s reply was “…you carried it – you eat it!” “…but Brick it’s my
birthday” To which Brick replied “...you eat them, anyway they’re hot!” That was the beginning of a friendship which spanned over 40 years.

Brick left Rhodesia and made the journey ‘...down South’ where he joined the fledging Fidelity Guards to establish their training wing. If the directors complained the training was too expensive they met an immovable force – find the money! Meritocracy was not a word in Brick’s vocab.

Brick left school as a sixteen year old and ran away to join the Navy. He saw action in the Bay of Bengal and became the youngest recipient of the coveted Burma Star

Brick’s book “Tatenda – 50 Magical Year in Rhodesia”, published in 1999, captures the wonderful life that he and his family enjoyed before and after WW2 in his magical Rhodesia.

He was possibly the most dedicated and loyal Rhodesian I have ever met. If you wanted a quick harsh rebuke refer to yourself as an ex-Rhodie. It was an oxymoron he would not accept.

For many years Brick hosted braais at his home to celebrate 11 November and to walk into the Bryson home was like taking a journey back in time to a Rhodesian home, that would have sat comfortably in Mtoroshanga, Umvukwes or Nyamandhovu.

Rhodesia was Brick’s own personal Brigadoon!

It was 7 years ago that Brick was stuck down and disabled by a massive stroke. Despite his disabilities Brick remained cheerful towards visitors and seldom complained.

And on my last visit to him he was the same dismissive Brick I first met way back in 1967. “...ok you can go now!”

Our sympathies to his wife Jenny his two daughters Sue and Tish and his grandchildren.”

Tatenda shamwari – famba zvakanaka!
6792/7510 David Campbell Milne died on 1 May 2011 at Aylesford, Kent. He served initially from 1962 to 1965, then re-joined in 1966 to leave as a Patrol Officer in Sep 1968.

6522 Patrick Davis Corry Caruth died on 18 May 2011 in Howick, Kwa Zulu Natal. He served from 1961 to 1969, leaving on his own request as a Patrol Officer.


**STATION NOTES**

**MARGATE**  Member in Charge, Barry Woan, reports –

“Our ‘Bring and Braai’ was held on Saturday 12th March 2011 at the Ramsgate Bowling Club. Beautiful weather greeted the 63 members, family friends and guests who attended this year’s gathering.

"Raiding parties" from Johannesburg, Hillcrest and Durban South Branches and as far afield as Rustenburg joined the well represented Margate contingent for a special day chatting and renewing old friendships, making new ones.

The presence of P/R Garth Philpott, grandson of the founder of Philpott and Collins, brought back past memories. An auction of items kindly donated by John Dolby, Bob Packer, Peter Huson and Doug McGibbon raised R1100 for Association coffers.”

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**ATTORNEY**: What was the first thing your husband said to you that morning?
**WITNESS**: He said, ‘Where am I, Cathy?’

**ATTORNEY**: And why did that upset you?
**WITNESS**: My name is Susan.
Member in Charge, Peter Arnold, reports –

“A ‘Bring and Braai’ on Sunday 15 May 2011 was the first function held at what we hope is going to be our new home at the Winklespruit Bowling Club in Warner Beach. The particular attention to ensure that all was set up for us was due to the very proactive approach of the Club President, Kobus Roelofse and some of his committee members who were in attendance to see our needs were looked after.

There were thirty five attendees with visitors from Margate station in the persons of Barry Woan, Andy Messina and Dave and Denise Owen. From the Branch Committee and members of Hillcrest station were Chairman Trevor Wilson and our hard working Secretary, Treasure and everything else, Des Howse, Guests were Margaret and Chris Johnson from Harare visiting family, Errol and Hester Johnson. Fred and Lindsay Mason brought Lindsay’s mother, Daphne Huddleston and Brother Roy and his wife. Were also able to welcome Roy and Pauline Gardner who like the undersigned start in the BSAP and then joined the Rhodesian Army way back when. Comments made by other than our own Station members were that the new venue was probably the best in the area due to the amenities whilst simple were very pleasant.”
Great weather and good companionship were the order of the day when 28 members and wives gathered at Ant Crossley’s Shamwari Farm smallholding in Drummond for the Hillcrest Station ‘Bring ’n Braai’ on Sunday 22 May 2011. Apologies, particularly from the Branch Chairman, Trevor Wilson (suffering from a severe bout of ‘flu), had been received from regular attendees who, for one reason or another, could not attend.

Maritzburg members Alan and Flik Bennett and John and Nancy Carroll graced us with their presence, as usual, and we welcomed new members Rob and Linda Kempen and George and Cheryl Meakum to the fold. Our grateful thanks to Ant Crossley for allowing us the use of a really picturesque and peaceful venue and for his invitation to return.

.........................Des Howse

As Jill Colepeper (WPO 90 Jill Weston) said
“Another shit day in Africa!”
“Writing about ones-self is not easy, but our editor, Trevor Dutton, has asked that I give it a go.

I suppose one starts with some basic details. I was born in Johannesburg in 1942. My father served in both World Wars. World War I at the age of 14, and he went to WW II one month after my birth. My mother was one of 15 children from the same parents, who, besides breeding children, were ostrich farmers in Prieska in the Northern Cape.

Not long after my father’s return from war, he and my mother decided that they could no longer be together and I was sent to a Governor General War Fund
Home for boys in Alberton. I was not five years old at the time and apart from an occasional school holiday, I was never again (in my youth) to live in a family home environment. I seem to recollect that another member of the BSAP went to one of these homes as well – Pat Keyser, but I may be mistaken.

Whilst at Alberton in my junior school years, I played rugby and captained the school under 9, 11 and 13 year old teams. The ‘Home Boys’, as we were known, played soccer, besides raiding the neighbourhood farms to steal fruit, as we were often very hungry. At the age of 12, I started my senior school years at King George VI High in Broken Hill, N. Rhodesia. Whilst there, I played Nuffield School Cricket and made the N. Rhodesia side as an opening bat. I then became the youngest player, aged 16, to represent the national soccer team.

My brother in law and five Northern Rhodesian Policemen were in the same side that toured the Belgium Congo in 1959. I had never played in a stadium with such huge crowds. National anthems and bowing to the crowds before the matches were new experiences for me. Being with adults', meant much evening entertainment and it was in Kolwezi that I witnessed a strip show - complete. I don’t know how often I had to repeat the details of this story at night when back at boarding school, a story that got better with practice. No wonder my schooling suffered.

It was whilst I was in standard eight or nine that it dawned on me, due our large family of nine kids, some real, some step and some half brothers and sisters, that I would never see the inside of a university. At that time, I liked the idea of one day being a school teacher. As things turned out, I failed English, which was a failing subject, so I would not have made it to University anyway. So, what to do?

