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Phone Mike on 031 764 2893 or 083 269 9626
Committee members of the Natal Branch of the BSAP Regimental Association: 2011 - 2012

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- KLOOF 3610
- 082 896 1911(c)
- imakulu@gmail.com

**Banking Details**
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- 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:** The late 5233 William ‘Willie’ Hamilton was very popular with those who knew him.

*The cover is sponsored by 6520 Barry Lane, whilst this page is sponsored by a member who wishes to remain anonymous but says a big thanks to the Committee.*
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SOCIAL CALENDAR 2011

ONLY 3 EVENTS LEFT FOR THIS YEAR (all Bring & Braais):

STATION : DATE : PLACE : CONTACT
Durban South - Sun, **16 Oct** - Winkelspruit Bowling Club - Peter Arnold 039 973 2445
Margate - Sat, **05 Nov** - Ramsgate Bowling Club - Barry Woan 039 313 2028
Hillcrest - Sun, **27 Nov** - Augusta Estate - Des Howse 031 762 1010

“Blessed are the cracked – for they let in the light!”
EDITOR’S NOTES

One of our few Outpost editors, **5975 Mike Abbotts**, has ‘retired’ after being responsible for producing the Transvaal Outpost for many years, followed by a 6 year stint as the scribe in charge of the UK edition. Probably the best part of 20 years in all! We recognise his sterling efforts for a job well done and wish him better health for the future.

His replacement is **6609 Hywell Parry-Jones**, who has been persuaded to “volunteer” the task. I don’t believe I have met Hywell but from his occasional comments in the BSAP History Group there is no doubt he has a keen sense of humour and (for a Welshman) a good command of the English language! Good luck Hywell.

Apart from that I don’t seem to have much more to say at this point (they say if you have nothing worth saying then don’t say it.)

However, I must thank all our readers who have generously sponsored our magazine since we began in our 83rd edition (Feb 2010) – in less than 2 years we have now topped the R4000 mark. Not quite enough to pay for one issue of the Natal Outpost (R7,600) but we are getting there!

Final note – as you know we currently publish three editions a year (Feb; June; and Oct). With effect from 2012 we intend changing to Jan; May; and Sep.

Many members ‘complain’ they didn’t know about a particular social event which they missed so a full 12 month social calendar will be produced in January. In addition we hope to persuade all those responsible for organising an event to try and stick to the same month/s every year so that we can anticipate our social diaries better.

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

“I never want to live in a vegetative state, dependent upon some machine and some fluids from a bottle. If that ever happens just pull the plug.” So my wife unplugged my computer and threw out my wine!

This page sponsored by **5666 Dave Wright**
CHAIRMAN’S COMMENTS

The end of the year is rushing towards us. In no time at all we’ll be sending greetings and preparing for the festive season, and so this is the last Natal Outpost edition for 2011.

Linda and I were very fortunate to be able to take a holiday in June and were able to spend a week with special friends, Norah and Micky York, on Lake Garda. On our return journey via the UK we were also able to spend three days with Pauline and Alan Lane, also great friends of many years.

On the Association front, thanks to the efforts of Des Howse, our diligent Hon Sec, and our “Members in Charge”, the Natal Region grapevine has been implemented to ensure that those members without computers are kept informed and updated by those who have these facilities. This has hopefully improved our communication network.

Dave Lynn, a committee member, has kindly volunteered to act as our Almoner and keeps in touch with members who are hospitalised, are ill at home, or require assistance. Thanks, Dave, for undertaking this valuable and important function. Ethne Ayrton-White has also joined the committee as our Treasurer (and book-keeper). Welcome, Ethne, and our sincere thanks for taking up this challenge.

The Natal Committee recently held a meeting at Illovo Beach, south of Durban, to enable the Members i/c Margate (Barry Woan) and Durban South, (Peter Arnold and Neville Cook) to enable them to give input. After which we enjoyed a very pleasant lunch with our wives, Bonnie Arnold, Jack and Muriel Parker, Andy and May Messina, and Dave and Denise Owen.

As part of our Durban North initiative, Ian Laing kindly hosted a very pleasant “coffee morning” at La Lucia Mall on 13 July in an effort to motivate local members to get together from time to time. Des and I attended and it was great to see and catch up with some more old friends and colleagues. Let’s hope that this bears fruit and that the Durban North Station can be re-established and functioning again.

On the 17 July, the Natal and Midlands Branches held their annual “get together” at Inchanga, which was another occasion to catch up with many friends, but more of this elsewhere in this edition. Previously it was golf; then bowls, now all we can do is maintain sufficient energy to drink, braai and chat!
Sadly, a great friend of many and stalwart of the Midlands Branch, Phil Mingard, suddenly passed away in Pietermaritzburg on the 31st July. Several members of the Natal Committee and many members of the Midlands Branch attended the funeral. The church was packed, testament to Phil’s popularity. The eulogies also spoke of a very special and loving husband, father and grandfather. Our sincere condolences go to Eve and the family.

Regrettably Shirley Smith, Smudge’s better half, underwent further surgery for a leg amputation which had been operated upon earlier in the year. Shirley remains positive and cheerful and has had a number of visits from members, including Barry Woan, John Dolby and Fred Mason, the latter having manufactured ramps to assist access for Shirley. We sincerely hope things continue to go well – you are both in our thoughts.

As I write, Nobby Clarke’s good lady Natascha, is in the new Hillcrest hospital. However after a worrying period for Nobby and obviously Natascha, she has made good progress and hopes to be home soon. Natascha, we hope that as you read this, you are recovering well and surviving Nobby’s cooking!

As always, Barry Woan, the dedicated and energetic Member i/c Margate, has been highly active. He regularly visits those of his “flock” who are incapacitated or in straightened circumstances and proves a real tonic with his cheerful and positive attitude. (Personally I think he should be elevated to Bishop Woan!) Barry also managed to locate Peter Van Rensberg and facilitated Peter meeting up with some old friends over lunch. Barry regularly sees Maurice Beaver, Andy Messina, Pete Huson and Steve Worrall Clare, who is recovering from 11 fractures to his leg, after falling from the roof and through the deck! Steve apparently never does things by half!

Barry continues to steadily increase the Branch membership in his neck of the woods and I’m sure once he finds an errant member, he “shakes them down” and doesn’t let them off the hook until they are signed up and have paid their subs. Great work Barry, you put us to shame!

To say that our annual lunch, held on Sat 24 September, was a great success would be an under-statement. A report, with photographs, is included at the end of this Outpost but I would like to add a special thank you to Des Howse, his wife Trish, my wife Linda and members of the committee who all excelled themselves in organising the event. Those attending agreed that it was most enjoyable, the decor great and the food excellent.
Before I close, in what is the Natal Region’s last edition for 2011, I would like to wish all of our members and those of other branches and their loved ones, although rather early, sincere greetings for the coming festive season and best wishes for a really great 2012. Until next year!

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

Kachemu has obviously seen that famous painting of Oliver Cromwell with the infant son of King Charles...... (td.)

BSAP WORLD NOMINAL ROLL

Over the course of the last nine Natal Outposts we have published details of members known to be, or believed to be, resident in Natal, Mashonaland and Queensland, Australia.

I have indicated an intention to cover as many parts of the world as possible in the ‘limited’ period of time we have to do this. The pattern of this intent is ‘ad hoc’, so, thanks to Will Cornell in the USA, we feature hereunder 37 of those former colleagues believed to be current residents of Canada. Please keep in mind neither USA nor Canada have branches of the Association so where former members of the Force are actually ‘paid up’ they will appear on a registered Nominal Roll elsewhere, probably the UK.

I smile because I don’t know what the hell is going on.
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New members welcomed in Natal so far this year -

Feb : 6805 Phil Graham  
Mar : WP 169/424 Pauline Clarke  
Apr : 6000 Peter Finch  
May : 111166 Rob Kempen; 7110 Ed Bird; 9433 James Macmillan; 9992 Christopher Digges; 8194 Richard Wentzel;  
Jun : 7667 Peter Waddleton  
Aug : 5344 Ian Duncan; 8997 Andrew Fiddler; WPO 230 Josephine Fiddler (nee Brophy); 7522 Steve Worrall-Clare; 6133/9525 Peter van Rensburg  

Total : 14

A rare photograph of the 1940 Tour de France.

Out of my mind. Back in five minutes.

This page sponsored by 8194 Rick Wentzel
Our oldest known member of the Association is Neal Arden (formerly 3004 Arthur Neal Alston,) who served from 30 March 1928 to 2 April 1930. He ‘weighs in’ at 101 years, born 27 Dec 1909, and is currently residing with his wife Julia in Huntingdonshire, England.

Thanks to Barry Henson and his wife Jeannie, who visited our distinguished member and not only took photos but provided the following information -

“It seems the change of name from Alston to Arden was to satisfy a stage name.

Neal and Julie have been married for some 50 years, being the second marriage for both. He is quite fit (for 101) but has considerable problems remembering things. He is also fairly deaf and misses quite a lot of what is said. From the point of view of what he has done in the past 85 years, some six years ago he wrote/published his biography, "A Man of Many Parts". This book is available in ebook format, details of which are available at www.authorsonline.co.uk. I found it difficult to get any info out of him as he could remember virtually nothing. However the biography is very detailed.”

Although Neal’s biography was written some 6 years ago the following, taken from the fly leaf, tells us a lot about our eldest member -

'From the moment of leaving school at 16 to learn spectacle making, Neal Arden has truly been 'a man of many parts'. After service in the British South Africa Mounted Police in Rhodesia, he was accepted to study drama at RADA, which led to a long and varied career in theatre, film, radio and television.

He has appeared with many of the greats of their day from Richard Tauber, Leslie Henson, Trevor Howard and Dulcie Grey to Roger Moore, Harry Secombe, Prunella Scales, Donald Sinden and Doris Day. He played roles in many of the great classic TV series such as Maigret,
Ivanhoe, Z Cars, Randall and Hopkirk, Dixon of Dock Green, The Persuaders and I Claudius.

Arguably he is best known for being a founder presenter of BBC radio’s ‘Housewives Choice’, which he continued to host for 20 years. During that time he also had his own programme on Sunday nights, namely ‘Quiet Rhythm’ which ran in series for the same length of time.

He has written plays performed by stars such as Arnold Ridley and Robert Morley and composed over 40 songs recorded by various artists including Petula Clark, Cleo Lane, Russ Conway and Paul Hazel.

Neal has also worked tirelessly for charity during his career.............

Closer to home we proudly feature our own ‘mature’ member, Oupa Bill Crabtree. Here’s a little ‘something’ not known to many of our members –

There is a place in the Ambers

Where fine fellows meet

It’s cosy and friendly At the end of the street

It’s carefully hidden And cannot be seen

But some people think

It’s the local Shabeen

But wait you fine fellows It must be a shame

For a watering hole To not have a name

What shall we call it

With it’s splendor and charms

I’m sure you have guessed

It’s the "Ole Crabtree Arms"
A TRULY REMARKABLE PERSON

In our last issue of this Outpost we reported, under “The Last Parade – Sequel”, the fact that 9207 Garth Long, marching in the front row of the parade, is completely blind. Since then more remarkable information has followed.

During exchange of e-mails I have discovered that Garth is obviously not only completely at ease talking about his disability but his knowledge and expertise with the computer leaves many of us ‘standing’.

Being amazed that he had told us his story so professionally I, with tongue-in-cheek, asked him how did he manage it – did he perhaps have a gorgeous blond sitting next to him, taking dictation?!

His response – “I should be the one apologising to you. I have been blind so long that I honestly have forgotten the fine art of communicating. I guess, I have got so used to my role with 4 senses ... that eye-sight is no longer a huge must.

I am a total blindie. I received a blast in my face and as a result my eyes were irreparably damaged. So I see with my eyes like ... you see with your knees.

