Collector of Rhodesiana

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

BSAP badges including cloth flashes and slip ons

Books on Rhodesia

Bits of uniform, kit and equipment

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

Contact: Barry Woan on 0834430533 or Ramsgate: 039 3122028
Committee members of the Natal Branch of the BSAP Regimental Association: 2011 - 2012

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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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*“Long ago, when men cursed and beat the ground with sticks, it was called witchcraft. Today it's called golf.”*
EDITOR'S NOTES

A n army marches on its stomach.” An old saying, credited to Napoleon Bonaparte, which suggests that soldiers must be well fed as well as looked after if battles are to be won. So it is with the Natal Outpost – we depend on the submissions of our readers, their stories, photographs, reminiscences and discoveries of interesting material, to make our magazine worth publishing.

My purpose in mentioning this is because, whilst the reason for submitting information on a popular topic is intended to bolster a flagging editor, sometimes the accuracy of the material is open to some doubt.

Fortunately we have access to a number of experts to check verification, including a renowned military historian, in the form of Dick Hamley from “down-under” who can, and often does, put the record straight before we venture into print.

When he does label an article as a myth my first reaction has been to scrap it. But now I am having second thoughts.

In this edition (page 65 - “Military Myths”) I have related two submissions having a military flavour, followed by Dick’s reaction, as I believe they make interesting reading. Some readers may have come across one or both ‘reports’ before and possibly believed them to be true – so, now you know!

Having said that I would urge regular as well as potential subscribers to please keep it coming and let the Outpost editorial team sort it out.

Whilst on the subject of our ‘editorial team’ (which consists of my dedicated proof reader [my wife, Beryl] and myself) I should mention that, apart from the subscribers mentioned above, we have valuable support and help from many former friends and colleagues around the world and I would like to take this opportunity of saying a sincere big thank you to you all who take the time and trouble to assist me whenever needed.

Finally, a special request to all our readers. I am planning a feature for future Outposts on those former members of the BSAP who subsequently joined the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP). I shall appreciate any information on who they were, whether still living or have passed on.

...........................Trevor Dutton (td.)
CHAIRMAN'S COMMENTS

Firstly, let me take this opportunity of sending best wishes to you all and your loved ones for 2012. May it be an enjoyable, happy and healthy one (at least as well as age and circumstances permit).

Our Editor is extremely organised, but then he needs to be, to produce such an outstanding Outpost, of which we are all immensely proud and which is enjoyed by so many, including outside the borders of Natal. He started chivvying me in November for the January edition! We are in the process of running up to the festive season, with all that this entails, and I am trying to project my mind (or what is left of it) forward to 2012, whilst at the same time trying to keep up with what I should be doing today! Please bear with me if I sound more confused than normal!

However, this said, Trevor and his good lady Beryl (our valued proof reader) do deserve a break over the holidays, so here we go.

As a Region and a Committee, 2011 proved to be an excellent year, the only small exception being with effect from January 2012, we have taken the difficult decision, to lapse the membership of those who have fallen two years or more behind in their annual subscriptions. It was also decided that due to increasing costs of printing and posting, members who are a year in arrears, will no longer receive a copy of the Natal Outpost, until such arrears have been settled. This drastic action was necessary, as our magazine is already heavily subsidised.

Our Stations, Margate, Durban South and Hillcrest each held very enjoyable and convivial social functions which were well attended, where members of the Committee, and obviously local members, were able to catch up with each other. Many laughs were had and memories rekindled. My sincere thanks go to Barry Woan, Peter Arnold and Des Howse, as well as their respective teams, for the effort and energy that they apply in organising these local functions, and especially to Barry for the much appreciated donations to the Natal funds.

Iain Laing in Durban North arranged two coffee mornings and it is sincerely hoped that we can interest more members and possibly arrange a braai in 2012. This would be a big step forward, so please guys, give Iain some support. Dennis Wyatt has also offered to try arrange a get-together for Westville members and we hope that this bears fruit this year.
Judging from the feedback and comments received by the committee, our Branch Annual Lunch in September proved to be an all round success, enjoyed by the 94 members, wives and friends who attended. We hope this year, that we can inveigle even more of our members to attend, to enjoy the comraderie and companionship that such occasions provide, bearing in mind that a good, humorous speaker, is vital for success. Suggestions anyone? Please don’t forget to diarise 24 September 2012, for the next Annual Lunch at the same venue. I’m sure that the Committee will do their best to emulate the previous effort.

I sincerely trust that all members who are able, will all make an extra effort to support local Station functions during the coming year, so that we can meet up with even more of you. Personally, nothing gives me more pleasure than to get together and catch up with as many “old” friends and colleagues as possible, at these functions.

With the Midlands Branch being “just up the road”, we have also been able to socialize with members in Pietermaritzburg and Howick at their respective functions. Some great characters and their very enthusiastic ladies help to add lots of humour and mirth with their regular attendance at the Natal functions which is very much appreciated. Johnny and Nancy Carroll and Alan and Flik Bennett are always to be found where the laughter is loudest and superb food abounds. Long may it continue!

The Midlands Annual Lunch held at the Fernhill Hotel, near Howick, was also a most enjoyable affair, with good food, great company and again plenty of laughter. It was good to see Bill Crabtree still going strong at 94 with his son Mike, also Shirley and Smudge Smith, amongst others. Shirley is looking incredibly good and cheerful after her ordeal, so Smudge’s culinary and nursing skills must have greatly improved!

Obviously we need to be mindful that there are many members, whose ill health or circumstances, regrettably, restricts their ability to leave their homes or drive to events. It is so important that we keep in contact and provide support wherever possible. My sincere thanks to those members, who do this already and provide lifts, assistance and support, to those in need. Keeping track of our members who are unwell or lonely, or who are in straightened circumstances is vital, and I would urge members who become aware of such situations to bring this to the attention of the local “Member in Charge” and the committee, especially Dave Lynn, our Almoner. Fortunately, during 2011 we have been able to support a number of our members and one member has contributed towards the membership costs of a number of those
who can no longer afford this. Benevolence, in relevant circumstances, is such an important element of our “raison d’être”.

Last but not least, I would like to extend my sincere thanks to the Natal Committee and their respective spouses, who proved to be such a great team during 2011, and worked towards making us a bit more organised and efficient, as well as undertaking initiatives to provide our members with a more “motivated and switched on” Branch, hopefully!

To end 2011, the Committee gathered for a most enjoyable and convivial lunch before heading off to join families and friends for the festive season. Hopefully, with recharged batteries we will be able to face 2012 with renewed vigour. (Please note that we paid for our lunch, lest anyone should suspect that we have depleted the funds even further!)

On a different note, we are all well aware of the influence the horse has had in moulding the backbone of the BSAP, especially since the early 20th century after the First World War when cavalrmen from the British Dragoon and Hussar regiments made their way to Southern Rhodesia to join the Force. The horse is still playing its part in developing the human character -

During 2011 my wife, Linda, has been very involved with various functions for the Durban Branch of Riding for the Disabled, (SARDA) and it made me acutely aware of the plight of severely impaired and restricted youngsters of all races. Many face life in wheel chairs but have such a cheerful and positive attitude, even though the majority may never find jobs or be able to fully care for themselves. It also made me realise that we have been so incredibly fortunate in our own lives and any problems we have, are totally insignificant by comparison.

Finally, I wish all our members a blessed and safe 2012. Travel safely, stay well and remember that you are all part of that very special and select ‘Family’, as members of the British South Africa Police Regimental Association and in the proud Police Force in which we had our origins.

..........................Trevor Wilson
BSAP WORLD NOMINAL ROLL

We have recently updated the Natal Nominal Roll and ascertained we now have 208 members on our books. Not all paying subs of course (widows, associates, honorary life members and women police who are married to members do not pay). The following charts illustrate a couple of comparisons –

Stations Chart

These are the ‘Stations’, with the anomaly that our biggest ‘one’ comprises 44 non-resident “Country” members who obviously do not belong to a ‘Station’ as such. Also Durban North and Westville do not yet formally exist but we have members now working on changing that! North Coast will need a few more recruits, to qualify.
VIPs

‘VIP’ – an acronym usually for a ‘Very Important Person’.

In our last two editions of the Natal Outpost we have featured a former member of the Force, Garth Long, describing him as a truly remarkable person due to the way he has handled being made permanently blind, following a terrorist attack during the Rhodesian Bush War in the 1970s.

The story was reprinted in the Australian Outpost and read by 7340 Chris Morten, who knew Garth at the time of the above attack and wanted to re-establish lost comms. This was rectified, and a physical reunion occurred unexpectedly when Chris had to fly from Perth to the UK last August on another commitment.

He was able to visit Garth at his home in Cobh, Ireland, and the two spent a weekend together. The reunion was more personal than most, as Chris also has a problem with sight. While not being totally blind, he suffers from severe loss of ‘normal’ vision. So while Chris received a first hand account of Garth's remarkable achievements since the ambush, he was also able to recount some of his own adventures in the 20 years since being declared legally blind.

‘VIP’ now takes on a new, and equally important meaning – ‘Visually Impaired Person’ and Chris has a very interesting story to tell -

INTRODUCTION

“In August 2011 I flew from Perth, Western Australia to London, to attend a Memorial Service for my stepfather, Jack Morten. (Some members may remember Jack as the CEO of the Rhodesia Tobacco Association.)
After the service at Bradford On Avon I flew to Dublin to spend time with two former members, **7348 Peter ‘Paddy’ O’Hara** and **9207 Garth Long**. My side of the blindness industry is very different from that occupied by Garth. We learned a lot about each other’s world during that great weekend in August, and agreed that the lumping of visually impaired persons (VIP’s) with the totally blind was badly in need of review.

I not only made contact with Garth, I visited him in Cobh during September and we had an excellent reunion. Being vision impaired myself, Cobh locals witnessed the unusual sight of the legally blind leading the totally blind to the pub, while Garth’s guide dog, Zagger, stayed in his bed at home.

After several pints of black gold, the return trip was a piece of cake and I am now eligible for an honorary Guide Dog badge. It looks suspiciously like my old PATU shoulder patch.!

I don’t know how many ex members suffer from ‘legal blindness’, but it is probable we all fit in to one of two categories. Those who conform to ‘The Making of Blind Men’, and those who don’t. Having attested in 1965, I come from a service background of rebellion, and thus am a vocal member of the latter group.”

**CHRIS’S STORY**

“I did my three in the BSAP” from May 1965 to May 1968 but after spending most of my service in the bush, decided I must get back to the real world.

Starting with the Bulawayo Chronicle as a cadet reporter I soon discovered that journalism and police work have much in common. You investigate a report, type it up, and shovel it into the system. After a hectic year with the Chronicle I moved to London and worked on Fleet Street for 6 years, between Melbourne and London. Returning to Salisbury, Rhodesia for 3 years as a freelance journalist and it was during this period I met Garth, when I attended his engagement party. Several days later we (my wife Annie and I) were told Garth was in the Hospital Annexe across North Avenue from our town house.
We carried a spirit burner and the makings of Irish Coffee across the road, and had a boozy little session in his room to celebrate his surviving an RPG ambush in the Lowveld. Garth was as positive as ever, and assured us he had seen the glimmer of sunrise that morning.

However, we had already been told both optic nerves were severed by schrapnel, and he would never see again. Soon afterwards Garth began a world safari seeking a cure, and we lost touch. Then his story appeared in the Natal Outpost, and we were back in touch!

We had both come a long way from the Andrew Fleming Hospital. Garth’s article describes his wide range of accomplishments despite the enormous hurdles faced by the totally blind. By comparison, mine had been interesting but far less inspiring.

Soon after Garth lost his sight I lost my marriage and headed up to Sipolilo, where I farmed for a year. I was immediately press ganged into the local PATU, switching hats from despised foreign correspondent to valued volunteer in the Police Reserve, doing two weeks in, two out!

In 1979, following ‘Lancaster House’ and an abortive attempt to buy a local farm, I was approached by the BBC to assist with their TV coverage of the ceasefire and handover to Zanu PF. My last six months in Rhodesia were wild and wonderful.

Following Mugabe’s inauguration I received word that the new President required my departure, and once again, I headed for Australia. By a total quirk of fate, I was granted a residents’ permit three months later.

After 3 years I baled out of journalism after coming face to face with Australia’s insidious media censorship. I ended up in Queensland, and became engrossed in the selling of rural real estate. Things were looking pretty rosy until - in 1991 - I hit a new culvert in a sub division, and asked a doctor to check my eyes. He dilated them, had a look, blanched, and asked for my car keys!

A rare genetic hassle had knocked out my central vision, and I was grounded. Within minutes I had lost my job (‘If you can't drive, you're no use to me...’), my driving and pilots’ licences, self esteem and status.