It was at Milton College in 1960 that an Officer from PGHQ visited and spoke about a career in the British South Africa Police. I was aware that national service of some sort was not far off and I had no idea of a future career. At yearend 1960 I returned to the family, now in Lusaka; and declared that I wished to join the BSAP. In fact, I had no idea that there was a difference between the NRP and the BSAP. My father was surprised at the thought and said he did not think it was for me, but took me to Lusaka Police station to
complete the formalities. The woman police officer at Lusaka also looked surprised and very politely assisted in every way. Had she suggested I join the NRP, I would probably have done so.

Having been met at Salisbury Railway Station, my career in the BSAP started on 17 January 1961 – 2 Squad. As we all know, depot has many challenges. My nick-name in Depot was ‘Horse’, because I was not too good on them. This nick-name did not please our Instructor Peter Langham, as he regarded me as an insult to his horses. My first horse was Prairie and no sooner had I succeeded in getting a saddle on him without being kicked or bitten and then it was Whaler - my pass-out horse.

I was convinced that I would do MY THREE IN THE BSAP and by then I would know what to do with my life ahead, but 20 years later!

It was whilst in Depot that I had my first encounter with members of the CID. Being new to Salisbury, a very attractive lady took me to The Koppie, to view the bright night lights of the city.

The trip was made in her father’s car. I was trying to get ‘close’ to her when we were attacked by three or more locals. The next day, back in depot, I was interviewed by members of the CID about the attack. My interviewers were Brian Darling and Johnny Vye.
The interview went something like this, much of which in hearing range of others.

Q. Who drove the car? Answer! She did and I did. Q. She did, you did, what do you mean? Were you out the car in the bush?  A. No sir, she drove there and I drove out. Q. Explain that will you? A. She was behind the steering wheel when we were attacked, I dragged her from behind the steering wheel, under me so to get to the other side and then drove out. Q. You dragged her under you (looking smilingly at his colleague) – to get to the other side? A. Yes Sir. Q. Clothes on or off? A. On Sir! Q. All? A. Yes Sir!

The raised eyebrows and expressions of disbelief between the two detectives were clear for others to see as they were having fun at my expense.

After depot, I had a short stint walking the beat from Salisbury Railway Avenue Police station. My mentor at the time was Mike Abbotts.

I hoped for a posting to a nice station like Highlands, but it was Southerton and a super member in charge – Gus Armstrong. It was in those days when one could walk the city and townships at any time being unarmed, as I did with my next posting to Machipisa. It was here where the realities of life and death started to came to the fore.

Mike Abbotts

One late night at Machipisa I was called as a lady was about to give birth in the Charge Office. A foot appeared first, which was not what we were told about when in depot, so I popped it back in, went outside and ordered a car and helpers to rush her to hospital – they duly obeyed. Days later, there was a noise outside the mess where we stayed in Southerton. The family had come to thank me for the birth of their son, who they were going to call Nobby. A few days later, in the early hours of the morning, my first dead body scene. I was alone and what I thought was a dead body, turned out to be someone close to death. It was very cold and to get help would have taken too long I thought! So I dragged him to the truck and somehow loaded him into it and rushed him to Harare Hospital, where he died a few days later. Now it was a murder case. A suspect was arrested by the CID and I had my first appearance in the High Court and battled to answer questions as to whether I caused the drag marks or the guy who stabbed the deceased. I continually referred to the presiding High Court judge as ‘Your Worship’, instead of “My Lord” and after a while even My Lord gave up on me. At the age of 19 years or so at that point in time, I was not to know that a great many dead bodies were to pass, not only my eyes, but through my hands.
After 18 months of service and still convinced that I would just do my three in the BSAP, I decided to apply for the CID. I was interviewed by Ricky May and accepted. I battled on the CID training course and was second last on the course. I struggled through probation and if it were not through good leadership from the likes of Jock Waugh, Bob Burrell and Bill Freeman, I doubt I would have made the grade.

Towards the end of my CID probation in 1963, the political situation was changing rapidly and I was posted to Special Branch at Railway Station. I found the work to be very interesting in the efforts to monitor the activities of suspected communists and nationalists. It was here that I decided to remain in the Force beyond the three years. One recalls attending the political rallies in the townships, some quite jovial whilst others ending in rioting. The recruitment and running of informers and agents! Some of the colleagues I worked with at the time included, Derek Robinson, Tony Bradshaw, Peter Coolbear, Danny Stannard, Taffy Roach, Peter Moores and others.

All work and no play! No ways! The summer months on the cricket field and winter soccer will never be forgotten. The Salisbury Police cricket side played in the first league and I had the privilege of playing cricket with some very fine players, Denis Marshall, Dick Judson, Gerry Robinson, Pat Kelly, Tony Marrilier, to name just a few - and against the likes of the well known Pithey brothers, Paul Winslow, Colin Bland, Jackie Du Preez, Robin Jackman, Mike Proctor, Joe Partridge and Goofy Lawrence. I opened the batting and as we played without helmets in those days one quickly learnt the art of ducking to fast bowlers such as those mentioned above.
Over many years, the BSAP always had good soccer teams. In the early sixties I had the privilege of playing with chaps like Butch Fletcher, John McCormack, Dennis Marshall, Jack Scott (Springbok), Pat Kelly (Pat and I played soccer and cricket together at Milton), Ken Mitchell and Cliff DuRand (Wolves UK and SA).

Sport is fun in more ways than one as it was at a sporting event that I met my wife Natascha. We had just played a game of ‘boozers rugby’ at the Barclays Bank Sports Club, Mount Pleasant, when she, clad in a small tennis dress, asked me to dance. There were a few other ladies, similarly dressed trying to get a party going. Natascha is a very fine dancer and I cannot dance, but the little tennis dress meant that I was keen to learn! So, with luck she was not injured during the dancing effort and I invited her to come to a party at Loreilei, where I was staying with a group of CID chaps. Loreilei was the scene of many parties, some going for days. Natascha and I started dating and we married on May 1, 1970, which coincidentally was declared a public holiday - Workers Day!

.......................to be continued.
I doubt that many of us who were unable to attend the unveiling of the BSAP Memorial at Alrewas in Staffordshire, UK, last July, would realize that a member in the front row of the parade was blind. By watching the dvd of the event you would have picked it up, but never the less I felt it would make an interesting story.

The parade Right Marker was, as we all know, Peter Biddulph. On the left of the front row was Barry Henson and in-between them was 9207 Garth Long, who, blinded in an anti-terrorist operation during 1977, was actually using Peter as his guide during the march.
Garth writes –

“Short on sight ... but LONG on loyalty!

It was a mild Mashonaland winter’s day. Yet, I had known the savannah capital of Salisbury to have had worse. The sun began to rise and we had some serious decisions to make.

Stirling and I were in no mood for messing around. Africa in the 1970’s was going through a time of madness. Wars, rumours of wars and skirmishes were the order of the day. The Cold War and the insatiable quest for power, commodities, land and allies dominated the head lines.