However, I always rely on my great sense of visual recall. For instance, it was quite easy for me to go see the movie ‘The King’s Speech’. I had no difficulty following the dialogue. Yet, the movie of past decades in the 90s ... the ‘Matrix’ was too visual for me to even try follow.

My Screen Reader does two main things for me. It allows me to hybridise the computer which is a sighted toy/aid. It also allows me to have some ‘tactile’ connection to my work. Why?

Well, I can type (thanks to Anne Lovell!) and stay abreast of my mail, notes or figures using the various Microsoft suites. Yet, it does not give me any feedback on the images I receive. I normally work them out from the context. If they are in a Power Point Presentation then they would normally have foot notes ... which I can glean through my controls. I do not use a ‘mouse’ but I use my key board to do the necessary.
I literally have tons of commands which vary on the suite I am using. For instance, my ‘say all ‘ command does not work in MS Excel. I then have to navigate by ‘Row’ and ‘Column’.

I used to be a good braillist. Yet, my time to read brail has diminished. I now read all my books on Daise format or MP3? I rely heavily on typing and brail for my spelling and ... new words. Especially if they are big ... like “marmalade”.

I have a scanner on my desk at work. So any item of mail which is not electronic is sent through my scanner. This is like a fax machine but I dump that data on to a word document and then ... read it with my Screen Reader.

I also have a Brail Controller which is linked to my computer.

So I can give a sighted presentation in ‘Brail’ to my sighted colleagues or clients on ‘Power Point’ and I will know what the slides are all about. They just sit there and feel sorry for me that I do not sing or am able to make music like Stevie Wonder!

In many ways its like flying a Jumbo (747) and an Air Bus. They both fly ... but use different commands.

I know there are huge steps in the Sci/Fact area for spectacles which a blind person can wear. But ... I am a total and I would need some type of artificial vision. I know folk who have light perception but are still technically blind according to the definition and they may benefit.
Blind skills are like any other skill. Some are good at ‘this’ and others at ‘that’. I am okayAlright on the computer but ... I would not be as good as a kid who was schooled at a blind school and was born blind. He would be a congenital blind and I would be a traumatically blinded person.

Yet, one thing is for certain. People are our main resource. So I believe it is how you cope with people on a daily basis that impacts on your disability.

We are all so inter-dependant that it is quite scary. I do not mind being called blind, handicapped, or even visually disabled? It’s not the words it is the spirit behind the words.

I guess in a nutshell we are all differently abled 24-7, 365 and ... we have to accept that and adjust to our own personal limitations.

Yet, my blindness has given me a new lease on what would have been a very normal ... but probably boring life!

So I hope this has helped?

And, how do you like Zagger, my GSD guide dog? Nice hey?"

In case you haven’t worked out how Garth spends his time –he sells Software to the South African market; he is a self-styled Network Security Boffin; he has a large ‘Channel Account with Managers’ (I’m too embarrassed to ask him exactly what that means!) and a number of serious partners and re-sellers.
“It’s my job to harness this potential and to lever their support in my sale. I contact the Client and give him the spiel. Then ... I use my CAM to shake hands and do the technical and the support bit. It’s not too dissimilar to selling in a Multi Level Format.

I use my voice or Screen Reader all day. I often have spread sheets with my Customer Data Base that are 40-60 pages long. Yet, I know how to manipulate the data for my own use.........”

And in a subsequent e-mail from Garth – “There are two points I would like to emphasise.

I have taken my time to go back to my first love ... The BSA Police. Why? Well, I had to remould and re invent a new life.

I was introduced to St Dunstans for the Blind in the UK. I did my rehab with them and being technically a Policeman under the Crown (UDI not recognised!) I got the full treatment.

So when I moved to Ireland in March, 2007, after a matrimonial issue I re- acquainted myself with St Dunstans and the BSA Police once again.

I believe I have been most fortunate to have two strong resources to fall back on.

One ... being my close family and twin brother, Stirling and ... secondly ... all the role models and good leadership in the BSA Police and the Champions I met at St Dunstans.

So it’s a great thrill to be able to report back after 34 years ... things are still on track!

Thank you so very much. I am very flattered to make it in your magazine and I wish all your Readers the very best in all their lives and special endeavours.

Warm and very personal regards.”

Garth Long.

“..................... I have the highest admiration for the way he (Garth) has lived his life since his tragic wounding. Really an example for us all.”

5498 Raoul Gilbert

And so say all of us !!

This page is sponsored by 5661 Trevor Wilson
The first part of Dick Hamley’s article on the BSAP Band was published in the Natal Outpost of June 2011 (87th edition) and we now feature the second and final part of his interesting narrative –

Superintendent Sparks retired as Director of Music in November 1965 and was succeeded in that role by Chief Inspector K.W. Barnfield, who retained the title of Bandmaster and the command and control of the sixty-five or more attested musicians.

Another former Royal Marine – Assistant Bandmaster, Inspector (T) A.M (Snowy) White - also a graduate of the Royal Naval School of Music, joined the band in January 1966. White had seen extensive service afloat with the Royal Marines during World War II and later served in the Coldstream Guards. Snowy White was a brilliant pianist of the highest concert platform standard. He served in the BSAP until January 1973, when he resigned to take over as bandmaster of the Rhodesian Prison Service Band. Derek Tasker came to the Police Band in March 1967 through agency of the Government Unemployment Relief Scheme. He had made a number of applications to join the band previously, but a lack of musical qualification and military band experience
had proved a barrier. Inspector Jefferson, no doubt admiring the man's determination and perseverance, took it upon himself to guide and assist Tasker into obtaining an L.R.S.M (Performance) qualification. This done, he applied himself assiduously to advancement into the role of Bandmaster and in achieving, this, he must be regarded as having been eminently successful.

Tasker was not the first Trainee Bandmaster. In August 1949, No 4457 George King was attested into the band with the rank of Sergeant. While little is known of Sergeant King, his military and musical qualifications must have proved adequate, because he transferred directly to the Northern Rhodesia Police Band on 26 January 1952.

No 5373 Alfred Jones attested into the Duty Uniform Branch of the B.S.A.Police in July 1955. Already an accomplished cornet and trumpet player with English North Country Brass Bands, Alf had naturally gravitated to the B.S.A. Police Band. Here he became a protégé of Ken Barnfield and advanced to the rank of Staff Sergeant (Technician). Although he appeared somewhat physically frail and to a degree 'height challenged', he was not lacking in determination and drive. With Barnfield's influence and the respect with which the latter was held in the world of military music, it was arranged that Alf should go to the Coldstream Guards where, under the patronage of Trevor Sharpe (their Bandmaster), he would progress to Knellar Hall. Alf, therefore, left the Force 'at own request' in November, 1959. He served the necessary time with Guards and went on to obtain his degree qualification. Sadly, the onset of diabetes ended his military career. Married, he emigrated to Canada where he was to become Professor of Music at the University of Regina in Saskatchewan. Alf Jones died of cancer on 17th September 1999.

Chief Inspector (T) Ken Barnfield, Bandmaster extraordinary, retired in June 1970, handing over the baton to Inspector D. Tasker who, notwithstanding an initial lack military- musical qualification, was later to assume the title of Director of Music. Before he retired in 1970, Bandmaster Barnfield had arranged the recruitment from the Coldstream Guards of a very accomplished trombone player: John Davies. Attested into the B.S.A.P on 10 August 1970 as No 8497,

1 On retirement from the BSA Police, Ken Barnfield was to form the Band of the Rhodesian Prison Service and became its first Bandmaster.

This page is sponsored by 5661 Trevor Wilson
John immediately transferred to the Band as a Section Officer (Technician) and Assistant Bandmaster. Here for a period of three years he made a significant contribution to the band’s brass section and its drill accomplishments. He left the Force ‘at own request’ on 9 August 1973, to fashion an illustrious career in orchestral music in South Africa.

When Inspector (T) White retired in January 1973, to be followed by Section Officer (T) Davies the following August, Derek Tasker was left to run the band on his own. This was an almost impossible task that was ameliorated only by the fact and presence of some very competent senior bandsmen.

In such potentially dire circumstances the ‘powers that were’ rushed to fill the gap; first with the appointment Brian Hallett in October 1973, and then with No 5806 Section Officer Steve Barry a month later. With the appointment of Inspector (T) B.E. Hallett as an Instructing Percussionist, the influence of the Royal Marines upon the musicality and parade performance of the B.S.A. Police Band was considerable. Steve Barry, a Duty Uniform Branch Section Officer, applied for the transfer basing his credentials on some 20 years practical experience with brass and percussion instruments with the Salisbury City Band and Municipal Orchestras.

Regrettably, Brian Hallet was required to leave the Police Service in January 1979.

Steve Barry was promoted to Inspector (T) in July 1980. He was to serve until May 1981 when, learning of the retirement of the Prison’s Director of Music, (former Inspector (T) White.) he left the B.S.A.P to take up the vacant appointment in the Prisons Department.

The writer had the privilege of designing a new uniform for the band that was issued in December 1977. The pattern for this coming from that of an old ‘Red-Coat’ uniform worn by the 1st City of London Regiment, Royal Fusiliers in 1890. The coat was faced throughout with half-inch gold chevron lace and the whole set off to advantage by high-gloss regimental badges. A distinctive ceremonial uniform for the Director of Music, also designed by the writer, was issued to complement the new uniform worn by bandsmen. This was based upon the frock worn currently by the Director of Music of the Coldstream Guards.
No essay on the Band of the British South Africa Police would be complete without reference to the Regiment’s unique regimental march:

*Kum-A-Kye*, a local adaptation of a folk song from the American West, was accepted as the Regimental March of the BSAP on 5 July 1941. Prior to this Police units had marched on and off parade to the tune of ‘The British Grenadiers’. The march ‘Rhodesians Bold’, composed after the Mashona rebellion by Charles Warren Day to honour the policemen of that time was, from August 1970, adopted as the Quick March of the Force, to follow immediately after *Kum-A-Kye*.

Concluding, it may fairly be claimed that notwithstanding the presence of other fine military band organisations in the country, it was the Regimental Band of the British South Africa Police that led the parade and fully earned the title of the National Band of Rhodesia.

Richard Hamley

March 2011

We are once again indebted to Dick Hamley for his first class contributions to the Natal Outpost and look forward to publishing his next feature – “A Tribute to Ken Barnfield”.

ANTARCTICA AND THE BSAP

We now find we have a third member of the Force who has visited Antarctica – 5316 Kerry Hoadley, now living in Australia (from where he edits the Australian Outpost), went there in 1999 and his story appears below.

So far only one former member of the BSAP, 8980 Duncan “Porky” Paul, seems to have actually reached the South Pole and his story featured in our last Outpost.

So, the line up, in date order, for this privileged ‘BSAP Antarctica’ few -

Kerry Hoadley
Feb 1999

Hilary Squires
Jan 2009

Duncan Paul
Dec 2010

Kerry’s account, featured in an earlier edition of the Aussie Outpost -

“The four of us neared the top of the steep rocky hill, hoping for a better view of our ship moored among the icebergs in the bay below. We were very aware of the skua circling menacingly overhead, fully expecting it to swoop on us for the second time. Unwittingly, we had ventured a little too close to its nest and it was about to register its annoyance again. This was our second day in Antarctica; we were on Danco Island in the Errera Channel and had come ashore to see the large rookery of Gentoo penguins which nest there every year.

What was I doing in Antarctica? I suppose this great wilderness has fascinated me for many years and I had always hoped that, one day, I would get the opportunity to see it first hand. Shortly after my (second) retirement, I ‘bit the bullet’ and booked a trip with Aurora Expeditions, a Sydney based travel firm who specialises in journeys to this region. They run several trips each year leaving from the little port of Ushuaia on the island of Tierra del Fuego, at the southerly tip of Argentina.
The trip I chose was advertised for “Climbers and Photographers” and was specially designed to give travellers as much time on shore as possible. Aurora pointed out that you didn’t really have to be either of these, which was just as well as I am not a climber in the true sense of the word and my photographic skills are fairly average.