Some 20 years later I still have no central vision, but my somewhat misty peripheral sight allows me to see about five percent of normal. That is a helluva lot more sight than
someone like Garth Long and, if used to its maximum, allows one to operate surprisingly well.

If you want to know what I see, more or less, try bringing your little fingers straight toward your eyes until the tips touch your lashes. Looking straight at the end of the fingers, turn your head and look around, - always staring at the end of the fingers. Things you can't see include written and printed words, exact distances, someone's smile - or scowl, and oncoming traffic! While your fingertips appear dark, the holes left by loss of central vision are impervious patches of mist, tinted to the colour of surrounding objects or surfaces.

As the remainder of my central vision evaporated, I discovered a curious thing. Providing I kept trying to use my peripheral vision to the maximum, my brain kept learning and adapting to the changed circumstances. Years later, I found this was known as closure, where the brain fills in the blanks from remembered experiences.

Meanwhile, I went from high flyer to disabled rooster in a few seconds, and it was to be several years before I got angry. The experts will tell you the anger comes from grief caused by the loss of a vital faculty. Bullshit!

The anger comes from the drastic loss of status in the minds of people encouraged to see the vision impaired as non people. Much of this encouragement - in Australia at least - comes from the numerous blindness agencies.

The totally blind make up about five percent of their membership, but receive almost all the accolades and front line support. People like Garth deserve tremendous praise, but even Garth admits he is largely ignorant of the lives lived by the VIP's, those vast ranks of vision impaired persons.

I once interviewed Australia's longest serving Braille teacher, and asked her who had the harder row to hoe - the totally blind or the vision impaired? She answered without hesitation: 'The vision impaired, by a long way. They live in no man's land, between the dark and the gray, confused and often alone...'

A wonderful book was commissioned by the American Association for the Blind in the mid 1960's, and called 'The Making of Blind Men'. It reported the same effect, where the vision impaired received the classic carrot or stick treatment. 'Either you allow yourself to become a blind man to enhance our fund raising efforts, or you can go it alone.'
In 1966 I went to university. As the student representative on the Disability Action Plan committee, I was asked - during my end of year exams - by the Student Services Department to write a full report on the institution's shortcomings. When the Vice Chancellor refused to discuss the matter, I resigned my double degree program and his own staff reported him to the Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission.

A blind solicitor was appointed to deal with the matter - and it was buried. I had been the first VIP student at the university. Following the defunct inquiry, 12 VIP's were accepted on degree courses. None survived the first year.

Meanwhile, I had met and married Dorothy, who has remained my trusted and loyal partner - and driver - over the past 12 years. After leaving university we raced across Australia to the little town of Nannup, 300km south of Perth, where we had been offered a job managing a small resort.

Since then we have owned a community newspaper and spent six years managing a gold exploration camp in the outback. Found a little gold, learned a great deal, and were retrenched when the operation went public two years ago.

Having survived two strokes, the second leaving me speechless (for the first time since nappy days) and unable to use my right hand... so much for touch typing! It's all come back, thank goodness, and, having laid nearly a thousand pavers over the past few days, I can consider myself a lucky lad. All of which helps to illustrate my contention that being labelled 'legally blind' should not justify the image of helplessness encouraged by bureaucrats using sympathy as a fallacious reason for fund raising.

It is my belief that the VIP community should be encouraged to lift its game, to be given the opportunity to earn a good living, to contribute to the community without being 'nobbled' by misguided minders.

This page sponsored by 5661 Trevor Wilson
They could also do away with the stereo typed label 'legally blind'. It's sort of like claiming a girl is legally pregnant because she's had a good night out! I never claim to be blind, legally or otherwise, preferring to rely on saying simply: 'My eyes are stuffed...'

The sighted, particularly those with glasses, can empathise with that. I carry a thick monocle, which attracts attention when I put my nose on the paper before signing my name. But I ain't blind!

The definition of blind is the total lack of useable sight, as in Garth's case.

I once gave the keynote speech at a Lions Club White Cane dinner before leaving Queensland. My audience (about 130) was made up evenly of VIP's and sighted guests. I told the VIP's to beware of imposed limitations, such as not riding a bike or driving a Gopher.

They were entitled to enjoy and use such devices, provided they used them sensibly and within the limits of their remaining vision. I also discouraged over reliance upon handouts, as these had a way of drying up when things got tough financially.

Curiously, the sighted guests reacted positively to my message, while the VIP leadership and the Guide Dogs rep seemed taken aback.

As we were leaving the event we were stopped at the exit by two elderly couples, the wives in gowns, the men in dark suits and ram rod straight. One of the ladies thanked me for the speech, and introduced me to the two men. They were both ex Spitfire pilots, and both visually impaired, They shook my hand warmly and congratulated me for stressing what VIP's could do, rather than what they could not.

They were both going to get Gophers in the morning, and I still have visions of them flying around the shopping malls in tight formation, having escaped one of the surly bonds of legal blindness.”

*And that's the way it should be!* ........Chris Morten

**GARTH’S COMMENTS**

“I totally agree with Chris .

VIP versus Total blindness ... there is no ‘winner’. There is no perfect solution and there is no adequate substitute for sight. Sight is such a glorious and complacent gift that when it is totally or partially gone, there is huge drama.
Sincerely, I do bow my head in silent admiration to the other half of the sky. Those who battle through life in that grey mist called ‘the visually impaired person.’

Yet, whether you are as blind as I am, or you are ‘legally’ blind like Chris, you still have this enormous challenge to be, and remain, positive.”

............... Garth Long

THE SEVEN SEAS AND THE BSAP

8115 Nigel Leakey with his wife and two children visited South Africa for three months towards the end of last year and, thanks to 5428 Ian Hogg (explained later), we can relate this ‘once in a lifetime’ story of someone who will be able to claim “we sailed around the world!”

Sailing Round The World on a Cat

“We knew that we would probably bump into a reef or iceberg during our planned cruise round the world. We also knew that try as we might to avoid them, we would be caught in the odd storm. So in searching for a suitable yacht we wanted something robust. We looked at a great number of different boats; steel, concrete, and various proven fibreglass monohulls. Finally we settled on a Prout Catamaran. Prout had been building cruising cats longer than any other company in the world and it
was a Prout which was the first catamaran to circumnavigate. They have never capsized and if holed will still float.

“Murungaru” we named after my grandfather who was murdered by the Mau-Mau in Kenya and where I was in fact born.

Before we left, Caroline’s mother pulled me aside and said, “You know, I’m not sure how much use Caroline will be; she has never done any offshore sailing.” I replied, “Me neither,” which was probably not the reassurance she was looking for.

We set off from Falmouth, England bound for Gibraltar in April 2001. Our first challenge was crossing the Bay of Biscay which has a fearsome reputation for wrecking ships. When we crossed, there was not a breath of wind, not a ripple on the water, so we motored at full speed before that all changed. On reaching the Coast of Spain we were mightily relieved and congratulated ourselves on ‘beating the Biscay’; which
turned out to be a bit premature. That night, the wind picked up and gave us a hammering. It was our first time in heavy weather in a Catamaran and we really did not know how the boat would behave or what the best strategy was. In the event, the yacht bobbed along like a cork and as the gale continued and the boat showed no signs of distress, so our nervousness diminished and trust in our floating home grew.

Questions about our cruising life include; “isn’t it dangerous crossing big oceans, aren’t you worried about pirates, have you been in any storms, do you stop the boat at night on an ocean passage, what have been the highlights of your cruise so far.”

Crossing Oceans is in fact a lot safer than pottering along coastlines. On an ocean passage, you have only to contend with wind and water; which is exactly the environment in which a yacht is happiest. It is land which puts holes in boats. Passages are planned along known trade wind routes and the avoidance of well defined areas during their hurricane seasons.

During our 10 years of cruising we have only experienced two storms, both on passage to Cape Horn. The thing about a storm is you know it is coming. And I make no bones about it, I’m bloody frightened. The barometer drops at an alarming rate and there has probably been a forecast telling you it is on the way. We prepare the boat as best we can by tying down and stowing everything that can fly. The wind speed steadily increases and the waves get bigger and bigger. All boats behave differently in heavy weather. Our catamaran is happiest simply bobbing around with no sails up. It settles with the wind on the beam and simply slides sideways down the liquid mountains. The wind howls and the waves are enormous, some breaking right over the top of the yacht. The power of the water is simply awesome and anyone who is not scared silly is lying. And then the storm is over, almost as quickly as it started and off you sail again; thinking to yourself, don’t know what all the fuss was about. That was all rather noisy but certainly not uncomfortable.
On passage someone has to be on watch at all times to avoid collisions with other boats and adjust the sails to the prevailing wind. The yacht does not stop at night. Most yachts these days have an autopilot which means that theoretically, you can load a GPS waypoint 3000 miles away into the boat's navigation system, set the sails to the prevailing wind, press a button and the yacht will steer itself directly to your destination. You could, theoretically, go to sleep for the entire 3 week passage. So being on watch is not actually very demanding. In practice, what most cruising couples do is alternate four hour watches. The person on watch reads or watches a video, cooks, checks weather reports and does various other routine jobs. He only comes on deck for a few seconds to look around for other ships or changes in wind strength or direction every 10 - 15 minutes.

Until a couple of years ago, Pirates were just a nuisance and everyone had their own ideas on how to deal with the problem of an unwelcome boarding. Some favoured carrying firearms and others preferred to offer no resistance and hand the villains their booty in the hope that the crew and vessel were left unharmed. Statistics showed the latter course was the best approach. People offering resistance almost always came off second best. We have been in areas where pirates have been active but like 99% of ‘yachties’, have had no problems. I’m touching wood as I write this! In the last couple of years, the Somalis have caused havoc in an ever increasing area of the Indian Ocean and Red Sea. They don’t just want your watch, GPS, booze and dollars. They want you for ransom and this adds a whole new dimension to strategy. The strategy is, go cruising somewhere else.

So, what have the highlights been? Looking back over the last 10 years, we realise how lucky we are to have had the opportunity to visit so many different places, to have the absolute freedom to stop and go whenever we choose, wherever we choose. Every country has had its own charm, attractions, customs and curiosities and I guess it is this variety which we have valued most on our cruise. If I were to pick our absolute
favourites, they would probably be the Falklands, Patagonia, Chagos and South Africa.

The Falklands were memorable because of the wildlife and we had the place to ourselves. Hardly any yachts venture down there as it is off the beaten track and tends to get a bit windy. The islands are wild and unspoiled. We spent 6 weeks cruising round the many safe anchorages and walking among the huge colonies of nesting Albatross and Penguin, Sea Lions, Elephant Seals and their cousins. We spent hours watching rockhopper penguins (with their funny punk rocker hair do) surfing in on furious waves and then hopping their way up vertical cliffs to their nests. If we scrambled round their routes, they would politely stand aside for us until we were out of their way. None of these animals or birds were in the least bit concerned by our proximity; and that was special.

Patagonia is desolate, pretty much uninhabited, has impressive mountains and gorges and the most spectacular glaciers which come right down to the sea. It is possible to sail right to the face of a towering glacier and watch chunks, the size a house, breaking off the wall and plunging into the water 25 meters from the yacht. It is very hard to sail in this area because the wind howls down the narrow channels from the west, the direction we were travelling; but the bonus is that no matter how hard the wind blows, the narrow channels don’t allow the sea to develop any significant waves. When the wind became too strong to make any progress under power, we ducked into one of the hundreds of totally protected little anchorages and enjoyed hiking round the mountains until things settled down.

Chagos is a series of small uninhabited atolls in the middle of the Indian Ocean, about 850 miles south of India and 1400 miles East of Madagascar. The British who own the Atolls have declared the area a Marine Reserve which is closed to visitors. However, two of the atolls may be visited by yachts. We had a permit to remain there for three
months. Our children, Anne (6) and Rea (5) were overjoyed to find 16 other children there. The islands have become rather popular since the route through the Suez has become a no go area (Somali Pirates).

As usual, Home Schooling for the kids occupied the mornings. In the afternoons parents organised a host of activities: Olympics over 3 days culminating in awards of medals, abseiling and other rope activities, dinghy sailing, kayak surfing etc etc. The waters were crystal clear and even I found the fishing easy. Snorkelling was excellent though the abundance of black tip and grey reef sharks initially made us a bit nervous – but they left us alone once their curiosity was satisfied. They were a pesky nuisance with fishing because they would steal our fish if we didn’t land them quickly enough or, more often, take the bait which meant landing them and trying to retrieve the hook without being bitten!