Yet our music still had the hint of the flower power generation from Woodstock and so did our fashion.

The thought of joining a ‘Colonial’ Police Force had not totally registered with me. Work or the hint of work was an even tougher option. Rhodesia was going through a trying time with the full affect of international economic sanctions. So all school leavers were in the same boat. Join the force or take the gap for good.

Yet, I had no intention of leaving stunning Rhodesia. Why the adverts even said that Rhodesia was Super!

Then, the Long brothers options took a turn for the worse. The small but effective Rhodesian Air Force had recently turned down our collective interests. “I don’t fancy going to the RLI or something silly like that,” Stirling protested. “You would never come back from the Ganghine and you would always have short hair!”
Amazing how hair all those years ago was such an intrinsic part of a male’s identity. I am just so proud that today I still have some of that identity. And, it’s still fairly important!

Without thinking I followed my twin, Stirling, into the grounds of the PGHQ. The building resembled a Cape Dutch two or three story mansion. Beautifully kept and positioned on the corner of Chancellor and Montague avenues.

Stirling said he had an appointment with Inspector Fred Mason in Recruiting. “Do you realise we don’t look the part?” I hinted. “Look at our long hair and look at our bell bottomed jeans?”

“Come on Bru, we are only going to talk to the Man!” “Talk to the Man?” I thought curiously.

Amazing, that 1 July, 1974 took off like a proverbial rocket.

The two soft city slickers with long blond hair, bell bottom jeans and tie-dye T-shirts were in for a shock? The best Police Force in the world had seen this recipe before and they knew how to deal with these two tyre kickers.

“Are you Conscientious objectors?” Asked a bespectacled Officer in uniform.

“Huh!” Our simultaneous response.

I was going over the two odd words. We both stared at each other dumb founded. I knew what conscientious meant? I recognised the noun, objector, but the two words together did not make much sense.

“Well, I guess not?” Stirling said looking around for some support. All I could do was nod my head in agreement?

“Great!” Our stoical recruiter was not giving anything away.

“Why not nip out and grab a hair cut. Return to my office with a jacket and tie and we can proceed with the rest of our interview.”

After we attested into the British South Africa Police force things changed dramatically. Suddenly our nonchalant manner in strolling through life was gone.

Short hair and I mean really short hair was definitely in vogue> Blue fatigues without a tailored look replaced those sloppy faded jeans. Neatly ironed grey short sleeve shirts with a navy tie clung to our teenaged chests.
Grubby Hang Ten T-shirts were now commonly used to buff our shiny boots. And a cap with wide brim crowned our almost bald heads.

Almost in a frenzy we raced through our Depot Training. Well, that was what it felt like. As soon as we had 24 souls mustered 5 Squad 1974 was launched. I can still see the Depot Commandant, Chief Inspector Ron Trangmar taking Roll Call. He was flanked by his emissaries, Mike Lambourn (who looked like Hulk Hogan) Malcolm Marsh, Pieter Steenkamp, Brian Hacking and Butch Wiggett.

All of us stood statue like and did not budge. Squad 6 of 1974 was also mustered and joined us on the hard square. There were at least 3 or 4 other National Service squads with us. The only distinction was their pale green short sleeve shirts. And, if you were really observant there was a women’s squad as well. Strangely I did not take too much notice. I was still too self conscious about my retarded looking hair style.

We had to do a special Counter Insurgency course. The Rhodesian Bush War was contained to one area. But, should it get out of hand we all had to become familiar with COIN. Little did we know that this cancer would soon spread like an Australian bush fire!

Our Squad was nominated to do Equitation. Do not forget our history and tradition. The BSA Police like the Royal Canadian Mounted Police was a mounted force. There always had to be an Equitation Squad ready for any ceremonial duty. The main one each year was the opening of parliament.

I found this a thrill. All of us had 125 hours of Animal Husbandry and a chance to learn how to ride? Learn how to ride in a very strange manner. Sit in Sullivan saddles like you were with the Royal Hussars. Learn how to ride in a riding school with horses so well drilled all you had to do was stay put.

But in all your riding lessons you would never learn how to control that 800 pound beast!

We practiced so often for our Passing-Out Parade. We learnt how to do the quick stuff, the slow stuff and even salute with a rifle on the move. What an event. What a thrill and what a pleasure.

My first posting was Marlborough. My Member in Charge was Inspector Mike Maine. Mike Maine had all our instant respect. He lived somewhere out in Greystone Park and used to run into the Station. That was way before long distance running became vaguely fashionable.

I soon learned that if you needed anything done you consulted the Station Sergeant Major. He really called all the shots and knew how to get things done!
Towards the end of 1975 I managed to score a transfer over to Salisbury Province C.I.D. Homicide where my i/c was D.I. Keith Samler. Yet, I can honestly say that it was the most exciting job I have ever done.

So many men proved to be great role models. The legendary Sen. Ass. Com. Bill Hobley? Apart from being a giant of a man he was a giant in his field. I doubt whether there was a suspect, an accused or a cold case that he did not remember Quite extraordinary and his Sherlock Holme’s pipe certainly added to his enormous image.

As the Terrorist incursions grew so did the demand on all serving members. More Joint Operational Commands sprung up and more staff were needed. Ultimately it was decided that we would all do a month in the sharp end and a month in town.

I was soon off to JOC 215 Mtoko. Here I would be with D.I. Mike Williams. We used to work closely with Special Branch and the likes of Harry Naismith, Ian Wilkins and Brian Taverner send shivers down my spine. Peter Dewes was also there along with D.Is. Bob Wishart and Brian Oberholser.

What a privilege once again and ... I am so proud I was there!

Towards the end of 1976 I was seconded to JOC 712 Chiredzi. I was actually stationed deep in Mathibi (11) at a Temporary Base Camp called Boli. Boli was 14 kilometres from Villa Salazar and the last air field our boys in Blue could use. It was a notorious transit area for mobile groups heading off to Shabani and ultimately Salisbury.

We had an important Ground Coverage operation to fulfil and ultimately I would be injured in an ambush on 19 May, 1977.

After being picked up after a patrol in the lowveld bush my stick was caught crossing a river bed. I was with Mantle Alfa 2 and we were in two heavy vehicles and a Leopard attempting to cross the Lundi River. If you know the lowveld the rivers in May have very little water. All silt and very sandy. So an absolute perfect spot for the enemy to mount an ambush.

By the grace of God I climbed behind the driver. Shortly after an RPG 2 hit our Leopard and I took serious damage to my eyes, not having seen day light since.

P.O Gary Clack and his four details from his Support Unit stick were killed. All the injuries were as a result of the RPG 2 hitting our vehicle. Somehow three other RPG’s and millions of rounds missed us.