**South America**

In February 1999, armed with a pocket full of pesos and my wife’s blessing, I boarded a Qantas Jumbo in Sydney and headed for Buenos Aires where I would spend a week before going down to Ushuaia. Buenos Aires is a fascinating city indeed; highly sophisticated, it boasts countless eateries, maniacal drivers, and the friendliest locals you will ever encounter. I made the obligatory excursion to Iguazu Falls which actually turned out to be one of the highlights of my trip. To my mind, their beauty even eclipses that of the Victoria Falls.

Arriving at Ushuaia, I linked up with the rest of the group and we boarded our ship, “Professor Molchanov”, which would take us across the Drake Passage to the coldest, highest and driest continent on earth. There were 53 passengers plus the ship’s Russian crew of 19 and five Aurora expedition staff. We were mostly Australians with a sprinkling from South Africa, UK, Canada and US. The Aurora team was a rare breed of adventurers with most impressive credentials. Greg Mortimer, our unassuming expedition leader, has made numerous visits to Antarctica and is one of the world’s top mountaineers, having climbed Everest, K2 and most of the other major peaks. The ship herself was quite small, being 70 metres in length and a displacement of only 2,100 tonnes. Constructed in Finland and specially ice strengthened, she was originally used as a research vessel by Russia. The cabins were modest but comfortable with two bunk beds and an adjoining shower and toilet.

**All Aboard**

We set sail in the late afternoon and followed the beautiful Beagle Channel for about six hours to reach the open sea. There was a general air of excitement on board as we dropped off our pilot and headed into the vast Southern Ocean, not far from the infamous Cape Horn.

During the first night there was a significant deterioration in the weather and most of the group experienced seasickness to some extent. My only concern was trying to avoid being “launched” feet first from the top bunk by the roll of the ship!

By early morning we were battling a force 8 gale and Molchanov was rolling and pitching quite badly. Standing on the bridge, we could see the giant waves crashing over the bow, sometimes smashing into the bridge itself. Several wandering albatrosses followed the ship, completely unperturbed by the elements. These graceful birds, whose wingspans exceed three metres, seemed in their element, gliding above the ship and occasionally swooping down to the waves.

Towards the end of the day the gale had lost some of its fury much to the relief of all on board. One by one, passengers emerged from the sanctuary of their cabins as they recovered from the effects of the wild seas of the Drake Passage. The bridge was the most popular and comfortable vantage-point, but Molchanov’s other public areas were popular and well equipped. There was a well-stocked, well-priced bar/lounge and twin dining rooms nearby – the food was excellent. Outside, the open top deck provided an excellent but rather chilly viewing platform. Two days after leaving port we reached Smith Island in the South Shetlands where we had hoped to make our first landing. However, there was still quite a swell and it was getting rather late so we pressed on down the coast.

*This page is sponsored by 5661 Trevor Wilson*
**Landfall**

We reached Charlotte Bay in the Gerlache Straight early next morning and were relieved to find the sea almost flat. *Molchanov* was anchored in a fairyland of sea ice and small icebergs which displayed unbelievable shades of blue. A glance to shore revealed the real beauty of this continent with rolling snow-covered slopes and a backdrop of white, rugged mountains. In the distance, huge glaciers reached down to the water’s edge to reveal sheer faces of ancient ice. The weather was gradually improving; the sea and air temperatures hovering around zero most of the time.

*Molchanov* carried five Zodiacs (inflatables) to ferry us to and from shore. Wearing thermal clothing and life jackets, we headed for our first rocky landing site on Portal Point. Once on shore, we worked our way up the hill through knee-deep, pristine snow where we were treated to an astonishing view of the entire bay and *Molchanov* at anchor in a sea of ice. Our return trip to the landing point was accomplished in record time (sliding most of the way down on our backsides!).

Back on board, we continued heading south, making at least two trips to shore every day regardless of the weather. Each place was uniquely different. Fur seals and countless penguins, whose chicks were rapidly reaching adulthood and busy with their pre-winter moult, would welcome us on shore. Skuas, the “vultures” of this icy region, patrolled the skies searching for “casualties”, usually defenceless chicks.

Each day brought many surprises and memorable moments. Between landings, we travelled past stunning scenery and through magnificent channels. We watched leopard seals frolicking in quiet bays and witnessed dozens of Minke whales heading north to new feeding grounds through the beautiful Lemaire Channel. We walked on an iceberg and were impressed at the sheer size of the larger ones, especially as we neared the Circle.

**Vernadski**

Our itinerary included a visit to the Ukrainian station of Vernadski which is famous for two activities. The first is monitoring the ozone layer and the second (of equal importance?) is brewing highly potent vodka! Visitors are encouraged to look around their research facilities before being escorted to the cozy bar and recreation area. Here you can get a very generous glass of vodka for a dollar – not a bad drop but it can have disastrous results as several members of our group discovered. (No, I was not one of the younger crowd who displayed far more than their bravados by plunging *starkers* into the icy sea outside the pub!)

**Port Lockroy and Prospect Point**

We visited Port Lockroy, an old British research station, which is now used as a post office during the summer months and manned by two volunteers from the British Antarctic Heritage Society. Mail posted there is taken by passing supply ships to the Falklands and then flown to UK for final dispatch; a slow but rather novel service. Arriving there is quite bizarre as you are forced to weave your way through several hundred Gentoo penguins that use Port Lockroy as their breeding ground each year.

*This page is sponsored by 5661 Trevor Wilson*
and gone home. Inside, there were still some provisions including tins of butter and cooking ingredients. Outside, old dog sleds were piled high a short distance away. What was it really like, we wondered, to endure such a place in the freezing depths of winter when the sun disappears for months on end?

**Highlights**

There were so many unforgettable experiences. Perhaps the first was in the aptly named Paradise Bay, where several pods of humpback whales were spotted from the bridge. Within minutes, we were in the Zodiaks and in hot pursuit. We soon found ourselves within a few metres of these magnificent 35 tonne creatures which seemed totally unconcerned by our presence. Periodically they would dive, lifting their huge fluked tails high in the air before disappearing below the surface, only to reappear a short distance away. When they “blew” we could feel the moisture from the spray as they exhaled huge volumes of air from their massive lungs. We stayed with them for well over an hour before returning to the ship in the failing light.

Deception Island in the South Shetlands is arguably the most interesting place we visited. As a result of past volcanic activity, its centre is now connected to the sea to form an internal “lake” some five kilometres in length. Ships enter through “Neptune’s Bellows” to reach the interior where an old whaling station still stands. We came ashore on the black lava beach at Bailey Head where hundreds of young male fur seals had taken up residence. Unlike penguins, they seemed to resent our intrusion and occasionally made mock charges, only backing off if we stood our ground, eyed them and ‘barked’ loudly.
The island is also home to the world’s largest rookery of chinstrap penguins, numbering well over a quarter of a million, which cover the hillsides to create an awesome sight. The long trek on their stumpy legs to and from shore seems of little consequence to them.

Deception still experiences volcanic activity, the last being in 1969 when a major eruption wiped out the British and Chilean stations at Pendulum Cove. Here, there is a narrow stretch of beach a few feet wide which gets pleasantly warm from thermal activity and is probably the only place on the continent to swim in relative comfort. The weather was unusually warm and sunny as our zodiacs approached the beach through swirling steam. Swimming was an absolute joy as we splashed around in the warm water like a bunch of kids on their first visit to the seaside! The magic of the moment was occasionally tarnished when the odd ‘rogue’ wave deluged us with near freezing water.

*Molchanov* continued to the snow-covered and exquisitely beautiful Livingstone Island. It is home to a large number of the elephant seals which, as their name suggests, are huge with the males weighing up to four tonnes. These docile animals laze on the beach all day, mostly sleeping but sometimes uttering the occasional grunt or burp. No, they are not God’s most attractive creatures but are nevertheless very interesting to observe particularly in the sea where they are such powerful and graceful swimmers.

The island has an abundance of Gentoos and is a haven for thousands of seabirds which nest on the rocky cliffs.

**Homeward Bound**

Sadly, the time arrived to prepare for our two-day trip back to Ushuaia. That evening we had a barbecue on the rear-deck which I found quite a chilly experience inspite of wearing thermal underwear! As we left the protection of the South Shetlands, the seas were again a little rough but nothing like those we had experienced a couple of weeks earlier.

We arrived in Ushuaia in the early morning and were greeted by a superb sunrise, a fitting end to our journey. That quaint little city at the end of the world was beginning to stir as *Molchanov* came to rest alongside the quay. All too soon it was time for final farewells before we headed off in our different directions. Although we started out as 53 individuals, we finished as firm friends. I was to spend a week in southern Patagonia, some were going to other destinations but most were returning home.

Together, we had travelled far in the good ship *Molchanov* and seen many sights during the two-week voyage. Our wildlife tally was impressive: 68 Minke whales, 44 Humpbacks, countless Gentoos, Adelie and Chinstrap penguins, hundreds of seals of various types and regular sightings of albatrosses, terns, petrels, skuas and other birds of the region. Our climbers were the first ever to reach the summit of Humpback Peak. We had only penetrated
the fringe of the continent, had seen so much but could not help wondering what lay beyond. We knew there would be dramatic changes within a month or two; the sea would start to freeze, stranding the many icebergs until next season’s thaw. The whales, seals and penguins would head north to avoid the deprivations of winter. Days would shorten until there was no sun. Yes, Antarctica is a very special place that far exceeded my expectations. I felt very privileged to have visited the most amazing wilderness on earth.

*I bet Kerry would have reached the South Pole at a younger age!*........(td.)

**GUYS IN OTHER PARTS**

In previous issues we have featured the “Girls of Natal”; then “Women Police” (across our border); followed by “Guys of Natal”. So, for another change, we report on “Guys from Other Parts” –

**England**

7463 Michael Paul ‘Mike’ Loftus

I left the Force in 1980 and joined the SAP in Pretoria. I was approached some months later to join the South African Defence Force and left in 1985. Joined Mobil Oil in Johannesburg but became disillusioned with the corporate scenario. I was fortunate to join a small transport company as a Manager to manage a contract to a blue chip company. We were taken over by the Imperial Group in 1985. I was invited to remain and expand the dedicated and contract fleet side of the business. In 1989 I was made a Director of Imperial Truck Systems and my responsibility was the Coastal Region. I was promoted to National Operations Manager based in Johannesburg and in 2001 was offered and I accepted early retirement at 55 years. Barbara and I relocated to our home in Cape Town, before returning to the UK for family reasons. We were initially in Southampton and again I was fortunate to join an International company where travel was involved. My grandson was born in 2008 in England and now my daughter is expecting our grand daughter in September in Cape Town. We aim to settle in our home in the Cape when we are tired of travelling.
4840 Michael John Purslow

In 1955 when my three years were up I signed on again but immediately gave three months notice, as I did not want to come back to UK in a January! I returned to Rhodesia a few months later to join the Insurance Broker who I had worked for in London when leaving school. The Company had branches in Salisbury and Bulawayo. I worked for them until I left Rhodesia in a Branch in that city. Fortunately, in retrospect, the deal fell through as I would have found myself in Iran during the fall of the Shah. Our sponsor there was arrested and was never seen again!

In the event I was sent to Dubai to open a Branch there and then I opened a Branch in Muscat, Oman. I retired when in Dubai in January 1993 and returned to England where I have lived ever since.