During the last month there, we had the whole atoll to ourselves. That was rather special. We ran out of cooking gas on the boat so built a kitchen and dining room ashore which worked well and gave us the fantasy of being castaways. But I can tell you, arriving in Madagascar with access to fresh fruit and veg was a welcome return to civilisation!

South Africa has of course been a wonderfully nostalgic return to old friends, the wild life and the smells and feel of Africa. We are only here for three months but have had some terrific days in the game parks, lovely walks in the Drakensburg and best of all, the opportunity to hook up with great friends from those wonderful days in the BSAP. And tell lies to each other about how good and brave we all were!

......Nigel Leakey

Julius Malema stated yesterday: “I want the people of South Africa to treat me the same way they treated Nelson Mandela”. Evita Bezuidenhout, ambassadress of Bapetikosweti, immediately responded: “What a great idea. Let’s start with the 27 years in jail....."
Ian Hogg’s role in this article evolves from not only their service together in the BSAP but their continuing friendship afterwards –

“Nigel was under my command in the Mount. Darwin area with the special ground coverage units at Rusambo and Mary Mount which you will recall were one of the most dangerous places to “park yourself” near the Mozambique border. Prior to being selected to these jobs, he was stationed at Chiredzi, Villa Salazar, Zaka, Bikita and the Victoria Falls area. There will be plenty of people that will remember him as an adventurous young man, full of courage and you will know what I mean ‘on the border line of dropping in the mire’ which was fairly frequent.

He is currently (Nov/Dec 2011) in Cape Town and from there will set sail for St. Helena, the Ascension Islands, Brazil and Trinidad where he intends parking his catamaran off while he flies to the UK for a family wedding with his wife and two children. Then back to Trinidad, pick up the catamaran and sail through the Panama Canal to his ultimate destination, New Zealand where he is going to make his home, having already purchased a house there when he last passed through that part of the world”.

............Ian Hogg

This page sponsored by 5661 Trevor Wilson
MUKUMBURA (OOPS!)

8507 Mike Crabtree writes –

“I was going through some old photographs and came across the attached photograph which shows three Police Land Rovers stuck in the Mukumbura River.

There was a Police Post located on the Mozambique border manned at all times by police members stationed at Mount Darwin. It was on the banks of the Mukumbura River. Normally, as a Patrol Officer, we would spend two weeks at a time at the base, patrolling the vast area between the Mazoe River and Musengezi River and back up towards the Mavuradonna Range, together with our faithful African Constable/ Sergeant.

I was stationed at Mount Darwin in 1972 at a time when the terrorist incursions began across from Mozambique. Regular visitors to our Police Post were the likes of Peter Stanton, Winston Hart, Glen Macgaskill to name but a few. Winston practically lived at Mukumbura and remembers the Police Post when it was just a ‘hut’ housing a Police VHF radio. Because of regular mortar fire, the ‘hut’ was transformed into a ‘castle’ with a 12” thick solid reinforced concrete roof. See photograph with yours truly outside the Mukumbura Police Post also known as ‘Cidi El Mukkers’.
Regular ‘liaison’ visits were made across the Mukumbura River into Mozambique, where discussions on terrorist and Frelimo activity would take place with Andrade, the local customs/immigration/DGS/Special Branch man.

I recall the historic day when the three Police land rovers mysteriously became steadfastly bogged down in the fast flowing river. It was on invitation from Andrade that three of us, namely Winston Hart, Glen MacGaskill and myself made the trip across the river to the Portuguese side, to bid farewell to Andrade who was due to return home to Portugal. We ventured across in Glen’s new 6 cylinder SB Land Rover.

Needless to say, for those of you who know how hospitable the Portuguese are, we were regally entertained with a plentiful supply of piri-piri pigeon, shot the previous day by Andrade, together with never ending supply of katemba’, their favourite mix of red wine and coke.

Later that afternoon the celebrations moved from the Customs Post to the Army Barracks where activities continued well into the early hours of the morning with endless supplies of the local cerveja and ‘aguardente velha’ aka fire water.

It must have been about 02h00, after adequate libation, the three of us alighted Glen’s Land Rover for the return journey across the river to the Police Post.

Unbeknown to us, the result of a terrific downpour in the Mavuradona Range had arrived at our crossing point and, clearly undaunted by the fast flowing waters, we drove headlong into the river, confident the faithful ‘ole Land Rover would get us through ‘sans’ problem.

It was only when the vehicle coughed, spluttered and stopped that the cold fast flowing water came not only through the doors but through the windows as well. At that point, discretion being the better part of valour, we hastily abandoned ship.

Undeterred by the situation, we decided to make use of Winston’s vehicle, also a new 6 cylinder Land Rover, to pull Glen’s stricken vehicle from the rising waters. And yes……., when that too got stuck, I firmly believed my ageing 4 cylinder Land Rover would, in low range, be more than capable to extract both vehicles……the photograph tells the story!
At first light, in desperation, Winston summoned the assistance of Abu the local Store Keeper on the Portuguese side and, like an ‘Egyptian Slave Driver’, he arranged oxen and trek chains, plus a gang of tribesmen, to pull two of the vehicles from the now subsiding river. Glen’s vehicle could not be moved and was eventually pulled from the river with the use of the Portuguese Army’s Unimog. Jack Spanner, the local CMED mechanic had to drain the sumps of both SB land rovers, fortunately mine had not been completely submerged. Winston recalls being horrified as the police radio between the front seats of his vehicle had been covered by the water and Glen MacGaskill’s vehicle being almost completely covered by the water.

Needless to say reams and reams of report writing followed.

Winston was one of the founder members of the ‘Mukumbura Surf Club’ and for those of you who could not understand why it was so called…… now you know. Whenever there was a downpour in the Mavuradona, you could hear the thundering waters approaching the camp and…….. if brave enough….. could jump on your surf board a go with the wave !!!!

I still have a ‘Mukumbura Surf Club’ beer mug – not many were made – it would be interesting to find out how many of these mugs remain..........Mike Crabtree.

“Liquidity is when you look at your retirement funds and wet your pants!”

This page sponsored by 5661 Trevor Wilson
It is thanks to **4384 Barry Thomas** that we became aware of this nostalgic article on the “Memories of Rhodesia” website. It was apparently written by a ‘Phil Morris’, but we have so far been unable to ascertain who he is, or was?

We have managed to locate some photographs, sadly not for all the personalities who are featured.

“6:30 Get up up up up up...” This was the wake up call of a rotund fun loving clown by the name of Leslie Sullivan who was the morning man on Radio Rhodesia. Leslie, I am told was quite a night owl and would show up about 45 minutes before Radio Rhodesia went on the air and had a "Power Sleep" waking just in time to get the morning radio show kicked off.

At about 5 minutes to 6 in the morning, the day began on the air for Radio Rhodesia. It started with "A thought for the day", an inspirational message to help face the day.

At 6am the morning call would go out announcing what meter band and wave length the RBC could be picked up on.

When I think of this, somehow the aroma of toast and Jungle Oats come to mind.

Between 6 and 6:30am a short recap of the news and weather forecast for the day were given, some music played and then, 'voila! it was time for Leslie to perform his magic and get the children out of bed with his "Get up up up" routine. He usually followed with a kiddie song like "Teddy Bears' picnic or "Pink Toothbrush" but the greatest was when, once a year, he would play a short piece each morning from a story about a fat Chinese boy who fell down a well but because of his long name lost potential rescuers when he would call out for help. His name that being Nicky Nicky Tembo etc etc.

Leslie was always so much fun to wake up to in the morning, it almost took the sting out of having to get ready to go to work or school.

*This page sponsored by 5661 Trevor Wilson*
Later in the morning it was time for another sorcerer to perform his Radio magic, in the form of a kindly chap by the name of Don Burdett. Don had a hospital request show with "Silver Lining" as his theme music. He showed tremendous empathy for the ailing whether it was a "new mum" at the Lady Chancellor hospital or Lady Rodwell Hospital, or a malaria case in Salisbury Central hospital, maybe Umtali General, the Mater Dei in Bulawayo or Greenwood Park hospital or even someone recuperating at home.

Don always saved a special segment for his "Little Horrors", the sick children who were in hospital. Usually he would play Alvin and the Chipmunks. It always perked a person up listening to his kindly voice admonishing you to cheer up and get better soon.

Around noon, shortly after the "Daily Service", a wonderful woman by the name of Beryl Salt would exhort children to "Bring a cushion or a chair right up to the radio", at which time she would read a story with the most amazing professionalism, never mispronouncing a word, stuttering or losing a beat. I will never forget her for she made my childhood so much more enjoyable with her lovely voice.

Around 2,00 p.m. there was usually a short news update, following which a "Serial" came on. It was usually a radio theatre presentation of a book and so very well done. These programs brought something to look forward to and were seldom missed.

Radio really had an impact on our lives as Television did not come on until 6.00 p.m. and that was only in the larger cities, until later years as technology became better. It was the great spirit in a small box that penetrated our soul and mind and left that indelible image there. It forced your imagination to take you to places your eye could not see, truly wonderful!

Monday nights there was a great show entitled "The Missing Persons Bureau" about an agency that traced folks who had disappeared. Henry Simon, was the director of the bureau.
During the rest of the week several radio drama shows were done usually by some great entertainers like Ken Marshall and his beautiful wife Clare.

These folk along with other celebrities not only did wonderful radio dramas but often performed in plays at the well known Reps theatre in Salisbury.

There were many fine voices on the air - one was Gerry Wilmot who left Radio Rhodesia to work for Lourenco Marques radio, I think that was about 1961 or 1962.

My favourite day was Saturday for all the great hit music generally got played. Ian Warren had a show at 9.00 a.m. playing new songs that were potential hits.

Everyone's favourite was none other than Lyons Maid hits of the week. The show was done by Martin Locke and Trig Tregaskis who not only had a great radio voice but held quite an appeal to the young ladies. Much to the annoyance of his wife.

Each week there was a jackpot, and if the top ten hits of the week were predicted correctly the winner would win the amount, or if he or she got the top three correct free ice cream was in the works! How we lived for this show!

This page sponsored by 6578 Ken Mackay
Martin left the Rhodesian airwaves for a while and Keith Kennedy took over the show. Both gentlemen were excellent at their craft and the show was tremendously successful.

Trig took over as DJ on Radio Jacaranda where he remained until he left for South Africa in 1978.

Another great at Radio Rhodesia was a guy that I thought never got enough credit for his excellence and that was Malcolm Russell. Malcolm had a show called "New Tracks" and it was the last biggie for we young folk on a Saturday morning. The show's theme song was "I Will Follow Him" and was just super.

A game show program presented by Mervin Hamilton and Vic Matheson that featured housewives pushing a shopping cart around Meikles gathering groceries without duplicating items in an allotted time, brought excitement to the listeners. It was always quite a rush to listen to.

My favourite was "Forces Requests" with Sally Donaldson 1.20 Saturday afternoon. Sally was a beautiful young woman with a voice to match. She played all the forces favorites and with the escalating terrorist bush war she became very popular as young men went off to defend their country. Dusk was usually falling as we would listen with the lights turned out in our living room, with only the lights off. It was so peaceful thanks to our security forces. Sadly Sally passed away a few years ago but her wonderful personality, charm and looks will never be forgotten.
There were several distinguished voices like that of John Bishop and Peter Tobin that graced our airwaves.

As the years passed small stations were set up in the provinces that covered local issues for about 2 or 3 hours on Friday nights. I have a smile on my face thinking of all the fond memories of a wonderful Radio station. My times for the programming may be slightly off bearing in mind all of this happened so long ago and in a land far away!

Thanks to all of these dear people, some still with us, others not but everyone is fondly remembered and never forgotten.”

Some of you may now be thinking – ‘well, that was interesting but what has it got to do with the BSAP?’ Well, three of the broadcasting personalities mentioned above had all been members of the Force –

**5024 John Bishop** served from 1953 to 1956, leaving as a Constable. Will Cornell comments - “John was a dresser. I met him on Riot Standby in Salisbury in 1962 (I think) and John was wearing a cravat (or silk square) with his blue uniform!”

"Like old soldiers ageing hams never die. They don't even fade away. I am still writing and broadcasting. Two of my books were published in South Africa some years back, another much more recently in the USA and my latest book is on Amazon, in a Kindle edition. I am also reading and recording audio books or an American publisher. My wife, our four children and ten grandchildren
(seven in the USA) are at the centre of our lives.

Best wishes and compliments of the season to all Old Comrades everywhere.”

5092 Keith Kennedy served from 1953 to 1959, leaving as a Sergeant. Unfortunately Keith died from a heart attack during the 1980s and, not being able to locate his widow, Lyn, we are unable to obtain any photos of him.

5838 Malcolm Russell served from 1958 to 1962, leaving as a Constable. He is currently a senior partner with BDG Communications in Johannesburg and still very much involved in his chosen profession after leaving the Force.