Forty minutes later I was casavaced to JOC 712 and then accompanied by my twin, Stirling, on to Salisbury.
The Big Hondo as I knew it was over!

I had to learn to pick up the cudgels for a new fight. Fortunately the finishing school I received in the mighty BSA Police has helped me blaze a trail for 34 colourful years.

I salute you all who have served in the Best Police Force in the world. We may never parade again but ... our brilliant memories are still proudly stored in the receptacle of our enormous hearts.

Kind regards. ...............................................................Garth Long (9207)"

THE TROTTERS

If you were one of the 1/3rd of the world population who watched the Royal Wedding on television on 29 April – and IF you can remember anything about your 6 months equitation training in Depot (not counting members of the Mounted Display Team of course, nor their Instructors) then you may well have been intrigued as to why the members of the Household Cavalry, travelling at the same speed as the Royal Coach, were “trotting” differently from the two chaps riding two of the four horses pulling said carriage.
Having Neil Smith on hand to answer these sort of questions is a bonus. He explains that the Cavalry were exercising the ‘collected’ or ‘bumping’ trot which means they sit tight in the saddle and control their steeds with their legs, with one hand on the reign attached to the curb bit – the free hand holding a sword. In this manner they have more control and balance (in case the horse has other ideas.)

The two postillion outriders for the Royal Coach are ‘posting’ (much more comfortable) with both hands on the reins of not only their own mount but the riderless horse alongside. This posture also preserves the horses’ strength whilst pulling the carriage.

So – now you know!

But, did you know? .......

whilst we are still ‘with’ the Royal Wedding, that one of the two page boys attending the royal couple is the grandson of a former member of the BSAP?

Ten year old Billy Lowther-Pinkerton’s father, Jamie, part-time Private Secretary to Princes William and Henry, is the son of the late 4383 Anthony Hull Lowther Pinkerton who served from 1949 to 1951 as a Trooper.

A small world, as they say!
THE BSA POLICE BAND

Once again we are indebted to Richard ‘Dick’ Hamley for using a great deal of his time and effort in producing an enlightening feature on yet another important facet of our history.

The Regimental Band of the British South Africa Police

As was the case with much of early Rhodesian history, little was recorded about military bands. It is known that the Rhodesia Horse had a band in Salisbury, under the direction of Bandmaster C.W. Day, and that it was from this source that musicians were drawn to form the first Regimental Band of the British South Africa Police in 1896. It is noteworthy that in 1897 the Force was able to field bands to play at Queen Victoria’s Diamond Jubilee celebrations, both in Bulawayo and Salisbury.

Dress Orders for the Regimental Band were much the same as those for the (District) Mounted Police of that era. Photographic record suggests that in those early days, as was the case with the District Police, khaki-drill was most often worn, with ‘Full Blues’ being reserved for more formal occasion and ceremonial.

By 1900 the Band was flourishing. Photographs taken in that year show a band of 25 musicians in Salisbury, under the baton of Bandmaster J. Hinds, and a
band of similar proportions in Bulawayo under the direction of Bandmaster T. Scott and Trumpet Sergeant-Major J.F. Mee.

Unfortunately, official interest in police bands waned, and by 1910 they had ceased to exist. Nevertheless, many members appear to have maintained their interest by performing with the band of the Southern Rhodesia Volunteers. It was not until 1930 that the Force enjoyed the services of its own band again, when Trumpet Sergeant-Major Harding assembled a drum and fife band from amongst trumpeters under his supervision.

Sergeant Major Harding’s twenty-man ensemble were kitted out with the same basic uniform as the Native Town Police of that era.

Drum and fife bands, however, have their limitations and so, shortly before the Second World War, steps were taken to equip a full military band. Only a band with brass, reed and percussion could meet all such requirements as were envisaged for the future. Potential bandsmen were selected from serving African members of the Force, and commenced training under Sergeant Malcolm (Max) Sparks in November 1939.

Sergeant Sparks, an extremely talented musician recruited especially for the task, worked a positive miracle with the very raw material that was to hand. Musical notation, for example, was taught by associating its symbols with the differing denominations of local currency. The new band gave its first public performance in September 1940 - a mere 10 months after its formation - when it took part in celebrations to commemorate the Golden Jubilee of the arrival in Salisbury of the Pioneer Column.

Because of the economic exigencies of war, considerable ingenuity had to be employed to produce the uniforms for the new military band before it made that first appearance. A newspaper of the day was later to describe bandsmen as “presenting an imposing appearance” - in the following:

“Khaki-drill tunic worn with regimental badges on a stand-up collar, fastened with hooks and eyes. Dark blue shoulder straps with small regimental buttons at the point. Five medium buttons down the front and small buttons fastening the
breast pockets. Khaki-drill shorts. ‘S’ fastening black leather belt bearing on the right side a black leather music pouch embellished with the regimental badge.

Black fez with regimental badge at the front and gold tassel hanging over the left shoulder. Black boots, black puttees with blue hose tops.”

The Band was soon to be in demand throughout the Colony and elsewhere. During 1943 it paid a goodwill visit to Beira in Portuguese East Africa.

Photographic record indicates that at this time, Sergeant Sparks affected a white naval-type uniform that was quite striking. This particular uniform, however, did not survive. Dress Orders for Bandmasters on ceremonial and other formal occasions, thereafter, were to consist of: ‘a blue ‘Colonial Police’ pattern cap, jacket and trousers, worn with a blue shirt, black tie and black shoes’.

It was agreed by the Band Committee that while the 1940 uniform was “…quite adequate in circumstances of war, the development of a distinctive full-dress for the band (was) to be given consideration at the earliest opportunity”.

Thus, on 26 June 1946, Band Committee Minute No 488 recorded the following uniform as ‘approved’:

(a) Dark blue fez with blue and gold tassel and fire-gilt regimental buttons.
(b) Dark blue tunic and trousers with ¼ inch old gold piping around the base of the collar and cuffs and down the side seams of the trousers, and fire-gilt regimental buttons.
(c) Belt - similar to the type used by the Royal Artillery - of woven material in blue and gold, to be fastened at the left side with a toggle.
(d) Black boots.  

After the war, visits were made to Northern Rhodesia and to Bechunaland where, in Lobatsi, members of the Band had the honour to be presented to H.M.King George VI.

6 It was this uniform that the band wore for duties connected with the Royal Tour of 1947.
On 11 June 1946, Sergeant K.W. Barnfield L.R.S.M joined the band. It was Barnfield, a Knellar Hall trained bandmaster of the old school and long-serving bandsman with the Loyal Regiment, who was destined to mould that which, until then had been a somewhat heterogeneous ensemble, into a truly military band.