Ireland

5295 Richard James ‘Dick’ Molloy

I was fortunate when we came back to Ireland, on 1st Jan 1965, to get a position in Cork, with the National Road Safety Association, and stayed with them until I retired. It was attached to the Department of Local Government, and eventually as an Area Officer (there were four of us in Ireland) we were responsible for Road, Fire, and Water Safety. It meant that I travelled a lot and was away from home three or four nights a week. We visited all the schools, primary and secondary in our areas, and established liaison officers in the local Councils who dealt with matters at local level. The hard work did not faze me, as I had been used to being on call twenty-four a day, seven days a week. Reports were required on a weekly basis and again Police training meant this was no burden, as the keeping of a daily diary again ensured the Saturday write-up presented no problem. Bernie returned to teaching on our return and retired as Principal of a School in Cork. On her retirement we sold our house in Cork and returned to Waterford, where we both came from and are now fully retired.
I get very emotional when I play the record of the Police Band, so I retire to the room where I keep my computer and play it over the speakers of the PC. I still look back with great joy and happiness on the time I spent in Rhodesia.

Our youngest son Daragh surprised us and decided to join the Gardai here, he is a Sergeant in the Traffic Corps. Healthwise our main concern is for our daughter, Siobhan, who is currently undergoing treatment for breast cancer. For my part I am awaiting a knee replacement op. Fortunately Bernie keeps well!

**North America**

**6388 William Malcolm ‘Will” Cornell**

When I left the force in 1972 I started work at Viking Finance in Throgmorton House. I had met the management team at Viking during my time on Fraud Section from 67-70. The offices were on the sixth floor and I thought it might be a good idea to walk up. I did and it nearly killed me the first two/three days but then I got used to it. I was Collections Manager then took over as Office Manager when John Heycock, a friend from Uniform Branch, joined us in March 1973. In mid 1974 was transferred to the Bulawayo Office as Asst. Branch Manager reporting to Ian Waggott, who also had been in the force from 63-70.

In Dec. 1972 of course, the ‘war’ started in earnest and I knew that I had better join a reserve unit of my choice or I would be in the sticks somewhere if I waited to be chosen! As my father-in-law, Bob Peace, who was Chairman of the Salisbury Branch of SAAFA, had served in the SA Airforce during WWII, I decided to apply to the VR and ended up serving with Ian Smith's stepson, Rob, in 7 Sdqhn VR, Ops and Int. (Of course you knew that, hey?)

I was kitted out with both dress and camo uniforms and passed the exams to Reserve Sgt. fairly quickly. I was an Acting Sgt. when Pat Keyser called and informed me about the establishment of an SB reserve. Although I was very tempted to join that group, I felt that I had made a commitment to the VR and that I should remain there, which is what I did. I did call ups at Centenary (and was the forward airfield radio operator when the Canberra exploded on a bombing run on April 4, 1974, killing Air Sub Lieutenants Goddard and Airey) and Kariba. One of my tasks at Kariba Forward Airfield was when it was dark and an aircraft wanted to land or take over I had to patrol the runway to see there were no elephants on it! What I would have done had there been any I have no idea now.

*This page is sponsored by 6578 Ken MacKay*
In 1975 I moved to work for a Standard Bank subsidiary company, Standard Bank Factors and after being a BDO in Cape Town for 18 months, I eventually became Factoring Manager in Johannesburg. Cape Town is the most beautiful city I have visited.

In 1980 the family ended up in the USA and I became an Account Executive at Crocker National Bank in Los Angeles in the Commercial Loan Workout area. I retired from Wells Fargo Bank (which bought Crocker from the UK’s Midland Bank in 1987) in 2004 after working for 46 years. I now volunteer with the local Police Dept and put in between 20-40 hours a month doing a variety of duties. I also am an active member of Kiwanis (look it up on the net!!) and attend a senior group at Cal State Fullerton called OLLI (look it up on the net). I play tennis on Fridays and we like to travel. I’m lucky to have my three daughters and 10 grandchildren all fairly close by.

*Not everyone possesses a wheelbarrow! I’m surprised the back tyre is merely only just flat....*(td.)

**You’re just jealous because the voices only talk to me**

*This page is sponsored by 6578 Ken MacKay*
4586 Gilbert Samuel (Bert) Selley died of cancer in Dundee, Scotland, on 13 June 2009. He served from 16 Mar 1950 to 15 Mar 1953, leaving as a Constable.

PR 26063 Norman Livingstone Heslip died on 18 March 2010 in Johannesburg, following a heart attack. (No further service details available).

8572 John William Fey died on 31 March 2011, at Swartberg, South Africa. John served from January 1971 to December 1975, leaving in the rank of Patrol Officer. He served with the Support Unit.

6064 Rory Campbell Wardlaw Milne died on 24 April 2011 in London, UK. He served from August 1959 to August 1962, leaving as a Constable.

8511 Gerald Douglas ‘Ged’ Alderson died on 30 May 2011 in London, UK, following an operation on his knee.

8194 Rick Wentzel has written a special Tribute for his friend -

“Ged joined the BSAP in July 1970, and served until September 1980. He left at his own request, with the rank of Detective Section Officer. On completion of his basic training Ged was a member of the BSAP Display Team. All of Ged’s service was in Matabeleland, where he enjoyed postings at a number of the district stations within the Province, including a stint in the Wankie Ground Coverage Team. Thereafter he was transferred to Bulawayo Special Branch, from where he left the Force on 30 September 1980. He emigrated to South Africa and was successful in the marketing and retail industry.

In 2005 Ged and his family moved to the United Kingdom.

Ged was a gentleman in the true meaning of the word. His ‘peoples touch’ enabled him to have a positive influence on all he encountered. All who knew him personally will be able to recall fond memories, including his quick wit, and sense of humour. Those of us fortunate enough to have him as a friend know he enriched our lives.

Being an avid sportsman he completed several Comrades Marathons, Dusi Canoe Races, and Midmar Miles.

In accordance with the BSAP motto (Pro Rege, Pro Lege, Pro Patria), Ged had his personal adage – For Family, For Friends, For Integrity – which he lived by.

May Ged now be on the Zambezi River (Deka, Msuna, Mlibizi) catching tiger.”

This page sponsored by 8194 Rick Wentzel “In memory of ‘Ged’@’Stavros’ Alderson”
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9463 Clive Richard Boddy died on 5 June 2011 in Harare, Zimbabwe. He served initially as a National Serviceman and then joined as a Regular from July 1974 until December 1979, leaving as a Patrol Officer.

4016 Eric Donald Jones died on 15 June 2011 in Brisbane, Australia. He joined in April 1946 (part of the Alcantara draft), retiring in June 1966 in the rank of Superintendent.


9890 Richard William Douglas died on 22 June 2011 in Komatiepoort, South Africa. He joined in January 1977 and left the ZRP in August 1982, as a Section Officer.

PR 16707 Milton McGarrick, one of our Mature Members, at the age of 97 years, died on 3 July 2011, at the Highermead Home in Camelford, Cornwall. The cause of death was vascular dementure. He had suffered a fall at his home in Bodmin in June 2010 and had been hospitalised until his passing.

5197 Michael John Peter ‘Mac’ McGuiness died on 6 July 2011 in a Pretoria hospital as the result of a vicious head injury sustained earlier when attacked at his home. His assailant was obviously known to Mac and apparently waited at the scene until arrested by the police. Mac served from January 1954 to April 1980, when he retired as a Chief Superintendent.

10472 Peter Hercules Palmer died on 10 July 2011 in St Anne’s Hospital, Harare. He served from March 1978 to July 1981, retiring as a Patrol Officer.

This page sponsored by 8157 Barry Woan “In memory of all in the BSAP who gave up their lives for what they believed was right.”
4521 Phillip ‘Phil’ Gordon Mingard died on 31 July 2011 in Pietermaritzburg. Phil joined the force on the 13 December 1949 retiring as Assistant Commissioner on the 31st August 1976 as Senior Staff Officer Administration PGHQ. Phil was instrumental in the formation of the Natal Midlands Branch of the Association in 2000, and served as the first Chairman of the branch up until 2008 when he decided to take early retirement.


Greg McManus died on 24 August 2011 in Auckland, New Zealand. Although not a former member of the BSA Police (he was in fact a member of the Northern Rhodesia Police) he served for many years as Honorary Secretary & Treasurer of the New Zealand Branch, of which he was an Associate member.

110627 Stephen Cavanagh died in Durban on Friday 9th September 2011 after a short illness. The cause of death is not known. He served from Aug 1978 to May 1981, leaving as a Patrol Officer.

4808 Donald Hugh ‘Don’ Russell died on 22 September 2011 in hospital in Portimao, Portugal. He served from 5 Nov 1951 to 5 July 1981, retiring as an Assistant Commissioner.

This page is sponsored by a member who wishes to remain anonymous but gives her sincere condolences to the recently bereaved.
NATAL PROFILE : 6283 Henry Alfred 'Nobby' Clark – Part 2

(Continuing from the first part of Nobby’s profile, featured in the June 2011 edition of the Natal Outpost........)

Natascha and I were married on May 1, 1970, which was declared a public holiday - Workers Day! My father and Dennis Marshall, my best-man had had a party of their own long before speech time and what was said is best not repeated!

For much of the early 60’s the Salisbury Police soccer team was the best (white) league side in the country and in 1964, we were top in all three leagues.
Much of this success is attributed to some very fine players, who had come out from the UK. I captained the team for several years; a team that included Ken Mitchell, P, Brunnock, M, Lovell, Alan Davey, Rick Hardy, Don Scarff, Brunskell, Andy Mathews, Colin Bungay, Mike Plant, Bill Merritt, Barry Houston, Chris Eyre, Pat Kelly, Terry Young, Peter Lane, Keith Samler, Errol Worton, Jim Blain, Peter Coombes and Keith Nortje. Of those named, perhaps only four of us were born in Africa. I and three other BSAP members of this group were selected to represent Rhodesia and played against a South African Invitation team. Multi-racial soccer came about in the mid-60’s and again the BSAP had a very fine team in the first league. The first full multi-racial National soccer side came about in 1965 and whilst I was chosen to be part of the squad, I was on the bench for the match against a visiting team from the UK. One could write many stories about incidents that took place on and off the sporting field, but enough said on this topic.

Having been moved to Special Branch in 1963, I was to spend most of the remaining years of my service in this unit. After Railway Avenue I had fairly short stints at Salisbury Airport, Kariba and Chirundu. The work in each area was fascinating. At the airport, we monitored the movement of ‘suspects’ and occasionally acted as Immigration and/or Customs Officer.

On 11 November 1965, I was sent to Kariba.

It was hard to get serious about life there. The ‘enemy’, being British troops posted on the Zambia side had little in the way of booze as there were no shops on the other side, so occasionally we delivered to them; and after a shared beer and some humour, returned to such a ‘hard life’ on the South bank. My accommodation consisted of a thatch roof held by four poles, about three metres square and a mosquito net. The state secrets were kept under my pillow. I was supposed to be there for one month, but a magnificent six months later I returned to Salisbury.

Incidents of terrorism were becoming more frequent. I was aware, from my stints at Kariba and Chirundu, that I was not the most natural bush guy, so I volunteered to go on the bush-craft course that members of the BSAP, SAS and Selous Scouts underwent, under the guidance of Brian Robinson (SAS) and Alan Savory. Although I would never have made the grade as a tracker, no washing or brushing of teeth for 27 days and eating all sorts of ‘bush food’ were no problem for me. Eating raw mice and worms and sucking on mud/slime for moisture was necessary for survival. Many of us who attended these courses, including me, got bilharzia.
In 1967, I was transferred to Special Branch HQ, and wondered what I had done to deserve such a horror posting. “Red Bricks”, as SBHQ was commonly known by, turned out to be wonderful years of my work experience. It was here that internal, external and military intelligence merged.

Whilst not being in a position to disclose much of what went on “behind closed doors”, I can relate some aspects.