“I train in two specific broadcast areas throughout Africa – we train broadcasters in television and radio presentation and interviewing techniques on one hand; CEO’s and company execs on how to cope with the media on the other. (A bit mischievous really – we light fires on one side and help extinguish them on the other!)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

(8318) Dave Cushworth - “Memories of Rhodesia” website;
Antoinette Dick (Toni Fourie) - ‘broadcasting’ photos of Don Burdett, John Bishop, Keith Kennedy & Malcolm Russell (all from her private collection).

‘Toni’ also points out that there was never a ‘Radio Rhodesia’ as such – it was the Rhodesia Broadcasting Corporation (RBC) before becoming the ‘FBC. However, I’m quite sure that Phil Morris, the author of the article, knew that and has exercised some ‘poetic licence’…(td.)

“If you’re riding ahead of the herd, take a look back every now and then to make sure it’s still there”……..Will Rogers (Cowboy)

This page sponsored by 6578 Ken Mackay
During August last year a request was received, via the BSAP History Group, from Lance Harlow, living and working in Istanbul, Turkey. He wished to know more about his father, Mike Harlow, who, as a member of the BSAP was killed during the war. Lance was only 2 years old at the time and said he would like to chat or hear from people who may have known him or worked with him.

It is well recorded that 5743 Michael John Harlow first attested in the Force on 4 August 1957 and on leaving Depot was posted to Gwelo,

where, in the late 1950s, he was also a volunteer fireman.

Mike initially served for 7 years, leaving as a Sergeant in Jan 1964. He re-attested as 7221 in December that same year and in 1965 joined the CID, then SB, where he was promoted to Detective Inspector on 1st July 1973.

Lance has received a good response to his plea, but what he didn’t expect was a detailed account of the circumstances leading up to his father being killed in action. Furthermore he could hardly have anticipated that the said account has been specially prepared for him by a member who was actually there at the time!
Brian Perkins, then a Detective Section Officer, now a member of the Natal Branch of the Association and living in Pinetown, has shared his memory of the event with Lance and his mother. As a result the following story is published with their full consent and Brian, the author, has allowed the editor to condense this account.

Brian has also indicated that the circumstances and details of the operation have never been documented before now and should any reader wish to have copy of his full report this can be arranged – please contact me (td.)

“Plumtree, situated on the south western border of Matabeleland, has had a BSA Police presence since the very early days, certainly since the town was developed as an important border town on the railway line connecting Southern Rhodesia with South Africa via Bechuanaland.

However, the location did not warrant a CID posting until the early 1970s, when a small team of Special Branch African Detectives, under the command of a DSO, were given office accommodation at the police station.

Their primary function was border movement surveillance and the investigation of security related matters. At that time the operational deployment of security forces to the Bulalima Mangwe, as the Plumtree district was known, was limited to the occasional territorial military company as well as the BSAP Support Unit, PATU and the BSA Police Reserve who were mainly used in a guarding and protection roll. Elements of the army RIC (Rhodesian Intelligence Corps) operated the area in liaison with the local Special Branch office.

It was a well known fact that increasing numbers of ZIPRA terrorists were crossing this ‘unprotected’ and vast border, with little fear of detection, in order to commit acts of terror against Rhodesian farms and frog marching in large numbers, of captive recruits back to Francistown for processing and onward training in other countries. This situation was further aggravated by the fact the local populace, members of the same tribe, were living on either side of an international border comprised of a standard veterinary wire mesh fence which allowed uninhibited movement between the two countries by the legitimate locals as well as ZIPRA terrorists.

Whilst the Botswana Defence Force had established a strong presence on their side of the border they, as well as their government, maintained a ‘blind’ eye on the situation.

In January 1975 the Plumtree SB post was upgraded to a Detective Inspector position. At much the same time the contingent of South African Police who had
been based at Plumtree and engaged in border patrols, was withdrawn as part of their government’s decision to recall all their forces from our country.

Later in 1975 D/I Mike Harlow took over from D/I Peter Birkett as Member i/c SB Plumtree, with DSO Brian Perkins as his Number Two.

By early 1977, intelligence reports identified an area within Botswana known as Maitengwe, situated approximately 10 to 12 kilometres inside Botswana and about 150 kilometres north of Francistown. These reports indicated that Maitengwe was probably a transit route for infiltration into the Plumtree area by ZIPRA and that they were being harboured and assisted by a specific kraal line.

Unfortunately knowledge of the terrain and lay of the ground in Botswana was scant, suffice to say that it was an extension of mopani scrub and “gusu” sand of the neighbouring Maitengwe TTL on the Rhodesian side which made map reading and navigating very difficult whilst radio communication was also poor.

External operations into neighbouring countries was strictly at the behest and direction of specialised units, but at that period in the war these trained military components were over extended, being utilised on our borders with Mozambique as well as Zambia.

It was decided that the ‘Maitengwe’ situation should not be under-estimated and plans were made to reconnoitre the area, to hopefully substantiate our earlier intelligence. It must be emphasised that this planning was not intended to be a “hot pursuit” operation but was primarily a foray to glean as much ground intelligence which could be utilised in future operations in the area. This being said, the likely presence of ZIPRA terrorists in the area to being infiltrated, could not be ignored.

A small Special Branch team under the command of Mike Harlow and comprising Brian Perkins, AD George, FR John McLean (a local Plumtree resident) and FR Zigara Obert Moyo, a “bushman” originating from the Maitengwe TTL adjacent to the Botswana border, was put together and set out at first light on the morning of Friday 18 February 1977.

The inclusion of the bushman was fundamental to the success of the operation given his local dialect and knowledge of both the terrain and local populace on either side of the border.

Because the operation was to be limited to a day trip, team members were only equipped with their issue rifles and ammunition, a Rhodesian map of the Maitengwe Tribal area which overlapped into Botswana, hip webbing and water bottles. In view of poor radio reception, no portable radios were taken and the only form of communication back to Plumtree would be from the fitted radio in the SB landrover.
Due to the sensitive and clandestine nature of the operation, neither the local Plumtree Police Officer in Charge nor the SB Provincial Head Office in Bulawayo were appraised of its nature whilst the remaining members of the SB Plumtree Office were only aware that the team had departed ostensibly on a routine patrol.

The trip from Plumtree to the proposed point of entry into Botswana took approximately two and a half hours with the team arriving in the vicinity at approximately 10h00. As the vehicle was to be left unattended for the duration of the operation a suitable safe place away from the locals had to be identified and once found, the vehicle was parked and locked.

From hereon, the team was to become completely reliant on the Field Reservist Bushman and DC George, acting as interpreter. Having breached the border fence on foot into Botswana without apparent detection, the team commenced following in single file, a maze of paths, both human and cattle, in a westerly direction.

Every effort was made to avoid exposure and detection by walking off the paths and where possible, keeping close to thicket. However, having walked for approximately an hour, it became apparent that the target kraal line which the team was in search of, was not as close to the Rhodesian border as had been envisaged. It was also evident that the bushman had become somewhat disorientated and a decision had to be taken as to whether the operation be aborted or to take the risk of compromise and allow for the bushman to consult with locals.

A decision was taken that the operation continue given the team had already penetrated 6 to 8 kilometres inside Botswana. The bushman made contact with some locals who gave him directions to the target kraal line which turned out to still be another 2 or 3 kilometres inland. In hindsight, the decision to compromise the operation by allowing the bushman to make contact with locals, may well have resulted in the tragic events that followed.

It was now past midday and the team pressed on. About half an hour after the bushman had spoken with the locals, the team arrived in the vicinity of the target kraal line. Although obviously inhabited, there was a daunting silence about the kraal with no human or animal movement evident. The team positioned itself in scrub about 50 metres from the kraal which comprised several huts, surrounded by the usual tree pole fence. The main entrance to the kraal was situated on the other side from this position and was not visible, as neither were any other kraal lines.

The team remained in position for some time monitoring the kraal and huts for any movement suggesting a presence at the kraal. However surveillance from this position was limited, with the hut doors out of sight. After approximately 15 minutes without evidence of movement, Mike decided that they split in two with Brian, AD George and the bushman remaining in situ at the rear of the kraal whilst he and
FR John McLean would make their way to the front of the kraal to carry out surveillance from a suitable vantage point.

About five minutes after Mike and John had left for the other side of the kraal, all hell broke loose from the front of the kraal line with sustained automatic AK fire apparently emanating from within the kraal. The sound of intermittent FN fire could also be heard but this did not last more than perhaps a minute. It was difficult to discern from the rear of the kraal line, what exactly was taking place but it was quite apparent that Mike and John were engaged in a contact with ZIPRA. Whilst the AK automatic fire seemed to be coming from the confines of the kraal, the sound of fleeing people through the adjacent mealie field could be heard and although not visible, it was assumed that they were ZIPRA terrorists because automatic fire could also be heard from the area of the mealie field.

Brian and AD George directed bursts of fire into the mealie field whilst by this stage, only sporadic AK automatic fire could be heard emanating from the kraal. After the sound of those running through the mealie field had ceased, Brian shouted out for response from Mike or John but there was silence. By this time, the bushman was in a nervous state and because of his lack of weapon and anti-terrorist training, could not be relied upon or be of support in the contact situation. AD George was instructed to remain with the bushman and to give cover whilst Brian made his way between the mealie field and the kraal boundary fence towards the entrance of the kraal. All the while, sporadic automatic fire continued to come from within the kraal.

When the kraal entrance became visible, Mike was seen lying prone a couple of metres in the open outside of the kraal entrance with his weapon lying next to his body. John was slumped against the wooden pole boundary fence at the entrance to the kraal. He still had possession of his weapon but was not at that time, reacting to the fire coming from within the kraal and appeared wounded. Once identified, the hut from which the automatic fire originated was silenced by Brian.

After the firing had ceased, Brian made his way over to the kraal entrance. He examined Mike - there was no pulse, he had been fatally wounded by a single shot above his heart. John was in a semi conscious state slumped against the kraal fence. He had been wounded in the vicinity of his groin, was immobilised and losing blood.

Time was against the remainder of the team who were now in hostile territory and needed to exit Botswana quickly. There was bound to be reaction from the Botswana authorities with a Botswana Police post at Dagwi not too far from the scene, with members of the Botswana Defence Force also present in the area.
It could also not be ruled out that ZIPRA elements might still be around. There was no radio communication with Plumtree; the group was on foot some 8 to 10 kilometres inside Botswana, without transport or any other means of recovering the body of Mike or casavacing John back into Rhodesia. It would have been nigh impossible to carry him out, given the nature and seriousness of his wound.

Mike’s body was stripped of all personal belongings, including his watch, “dog tag”, maps, weapon and webbing. His body was left in situ at the kraal entrance without any form of identification other than his issue camouflage clothing.

The welfare of John was of now paramount importance. He was seriously wounded and in need of urgent medical attention which of course was not available. There was also no alternative to leaving him behind whilst the team made their way back to Rhodesia to seek assistance. He was, with the assistance of the other two members of the team, lifted and taken into some thicket approximately 100 metres away from the kraal and off the beaten track where, he was rendered basic first aid in an attempt to curtail loss of blood and made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. He was also left with full water bottles as well as his firearm and ammunition.

Having secured John’s position as best as possible under the circumstances, Brian returned to Mike’s body to make certain there was no life before he, AD George and FR Moyo commenced the trek back to the Rhodesian border without further incident. On arrival after last light at the parked landrover, immediate radio contact was established with the Plumtree Police station Ops room which was alerted to the incident and the Member i/c, Chief Inspector George Higginbotham, initiated the necessary steps to advise not only the official channels concerned (the cross border foray was likely to become a diplomatic issue) but the families of those involved as well.

The remanent team members arrived back at Plumtree later that night. Supt Ian Waters and D/I Tim Healy from Special Branch Bulawayo were on site shortly afterwards and Ian took command of the enquiry, commencing with immediate plans for the recovery of Mike’s body and the injured John McLean.

Debriefing and planning took place until the early hours of the following morning. It was anticipated the Botswana authorities would have attended the scene and removed Mike’s body back to Francistown – this subsequently proved to be the case. It was also felt John had a good chance of escaping detection so a rescue mission was planned for first light.

Because time was of essence to ensure a successful ‘hot extraction’, returning to the scene on the ground was out of the question and air support would be essential, especially due to the nature of the terrain, the tenuous plotting of the kraal’s exact
position and the likely presence of local government armed forces, not to mention elements of the original ZIPRA terrorists involved.