In 1951 the full-dress uniform for bandsmen was changed to provide:

(i) **Double narrow gold stripes on the trousers**;
(ii) **gold wire shoulder cords**;
(iii) **a gold tassel replacing that of blue and gold**;
(iv) **gold ribbon facings: around the collar, with regimental badges on black backing plates, and in seven bars across the chest fastened with small buttons at the points**;
(v) **½ inch gold ribbon on the belt in three stripes, and to form ‘Austrian’ knots on the cuffs**.

In the next decade this uniform underwent subtle changes that were, eventually, to see the eradication of the facing-braid across the chest and its replacement by yellow oak-leaf cotton braid at the collar and on the belt.

A Sash embroidered with regimental (bullion) insignia and new Drum Major’s mace (replacing that inherited in 1940), were presented to the band in June 1961.\(^7\)

In well deserved acknowledgement of his services to music, Superintendent Sparks was awarded the MBE in the New Year Honours list of 1963.

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\(^7\) This sash too was replaced in August 1971.
Assistant Bandmaster, Inspector (T) G.C (Jeff) Jefferson, formerly Royal Marines and graduate of the Royal Naval School of Music, was attested on 12th November 1963. Jefferson had joined the Federal Army as the Bandmaster at the Inkomo Garrison where he formed the Federal Army Training Depot Band from scratch. He was to serve with distinction for three years in the B.S.A.P, until he left to take up the position of Director of Music for the South African Police Band.

3. Federation of Rhodesia & Nyasaland

...............to be continued.

INBOX - I HAVE 9 NEW MESSAGES

From 7615 Tok Arnold (Harare) -

“May I congratulate you on a fine publication, and I would like to comment on some of the items in the last edition, which have revived many memories of my service. The Harare Branch, by the way, meets on the second Friday of every month, at Mount Pleasant Club for a few drinks and snacks……most pleasant indeed.

My Reg. number is 7615 (the very few members of squad 6/66 numbered from 7615 to (I think 7633) I see very few references to anybody in my squad, except to say I saw mention
last month of Miles Cunliffe-Cunnison 7616. I remained, as well as we could, a close friend of Dave Fowler (7617) and indeed saw him at his lovely property near Lanseria Airport the week before he died in 2009. I also bumped into Mike Jennings 7618 just before he emigrated to Australia, last year (he was the son of the Saddler)

Your article with reference to the continued existence of the Assn. beyond 2025 was very sobering. I think I will be 83 at that time, should I make it that far (unlikely as I had a triple heart by-pass in Jan 2000)

I enjoyed seeing 6182 Pat Kelly as he was my squad instructor and also Takkie Mckintosh who was our PTI and Neil Smith who was my equitation instructor.

In 1990 my wife and I went to Earls Court to see the Royal Tournament, put on by the Royal Marines that year. I had to cross about 12 queues to get across the concourse and was accosted by a loud voice asking what I was doing there…..It was Takkie. A great moment.

I became friendly with John Pearce in depot, and afterwards, and can comment on the photo of him training RH Zenith. This horse was an absolute swine and for some reason I was the only recruit who could groom it, which was probably due to my more senior age and many swift blows into its ribs! However it had an awful wart/growth in its ear and after that was removed it quietened down a lot. I attended John’s funeral with ex Supt Peter Harris 7893 now in England (Sup. Unit) and was dismayed to see how few ex members were in attendance. Chris Looker was there (who I see a lot of these days)

I noted that some pages were sponsored by 6578 Ken MacKay and wonder if that was the then D/S/O who was also there who married Monica Passaportis? Also stationed in CID were D/S/O Peter Grist and i/c was Insp.Jock Waugh. My wife Louise (Shere) worked there as the secretary, after I taught her to type! Before being transferred to Macheke I fell into the roll if i/c Urban.

My wife did her nursing training at the old Salisbury General along with, amongst others, Penny Callow! I’m sure she would like to make comms with her.

I left the Force in September 1969 and went back farming, in the Macheke area, firstly managing, then in partnership and then leasing during the war, and then in 1980 buying my own farm. My younger son joined me in 1994, and in 1996 I bought another farm, which he managed with a view to leasing from me. My eldest son came back from the Marines in 2000 (just ahead of the land invaders) and we farmed together for 2 years before all being forced off in 2002. No compensation, no pension! Since then I have been employed in various managerial positions in industry, and wonder if I will ever be able to retire! I would enjoy hearing from any squad mates, acquaintances, if you should publish this letter...."

From 4696 Tony Down (Eastern Cape) – “Your last Editorial Comment re prediction for the future of the Association is, regrettably, so true. In the East Cape efforts were made a couple of years ago to bring in 'younger' members to the fold. The main problem encountered was a difference of interests between the olders and the youngers resulting in non-attendance.
There was a vast difference between the work of coppers of the 50's and early 60's to their later peers - policing being so much different.

One would think that this could instill interest by swapping experiences but for some reason this does not work very often despite efforts to bridge such gaps.

Added to this, as you rightly say, there are less of us as each year passes. It is only common-interests and past-interests which bring people together.

Also the younger ones have, in most cases, many more interests than their elder (dare I say doddery) counterparts. After all they will be more active etc........"

From 5279 Gerry Moores (Somerset) -

“.........your editorials are thought provoking - especially the last one! However, some things have to be said and faced up to! I have to admit that I find it increasingly difficult to recognize my erstwhile colleagues when they appear in 'function photographs' and videos and I seem to be sharing my house with a miserable looking old git, whose countenance gives me a mild shock whenever I pass a mirror or other reflective surface!!!!!!

My short term memory aint what it was but a thought has just surfaced from 1954.......Do you recall our brief encounter with the delightfully named 'Melody Pratt' in Salisbury gardens when we were recruits in Depot?..................”

I can, (vaguely) recall the event, Gerry. Beryl, who is also from Luanshya, then Northern Rhodesia, remembers her well and tells me the young girl that “we” (or perhaps “I”?) had a photograph taken with (your camera) became Melody O’Brien, an American movie star. Perhaps you might remember where you filed said photo? ....................(td.)

From 5248 Alan Lane (London) -

“How are things in sunny Natal ? Give my regards to anyone who might remember me !!
Enjoyed your last Outpost. I’m sure you are right about how long our Association can exist. I think we only have a couple of members who joined the Force just before the handover, so they will be in their early 50's now. Very few who served in the last 5 years before independence seem to have joined or are interested in joining the Assoc. I fear our existence is slowly coming to an end!!

Going on to your individual member’s profiles - instead of publishing them in alphabetical order, why not do it in Force Number order, then the oldest will feature earlier, leaving the younger ones for your future editions (just a thought). I know you said you would do them randomly in future, but using Force Numbers would perhaps help.”

When I mentioned to Pat Knight, Alan’s idea re publishing individual profiles, his comment was “there is no guarantee that the ‘younger’ ones will outlive us older ones!...........(td.)”

From 6141 Andy Shepherd (Canada) -

“............... It seems the Natal Branch has more members of my vintage than the other branches and I thoroughly enjoy hearing about them. I don't know if you recall but I attended Umtali Boys High School so was not truly a "Scottish" fellow, as Gerry Robinson indicated! (I did have an accent, however.).............”