Taking part in surveillance teams on training and actual exercises. The techniques of surveillance were practiced on our own members, some of them experts in the field, having been trained in the UK and on actual suspects. One training exercise involved an army officer, who had been provided with a three day remit and alerted that he would be under surveillance. At the end of which he was able to identify only one member of an 11 member team. In another practice exercise, we were following a lady who had also been briefed about her role as part of the training programme. Whilst near a local barber shop, the Italian owner recognized a couple of us as he was a keen soccer follower. He sidled over to us and pleaded to know what was going on. Explanations of practice drills were not accepted. Several blocks away in central Salisbury, we were in a back up vehicle and no guessing who had joined the surveillance team, white barber coat and all, keeping some distance away from the suspect whilst trying to identify other members of the team. Meanwhile, his client was waiting patiently back in his barber shop.

At one stage I had a teaching role in support of the late Ian Waters in the training of surveillance teams. Assisting in the running of these courses revealed a sharp difference between theory and actual practice. Mention of Ian reminds me of his style of coaching me in the art of report writing. I would draft a report and stand at his desk whilst he read it. Without saying a word or asking any questions he would draw a line through the report, retrieve some writing paper from his desk and re-write it. In doing so he would capture exactly what I was trying to say. He would then hand the report back to me for signing by a senior officer; as reports from SBHQ were to go to Government Ministers, other countries etc.

I endured a number of these frustrating experiences until one day it dawned on me that this was his style of coaching, which helped considerably and after a while the reports were submitted with minor alterations only. Ian became a great family friend.
I acted as chauffeur to Lord Goodman during his secret visits to Rhodesia. Louis Trichard was the point where the British Consulate staff, Pretoria, would deliver Lord Goodman to spend the night. At sunrise, my boss, Derek Robinson, and I would take him across the Beit Bridge border. On one occasion, Lord Goodman expressed a wish to go via Bulawayo. He later told the British press how he had been driven through Rhodesia at over 100 miles an hour –otherwise he would have been late for a meeting with Prime Minister Ian Smith.

In 1974, I had the privilege of travelling with the Prime Minister and Mrs. Smith, as their ‘close security officer’ to South Africa. I was taken to his office prior to the trip and in the brief introduction the Prime Minister asked if I was prone to sea sickness.

We flew to Cape Town and stayed at the official residence of President J. Vorster. A few days later, we boarded the Edinburgh Castle and headed towards Durban. Within one hour of boarding, I had to leave the breakfast area and was horribly sea-sick. So, instead of me looking after the Prime Minister, he came to check on my condition on a few occasions and was very supportive. Luckily, President Vorster’s close security officer was also on board.

We had a few anxious moments when in Durban and at the opening of the Pretoria Show. Considering that for most of this two/three week trip our Prime Minister had only 2 close security personnel I remain puzzled as to why I had been chosen for the role.

I was armed, but felt certain that the Prime Minister was more capable with the firearm than I. The trip was, however, most enjoyable (and I didn’t have to shoot anybody!)

Back in Salisbury, Prime Minister Smith suggested that I bring my wife Natascha to his office to meet him. I thought it was a very kind gesture, but believing that he was far too busy for such an interruption I did not do as he
had requested. Some years later, whilst visiting Gwanda, Prime Minister Smith reminded me of his invitation to Natascha. So, on that occasion, he took her to one side and he and she had lunch together.

I still have my “Fiddlers” neck-tie. The Fiddlers consisted of a few SBHQ members and businessmen involved in assisting our sanctions busters in getting around the world. Most of the Fiddlers are still around. I hope you still have your ties guys!

I spent more years at SBHQ than most who served there. My departure came a little unexpectedly. I had obtained information that one could regard as highly classified and I suspected that my transfer could have been linked to the obtained information, but I may be wrong. I was transferred to CID Property Section, Railway Avenue.

One Saturday, shortly after midday, I was a lone detective at the station attending to some paperwork needed for Court on Monday. My hope was to be on the cricket field at 14h00. A uniformed policeman rushed into the office, looking for someone more senior than I. It was the day of the Woolworths Bomb Blast, resulting in the death of nine or ten people and injury to many. I had some difficulty explaining to some senior officers that the incident was real and not a practice drill. The overall re-action to the scene of the crime was good. I had been involved from the start and was instructed by C/Supt. Bill Hobley to maintain a ‘Running Diary’ of the events. A man in a wheel chair, having no legs from above his knees came to the office that night. He examined items that had been recovered from the scene and reported that he had lost his entire family, his wife, son and daughter. There are those who know the follow-up to these events better than I, but if I recall correctly, the bomb had been placed by a woman, whose identity was known and who was assisted in her escape from the country.

On another Saturday, also just after midday, bombs were placed in several red post boxes with potentially severe consequences for anyone nearby. Upon receiving news of the first blast, and again being the lone detective at the station at the time, I rushed to the charge office and appealed to the senior officer that no one be allowed go off duty at shift change time, which was usually around midday. On this occasion there were no casualties and the bombers were caught that evening. My boss, Dave Wright and I played a part in the interrogation of the suspects, who admitted their involvement and were prosecuted soon after.
Nineteen seventy-two was the year that the term ‘mopping up operations’ could no longer be used as the terrorists had now established a firm foot on the soil of Rhodesia. The stints to ‘The Front’ or ‘Sharp End’ meaning places like Mount Darwin, became regular calls for duty.

On two occasions during the conflict I was in close proximity of the detonation of landmines but fortunately was not injured.

Whilst back at “Bright Lights”, Salisbury it was CID work as usual. I got to enjoy Property Section and as we know, a housebreaking could turn ugly and become a murder scene. The work done by our Forensic and Fingerprint teams attending these scenes was amazing. One could go on about many individual cases, but one case that sticks out in my mind is a housebreaking in Hatfield, wherein Mrs. Chesni-Grandi (Sp) was stomped on and subsequently died in hospital. She was a researcher of note and her home was, from floor to ceiling, filled with newspapers and articles pertaining to Rhodesia’s history. Whilst on the floor of her home in her final hours she left a note and on it she wrote, “They have taken my gun”. Although on property section I was tasked to handle this investigation.

In the weeks that followed and later during other investigations at CID Highlands, I, rightly or wrongly, formed two impressions that were to remain with me. The first impression was our chaps from the United Kingdom had a very natural flair for investigative detail, both at scenes of crime and during interrogations. The second impression, that the real turn on for our black detectives was being given a lie by a suspect. Forensic or scientific evidence is a real plus for any investigator but a lie, no matter how small, was enough to brighten the faces of those wonderful black guys who were part of our team.

It was a very simple lie that led to the arrests of the Chesni-Grandi murderers.

On promotion to Superintendent, I was transferred to Gwanda as District Special Branch Officer (DSBO) and following the briefest of handovers from Dave Blacker, I was there for two years until the end of 1980. The Gwanda/Beit Bridge district was the scene of a complex three way war area as the forces of Zipra, Zanla and Security Forces, each added by outside forces, were at each other. Much more can be said about this period of time and those involved, but………..!

Promoted to Chief Superintendent in 1981, I was transferred to Fort Victoria. Now a member of the Zimbabwe Republic Police the early days of 1981 could
be described as ‘total peace’ and virtually no crime to speak of. The emphasis was on training/re-training our detectives in investigative work as most had not had this benefit during the years of conflict. Then in March 1981, the Mkwari and Mudspruit Farm murders occurred. My senior, Al Patterson was away at the time and so initially I took on the role of handling the investigations. Fortunately, Al Patterson came back to handle some very difficult aspects of liaison with senior officers and some politicians. I cannot speak highly enough of those detectives and members of the uniform branch who assisted in these investigations.

The perpetrators were caught and prosecuted. Details of the events surrounding the murders are more fully explained in a little book I subsequently wrote titled, “A Policeman’s Narrative of Witchcraft and Murder in Zimbabwe”. This came about after prompting by a journalist who covered the murder investigations at the time, as these murders and intended attacks on other farmers concerned other aspects as well, such as witchcraft and political connotations.

It was during the course of the investigation into these murders that I became convinced that Zimbabwe was heading for a one-party dictatorship and felt that the time had come for the Clark family to leave Zimbabwe. Natascha and our three girls went to stay with a close friend in Johannesburg, whilst I served out my three month notice period. My time was up after 20 wonderful years in the BSAP. And today we carry on with those with whom we served in a relationship that will continue as long as my mind allows.

I was able to secure work with AECI in the field of Human Resources and through this company I did, after all, see the inside of a university as I was sent to Wits University to study Industrial Relations and other subjects related to HR. The timing was perfect as the trade unions had just been unbanned and the laws pertaining to labour relations changed. I worked in the company for 19 years and with promotions ended up at Umbogintwini as the HR Manager.

In addition to the HR disciplines, I managed the fully licensed company hospital and pharmacy for 10 years, much to the initial horror of the nursing staff. They were not to know that the reason for my appointment as hospital manager in 1989, was because as HR manager, I was to close the hospital down and retrench the staff. However, with the help of a wonderful company doctor, we stalled the process and 10 years later sold it to Afrox. The hospital still exists today.
We lost our eldest daughter Tanya in 1989 at the age of 16 years. She and Natascha were in a motor accident. Natascha suffered serious injuries and on more than one occasion I was told she ‘would not make it’. Our other daughters, Kerry (and her family) and Briggitta are here in Durban and we have two beautiful grand-daughters.

Blessed with wonderful health, I have continued to play a lot of sport, especially squash and tennis and in recent years have taken to road running and completed the Indian Ocean, Two Oceans Marathons and four Comrades Marathons in the period 2007-2010.

So, twenty years service with the BSAP and nineteen with AECI. Most, who we know, could have worked similar or longer periods with a company or organization and for them ‘retirement’ meant the ‘end’. But we have the BSAP Regimental Association. Through the Association we continue to stand together in friendships and reminders that will last forever. I have had the benefit of being a committee member of the Natal Branch for a few years, thus ensuring frequent contact, through committee meetings and other regimental activities with folk that one proud to be associated with – many thanks.

Lastly, throughout these years my greatest blessing has been Natascha, my wife, as without her unbelievable patience and support – who knows!
HILLCREST

Thirty-seven Natal and Midlands Branch members got together on Sunday 17 July 2011 at Inchanga Country Village for their annual social day (which used to involve a cricket match until we got too old for that. Bowls followed but ....). The threatening weather may have put a few people off but the day turned out to be ideal for the burning of meat and the quaffing of various beverages. Many of the usual suspects were present, plus a few new faces, and a most enjoyable time was had by all. Smudge Smith is to be thanked for arranging the venue and Flik Bennett for proving the sadza and gravy.

.........Des Howse

Those attending :-

4254 Smith Neil & Shirley  
4717 Knight Pat & Heather  
4861 Andrews Rob  
5087 Johnson Robin & Pat  
5293 Dutton Trevor  
5661 Wilson Trevor & Linda  
5760 Torrance Malcolm/Jean  
5802 Wood Ken  
5836 Colepeper Peter & Gill  
5930 Gardener Roy & Pauline  
5939 Sutherland Vic & Reena  
5958 Isemonger Dick  
6136 Crossley Ant  
6519 Carroll John & Nancy  
6520 Lane Barry  
6805 Graham Phil  
7229 Howse Des & Trish  
7453 Dawson Neil & Angela  
7706 Driver Chris  
8090 Lawson Dave  
8242 Bennett Alan & Flik  
8303 Bristow Rob  
8371 Kerr Colin  
11166 Kempen Rob  
WP71 Ford Louise

Beauty is in the eye of the beer holder.
“NOW & THEN”. The last time 6520 Barry Lane and 6519 Johnny Carroll had their photo taken together was in Depot – 50 years ago, when they shared the same room (although I suspect they changed sides [in the photos] I mean!!)