With the active assistance of JOC ‘Tangent’ Ian Waters secured the deployment of an Alouette ‘G’ car helicopter as well as a fixed wing PRAW aircraft. At first light, Brian flew with the PRAW pilot and, after an anxious 20 minutes, managed to locate the kraal where the attack had taken place. Having satisfied themselves that the area seemed clear of any hostile elements, the helicopter, standing by at the Rhodesian border, was contacted and directed to the target kraal.

On arrival, the helicopter circled the kraal before touching down and dropping Ian Waters and Tim Healy, both of whom were armed. The helicopter immediately took off and also commenced an orbit of the general area giving top cover, together with the PRAW aircraft, whilst Ian & Tim having confirmed that Mike’s body had been removed from the scene, commenced their search for John McLean. Difficulty was experienced in locating John’s position and it was only after about 10 minutes of searching that he was located. The helicopter landed and the three men were uplifted and flown back to Plumtree.

Later John confirmed that indeed the Botswana security forces had reacted and swept the general area of the kraal a couple of hours after the contact but had failed to locate him despite being within a couple of metres of his position.

The body of Mike Harlow had been taken back to Francistown by the Botswana authorities. Ian commenced telephonic negotiations with the Botswana Special Branch office in Francistown but it was not until Tuesday 22 February 1977 that the Botswana authorities agreed to release the body and transport it to the Ramokgwebana border post where Chief Inspector George Higginbotham made a positive identification and arranged for transport to Bulawayo.

In March 1977, various citations were bestowed by the Commissioner of Police on those engaged in the external operation, including the roles played by Ian and Tim in the rescue of John McLean, who, as far as we know, is still alive and well today, somewhere in South Africa?”

..............Brian Perkins

This page sponsored by 7543 Pete Gatland
The following photographs have been provided by Lance –

Kate and Mike Harlow – UK, 1975

Lance and Mike – UK, 1975

Back Row: Brian Perkins, U/k, AD George, F/R Moyo
Front Row: F/R John McLean; Ian Waters, Ron Peters, Len Jouning, Peter Stannard, Mike Lindley; U/k; Tim Healy
To add proof as to how small this world is, Brian has submitted a photograph of his own son, Graham, as a toddler playing in a Plumtree garden with young Lance at the age of 16 months-

This page sponsored by 8157 Barry Woan “In Memory of those former colleagues who made the Supreme Sacrifice.”
OBITUARIES

WP314 Angie Boothway died on 5 June 2011 in Triangle, Zimbabwe. Angie joined the BSA Police in January 1976 and served until August 1978 when she left the force with the rank of Woman Patrol Officer.

5436 David Thomas Champion died on 4 September 2011 in Alicante, Spain. He served from January 1956 to November 1961, when he left as a Detective Patrol Officer.


6271 Harvey Francis Otto Wilhelm died on 10 October 2011 in Cape Town, South Africa. He joined the BSAP in January 1961 and retired in 1982 in the rank of Chief Inspector.


4328 Aubrey Peter ‘Karl’ Maskell died on 28 October 2011 in Harare, Zimbabwe. He joined the Force in November 1948 and retired from the ZRP in June 1983 in the rank of Chief Superintendent.

4988 William John Maxwell ‘Bill’ or ‘Jock’ Crossan died on 28 October 2011 in Johannesburg, South Africa. Jock joined the Force in October 1952 and served until December 1972, when he retired as a Detective Chief Inspector.

8007 John Tilley died in East London, South Africa, on 4 November 2011. He served from June 1968 to June 1973, leaving as a Section Officer.

This page is sponsored by a member who wishes to remain anonymous but gives her sincere condolences to the recently bereaved.
4380 Patrick James ‘Pat’ McCulloch died on 16 November 2011 in Howick, Natal. Pat joined the Force in February 1949 and retired from the ZRP in May 1982 in the rank of Senior Assistant Commissioner.

5494 Sinclair Henry Mackay ‘Seamus’ Sutherland died on 20 November 2011 in Edinburgh, Scotland. He served from June 1956 to June 1964, leaving as a Sergeant.


4064 Alan Charles Norman ‘Steve’ Stephens died on 25 November 2011 in Frankston, Victoria, Australia. Steve joined the BSA Police in June 1946 and served his career in the Uniformed Branch mostly in a training capacity. Before joining the force, Steve served in the Royal Navy, as a signalman, largely in the Mediterranean. He took part in the Battle for Crete, sailed with the Malta convoys and served in the invasion force of Sicily and Italy. Steve was later seconded to the Royal Indian Navy and took part in the Arakan and Rangoon landings. His police service took him firstly to Umtali, but following his participation in the 1947 Royal Escort, Steve remained in depot as a re-mount rider and instructor. By 1951 he was the chief equitation instructor, but following a riding accident, he was post to Tomlinson Depot, for African police. There, he was respectfully known as ‘Chapungu’, the Shona name for the Bateleur Eagle... hawk-eyed and swift to pounce on recruits. Steve was commissioned in 1970 and became Deputy Commandant Depot in 1980. He was the recipient of the Colonial Police Long Service Medal (1964) and later received the PMM (1977). During his service Steve was involved in much of the work of the BSA Police display teams and as an ardent horseman (famed with his ride RH 457 Kentucky) he was honoured as an Life Vice President of the Horse Society of Zimbabwe. Steve retired from the force in September 1980 with the rank of Chief Superintendent. He emigrated to South Africa (where he was a member of the Transvaal Branch) and later to Australia.

This page is sponsored by a member who wishes to remain anonymous but gives her sincere condolences to the recently bereaved.
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With acknowledgement to Andrew Field on www.bsap.org
THE FIRST OUTPOST – Vol. 1 : No. 1 – July 1923

We continue with the publication of this rare document – preserved initially by 2065 Cyril Johnson and handed down intact to his son, 5087 Robin Johnson. We have so far re-produced the first 10 pages of this 28 page missive -

POLICE DOGS.

TRAINING AND KEEPING.

[The following is the first of a series of articles by Cpl. Collins on the training of Police dogs. Cpl. Collins, who has officiated in his time at Crafts Show at Home, is well qualified to talk on this subject, and his hope is that members of the Corps will purchase dogs and train them month by month as his exercises appear in The Outpost. Any members of the Corps desiring to purchase good dogs should get in touch with Cpl. Collins as Hon. Secretary, Salisbury Kennel Club, through this paper.—Editor.]

FOREWORD.

Police dogs have not hitherto been made much use of in England, and in cases where bloodhounds have been set on the track of criminals or missing persons the results have in most instances been disappointing. Of later years, however (probably through seeing the fine work achieved by Police dogs abroad), the Police authorities in England have shown great interest in the subject. I consider dogs, properly trained for Police purposes, which have been found so valuable in other countries, will prove equally valuable in Rhodesia. The hot climate of this country is certainly a disadvantage to tracking, but it is counteracted by the fact that the animals will not be required to work in very congested areas, seldom on pavements and a clean boot scent. An African native leaves a very strong, heavy scent, even when wearing boots, and tracking a native through veld is child’s play to a well-trained Police dog, providing the scent has not stood the hottest hours of the day. I do not claim that the exercises laid down are a discovery of mine. They are for some part adopted from Verschoor’s and H. Arundel’s (ex-Superintendent, Yorkshire Constabulary) and Major Richardson’s well known works on the subject. There is no royal road to success, and systematic daily training, with continual repetition, is the one and only road to success. Without it, the Police dog must inevitably be a failure.

CHOOSING A DOG.

The best selection is undoubtedly a thoroughbred of a middle-sized breed. The larger breeds are too heavy, too slow and too dangerous, and their upkeep is expensive. The smaller breeds are too weak, and their insignificant appearance makes little or no impression on the malefactor. Choose a young dog, preferably a bitch, as they are more affectionate, easier to teach, less trouble to lead, and often have a finer nose. It should not be more than nine weeks old, and of parents that were sharp and courageous. Choose one with a large head. Dogs with small heads seldom show superior intelligence or smarts. The breeds used mostly in England and on the Continent and South Africa are Dobermann Pinschers, Alsatians and Airedales. As it is of the utmost importance to be able to judge whether a young dog will be likely to turn out useful for Police purposes, there are three things it is first of all necessary that they should have:

1. A perfect eyesight.
2. A perfect ear.
3. A perfect nose.

A Police dog must be sharp and courageous. Accordingly, it is well to watch if he attacks cats, etc. A puppy that feeds with his tail between his legs is sure to turn out soft and nervous, and utterly worthless for Police purposes.

GENERAL ADVICE.

1. As running, jumping, etc., are necessary to develop physically the child’s body, and thus indirectly his mind, likewise the young dog requires plenty of exercise, and without it only develops into a lazy, clumsy brute, without passions or intelligence.
2. Training a dog means nothing else but to minimise or eradicate inborn bad or useless proclivities, and to bring out and perfect his good and useful qualities and propensities.

3. Up to six months of age no dog is responsible for his actions; he is too stupid to know the why and wherefore, and consequently must not be punished, otherwise he runs the danger of being useless for successful training.

4. Only the trainer should feed and play with the dog, and during the time of training he must be fed well and cared for. He must not be handled by other persons or allowed to play with children.

TRAINING EXERCISES.

PART I.

1. The object of training exercises is to teach the young dog, which up to now has been attached to his master only out of selfishness, that he really has a master whom he must always keep in his eyes, whom he must always follow and obey. After the dog has reached the age of six months he has to be taken out into the street only on leash, that is to say, he must learn to follow his master properly when on leash, and must be taught "street manners."

2. Carefully and slowly has the training to be started; the dog must be watched continuously and treated with great kindness, in order to get to know all his capabilities, aptitudes and peculiarities. Great care must also be taken to avoid haste, or to tire out the dog with over-exercise, and no account has an exercise to be interrupted, otherwise the very foundation for future training may get undermined.

3. The exercise should be taken in an empty room or place surrounded by walls. If through necessity the exercise has to be performed in the open, a wall or close fence should be chosen; even a house which can be walked round will do at a pinch. People or other animals are never to be allowed to be present nor even to be seen.

4. The implements for training begin with training-leash and training-collar, with pricks. As the mention of a "training-collar with pricks" may seem to savour of ill-treatment, it may be as well to explain here that the pricks are metal projections on the inside of the collar, with the ends well rounded so as to prevent any penetration of the skin, and in addition the collar is made with a running noise in such a way that the metal points cannot even be felt by the dog so long as he submits to the pressure of the lead.

(Next issue: EXERCISE II.)

EXPERIENCES WITH LIONS.

By TPR. E. BATEZAT.

If you have any space in The Outpost it may amuse your readers to peruse the following article. I know it will interest my friends Tommy Moore and Cpl. Pettit, who have been after lions with me before.

My first experience was at Chibi in 1915, when Pettit and I went down to the Transvaal border after illegal recruiters. Lions were very plentiful in this part all along the Nuanetsi River and on the B.S.A. Company ranches. We heard them roaring almost every night. At the Mahapati pools, where we made our temporary headquarters, they came round the first night and approached very close to the camp, making a lot of noise. We could do nothing, however, as we had no night lamp in those days. The next day we built two strong pole traps on the river bank, and put a live goat in each trap. I set the guns at sunset, and had just returned to the camp when one of them went off. On investigating we found that one of the goats had got out of its trap and had gone over to visit its mate, receiving a .450 between the shoulders during the process.

Shortly after I arrived at my present station, Darwin, lions got into a cattle kraal made of barbed wire, but did not kill. Next night I set a trap gun, but with abortive results, as Leo did not return.

On another occasion, about two months after this, a beast was killed at a kraal close to the camp, and, determined to get a lion somehow or other, I went out and poisoned the carcass. This time the brute returned and took the meat, but vomited afterwards, there being too much poison perhaps. Anyway, I did not get him.
NATAL PROFILE : 5663 Peter Michael ‘Pete’ HUSON

I was born in London England, at the beginning of 1935, and lived a normal life until the outbreak of World War 2 in September 1939. I was evacuated with my mother in 1940, but that did not last long, (my mother found a flea in the bed where we were staying,) and we came back just in time for the “blitz” and to be bombed out.

From then and until 1944 we lived with my grandmother, several aunts and numerous cousins in a large house at the top of Herne Hill, in south-east London. By this time my mother had been drafted back into the G.P.O. as a telephone operator, a job she had held when she was single, and I saw very little of her until the blitz ended in the middle of 1941.
In 1944 we moved to just outside Sidcup (which was in Kent in those days). My father, who had been called up into the R.A.F. and was an airframe fitter, went to Europe with his squadron shortly after D-Day.

The remainder of the war was fairly uneventful except for some alarms and excursion caused by V1 doodlebugs and V2 rockets, which fell short of London and landed in our area.

By 1946 the war was over, my father had been de-mobilised, and I started at Dartford Grammar School staying there until sitting G.C.E. exams in 1951. The most famous Old Boy from D.G.S. was Mick Jagger who was a junior when I was in my last year. After leaving school I thought I wanted to be an accountant and joined a City firm of chartered accountants as a junior clerk.