From 8105 Peter Cutting (Natal) -

“............... Many thanks for the inclusion (in the last Natal Outpost) of the tributes to Dave Sloman. Dave was my OC when I was SB on the JOC at Rusape, he was an exceptionally good boss and in later years became a mentor and then a good friend. I and my colleagues had a great deal of respect for his ability, sense of humour and the fact that he never failed to look after his men.

As his health deteriorated I contacted some of the guys who served under him during those years and received the following reply from 6969 Bill BUDD who was i/c SB Inyanga:

“A fine Officer a very good man, and a distinct cut above the majority of officers that we had to endure!”  I think that says it all.”
From 6000 Peter Finch (Transvaal) -

“...........(during a recent visit to Natal) I had the opportunity of seeing Derek KERR. We had a braai together with my brother in law Graham Millar (Ex DC). I also managed to speak to Trevor Wilson and Dick Isemonger, good to know that they are well and healthy.

I was shocked to hear about Ted Painting, we were stationed together in Umtali during the war. I managed to find his address and paid both him and Sue a visit, he is mending well and very determined to recover speedily. Please pass on my wishes to him.

I was most impressed on how the Natal Regimental Association is split up into Stations (Margate, Hillcrest and Durban South) and from all accounts and discussions this has done much to improve communication amongst the members and strengthen Esprit de Corps. Well done.

Another aspect is the annual dinner is now a luncheon, and has improved attendance and that wives are also welcome. Here in Joburg we still have a dinner, and quite frankly it is a difficult drive home, due to the vindictive nature of both the Metro and SAP.

It was really great seeing (in the last Natal Outpost) the photographs of Mike Ayrton White and hearing about Ethne. Ethne and I went to school together in Umtali. The last time I saw them both was when they were in East London, that was many years ago.

Mike is looking in good health, I feel sure that it is Ethne who keeps him young. Paging through the magazine brought back many memories of members who I served with, real gentleman and officers of the law with integrity............”

From 7045 Rob Gates (Australia) -

“Another very readable Outpost filled with great content from which I learnt a lot from and was reminded of people from many years ago. Herewith a few comments -
1. Richard Hamley is a real treasure trove of information and hence I appreciated the Australian input into your Outpost with the promise of more to come. Richard was the Foundation Chairman of our branch and as recently as last September gave the vote of thanks to our guest speaker at our annual formal luncheon.

2. I was stationed at Southerton with Nicholas Mukomberanwa in 1965. He was an interesting AC to be on patrol with in the wilds of Machipisa as he offered something very different. On those patrols I learnt quite a bit about Shona culture and learnt of his sculpting skills. I also saw examples of his work whilst still stationed with him. As I recall he was only sculpting in soap stone at that time.

Many years later, I think it was about 1984/85, I met up with him again at an exhibition of his work in Perth. Recognition on both our parts was instant and I clearly remember the word “Ishe” in his greeting. Although he was the guest of honour at the exhibition and in great demand he spent time telling people that he and I had been in the Police together.

3. It was good to see the names Barry Woan and Dennis O'Hanlon mentioned. I was briefly stationed with both of them.

4. Is Colin Kerr related to Derek Kerr? I was in the same squad as Derek who I briefly saw in Durban in 2007.

5. Whilst the Australia branch is not interested in poaching members from the Natal branch we would be pleased to welcome Will Cameron-Dow and Daphne Cameron-Dow (nee Wigill) to our branch. As we already have one ex-regulars husband-wife combination as members and that is Butch Walker (7392) and Liz Smith (WPO100) we would be pleased to have another.

6. I was staggered to read about the olive branch and seeming expression of good will being extended to the BSAP Regimental Association by the Hells Angels, based on the experience of Ben Pretorius in Umtali many years ago. In Perth there is a virtual state of war between the Police and all the Bikie gangs. Maybe in South Africa the Hells Angels Bikies are now tame Bikers as they cannot compete with all the other local crime gangs.

7. Thankyou for printing my email to you about your last Outpost in your current Outpost. I hope you will be able to publish the article about the idea for having a 50 year reunion in 2013 for people who attested in 1963 in your next Outpost.
8. I hope you will not mind if I plagiarize some of your editorial comments about the need to recruit younger former members of the BSAP into the ranks of the various branches of the Regimental Association........

From 8646 Andrew Field (Harare) –

The following is a letter from Andrew, dated 21st May 2011 and addressed to our Branch Chairman, Trevor Wilson –

Please may I extend my sincere gratitude, thanks and grateful appreciation for this Honorary Life Membership of the Natal Branch of the Regimental Association. It truly means a lot to me. I have enjoyed the relationships with all those former members I have nurtured into cyberspace over the years. It has been a wonderful experience to see many more senior than I, and less web-experienced individuals, moving from their old Imperial typewriter mentality into full blow web browsing and e-mail communications. Of course I expected no less from a very diverse bunch of former BSA Police members, when I ventured into this going on 12 to 15 years back. How time has galloped!

I sincerely look forward to my next visit to your neck of the woods, in order that I might meet some of those who have bestowed this great honour upon me, to buy a round and enjoy your good company. Regrettably, to be frank, I don’t often get down your way... but I still hold hope!

Please convey my best wishes to your committee and the membership. I shall raise a glass in your honour as the sun sets tonight!

With best wishes,

Andrew

A police officer stops a blonde for speeding and asks her very nicely if he could see her license.

She replied in a huff, 'I wish you guys would get your act together. Just yesterday you take away my license and then today you expect me to show it to you!'
A MOST INTERESTING STORY

Yvonne Wood is well known to those of us in Natal, being married to Ken Wood, a member of the committee of the Natal Branch of the Association.

But even those who think they know her well, apart from her own family members of course, are unlikely to be aware of the following -

“My connection with the British South Africa Police began in 1935, before I was born, with my father joining the Force. His name was Henry George Hearn, commonly known to his many friends as either “Spotty” or “Harry”.

(Trooper 3464 Hearn served from 4 April to 28 December 1935, when discharged ‘By Order [Marrying]’).

Dad was born in East London in the Border Province as it was then known, of South Africa, in 1906 to George John and Mary Hearn. (More of George John later). In his teens Dad was sent to the UK, specifically Suffolk, (from whence came his father) to Framlingham College to smooth off the rough colonial edges. On his return he completed his schooling in East London and was sent up to what was then known as Roberts Heights (which became Voortrekker Hoogte) which was then an Officers’ Training School. Finishing his training there he joined the South African Army and it was during this time that he became the light heavy-weight boxing champion of the South African Army. He was always a fanatically keen sportsman, excelling at swimming (where he represented Border), rugby, tennis, hockey, squash and water-polo (in which he captained the Midlands Province in Rhodesia at the ripe old age of 43.)