MARGATE

Member i/c, Barry Woan, reports -

“Our Margate Team has once again been busy finding new members and making sure old ones are kept in the loop.
We contacted Peter Van Rensburg about two weeks ago and organised a "raiding Party" consisting of Dave Owen, Andy Messina and I. We picked up Peter from his small cottage at Marina beach and took him down to the Web in Port Edward for Lunch and a chat. Peter lives quite a lonely life with his mother having passed away some months ago. He still actively plays bowls and was chuffed to see us. Dennis and Roda O Hanlon owners of the Web Pub and Grill played host and we had a very special afternoon. I now keep in telephonic comms with Peter regularly. Peter is now a paid up member of the Association.

We have been to see Jamie McMillan who has recently moved into Mbango Lodge, Port Shepstone. He has bought a fabulous cottage with fantastic views and easy access to the park, bush, river and dam situated within the retirement Village. It really is special. Andy Messina accompanied me on that visit.

We had tea recently with ex F/R Bob and Sheleigh Jones who live in the Village of Happiness. Both are extremely well and I was able to put Bob in contact with many of his friends who have been looking for him for some time.

Steve Worrall-Clare continues to make remarkable progress after his nasty accident and has now had all eleven pins removed from his mangled leg which is now in a removable cast. He has started to walk very carefully with the aid of crutches. Steve is also a new Paid up member of the Association.

Bob Packer who has been working on contract in Madagascar returns to his home in Southport every three months or so. He works with a fellow Association member Rick Wentzel and are both attached to the Security department at a large Cobalt mine.

Peter Huson and I meet at my house every Thursday to share a cup of coffee and a muffin and to talk about Station News and other matters. One of the topics discussed is the History of the BSAP Car Club. The Club which was very active in the 60's had a Membership of about Forty and had a Branch in Salisbury and another in Bulawayo. I am researching the Club's activities and maybe we could do an article on my findings at a later stage. I have just started but already received fantastic feed back from the likes of Fred Punter, Peter Arnold, Peter Huson, Dave Owen and Dave Grimbl y who were all members and participated in an array of motoring activities such as Rallies and Track racing. If you have any information on this subject or know of anybody who may be able to help with this research please do not hesitate in contacting me.

I spoke to Maurice Beaver the other day and although he is feeling a little tired he believes this new treatment is certainly making him a little stronger and he is able to cope better. I have been able to make communication with Alf Taylor in the UK as both he and Maurice worked together in Durban. I am the go between when they wish to communicate with each other. Maurice is a difficult man to see but I am hoping to do so sometime this week.

We have located another "member", Irene Shawe who is the mother of ex WPO 199 Linda Shawe and mother-in-law of 8167 "Robbie" Robertson (who was in my squad in depot)! Irene is in the Frail care Hospital at the Village of Happiness. We have been to see her and have managed to make her room a little more comfortable by re arranging the furniture and putting up a shelf or two. We will keep in comms with her....
Some weeks ago the Gillot family descended on us from all over the world. **7571 Norman Gillot, 8116 Colin Gillot, three other brothers, two sisters and all the siblings chose Margate for the first “family get together” since they all split up from the then Rhodesia in the 70’s. Family came from New Zealand, United Kingdom, Zimbabwe, Johannesburg, Cape Town and Knysna and numbered 26 in all. Norman and Colin will be remembered for their passion for Boxing with both representing the Police and Mashonaland and Colin achieving his Rhodesian colours.**

Another regular visitor to our beaches was 6416 Terry Smith and his family who make the trek from the smog, traffic and crime to be with us for a couple of weeks every year. Terry always squeezes out for our traditional lunch of eisbein and draught so that we can have a nice natter.

**Rich and Jo Fiddler who live in Hibberdene have joined the Association. Jo, formerly ex WPO Jo Brophy has joined her husband in India where he has taken a short term contract with a chicken producing company.**

Tea with John and Carla Dolby and visits to “my girls” Penny Callow and Mavis De Bruin usually keeps me busy.

Our next Bring and Braai will be held on Saturday 5th November at the Ramsgate Bowling Club and hope to see “raiding parties” from elsewhere joining in with the festivities.”

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**Barry Woan**

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**DURBAN NORTH**

After many attempts, particularly by Malcolm Wiltshire, to get members living in the Durban North area together, Iain Laing finally succeeded in cajoling eight 'old f-rts' (his terminology) to gather for coffee at the Europa restaurant, La Lucia, on Wednesday morning, 13 July. After much chin wagging (you think women can talk!), it was agreed that the gathering should take place on a regular basis and Iain will organise a repeat in the not too distant future (could this be the start of a long-awaited Durban North Station?).

Those present were; **Iain Laing**  **Malcolm Wiltshire**  **Terry Albyn**  **John Haswell**  **Jamie Scott**  **John McCullum**  **Pieter Cloete**  **Noel Kennedy**

And ‘special’ guests  **Trevor Wilson**  **Des Howse**

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**God must love stupid people; He made so many.**

This page sponsored by 4072 Paddy & 9083 Kiaran Allen
A TALE (OR TWO) ABOUT SINOIA

Sinoia Police Station circa 1975

7552 Ben Pretorius had, and still has, a reputation for having an extrovert sense of humour. We have already published his amusing account of his experience with Hell’s Angels in Umtali and now we relate details of a prank in Sinoa -

“The year was 1978 and I was attached to Special Branch and stationed at Kariba. It was also the time when ZIPRA (Joshua Nkomo’s Party) were very active in the area, so humorous incidents were somewhat limited. One incident did however take place, which I would like to relate, and also to point out how gullible some people can be.

Those of you, who had travelled to Kariba during this time, would recall that when proceeding down the escarpment from Makuti, abundant animal life could still be observed (pre Mugabe Regime). My children were always given the challenge, in order to keep them quite in the car, that for every black panther seen a reward of 10 cents would be paid, elephant and other animals only one cent. You would be amazed how many black panthers were on this strip of road, seen only by the children. One had to be especially observant because of elephants, usually stationing themselves on the narrow tarmac road. I recall always thinking that this phenomenon mostly took place at night, because the warm tar must have triggered something in the “toiletry section” of
the elephant’s brain. Huge piles of elephant dung would always be found lying neatly stacked, usually on blind corners, which usually resulted that the second thing one did on reaching Kariba was to wash your car, after having a Chaboeli (that is beer for the uninitiated).

Time-off during this period, was a very scarce entity, because of “gookamania” being rife, these “non-swimmers” pouring across the border to cause havoc and mayhem. However on the odd occasion certain persons attached to the BSAP, usually stationed or relieving at Karoi or Sinoia, would proceed late afternoon, for a night of joviality and debauchery, to the Kariba Casino, in other instances to fit a visit in to see the family, prior to visiting the Casino, usually returning to their stations early in the morning, before Stables. Bear in mind that a curfew was being ignored by these adventurous few, thus the furtive manoeuvres.

Now the story goes that a certain policeman, who shall remain nameless, had proceeded, unannounced, from Sinoia late one afternoon to Kariba, to visit wife and two daughters. At about 3 am in the morning after his menial task had been completed and returning to Sinoia, he decided to stop near the Kariba Airport to relieve his bladder of the abundant golden liquid he had consumed during the evening. Standing next to his vehicle in the fresh morning air, surrounded by soft moonlight, staring at the distant horizon with a concentrated far away look in his eyes, he eventually caste his eyes downwards and saw he was standing next to a huge elephant dung heap. After short deliberation he decided to load this “heap” consisting of mainly grasses and leaves into the boot of his Special Branch motor vehicle. Making sure that the “heap” was not disturbed of its original shape or size, the task was completed successfully.

A couple of hours later in the early morning, entering the farming town of Sinoia, he noted the streets to be deserted. With a few minutes to spare before Stables (for the uninitiated when horses were no longer used in District Stations the word Stables remained to wash clean and check Police vehicles at 6am in the morning), he decided to put his plan into action. Carefully lifting the “heap” out the car boot, he placed it in the middle of the Main Street of Sinoia, wetting it with water from his standard issue water bottle. Standing back he observed that the “heap” looked genuinely very fresh, with the moister still flowing from it, as if it had only just been delivered. He then proceeded on his way, anticipating the discovery.

I don’t suffer from insanity; I enjoy every damn minute of it.
It should be borne in mind that no live elephant had been seen in the Sinoia area since the 1930s, mainly because of commercial farming having progressed. Elephant had by this time either been shot out or had moved over the escarpment into the Zambezi Valley, which was situated some 100 kms north of Sinoia.

Well, on entering the local Police Pub that evening, this unnamed Policeman was enthralled to hear as to how many of the locals had actually seen this elephant in the early morning mist of Sinoia. What was also of interest, apart from the actual sighting, was the different sizes of this elephant, and the different sizes of its tusks.

It also made the headlines of the local Sinoia newspaper the following morning.

No more need be said!”

...........Ben Pretorius

We might have guessed – where there’s humour you are likely to find John Haswell!
Acknowledgments to www.30degreessouth.co.za for the photograph of Sinoia Police Station and to Vic MacKenzie for his cartoon of Ben’s mischief.

INBOX - I HAVE 9 NEW MESSAGES

4947 Roy Welch writes

“........As requested, herewith photograph of my new wife (Colleen) and I taken on our wedding day 20th March 2010.

Colleen is a Kiwi girl who like myself was widowed after a 40 plus year marriage – I would like to think that I am not looking too bad for 77 possibly due to the fact that these days I tend to add a little more ice to my evening Scotch. Kindly convey my belated appreciation to the lads whose good wishes sadly did not reach me due, as you say, to my having
not notified a change of e-mail address. We live in Mairangi Bay which is situated on the Auckland North Shore and in January this year had the pleasure of entertaining Fred Punter and his wife Margaret who were visiting family living not too far away from ourselves........"

5281 Peter Bellingham (in a letter dated Sep 6th, addressed to all Branch Secretaries) writes -

“I thought that I should advise you all that Bill Ellway’s sight has deteriorated quite dramatically, possibly due to glaucoma, to the extent that he is now employing a driver, and is using a computer like reader so that he can read. He tells me that the Specialist has assured him that he is not going blind. He attributed the deterioration to the aging process. The two attacks that he sustained could also have a bearing on his deteriorating vision. He appears to have accepted his condition and is remarkably cheerful under the circumstances. He has no intention of standing down as President at this time, and has said that he proposes to continue until at least the AGM in May 2013. Should there be any change in his condition, I will advise you all.”

8980 Duncan ‘Porky’ Paul writes

“A couple of us thought of arranging the 40th Reunion in 2013 for squads 3 and 4 / 73. At this stage we are just trying to create a Mailing List. Depending on numbers, the place & date will be decided later. I’ve picked up a few names off the website database. If there are any interested members from squads 3 and 4 / 73, please drop me a note with all details, address, email and contact numbers. It would be great to hear from you” - dunadventures@tiscali.co.za “

7860 Rob Bresler writes

“WHEREABOUTS WANTED –Please can anyone help me trace –

7702 Chris Le Mesurier, ex BSAP Kezi, with whom I was stationed with all those years ago. Also 7655 Eric Kruger, who was stationed in Chesa, under Mount Darwin, July 74 onwards. Dont know if he is still alive. Eric was in charge of a Ground Coverage Special Section based in Chesa itself, with Support Unit elements for his protection.”

This page sponsored by 6097 Ted Painting
8507 Mike Crabtree writes  “Once again, congratulations on the production of the latest outpost – certainly a job well done!! Unfortunately, there is a slight ‘faux pas’ – the lassie on my father’s left is in fact my sister (Bill’s daughter), Bev Rickson – oh the joys of being an editor !!”

This reminds me of that famous explorer who once asked his guide, Julius, “Who is beating those drums?” To which Julius replied “Baas, how do you expect me to know every Tom Tom, Dick Dick and Harry Harry?”

Quote from Bill Crabtree – “I was always taught to respect my elders – now I don’t have anyone to respect.”