In 1953, I was called up for my National Service in the Royal Air Force and did my “square bashing” at R.A.F. Hednesford. During this two-month period it turned out that I had a latent talent for firearms and scooped the “Best Recruit Shot” award as well as the “Best All-Round Recruit”.

My next two years were spent at various stations were completed it was back to the fleshpots of civvy street.

I had developed an interest in shooting and joined the National Rifle Association and the National Small-Bore Rifle Association and became a member of two local small-bore rifle clubs and the Gravesend full-bore rifle club. I eventually ended up owning two target rifles and a twelve bore shotgun.

Despite the outdoor life at weekends I was getting very bored with the 9 to 5 routine in the City, where I was now working as the bookkeeper at a company that produced printing plates.

This page is sponsored by 4603 Don Darkes
Three friends from Sidcup had previously joined the B.S.A.P. - Malcolm Robinson (5057), Ross Campbell (5083) and Gwynne Power (5274) so acting on their recommendations I applied to Rhodesia House and after interviews with Tony Andrew the Recruiting Officer, I was accepted and found myself on the RMS Arundel Castle bound for Cape Town, with my rifles secured in the Captain’s safe on the bridge.

The members of the first half of Squad 4 of 1957 on board are shown above. Back L to R: Max Dodd, Me, Barry Henson, Dave Wright, Danny Stannard, Tony Robinson, Jim Tipple, Trevor Wilson, Front L to R: Denis Williams, Brian McDonnell, Bruce Smith, with Tim Davis in front of him, and Mike Pringle. Ray Cheetham missed the photo shoot.

We docked at Cape Town and then came the lengthy train trip up to Bulawayo and then Salisbury. The boredom was enlivened by card schools and also bouts of the “screamers” caused by eating too many grapes bought from vendors.

But all good things come to end and after being met and closely chaperoned in Bulawayo by the Duty Inspector in all his glory; on 16 March 1957 we eventually arrived at Salisbury Railway Station, where Sergeant Gerry Winchcombe ambushed us and we were conveyed to Depot in a Bedford lorry. There he told us that he was to be our Squad Instructor (you could hear the capital letters). He took a long look at us, shuddered and then I think he went away to drown his sorrows in the Sergeants’ Mess. We attested on 17 March 1957 and had to wait a week for the second half of our squad to join us and then Depot training commenced in earnest.
I was lucky as most Sunday mornings I was spirited away to the Cleveland Rifle Range by Don Hollingworth, who was 2i/c the Armoury under C/Insp Woodgate, for team practice for the forthcoming inaugural Federal Bisley which was to be held over Rhodes and Founders. One evening a week I shot small-bore at the Salisbury Drill Hall and also participated in the Mashonaland Championships at Ethel Mine.

Depot was extremely full and bustling as the Display Team who had been held back after pass-out and was now busy training for the Police Display and the tour round the country’s agricultural shows.

Suddenly disaster struck! The Queen’s Birthday Parade was to be held on 7 June at the Salisbury Drill Hall. As the largest squad in Depot not directly engaged with the Display we were to provide the contingent, that is, to be at the right of the line, and at the head of the march past! The situation was made fraught as only half the squad had been in the Forces and had seen a rifle and parade square before.

Queen’s Birthday Parade 7 June 1957

C/Supt L Goodall and recruit squad 4 of 1957 The parade was reviewed by Sir William Murphy KCMG, who was acting Governor of Southern Rhodesia and acting Governor General and Commander-in-Chief of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. He can just be seen on the saluting dais in morning dress.
However all was well, Max Dodd (ex-Household Cavalry) held extra drill lessons for the lads behind Bodle Block, Sam Weller, the D/C/I, kept out of the way and Gerry Winchcombe worked miracles. As the saying goes, everything went alright on the night, or rather on the day.

Did I say that we were a squad that was not directly engaged with the Display? I forgot to mention that the “competitors” in the Reveille Race were drawn from our squad. This event starts with horses bridled but unsaddled and the competitors (read recruits) lying down with the saddle and blanket as bedding and stripped down to breeches and shirt.

The race starts with the sounding of the Reveille and this is followed by a medley of stirring martial music. The recruits leap up, get properly dressed, approach their well schooled steeds and saddle up. This is the moment the horses have been waiting for – total pandemonium, flying hooves one end and bared teeth at the other greet the recruits. This carries on until one lucky lad manages to get his horse saddled and rides off past the finish line. Others not so lucky leap aboard without tightening their girths properly and disappear under the horse. Some manage to mount and their horse promptly exits the arena and heads for the stables at a flat out gallop. It was difficult to say who got the most enjoyment out of the event the public or the horses.

After leaving Depot and the Driving School I was posted to Bulawayo Town on 30 September 1957 and spent the next six months or so being taught to walk a beat and other police basics by seasoned stalwarts such as “Ginger” Garland, Peter South, John Brooks, Dennis Sheringham and others whose names are now lost. My Duty Inspectors were Percy Cleaver and “Bill” Mayo.

In May 1958 I was posted to Hillside where the Member in Charge was Stan Forrest. The first thing he did was to send me back to the Driving School for a refresher course. On my return from this he put me on to mounted patrols – was he trying to tell me something?

I survived three members-in-charge at Hillside, Stan Forrest, Willie McLaughlin, and Harry Mason before being transferred to Donnington which had just been opened in the Light Industrial Sites with Derek Jones as the boss.
While at Donnington I was promoted to Sergeant and in mid-1961 I returned to Bulawayo Central as Charge Office Sergeant and then went to Bulawayo Magistrates’ Court to sort out the process serving department. The previous incumbent had been serving summonses and subpoenas by the time honoured method of stuffing them behind cupboards and filing cabinets.

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

**STATION NOTES**

**DURBAN SOUTH**

On Sunday 16 October 2011 Durban South Station held a ‘Bring & Braai’ at the Winklespruit Bowling Club, on the south coast.

Member in Charge, Peter Arnold, reports - “We awoke to an overcast day but as it wore on towards starting time for the function it became obvious that any rain would miss our venue.

In the end there were 33 attendees who enjoyed a great get together. Whilst some members had tended their apologies we welcomed the new faces of 5344 Mike and Carmen Duncan and 7646 David Tudor Jones and Partner.

As usual Barry Woan and four other members from Margate Station attended as did Natal Branch Committee members Trevor Wilson, Ken Woods, Denis Wyatt with wife Marian. Also it was good to see Fred Mason looking in good trim with Lindsay.

*Once again the members of the Bowling Club looked after our needs for which we were grateful.*

...........*photos of this event on back cover*

**MARGATE STATION**

Member in Charge, Barry Woan, reports - *A successful Margate Station” Bring and Braai” was held at the Ramsgate Bowling Club on Saturday 5th November 2011 and was attended by 64 members, family and friends.*

*As always the event was supported by a strong contingent from as far afield as Johannesburg, Umtata and Durban, with the Natal Committee well represented by our Chairman, Trevor Wilson, Des and Trish Howse and Ken Woods.*
Five new Members were recruited on the day which included Bill and Noreen Goussard. Bill served as a Police Reservist and brought along all his documentation to substantiate the fact. Bill and Noreen also celebrated their 53rd Wedding Anniversary on Saturday. Congratulations to you both and welcome Bill to the “Fold.”

Another special guest was Dorothea Broom who for more than 15 years worked with the Consolidated Fund at PGHQ in the 50’s and early 60’s and remembers having an office very close to Commissioner Spurling who she says was a wonderful man.

Memorabilia was donated by Sakkie McKay, John Dolby and ex WPO Catrina Hales which was auctioned off and a tidy sum was raised for the Association. Many a giggle was raised when Catrina’s small and petite WPO depot track suit was handed around for all to examine. We are not sure what Kevin Woods, the highest bidder, intends doing with the garment!!

Steve Worrall-Clare, his wife Tina and son Matt (a Sharks academy Rugby player) made their first appearance after Steve’s lengthy recovery from a severe accident which resulted in 11 breaks to the leg and a knee replacement.!!

Other welcome visitors were John and Yvonne Haswell, Paul and Heather Shewell and Bob and Wendy Bishop.

We will soon be bidding farewell to George and Judy Hatch who will be leaving the South Coast to stay with their children in Johannesburg. George and Judy have been solid supporters of our Station and although we are going to miss them we wish the Hatch’s all the very best for the future.

A notable absentee were Charlie and Joy Davis from Ifalfa. Charlie is presently in Port Shepstone Hospital undergoing chemo treatment. He is visited regularly by Butch Von Horsten who keeps us all informed. Brian Hutchinson, Sakkie McKay, Pauline Clarke and I visited him on Sunday morning and despite his problems is in a very positive mind.

Kevin and Connie Woods arrived with several SAPS Guests who were made most welcome. Kevin who turned 59 on Saturday was given a Birthday Card (for a 5 Year old) and a teddy bear to commemorate his five years since release from Chikurubi Prison in Zimbabwe.”

This page is sponsored by 6253 Iain Laing
Attendees

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HILLCREST

On Sunday 27 November 2011 the last social event of the year was held at Augusta Estate, Hillcrest – a “Bring & Braai” attended by 28 stalwarts who decided a little mist wasn’t going to keep them away. At the end of the proceedings we had a visitor who hadn’t been at any of our previous social events.

Other than our woolly necked stork, those attending were

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.................photos on back cover
LADYBRAND

OK – so it is not in Natal and it is not a Station. Although located in the Free State, in the absence of a Free State Branch of the Association, we are claiming it as a two-man satellite Station (both are paid up members of Natal Branch) -

DURBAN NORTH

Durban North, at the moment, is not an established Station, but 6253 Iain Laing has, during 2011, organised a series of regular morning coffee meetings for a small group of Association members who may well prove to be the pioneers of a Station with a strength of thirty three.
NATAL PROV. HQ

The OC, Trevor Wilson, arranged a Christmas lunch for his Staff and partners (costs deducted from salaries) at Le Domaine Estate Restaurant, on Sunday 4 December 2011, which proved to be very successful –

Maddy Lynn apparently commented to her husband, Dave, on their way home – the majority of us on the committee did not really know each other during our time in the Force, but here we are now, dependable friends, brought together by our past association with a fine Force and a desire to ensure that The Regiment lives!

INBOX – I HAVE 7 NEW MESSAGES

From 7500 Ron Stoole (USA)

“Just by chance, I came across the Natal Outpost 87th Edition on the Internet. I was delighted to read through it page by page, and then came across the article on Page 70 “Spot the Difference” in which there is some discussion regarding the origin of the color picture, who took it, and who is in it! I am delighted to be able to put your curiosity at rest – I was the photographer who took that picture! In 1967 I was transferred from Beitbridge to the office of Liaison & Recruiting under Supt. Peter Short.

This was primarily because of my photographic experience as a commercial photographer before joining the force in 1965. I was responsible for many of the photographs used in recruiting efforts at that time, and was very involved in the production of the recruiting film “Peacekeepers”.

From 7500 Ron Stoole (USA)
The story behind this particular photograph - I was asked (ordered?) to produce a photograph of a district scene for the Outpost and for a recruiting brochure. We needed a model and we asked the staff at Depot to come up with a “good looking” young guy to fit the bill. I knew the sort of shot they wanted, so I borrowed a Land Rover from somewhere, picked up a tent and cooking utensils from the stores, loaded up and collected the fellow from depot. That “fellow” was, as you subsequently discovered, 7799 Jim Stopforth. We went up to the Alexandra Botanical Gardens, found a spot and set up the tent. I waited for the sun to set, rigged up the office Hasselblad 500c and shot the pictures. Mission accomplished.

Regretfully the story did not end there. The picture was used in several commercial ads to howls of derision from members of the force. Although technically a nice picture, the shiny leggings, crisply ironed shirt and pants did not represent the “real” life of a district policemen. The top brass (and I mean top!) were not happy.

I was ordered to re-shoot the picture in a more “realistic” setting. To do that I went out to the Borrowdale Police Station and re-shot the picture with 7391 Alan Toms as the model with a more true-to-life flavour.
From **6146 Rob McGowan (Harare)**

“Thanks for the latest Natal Outpost. It is good to catch up on a lot of names and faces from the past. And this last edition had quite a few from my era down in Bulawayo (1962 – 1969). My last posting was at APTS, where I shared an office with Piet Van Rensburg (a fellow squad mate), whose photo appeared in this edition. My lasting memory of Piet was him and I watching a gang of convicts standing very still (usual stance, leaning on shovels!!) in the APTS vegetable garden. Without blinking an eye, Piet said “A fine study of African Still Life” and we both started to laugh. It’s an expression I have used pretty extensively over the years since!!!...........