I think he must have found South Africa becoming a little tame for his tastes, or else one of his many and various “fiancées” was becoming just a wee bit too enthusiastic (he always remained a little coy on this subject), so he decided to emigrate up north to Southern Rhodesia and joined the BSAP.
In those days apparently, off-duty policemen doubled as Firemen should the need arise, and that was when fate tripped up good ole Henry George in the shape of a diminutive nurse at Salisbury General Hospital who happened to be on duty in Emergency when he brought in the injured from a fire he had been attending. The young Lothario was finally and irrevocably hooked and some time later asked Mom to marry him. Now all of you readers know that BSA policemen have one or two hurdles to jump before tying the knot and one of those hurdles is requesting permission to marry. Well, he was refused as he had not completed the required time in the force. Nothing daunted, he and Mom (Jeanne Marillier a farmer’s daughter from Sinoia and yes, Tony Marillier is my cousin) got married in December 1935 and the Police authorities promptly cast him into prison for disobeying orders.

Dad had two great and special pals in the Force, Des and Jock Lardner-Burke (the latter eventually became my god-father), who used to visit the weeping bride every evening to convey comforting messages from the incarcerated hot-head. After 3 days Henry George was released from prison and discharged from the Force and he and Mom went up to Sinoia to be married again in style this time, from her parents’ home. Dad’s career in the BSAP had come to an abrupt end. And so had his means of earning a living, and remember there was a world-wide economic depression on at this time.

As far as this article is concerned, that is as far as we follow Henry George Hearn, except to mention that he and Mom came to South Africa for about 3 years but the call of Rhodesia was too strong and they returned in 1938 when I was 2 years old. The day after World War 2 was declared, he joined the Rhodesian Army, finishing the War as a Captain in the Artillery.

However, his contribution to the BSAP did not end with his discharge from the Force in 1935. He died at the young age of 47 leaving behind Mom and four
young daughters. His oldest daughter, which is me, produced two sons, the eldest of whom joined the BSAP as a cadet in 1974. Jerome van Niekerk completed his cadetship and attested when he turned 18.

(9224 Jerome Martin Kennedy van Niekerk served from 14 August 1974 to 24 July 1978, leaving as a Patrol Officer and ‘At his own request’)

Some time after he left the Police he bought The Howff of Chisholm, a restaurant in Chisipite which I am sure a number of you know. This he ran most successfully until he died in December 1987, by his own hand. These are Jerome’s daughters, my granddaughters.

My own association with the BSAP continues to this day, as in 1980 I married one of your very own, Ken Wood, who currently serves as a member of the Natal Branch of the Regimental Association.

At the beginning of this article I mentioned that we would return to George John Hearn, my paternal grandfather, who has no connection with the BSAP other than being father and great-grandfather of two of your deceased members. However, your Outpost editor has persuaded me that Grandfather Hearn deserves more than a passing mention. GJ was born in Bungay in Suffolk, England in 1881 and subsequently joined the British Army. He was posted to South Africa to fight in the Boer War (I am not sure which one).

After the Army he returned to England and remained here, settling in the Border Region where he met and married the daughter of a German Settler, Mary Rohland. They had one son (my father) and two daughters, one of whom went on to marry a South African naval officer who was to become Chief of Staff to Admiral Buurman. Grandpa Hearn joined The Cape Mounted Rifles at the age of 20, and fought in the Kafferian Wars, also known I believe as the South African War.
He later went on to serve in the First World War, receiving several medals, one of which was the Military Cross. He was very well known in the East London area and for many years was the Secretary of the Frontier and Mounted Police and CMR Association. I remember his great passion in later life was breeding Pointer dogs.

Some of you may know the beautiful statue looking out over Oxford Street, East London. It is a memorial to the fallen of the Colonial Division who lost their lives in the South African War. Atop the Irish marble and South African granite pedestal stands a horse and soldier sculpture by Sir W. Reynolds-Stephens. The soldier is Grandpa Hearn with his horse, Boodles. He was at the time, Sergeant Hearn, apparently a Scout in the army.

He became Captain Hearn and died the day after his 60th birthday in 1941.
SQUAD REUNION: 2/60 (March 1960)

6135 Gerard Robinson reports on his 50 years squad reunion, which took place at the Green Lantern Inn, Van Reenen, on 13\textsuperscript{th}/14\textsuperscript{th} March 2010. The choice of location suited those able to attend as being almost mid point between Jhb and Durban.

Unable to attend were –

Two members could not be located – 6134 Alex du Plessis & 6138 Roger McCartney and the following are known to be deceased – 6139 Alex Bramford; 6140 Nigel Peck; 6142 Eric Glanfield; and 6147 Tony Andersen.
GUYS OF NATAL

We started this feature in our last Outpost, by choosing ‘candidates’ alphabetically at random and the first group were recorded. However, in view of Alan Lane’s useful suggestion (see INBOX – page 61 ) we now publish the next group in order of regimental number seniority (which excludes those members who have already been mentioned in previous editions).

The first qualifiers are appended hereunder. Of the six guys approached we have three ‘supporters’ whilst 4603 Don Darkes decided to hop over to the UK for 6 months (to see if he should re-locate there); 4717 Pat Knight is trying to remember what he has been doing for the past 38 years; and 4726 Dicky Dyer is trying to come to terms with his computer.

4384 Barry Thomas served in the BSAP for 23 years retiring in 1972 and went to Umtali where he took up employment with Workmen’s Compensation as manager of the Umtali office. With the abandonment of the Portuguese in Mozambique a lucky transfer to Salisbury came to the Head Office of the Fund from which he retired at 60 from the position of Commissioner in charge of the Country’s claims. After a few years as a computer consultant the advancement of the more knowledgeable young men caused the phasing out of this employment for him. By this time he was ready for retirement. He moved to Durban in 1994 to join his children there. He now lives in a retirement village in Pinetown.

4587 Gerry Powell retired as a Chief Superintendent in May 1980. He took a long holiday overseas and had an “Andy Capp” break until Dec 1982. Joined Wild Coast Sun Casino Security until retirement on pension in 1993, as member in charge. After numerous courses and exams he became a Voluntary Care Giver for the terminally ill and a Counselor for the bereaved at the Port Shepstone Hospice where he is now in his 18th year. Married to Colleen for 56 years they have a daughter and son plus four Grandchildren.

This page sponsored by 6253 Iain Lang
SQUAD REUNION : 5/61 (March)

6345 Dave Holmes reports on his 50 years squad reunion, which took place at Werner’s Bistro, East Rand on 21st March 2011. Although only 3 members were able to physically attend this token re-union a great deal of correspondence had already taken place between the survivors, scattered around the world.