7026 ‘Stretch’ Hughes writes
‘This was the BSAP funeral parade for 7009 P/O Spencer Thomas Morgan Thomas in August 1967. Spence was the first policeman killed in the Terrorist War in Rhodesia, the first policeman killed in action in Rhodesia since I think 1925. On the near side of the coffin is Andrew Dougall, then Ray Delorie and then myself. On the offside is Bob Rankin, centre is Chuck Sawyer and at the tailend Mike Hines. Spence was in Squad 8/63 and was a Dog Handler. His dog, Leon, went missing in the Wankie Game Reserve after the attack by ANC Terrorists (Umkonto we Sizwe), the first incursion into the Rhodesian War by South Africans. The story of the recapture and retraining of Leon was in a recent Natal Outpost. I recall the large Press Contingent from overseas including the BBC, etc. The funeral appeared on most TV International News Stories. A very sad, emotional day for me as Spence was a good friend and we had been together on this operation from the beginning, parting company (my section was told to return to Bulawayo) on the morning he died.”

**5349 Peter Lane** writes

“Many thanks for putting me in touch with Roy Welch. I received a long e-mail from him which was very good as we had lost touch with each other over the years.......”

As the result of Yvonne Woods’ article in our last Outpost (about her family history connected to the BSAP) **7504 Brian Hayes** wrote to us from Greytown, Natal, and revealed that his father and Yvonne’s had served in the Rhodesian army together -

“.......Spotty Hearn is seated second from the left and my dad is on the left. All seated in front of the famous old Staghound Armoured Car....... I recall Spotty had a V8 Terraplane motor car and, I think, was based near Senka, behind the School of
Infantry (Gwelo). We lived in the School of Infantry at the time......”

**7795 Harry Naismith** writing to **8392 Ian Wilkin** commented

“......And if you feel like it you can tell whoever the editor of the Natal Outpost is, that the P/O in the colour photo (right at the end of the June Natal Outpost smoking a pipe and pretending to be writing up his patrol report ) is **7799/8758 Jim Stopforth.** He was in my squad in depot (6/67) but I haven't heard of Jim in years. He was also a mate of Bruce Williams. I think at the time the photo was taken Jim was stationed in Lomagundi District but he certainly didn't smoke a pipe, but a good lad never-the-less. If anyone knows where he is now I'd like to re-establish comms .......”

**CHINA AND THE BSAP**

**5537 Bryan Litton** spent most of his 12 years in the Force serving in the District Branch. During that time he met and married Diana Rowbottom and they produced the three children seen here *(from L to R)* Robert (1962), Karen (1964) and Geoffrey (1961). Their fourth, David (1968) arrived too late to be in this photo, but it was to be Geoffrey who gave his folks the chance of a special holiday in China.

Geoffrey has been working in China as a Quality Control Engineer since the turn of the century. First in the automotive industry in north east China with a company who were first tier suppliers to BMW and now in the aircraft industry as a Quality Supply Manager. His office is based in Shenzhen, mainland China, half an hour’s ferry ride across the water from Hong Kong.
Geoff and Jenny met when his office was situated in Guiyang, where Jenny is a University lecturer in Sports psychology. They lived in the same apartment block and Jenny was called in by a local shopkeeper to translate when Geoff was trying to make a purchase. They were married in 2009 and have an apartment in Shenzhen. Geoff travels extensively in Asia in the course of his business and Jenny commutes to her University in Guiyang when she needs to be there for lectures.

Bryan and Diana’s adventure took place over a 3 week period in April/May 2011.

HONG KONG

“On 22 April we arrived in Hong Kong, a vibrant and exciting place. We stayed at the Sheraton Hotel in Kowloon in a room overlooking the busy harbour, Salisbury Gardens and across to Hong Kong itself. Everywhere the tall buildings, expensive shops, people and traffic. An offer from a tailor’s shop
for suits and shirts every few yards and people trying to sell you “copy watches and handbags” everywhere, even selling copy Rolex watches outside the Rolex shop! Marvellous jade and diamond jewellery at big prices, some in excess of £82,000. Needless to say we didn't buy any! Delicate ivory carvings, porcelain and other artefacts as well as the small shops selling tat, Chinese foods, and 100’s of restaurants. Hong Kong, like the rest of China, never sleeps and it was very exciting walking around at night when all the buildings and street signs were lit up, especially for us who are seldom on the street at night.

Crowds of people everywhere! On the second, hot and sunny day, we queued for an hour and a half to go up on the tram to Victoria Peak, the highest point. An amazing queue which wound it’s way up the hill and back down again and eventually we went by tram up to the Peak at a 45 degrees angle with skyscrapers all the way up – some of the most expensive real estate in the world. When we came down there was a queue across the road waiting to join the original queue.

MACAU

Arrived here on 24 April, following a one hour ferry trip from Hong Kong.
Macau is very different, still with a Portuguese influence. Much quieter than HK and with rural countryside once out of the town. Still tall modern buildings but older Portuguese buildings and many opulent casinos. We visited the ruins of St Paul’s Cathedral, 400 years old and only the front wall still standing. It is a historical landmark - built by the Jesuits who also ran a school, - and suffered many fires and eventually brought down by a typhoon. Unfortunately the crypt was not open for us to visit but another area displaying religious pictures and ecclesiastical artefacts was. We visited the Venetian Casino, not for the gambling, but the architecture. It was huge and magnificent, with gaming rooms, and shopping malls and a recreation of St Mark’s Square in Venice, complete with a canal, gondolas and gondoliers singing to their passengers. Very realistic under a domed sky which looked real, but was all man made. Full of people and makes you realise how much money gambling brings in.

SHENZHEN

The same day another ferry trip to Shenzhen, mainland China, where Geoff and Jenny have an apartment.

Shenzhen is a modern garden city, built about 30 years ago. They simply excavated all the hills, dumped them into the sea and reclaimed the land. It is again full of tall buildings. However, all the complexes are planted with gardens and mature trees, flamboyants, jacarandas, frangipangi, flame trees, mangoes, hibiscus, bougainvillea and other flowers and shrubs we are familiar from in Africa and a surprising amount of bird life in an urban built up area. It
is very hot and humid. Everywhere in the gardens are play areas for the children, exercise areas and benches etc. We went to a street of fish restaurants and sat on the pavement in pink plastic chairs. The fish, prawns and all the seafood is live in tanks and you choose what you wish to have and our daughter-in-law negotiating the price! In the meantime the traffic and street vendors are passing by and everywhere lit up with neon signs. All very exciting and different. Shops, supermarkets, vehicles of all sorts and people everywhere.

**XI’AN**

Home town for Jenny (and the Terracotta Warriors). We arrived here on 26 April, after a two hour plane trip from Shenzhen. Xi’an is the ancient capital of China, the old city being the only remaining walled city in China. A lot of development is taking place to make Xi’an China’s second city. The old rural villages are being knocked down and replaced with “forests of tower blocks” – Geoff’s description!

Once these complexes have been completed the people will go back to their areas and be allocated a number of apartments in a block equivalent to square metres of buildings of their old homes. Construction is going on 24 hours a day with big cranes and drills etc working all night under floodlights. The city itself is modern, attractive with wide roads, flower borders, trees, hundreds of shops, restaurants and thousands of people on the streets. The traffic is horrendous – cars, taxis, bicycles, scooters, carrying all manner of goods and people, pedestrians – everywhere relentlessly coming from all directions. The theory is drive on the right hand side of the road but in practice it seems to be drive where there is a space and not unusual for traffic to be coming towards you head on. Fortunately the traffic moves slowly. No old cars in China, your car has to be scrapped without compensation when it is 15 years old. A man on a bicycle with 3 wardrobes/chests on his carrier caught up with
our taxi several times as he and we wound our way through heavy traffic. We spent the whole morning at the tailor’s shop for Bryan to get made to measure shorts, again with Jenny negotiating the price. You start off with one pair, the price comes down as you add more items to your shopping list. Eventually we got 5 pairs of shorts for £29 and 3 skirts and 2 dresses for £35, the price including material and tailoring.

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

THIS & THAT

SQUAD 5/61 RE-UNION

In our last Natal Outpost we featured this 50 years’ re-union which took place on 21 March, 2011.

Two matters arising – our budding Outpost Research Editor, Malcolm Torrance, commented - “…what happened to numbers 6333 and 6334?”

6345 Dave Holmes responded “I don’t know them, and cannot explain who they were, but they did not in fact join our squad. I see 6333 was one, being TODDUN – David George; 6334 was the other, JEFFERIES – Patrick Scott. The mystery is compounded by the fact that George Tully-Stewart 6331 and Ron Hill 6332 were in our squad, and were numbered before these fellows. The number 6335 was similarly given to one of ours, being the late Brian McDermid.

I would now love to know who these fellows were myself !”

Can anyone supply the answer?........(td.)

Then, 6338 Ed Bodington has subsequently sent us a recent photo of himself, with the explanation “...............thought I had sent you head and shoulders, but too much going on at moment. Am now attaching( hopefully) – can’t seem to remember where the attach button was on the old Imperial tripe writer! Getting old ehy!”

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

Now that the ‘model’ has been identified as 7799 Jim Stopforth (see page 52 of this Outpost and page 70 of our June edition), and confirmed by Robin Johnson, we can now consider “was all that effort worth it just to provide ‘recruiting material’, when we had ready-made ‘models’ on our own doorstep who would have cost far less?”

Above photo of Malcolm Torrance, on a ‘bike’ patrol around the Mabelreign Peri-Urban circa 1958 probably wouldn’t have excited many potential recruits when they realised they would have to carry their own furniture around with them! The next one may have had better results – but probably not. So, withdraw those ideas and back to Jim Stopforth.......
80 YEARS YOUNG

On 16 June 2011 5526 Phil Devlin turned 80 and members of the Transvaal Branch arranged a special lunch for him; whilst in Natal we congratulated our ‘Country’ member when he attended our Annual Lunch on 24th September.

“There are three signs of Old Age. The first is Loss of Memory, I forgot the other two.”

This page sponsored by 4384 Barry Thomas
OUR ‘ORATOR’ CHAIRMAN

Whilst on holiday in Italy in June this year Trevor & Linda Wilson joined up with Micky & Norah York and then met with Alan and Pauline Lane in London on their way home. A ‘full report’ will appear in our next Natal Outpost, but in the meantime –

MURDER MOST FOUL

9046 Mike Norton “did his three in the BSAP” from 1973 to 1976, then did a stint in the Police Reserve until 1980 whilst farming in the Enterprise District. In 1978 he was instrumental in setting up ‘Enterprise Base’ at the local Sports Club and it was during that same year a murder took place, which resulted in the following story -

“ARCTURUS MINE. APRIL 1978

Regular as clock work, every Thursday, Mr. Fadness and Mr. Baker, the Arcturus mine manager and secretary respectively, collected the weeks wages from the bank in Salisbury, and travelled in the mine Peugeot station wagon the short distance back to
Arcturus, to pay the workers at the Gold Mine. The wages amounted to R$45000.00, a large amount at the time.

On this particular Thursday, Enterprise base received calls on the Agric Alert from small holdings in the area of Arcturus of two bursts of gunfire from the direction of the road to the mine. The report came through at about 14H30, and we activated the stand-by PATU stick from Goromonzi Police Station. I got on my way from Enterprise with additional troops.

The station wagon had come to a standstill about 60 m off the road, riddled with large bullet holes, and inside were the bodies of Mr Fadness and Mr Baker. The rear door of the vehicle was open. Our initial thought was terrorist ambush, but the bullet holes in the doors were large on entry, and even larger on exit! This was odd, and when the PATU stick advised that they could not locate any “doppies” (cartridge cases) where the vehicle had run off the road, alarm bells rang.

CID law and Order were requested, and arrived in the persons of DI Mick Cundy, DSO Martin Powis and DSO Fred Varkevisser (late)

At this point, Berwick James, the mine Engineer roared up in his Alfa Romeo, stating that he had heard at the mine of the incident, and wanted to help. His agitated state was extreme, enough to cause some raised eyebrows, especially when he pointed out that the cash box, normally bolted down in the rear of the station wagon was missing. We had not been aware of the cash box at this point.