From **6439 Steve Ross-Jones (Durban South)**

“............... I am donating my collection of Natal Outposts, dating from No 1 (March 1982) to No 68 to the Committee. Also included are numerous menus relating to Annual Regimental Dinners over the same period. Some value here too, I hope.

It was a privilege for me to be associated, on the committee, with the likes of Oliver Kesby, Keith Rawson, Mike Moss, Pete Colepeper and John (Andy) Lees during the initial consolidation phase of the Natal Branch in the 1980s. Notably, Keith and Mike did sterling work for the Branch with Keith as Secretary and Vice Chairman, and Mike as Editor of the Natal Outpost. Minutes of earlier committee meetings are included and bear testimony to Keith and Mike for their outstanding dedication and commitment in this regard.

Indeed, subsequent editions of the now KwaZulu Natal Outposts also are a tribute to latter day Editors, with your goodself being a most worthy and committed example! This dedication is all too often taken for granted and overlooked. Mores the pity!

I trust that these "epistles" of various type will help in preserving a little of the history of our local Association and its "Last Outpost" in particular.”

From **7026 Stretch Hughes and WP 96 Val Oldham (Durban South)**

“The Annual Lunch was a really super success!! Certainly the best since I've been a member.

The venue was brilliant, the service superb and the meal really, really great. Thank you, (all) once again, for all the time and hard work for bringing off such a memorable event.”
From **5930 Roy Gardiner (Hillcrest)**

“This is to let you know that Pauline and I really enjoyed ourselves at the Police gathering on Saturday and were highly impressed by the arrangements – the venue, the cuisine, and of course the excellent company. “Pay attention to detail” was a maxim drummed into all BSA Policemen, and the attention to detail was in much evidence at the luncheon - and did not pass without notice – am thinking of the Blue and old Gold tablecloths, the floral arrangements and the menu cards. It was great to see people that I hadn’t seen in many years, like Lionel Baker, Ed Painting (and his wife Sue) with whom I served at Hillside Police Station. Of course it was great to also see the old comrades I had seen more recently. Well done to you and all those whose efforts it was that made the occasion such a memorable one.”

From **5526 Phil Devlin (Transvaal) (to the Chairman)**

“Robin and I enjoyed the annual lunch immensely and congratulate you and your committee on such a well organised event. Des Howse, Trevor Dutton and others involved did a good job. We felt privileged to be seated with you, Linda, the guest speaker and his wife. Individual table seating arrangements works well. The long tables which we usually have at the Country Club Johannesburg are rather impersonal and not conducive to meaningful conversation. We thought the food good and well presented. Keeping the cost at R80 per head is very good value compared with Transvaal Branch Annual dinner at R250 per head. Then again, we are charged for the use of the venue. Unfortunately there wasn’t time enough to recognise and catch up with several comrades of yesteryear – perhaps next time.......”

From **5281 Peter Bellingham (Harare)**

“I note from your last Outpost that Rob Bresler was trying to locate 7702 Chris Le Mesurier and 7655 Eric Kruger. As you are probably aware Chris is a member of the Western Cape Branch and he attended their Annual Dinner this year. Eric Kruger is resident here in Harare. He is the Caretaker of a building belonging to an Insurance Company that is situated near the Kopje. He is not a member of the Association, and we never see him.
I visited the building earlier this year but found that he had gone out. I have tried to get him to attend our monthly get-togethers at the Mount Pleasant Sports Club, but he never comes. He is still a "loner" unfortunately, probably exacerbated by his experiences whilst in Chesa.”

**CHINA AND THE BSAP**

*Continuing with the second and final episode of Bryan and Diana Litton’s epic journey to China -*

(Still in Xi’an)

An interesting visit to the “Muslim market “, next to the mosque. A narrow passageway with a row of little stalls either side selling all sorts of silk, fans, Chinese items, clothing , books, the odd scooter and bicycle passing through amongst the shoppers. As always ‘negotiation’ was the word.

Xi’an is the home of the terracotta warriors, considered by some to be the 8th wonder of the world, about an hour’s drive on the toll expressway north of the city. We passed by rural areas with villages, very bleak, no trees or flowers,

*This page is sponsored by 5958 Dick Isemonger*
housing covering most areas, busily being added on to existing properties to reap the eventual rewards, financial and square meters of accommodation when re-housed. There were people working in the fields. The tower blocks hadn’t reached them yet, but they will! A long walk from the car park to the 3 “mausoleums”, as big as aircraft hangers, housing the warriors. Amazing to see the pits full of life size figures and horses which have been restored from small fragments, each with a different face, with the potter’s name marked on the sole of the foot. If the Emperor was displeased with the work the whole family was wiped out. It takes 6 months to restore one figure and there are thousands of them.

The Army was constructed over a period of some 30 years and you need to see it to take in the enormity of it.

Amongst the artefacts discovered was a chromed sword. Chrome was first made in Germany in the 1930’s but made in China over 2000 years ago. The Army and artefacts were to provide the Emperor in his after life with the things he needed in his present life.

BEIJING
On 30 April we flew to Beijing. Here the buildings were not as tall as those we had seen in other cities. Still skyscrapers, many were glass and mirror fronted. Flowers and trees along the streets, but not as profuse as in Xi’an or Shenzen.
We intended to visit the Forbidden City and Tiananmen Square. On arrival there were 1000’s of people in large groups and milling around waiting to go in. A platoon of very smart young soldiers marching past and a huge portrait of Mao se Tung displayed on the wall. After queuing we got into the first part of the City building, overlooking Tiananmen Square and saw the great rooms full of paintings and artefacts and yellow silk chairs where Mao se Tung had held court.

Again 1000’s of people all dodging about, posing and taking photos. It felt chaotic and claustrophobic Passing through 2 courtyards and an hour later it was time to join another queue and great crowds – Geoff estimated about
10,000 people -we gave up defeated as we had not yet reached the entrance to the Forbidden City and its many palaces. A shame, but the crowds were too much for us.

THE GREAT WALL

Next day a 60 mile taxi ride along the Expressway to the Great Wall of China. There are 8 ring roads around Beijing. Once we had left the city behind we passed by rural countryside, hills which had been terraced and planted with trees, villages, a sleeper train – our road went on eventually to Tibet - and then our first glimpse of the Wall marching over the hills. A lot of coaches and taxis at Budaling. A quick cable car ride took us up the hill and we were on the Wall itself, and the Wall winding its relentless 5,500 mile 2000 year old way over the hills, as far as the eye could see, very steep with no concession for the terrain.
The length and enormity of the Wall is mind boggling, we could only see a small portion of it, and the hard labour, suffering in adverse weather conditions that went into years of building it. It was very windy and quite cold when we were there. Swarms of people, mostly Chinese, some walking along a considerable length, posing in groups for photos. You can return down the hill to the car park by a chute, but we elected for the more sedate cable car.

That evening we partook of a magnificent meal in the Garden Wall Restaurant near our Hotel. The decor was traditional Chinese, displaying large fans, calligraphy, lacquered pictures, lanterns and the waitresses in Chinese dress. Surprisingly it brewed it’s own beer in large stainless steel vats which were on display behind the bar.

On 6th May back to Shenzen - four and a half hours on the plane, with a day left to pack up and get ready to return home. We spent the last morning on the monorail train which travels amongst the tree tops overlooking the gardens and “the Wonders of the World”, everything downsized including the pyramids and the Eifel Tower. We took the ferry from Shekou port to Hong Kong the lights of which we could see across the water. A half hour journey took us directly into the check-in desks at the Airport, Again the assistance we received getting on and off the ferry and in the airport was wonderful. Straight through all the formalities, onto the train and eventually on to the aeroplane.

On 10th May, after a marvellous three weeks, a wonderful holiday, and long flight home we were very pleased to be met by our daughter-in-law, Irena, at Birmingham and return safely to our home.

We were impressed with China, the friendliness of the people, respect and help towards the elderly and the family, the pleasant gardens and recreational areas – we saw school children, and the old and young exercising - the cleanliness and order. Nothing is wasted, all re-used or recycled. The black garbage bags are collected by people on bicycles, any cardboard packaging can be “sold” and collect by people again on bicycles, who in turn will sell it on. The same
with plastic and glass bottles. Supermarkets full of Chinese and Western goods, the cheapness of Chinese food, western food costing a lot more. Cheap clothing, but you need to be a small size to buy off the peg. The lack of obesity, the Chinese are slender! Male children are favoured which sometimes manifests itself in the “little emperor syndrome” but we did not see many badly behaved children. Overall the 1000’s of people all the time on the street, in shops, restaurants, everywhere, the noise, and the enormity of China, we travelled some 3000 miles in 3 weeks and only visited four cities.

Nothing seems to get in the way, simply excavate a hill to remove it, or knock down villages to replace them with tower blocks to re-house the people! Not much in the way of health and safety. The man installing the air condition unit on the 26th floor simply stepped out of the window onto the concrete plinth and his mate passed the unit out to him! We are aware there is great poverty in parts of China and not everywhere is as clean or orderly as we encountered on our travels. If we had not been travelling with our family, we would have had severe difficulty with language as we did not meet many English speaking Chinese. We would have had to join expensive guided tours in order to enjoy the experiences we had. We are grateful to our son Geoffrey and his wife, Zheng (Jung) Ning – “Jenny” - family name first followed by given name and always used together - for this opportunity. We would certainly go again.”

.......................Bryan & Diana Litton

SEX AT 75!

I just took a leaflet out of my mailbox, informing me that I can have sex at 75!

I'm so happy, because I live at number 67..... so it's not far to walk home afterwards!

This page is sponsored by 4383 Barry Thomas
MILITARY MYTHS

As mentioned in ‘Editor’s Notes’, when we are given material regarding military tradition which subsequently proves to be incorrect, we now propose publishing those which may generate some interest.

HAND OVER HEART (OR MEDALS)

A reader writes “I recently learned the history behind the placing of our right hand over our hearts at funerals and remembrance services and such like and was surprised to learn that we are actually placing our hand over our medals and not our hearts. It will be noticed at any Remembrance Service or when passing a Cenotaph veterans will place their right hand over their “left side” many believing that they are placing their “Hand over their Heart” in respect or remembrance of their fallen comrades” ; - this is not so.

The Veterans Salute to their “Fallen Comrades” originated in London on Armistice Day in 1920, during the ceremony to unveil and dedicate the Cenotaph in Whitehall at the same time a funeral procession accompanying the remains of the “Unknown Soldier” halted at the Cenotaph during the ceremony before proceeding to Westminster Abbey for interment. Those present included the senior soldier, sailor and many Victoria Cross winners. The ceremony concluded with a march past. The Regimental Sergeant Major of the Guard Regiment conducting the ceremony, faced with a gathering of highly decorated and high ranking military men (including many Victoria Cross winners), all wearing rows of medals, decreed that all would salute the Cenotaph as they marched past by placing their hand over their medals, signifying that “No matter what honours we may have been awarded they are nothing compared with the honour due to those who paid the supreme sacrifice”.

This page is sponsored by 6000 Peter Finch
Dick Hamley, our military historian guru, writes “This is an Urban Myth. I heard it first a year or so at a Remembrance Day function in our village. I nearly choked when an earnest little man claimed it as official and continued to tell me another version that the hand over the medals was also to stop them clinking together which would disturb the sleeping dead. What utter nonsense! There is nothing on any official record that supports the suggested events of Nov 11th 1920. Sergeant Majors of the Guards do not conduct major events of this nature - especially with members of the Royal Family in attendance. That falls to a very much 'higher' personage. Any such instruction would have come in written instructions from Whitehall - and of course there is no record of this.

In most countries, such as the United Kingdom, Canada and Australia civilians do not salute the flag, although it is expected that they stand to 'attention' and males remove headgear when a national anthem is played or the national flag raised or lowered.

To do anything else is an affectation which apes an American tradition. President Franklin D. Roosevelt instituted the hand-over-the-heart gesture as the salute to be rendered by civilians during the Pledge of Allegiance and the national anthem in the United States. This was done when Congress officially amended the United States Flag Code on 22 December 1942 and is consequently part of Federal Law.”

THE BRITISH REDCOATS

And from another reader - “During the recent royal wedding, the millions around the world saw that Prince William chose to wear a uniform that included the famous British "red coat." Many people have asked, "Why did the British wear red coats in battle?" Well, a long time ago, when Britain and France were at war, during one battle, the French captured a British Colonel. They took him to their head-quarters, where the French General began to question him. Finally, as an afterthought, the French General asked, "Why do you British officers all wear red coats?"
Don't you know the red material makes you easier targets for us to shoot at?" In his casual, matter-of-fact, way, the officer informed the General that the reason British officers wear red coats is so that if they are shot, the blood won't show, and the men they are leading won't panic."