5087 Robin Johnson I emigrated to South Africa in November 1984 with a possibility, thanks to the late Felix Kuttner, of securing a position with Tongaat Hulett (T.H.) in their Security Department. It was a question of whether a position arose from an expected resignation. As both my daughters had settled in Durban accommodation was no problem. I think the next three weeks were the longest I had ever experienced waiting for a call from the T.H. agent. After an interview I got the job and Pat was able to join me from Zimbabwe. A year later I moved to Darnall as Estates Security Officer where I stayed until retirement in May 2000.

I am indebted to T.H. as the pension from them has enabled my wife and I to settle in our own home and enjoy our retirement. We will be celebrating our Golden Wedding Anniversary on the 3rd June 2011.

SQUAD REUNION : 5/61 (March)

6382 Terry Schwartz lives in Johannesburg with fun-loving Denise. Terry had a very successful career in the South African Police attaining the rank of Colonel. Another member of the ‘table for three’
6416 **Terry Smith** [Squad 8/61] now lives in the Far East (Well, actually Springs on the East Rand) and is an honorary member of 5 Squad whose enthusiasm caused him to try to enlist with us when only 17, being sent away to join a later squad! Terry was part of the ‘table for three’

6345 **Dave Holmes** a quiet South African now retired but looking for something to do lives in Johannesburg and is a member if the committee of the Transvaal Association.

Unable to attend were –

6331 **George Tully-Stewart**. Fine rugby player and Squad ‘leader’ in many respects. Became a pilot and flew for unknown airlines, becoming the Chief Instructor at 43 Air School in Port Alfred from which he recently retired, still living in Port Alfred.

6336 **Tony Hall** from Gloucestershire, who throughout his tenure in the BSAP waited for his sweetheart Carol in Cheltenham, and married her upon his return to England, later working in the Gloucestershire Constabulary.

6338 **Ed Bodington**, a Rhodesian and former BSAP Cadet now living in the UK after a sojourn on a Greek Island (Rhodes?)

6340 **Pete Moore** an Englishman who settled in Zimbabwe after 20 years of service, and still lives there with Pam.

6341 **Mike Bothma** was ‘the equestrian’ within our group and was the marker man in our troop. He lives in East London SA.

6343 **Brian Dawson**, another Englishman a very steady likeable character who later immigrated to England, where it is understood he is ill.
When I asked Bob if he would like to become a member of the Natal Branch of the Association, his reply was “Not my cuppa at all”. Ah well……………………(td.)

6344 Michael ‘Spike’ Werner another Englishman, now lives with his wife Coby in Lubbock, Texas.

6346 Peter Moloney a Rhodesian who served before as a cadet, another likeable person who lives in Randburg, Johannesburg and serves on the committee of Motorsport South Africa.

6347 Philip Cunliffe-Steele an Englishman from Sussex with a perfect English accent, now believed to be living in Australia.

6348 Dennis Poole an Englishman now living in Suffolk with Norma, his dear wife who has been ill recently. Dennis is one of the two main squad heroes, who together with Mike Eglington have done more for 5 squad than any other, forging us as a unit.

6350 Bob Hayward is a man of great spirit, lives on ‘The Bluff’ in Durban, and coaches and manages a successful competition bowls team. He is an accomplished diver whose claws are often clamped around pairs of lobsters he has caught.

6393 Christy “Daddy” Wilkinson so called because he was a couple of years older than we were. He lives in the Durban area with Norine, also a very faithful 5-squaddy.

Norine mentions the reason why Chris was not part of the squad photograph was because he had fallen off his horse and dislocated his elbow!……(td.)

This page sponsored by 5958 Dick Isemonger
Three members could not be located – 6332 Ron Hill; 6339 Rod Wilson and 6390 Eric Hutt, and the following are known to be deceased – 6335 Brian McDermid; 6337 Peter Gallagher; 6342 Dave Marks and 6349 Mike Eglington

PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORIES

The Fingerprint Bureau, CID Headquarters, Salisbury circa 1965. Barry Wilkins appears to be ‘AWOL’, Alan Terry is in Durban and the rest have passed on

This photograph was taken during a stop over at Madeira in 1957. From left to right – Brian McDonnell, Trevor Wilson, Danny Stannard and Bruce Smith. Posing with them, obviously in return for a small fee, is one of the ‘famous’ locals who thrilled passengers on incoming ships by diving to retrieve whatever was thrown into the bay (preferably money)
Black & white is the genuine article whilst the colour photo is probably not.

3004 Arthur Neal Alston joined the BSAP on 30 March 1928 and served until 2 April 1930 and this photograph taken of him on patrol was during that 2 year period. After leaving the Force Neal changed his name to ‘Neal Arden’ and became well known as a broadcaster for the BBC.

He is, today, at 101 years of age, believed to be the oldest surviving member of the BSAP (and so qualifies as President of our Mature Member’s Club). A member of the UK Branch he resides with his wife, Julia, in Huntingdon, Cambridgeshire.

The colour picture is, however, something of a mystery and the only person who could probably tell us who the ‘policeman’ was would have been the late Alan Stock, a former long standing editor of the Outpost.

However, Dave Lynn, who was a member of the Outpost team at PGHQ for a couple of years, says “I think it was taken in the early sixties; apart from being on the front cover of the Outpost, we used an enlarged version on several Police stands at shows around the country and PGHQ Recruiting used it extensively for their recruiting drives at high schools etc. It was definitely a publicity photo done for recruiting purposes, but I don’t recall Phil (Mingard) ever telling me who the Constable was; I always thought he was a Salisbury lad who played rugby for the Police XV, although I agree, he does look like a model; leggings too tight and no tobacco in the pipe?”
# SOCIAL CALENDAR FOR 2011

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STATION</th>
<th>EVENT</th>
<th>DATE</th>
<th>VENUE</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Branch/Midlands</td>
<td>Bring &amp; Braai</td>
<td>Sun 17 July</td>
<td>Inchanga</td>
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<tr>
<td>Branch</td>
<td>Annual Lunch</td>
<td>Sat 24 Sep</td>
<td>Le Domaine, Hillcrest</td>
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<tr>
<td>Durban South</td>
<td>Bring &amp; Braai</td>
<td>Sun 16 Oct</td>
<td>Warner Beach</td>
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<tr>
<td>Margate</td>
<td>Bring &amp; Braai</td>
<td>end Oct/beg. Nov</td>
<td>Ramsgate</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hillcrest</td>
<td>Bring &amp; Braai</td>
<td>Sun 20 Nov</td>
<td>Augusta Estate</td>
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“*I don’t quite know how I got myself into this position but would you please get me down now?*”

*This page sponsored by 6578 Ken McKay*
Women Police

China
Hong Kong
India
Indonesia

Japan
Malaysia
North Korea
Pakistan

Phillipines
Singapore
South Korea
Taiwan

Viet Nam
Rhodesia

Not that I am biased in any way – but I still believe that ours looked the best! 

...........(td.)