Having set the scene, let me summarise the events that followed.

Working in conjunction with the CID Law and Order Detectives, we unearthed an extraordinary story.

Berwick James had cultivated a story over the previous few weeks that his Alfa was overheating regularly, so that when Fadness and Baker had that day seen him on the side of the road they were travelling on, with his bonnet up, they slowed up to see if he was OK.

This enabled James to step out from in front of his Alfa and fire an AK into the occupants of the Peugeot. James has acquired the AK from a RLI troopie whose father farmed in...
the area, and had cut the barrel short. This was why the entry holes in the vehicleodywork had been so large, the bullets were tumbling when they came out of the short
barrel. He had also made a device that caught the doppies as they were ejected.

These attempts to evade detection were mistakes. James was a serving TF, but was
obviously was unaware of terrorist M.O. They left doppies everywhere.

The Peugeot had run downhill off the road far further that he had anticipated, so he had
to follow into the bush to get at the cash box. He also had to give a “coup de grace” to
one of the occupants, who was still alive. James then took the cash box back to his
house, emptied it into a jersey and stashed it under the seat of his mine vehicle, a
Peugeot pick up. He threw the cash box into his septic tank.

After appearing at the scene, James had gone home, and then into Salisbury in his mine
vehicle, where he was picked up by Uniform Branch Police on instructions from Mick
Cundy.
His Peugeot pick up was brought back to the mine, and I by chance discovered the
money in the Jersey under the seat when I went to move the vehicle during the night.
Some R$ 8000 was missing and we were unsure where this was, until we drove the
route that James took to Salisbury the following morning. There in a small river, was
money plastered to bull rushes and rocks. We recovered R$ 6800.00, the rest had gone
down the river so to speak. ( We did hear in days to follow of local farm workers finding
cash in the river). We did not find the AK.

We located the cash box, and based on this and other evidence James was convicted of
Murder and sentenced to hang. He was in the Salisbury Central Maximum Security
Section, with Aiden Diggeden, and two other prisoners. About 2 months after his
conviction he was found dead in his cell, apparently having killed himself by slitting his
wrists.

Aiden Diggeden, following his release in 1979. sent a letter to Mick Cundy, stating that
he knew the location of the AK, but requesting some GBP 500 for the location, and the
same amount again if the weapon was located.
The weapon was located, cut off barrel as expected, and Diggeden got his extra
payment.  

*There is honour among thieves and Policemen.*
‘TALE’ PIECE

Aiden William Diggeden, described by many as a ‘notorious’ criminal, was well known not only to the BSA police, especially CID, but also the SAP, as well as the Rhodesian public. Three members of the CID in particular took an interest in the escapades of Diggeden – 4323/5210 Dave Craven; 4947 Roy Welch and 5625 ‘Biff’ Way (whose friendship went back to being at school together).

These three went as far as to produce a written story about Diggeden, entitled “The Ringer” which was re-produced in “Outpost – Stories of the Rhodesian Police” (see page 15 of the Natal Outpost, 87th edition : June 2011). Then Roy subsequently followed up, assisted by Biff, with a sequel entitled “Nor iron bars”.

In the first aforementioned story the authors wrote “.........The popular Press has to some extent turned Diggeden into a peculiar type of hero with their slanted publicity of his escapades. As an escape artist, a daring athlete, Diggeden might command begrudging respect but as a criminal he does not rate highly. He has a lot of cheek and has had his fair share of luck.....”

During my correspondence with Roy he mentioned he couldn’t find his copy of “Outpost” and believed he probably left it behind in Durban during his move to New Zealand.

I said I thought I knew what he had done with it...........!!
Thanks to Will Cornell for this bit of research.
BOOK REVIEW

Review by: Paul Naish – manMAGNUM – August 2011

An old gold value indeed it is. Blue and Old Gold - The History of the British South Africa Police (BSAP) by Peter Gibbs, Hugh Phillips and Nick Russell, illustrated by Richard Hamley and published in 2009 by 30 Degrees South, is a magnum opus without compare on the history of colonial police in Africa. This single hard-covered volume absorbs two previous works, contains 57 chapters and three appendices and is well illustrated with sketches, maps and photographs in colour and black and white. Covering, in meticulous detail the 90 years of the force’s existence, it is a connoisseur’s dream and will be hard to emulate. Although the book has a scholarly approach, it is written in an entertaining easily-accessible style. We are given details of the formative years of the force with its hard-bitten band of colourful adventurers from all strata of society. The men who became the bedrock of civilian authority within the territory and who brought about the occupation of Matabeleland, men depended upon by that icon of imperialism, Cecil Rhodes – who sought the expansion of the British Empire and would be builder of a railroad from the Cape to Cairo...

The descriptions of the BSAP involvement in the infamous Jameson raid of 1896, the rebellions against the Imperial authority in Matabeleland and Mashonaland, all this and more will enthral those interested in the interlaced tapestry of Southern African history.

Sucked into the Anglo-Boer war of 1899-1902, the force subsequently saw service in both the First and Second World Wars; it played a significant role in the formation of the Federation of Rhodesia & Nyasaland; during the emergence of Nationalism in the late 1950s; while Britain was surrendering its colonies...

The individual efforts of its members, regulars and reservists, male and female, black and white, both in the workplace and on the sports field, are vividly captured. Here the book shows the true mettle of the BSAP as exemplified by the indomitable presence of men like Corporal Percy Sillitoe (later Sir Percy Sillitoe head of MI5), Bill Bailey and Reg Seekings ex co-founder of the SAS who gave birth to the Police Anti-Terrorist Unit (PATU) which together with the ‘black boots’, the BSAP Support Unit, were units formed from within, forged in the fires of external conflict and tempered by years of camaraderie. It also records the reminiscences of the Force’s earlier commissioners and the intimate revelations of the men and women, regulars and reservists alike, both black and white, who struggled fruitlessly against losing their country to forces of evil. The ‘final chapter’ probes the vacillating leadership at the helm of its last commissioner who was unable to make the meaningful decisions needed to keep the force afloat in the face of internal and external pressures. In relating the history of the BSAP, which was ‘on stage’ during all the dramas directed largely by politicians of various hues, the book provides a different (and controversial) view of the action and very frank opinions on the directors and actors as the action swept across the southern Africa landscape during those 90 tumultuous years.

Criticisms? More maps of the earlier adventures, with place names and routes, would have helped the reader along. The plethora of photographs in the final chapters resemble a hastily-compiled family photograph album – a rush to meet the publisher’s deadlines perhaps? Nevertheless a thoroughly We are given details of the formative years of the force with its hard-bitten band of colourful adventurers from all strata of society. The men who became the bedrock of civilian authority worthwhile piece of Africana which should inspire further research and fully deserves its prominent place on my bookshelf.

I'm not a complete idiot -- Some parts are missing.

This page sponsored by 4603 Don Darkes
The Club de Vie Restaurant in Le Domaine Estate was the venue for this year's Natal Branch Lunch, held on Saturday 24 September. Ninety four members and guests attended (see list below) and were treated to an excellent repast, the majority expressing the opinion that it was the best meal ever at a Lunch (or Dinner, for that matter).

The Guest Speaker, Prof Donal McCracken, gave an excellent, humorous talk on the Irish influence in the various police forces of Southern Africa. Our intended Reply Speaker, John Haswell, could not be present and our Hon Secretary was press ganged into giving the Reply, mentioning many Irish 'characters' in the Force.

Unfortunately, a number of our usual guests, including Judge Hilary Squires and Steve Stevens, the chairman of the Midlands branch, could not be present, the latter's place being filled by Alan Bennett, Midlands Branch Hon. Secretary. Attendees from outside the province included Lee and Jan Le Crerar, from Nelspruit; Phil and Robin Devlin from Johannesburg; Peter Combes, also Johannesburg; and Rob and Shelagh Hamilton from Ladybrand.

We also welcomed two visitors from the UK – Hazel, widow of 5943 Ray Borrett, and her travel companion, Eileen Vincer. Hazel is the sister of Denis Wyatt.

The Margate Station, mustered by their Member i/c Barry Woan, was again well represented and we were very pleased to see Shirley Smith (wife of Smudge) who recently underwent major surgery.

Many ales were consumed, many memories re-kindled and the day enjoyed by all.

I used to have a handle on life, but it broke

This page is sponsored by 6000 Peter Finch
Trevor Wilson adds “The date for the lunch - 24th September was appropriate, as it was Heritage Day in South Africa and we could remember our service in the BSA Police with pride.

A ‘first’ as far as I know – the Catering and Kitchen staff were called from the kitchen after the event and enjoyed a prolonged loud round of applause and thanks for their efforts and the quality of the food.

Before the proceedings concluded, I announced that Trevor Dutton had been accorded the honour of being appointed an Honorary Life Member of the Natal Branch for his dedicated work and untiring efforts in producing the Natal Branch Outpost to such high standards, since he undertook the editorship. He immediately announced that in future he would spend the annual subs, he no longer has to pay, on his “trains”. He also received a bottle of single Malt whiskey to revive himself after his extended exertions and Beryl received a bouquet for her efforts in proof reading each tome. Well done to you both.”

PHOTOGRAPHS (thanks to Fred Mason) ON THE BACK COVER

ARNOLD, Peter (5042)
AYRTON-WHITE, Mike (5754) & Ethne
BAKER, Lionel (6422) & Rose Mee
BECK, Phil
BENNETT, Alan (8242) & Flik
BORRETT, Hazel
BRISTOW, Rob (8308)
CARROLL, John (6519) & Nancy
CLARK, Nobby (5283)
CLARK, Robin (6030) & Pauline
COMBES, Peter (6650)
COPEPER, Peter (5836) & Gill
CROSSLEY, Ant (6136)
De Wit, Graham (6170)
De WITT, Laurie (PR 12300) & Doreen
DOLBY, John (5251) & Carla
DIXON, Hugh (6717)
DRIVER, Chris (7706)
DUTTON, Trevor (5293) & Beryl
DYER, Dickie & Betty (4726)
DEVLIN, Phil (5526) & Robin
FORD, Louise (WP71)
GARDENER, Roy (5930) & Pauline
GATLAND, Pete (7543) & Elsa
GIBSON, Peter (5156) & Kathy Mumford
HAMILTON, Rob 7402 & Shelagh
HARDIE, Laurette
HOWSE, Des (7229) & Trish
HUGHES, Stretch (7026) & Val

ISEMONGER, Dick (5958)
JOHNSON, Robin (5087) & Pat
KEMPEN, Rob (11166) & Linda
KNOETZE, Jock (7639)
LAWSON, Dave (8090)
Le CRERAR, Lee (6371) and Jan
LEES, John (6454)
LYNN, David (6872) & Maddy
McCRAKEN, Donal & Patricia
MASON, Fred (5934) & Lindsay
MESSINA, Andy (7129) & May
MILLER, John (6759)
PAINTING, Ted (6097) & Sue
PERKINS, Brian (8276)
PHELAN, Wanda
SHEWELL, Paul (5749) & Heather
SMITH, Smudge (4254) & Shirley
STARR, Derek (5842) & Doris
SUTHERLAND, Vic (5939) & Reena
THURBY, Dawn
TORRANCE, Malcolm (5760) & Jean
TEMPLE, Hugh (8594) & Denise
VINCENT, Eileen
VON HORSTEN, Butch (6467) & Hillary
WILLIAMS, Mike (6484) & Hazel
WILSON, Trevor (5661) & Linda
WILTSHIRE, Malcolm (5268) & Daphne
WOAN, Barry (8157)
WOOD, Ken (5802) & Yvonne
WYATT, Denis (8068) & Marian
The original point and click interface was a Smith & Wesson.

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