Comment from Dick – “Once again - a myth!

The adoption and continuing use of red by most English soldiers after the Restoration (1660) was something of a historical accident, aided by the relative cheapness of red dyes. There is no basis for the historical myth that red coats were favoured because they did not show blood stains. Interestingly, blood shows on red clothing as a black stain.”

MISCELLANY

‘DETECTIVE’ DESIGNATION

Have you ever stopped to wonder why, in the BSAP once a member of the CID was commissioned he no longer was permitted to officially use the prefix ‘Detective’? This is not the case in other police forces, notably the British group, where a member’s rank carries the description through to Detective Chief Superintendent.

Brian Cushworthy has raised this interesting question but the answer is only speculation it seems.

Will Cornell suggests “I can only think that it was because the "Detective" designation could not follow through right up commissioned ranks as some of those officers were in command of uniform as well as plain clothes officers.”

Whilst Bill Crabtree says he doesn’t know, although can recall (Commissioner) Harold Jackson was in favour of the CID having a separate nominal roll to carry their designation up to AsCom stage.

He also comments that the likely reason (as Will Cornell mentioned) was because officers from a CID background were more likely to be transferred to uniform branch after being commissioned than the other way round. The only exception he knew to this was HG Seaward who was uniform branch until Supt then transferred to CID for many years before returning to uniform.
We have to thank 5794 Jac Parker for producing the following old documents relating to part of the preparations made for the representation of the BSAP at the coronation of King George V1.

(In the photo on the left there is no mistaking the imposing figure of RSM ‘Tiny’ Trantum)
2) These details will assemble at Depot by February 12th, 1937, all those not presently posted thereto to be transferred accordingly, with all kit and equipment.

3) The Contingent will depart from Salisbury on March 9th, embarking on the Winchester Castle at Cape Town on the 12th.

4) All ordinary expenses in connection with the journey to and from England and whilst there will be met by Government.

5) Ration Allowance amounting to £12/10/- for the entire trip will be deductible from pay of all ranks.

6) A bonus of £15 will be paid to each member in instalments as under:

   £5 at the commencement of the journey;

7) Each member will be issued with a certain quantity of new clothing, particulars of which will be advised later.

   Saddlery will be drawn in England on arrival.

8) Each individual member of the Contingent will be responsible for providing himself with the necessary Passport and this will require to be produced for inspection by the 3. 3. 37.

9) The Contingent is scheduled to return by the Edinburgh Castle leaving Southampton on May 28th, 1937.

10) Members desirous of being granted leave of absence prior to returning will submit their applications without delay.

In this connection it must be clearly understood that although the return portion of the steamship ticket will be valid no responsibility in connection with the booking of accommodation for a delayed return can be accepted by the Government but the usual assistance from Rhodesia House officials may be looked for.
In our last Outpost I advised someone in this photo, taken in Sinoia in 1972, now lives in Natal. No one has guessed right – it is my wife, Beryl, who was then secretary to Angus Ross.

And in this photo, which, with ‘tongue-in-cheek’ I suggested for the purpose of economic recruiting purposes could have been used instead of that ‘professional’ looking model, Jim Stopforth, quite surprisingly no one recognised yours truly (the one on the left)!

I didn’t think I had changed that much – but then I suppose my eyesight ain’t what it used to be!
THE BSAP MOTTO

5267 Malcolm Wiltshire has made an interesting observation regarding the possible origin of our motto “Pro Rege Pro Lege Pro Patria”. I say ‘possible’ origin because it transpires no one seems to know exactly where it originated!

Malcolm advised –

“My son was on holiday recently in Malawi and met a chap called Wiltshire whose grandfather was in the BSAP. I looked him up on our nominal roll and found 1569 George Wiltshire had served from 1912 to 1934 when he retired on pension to the UK and lived to almost 100.

He joined the Force after service in the 19th Kings Hussars – I did not know that Regiment so I looked it up on Google.

What surprised me was that their Motto was ‘Pro Rege Pro Lege Pro Patria Conamor ! (Apparently the last word translates as ‘we strive’). I have never known who devised our Motto but I wonder if it was derived from such a source?”

Subsequently Malcolm ‘googled’ the internet and learnt -

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

<table>
<thead>
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<th>19th Royal Hussars (Queen Alexandra's Own)</th>
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<td><strong>Active</strong></td>
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The 19th Royal Hussars (Queen Alexandra’s Own) was a cavalry regiment of the British Army, created in 1857 and amalgamated to form the 15th/19th Hussars in 1922.
When referred to Dick Hamley for comment he replied that he did not have the answer –

“......... it was something that I looked for when doing my research for 'The Regiment', but failed to find anything with 'authority'. I think it was the 18th Royal Hussars (The Queen's Own) who had the very similar (to the BSAP) motto of "Pro Rege, Pro Lege, Pro Patria Conamur". That of the 2nd Dragoon Guards (The Queen's Bays) too was similar, i.e "Pro Rege et Patria" (for King & Country) - which leads me to assume that with so many ex-cavalrymen in the higher ranks of the force at the time of its inception, that it was a 'conference' of these gentlemen who devised (albeit borrowed or converted) our motto, without actually plagiarising. Such happened on a more recent date when, having devised a Badge/Crest for the ZRP, I came up with the motto, in consultation with Compol Allum, of: "Pro Lege, Pro Patria, Pro Populo". Being ex Kenya Police, I borrowed from their motto (Salus Populi). P.K said this last should be 'Populo' - and who was I to argue!"

As a bagpiper, I play many gigs. Recently I was asked by a funeral director to play at a graveside service for a homeless man. He had no family or friends, so the service was to be at a pauper's' cemetery in the back country.

As I was not familiar with the backwoods, I got lost and, being a typical man, I didn't stop for directions. I finally arrived an hour late and saw the funeral guy had evidently gone and the hearse was nowhere in sight. There were only the diggers and crew left and they were eating lunch.

I felt badly and apologized to the men for being late. I went to the side of the grave and looked down and the vault lid was already in place. I didn't know what else to do, so I started to play.

The workers put down their lunches and began to gather around. I played out my heart and soul for this man with no family and friends. I played like I've never played before for this homeless man.

And as I played 'Amazing Grace,' the workers began to weep. They wept, I wept, we all wept together. When I finished I packed up my bagpipes and started for my car. Though my head hung low, my heart was full.

As I opened the door to my car, I heard one of the workers say, "I never seen nothin' like that before and I've been putting in septic tanks for twenty years!"

A Bagpiper’s Lament – a deeply moving story.
THE ‘PEACEKEEPERS’

Earlier in this edition (page 55 “INBOX”) we published a letter from Ron Stoole, in which he mentioned the 1967 recruiting film for the BSAP, entitled “The Peacekeepers”.

He also wrote – “........I have a digital copy of the film which we made around ’67 when I was still at PGHQ. I have recently posted it online and this 24 minute feature can be viewed at [http://vimeo.com/29738051](http://vimeo.com/29738051).

The production company that filmed Peacekeepers was owned by a very colorful character, one Solly Benatar, and I was present on about 90% of all the shoots which took place around the country. About 10 years ago I briefly made contact with Solly who was living in the USA. He died a short time later and to my surprise I received an envelope with several black-and-white pictures that I had taken during the shoot program – no letter, no comment, just the pictures.

On another note, I still have those pictures and would be happy to send you copies if you think they might be of interest. In fact, if you are looking for editorial content I would be happy to write a short factual story on the various events that took place during the shooting of that movie, and how it was made. It was a heck of a ride that’s for sure!
Solly was a great one for doing anything he could to get the shot. Not having sophisticated camera equipment he used a wheelbarrow as a makeshift dolly. The person pushing the wheelbarrow is me!”

We have taken Ron up on his kind offer and will feature more of ‘Peacekeepers’ in our next Outpost – May 2012. In the meantime those of you with access to the internet should be interested in watching this short film.

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED

Barry Woan says – “I don’t usually share "confidential Information" regarding the "capture process" utilised when a missing member is located, but thought you would all be interested on how the planning is undertaken.

* Information picked by from a source by Dennis O’Hanlon (CID) of the existence in the Port Edward Area of a lady who purports to have been a member of the Field and then " A" Reserve for 10 years at Borrowdale Station plus her husband had been a P/R member of PATU.

* Int passed on to JOC Margate by safe means and Plan formulated.

* Dennis was tasked to "lure" the person to a place convenient for capture. The Web Pub and Grill in Port Edward was identified.

* The Team was chosen. Dave Owen to take care of "Traffic and PRAW" requirements utilising his nearly 20 years in Traffic and several years as an Observer/Gunner with the Airwing., Andy Messina to take care of all "kit and equipment issues" utilising his experiences as Support Unit Quartermaster, Peter Jansen Van Rensburg for his Sporting attributes and in case the "target" tries to evade capture and myself as Stick Leader and Tracker with a fair bit of experience regarding similar "capture exercises.

* The Plan is scheduled to kick off with a Briefing at "The Woanery" at 10.00am this date. Plan will be rehearsed and equipment checked. Communication with Dennis will be made by "safe means' and we will depart soon after, picking up Peter on the way....

Team slipped into the quiet Holiday Town of Port Edward at 11,00 hours having picked up Peter Jansen Van Rensburg at Marina Beach on the way. On suggestion of our "inside man" Dennis O Hanlon it was decided to infiltrate the Web Pub and Grill as normal holiday makers with a "fishing tale" to tell. By 11.45 hours we all positioned strategically around the bar slurping the local hops (absolute cover was essential.) After receiving the pre arranged "nod" signal from Dennis I turned around to face the "subject" who had just walked in accompanied by her partner...She introduced herself as Patricia aka Pat Allan and her partner as her husband Dave. I introduced myself and the other Team members and once I informed her of our mission she said" I have been waiting all these years for you chaps to pitch...I knew you would...but it has taken some time."

Dennis and Rhoda O’Hanlon : Pat and Dave Allen

This page is sponsored by 4540 Maurice Beaver
NATAL SOCIAL CALENDAR FOR 2012

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Time</th>
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<th>Venue</th>
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<tr>
<td>18th Feb</td>
<td>Sun</td>
<td>Lunch</td>
<td>Dbn South</td>
<td>Winkelspruit Bowl.Club</td>
<td>Bring &amp; Braai</td>
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<tr>
<td>18th Mar</td>
<td>Sun</td>
<td>Lunch</td>
<td>Hillcrest</td>
<td>Augusta Estate</td>
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<td>Sat</td>
<td>Lunch</td>
<td>Margate</td>
<td>Ramsgate Bowl. Club</td>
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<td>Lunch</td>
<td>Natal Prov</td>
<td>Augusta Estate</td>
<td>AGM &amp; Braai</td>
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<td>Sun</td>
<td>Lunch</td>
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<td>Inchanga Estate</td>
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<td>Hillcrest</td>
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If in any doubt regarding a scheduled event we suggest you telephone the following contacts before commencing your journey –

Dbn South - Peter Arnold 039 973 2445 or 083 775 2445
Margate - Barry Woan 039 312 2028 or 0834430533
Hillcrest or Natal Prov - Des Howse 031 762 1010 or 083 440 6740

***PLEASE make a note of the above and don’t lose it!!

“SO, HOW’S YOUR DAY GOING?”

I was sitting at the bar staring at my drink when a large, trouble-making biker steps up next to me, grabs my drink and gulps it down in one swig.

"Well, whatcha' gonna do about it?" he says, menacingly, as I burst into tears. "Come on, man," the biker says, "I didn't think you'd CRY. I can't stand to see a man crying."

"This is the worst day of my life," I say. "I'm a complete failure. I was late to a meeting and my boss fired me. When I went to the parking lot, I found my car had been stolen and I don't have any insurance. I left my wallet in the cab I took home. I found my wife with another man and then my dog bit me. So I came to this bar to work up the courage to put an end to it all, I buy a drink, I drop a capsule in and sit here watching the poison dissolve; then you show up and drink the whole thing! But enough about me, how's your day going?"
PHOTOGRAPHIC ROUND-UP

Durban South [16 October]

Top Row: Andy Messina, Peter Gibson, Lindsay Mason, Gerry Bowker, Mike Williams
Bottom: Vic Sutherland, Pete Colpeper; Trevor Wilson, Ken Wood

Margate [5 November]: Sakkie McKay, Heather Clarke, Barry Woan, Connie & Kevin Woods

Hillcrest [27 November]

Fred Mason        Mike Ayrton-White        Dick Isemonger

“Surely that’s not a woolly-necked stork?!”

Peter Cutting   Natascha Clark        Dave Lynn        Nobby Clark