To All Members, Natal Branch:

NOTICE OF NATAL BRANCH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 2012 Annual General Meeting of the Natal Branch of the BSAP Regimental Association will be held on Saturday 12 May 2012 at 11.00 at the German Club (ex-Shamwari), Barham Road, Westville.

Notice is hereby given of a Resolution to change the date of the Branch financial year.

D L Howse
Hon. Secretary

Guys, please make every effort to attend - we need your input to assist us in administering the Branch effectively. The AGM has been specially scheduled for a Saturday morning to obviate the need to drive at night as well as giving us chance to get together socially.
The meeting will be followed by a 'bring 'n braai' so bring your meat, salads, etc. Drinks will be available from the Club. Spouses, partners, etc. are very welcome at the braai.
Please give thought to serving on the Committee and/or proposals for other members of the Branch to serve on the Committee.

Des

This page is sponsored by 5661 Trevor Wilson
New Rhodesian Novel out now!

In the Shadow of the Tokolosh

Written by the unknown soldier Conrad K

Four young men growing up in the wilderness, as the last remnants of colonialism in Africa. While the world and its attitude changed around them, they found themselves fighting to save their way of life, in a land that did not share their views or values. Set in the Zambezi Valley, where the white man made his last stand in Africa.

“A writer clearly has a deep love of Africa. His knowledge of the history, the cultures, the dynamics is second to none and he leaves the reader in no doubt that he knows what he is talking about... This is more than a story - it is a history, a philosophy, a way of life, a political debate - all rolled into one... The love and dedication that has gone into it is to be commended. Well done!”

Chris Cocks, Author of bestselling book ‘Fireforce: One Man’s War in the Rhodesian Light Infantry’ (2001)

“★★★★★ What a WONDERFUL book. Don’t think it is just about the war against the terrorists in Rhodesia; it’s much much more than that. It’s a book of memories, of growing up and becoming a man in Africa...With “turns” that were not expected and with tears in my eyes as I finished the book, I without reservation recommend this book to those who have lived in sub-Saharan Africa.” Amazon.com Review

Available in paperback, hardcover & Ebook (Kindle) from www.amazon.com
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Banking Details

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

Please try to avoid making a cash deposit

COVER PHOTO: The Eastern Highlands of Southern Rhodesia
(which probably haven’t changed much from 100 years ago.)

The cover is sponsored by 6520 Barry Lane, whilst this page is sponsored by a member who wishes to remain anonymous but she says a big ‘thanks’ to the Committee.
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*This page is sponsored by 5661 Trevor Wilson*
EDITOR'S NOTES

A retired senior member of the South African Police recently said to me that he was amazed that after some 30 years ‘in exile’ the bond between former members of the BSAP is still so strong. He did not know of any other police force in the world which could boast the same degree of brotherhood, especially when considering that the BSAP no longer exists.

Although not actually using the term ‘espirit de corps’ that is obviously what he was referring to.

This prompted me to ask Dick Hamley the background to this saying insofar as it relates to the BSAP. He replied......

“...You ask a question that I have been asked on a number of occasions. A dictionary will tell you the following: (1) "Espirit (espree) - origin French, from the Latin spiritus; and (2) esprit de corps (espree de kor) - a feeling of pride and loyalty uniting members of a group.

To me the thing that made the BSAP stand out from every other contemporary Police Service - the thing that made it what it was - was its pride. We knew it as ‘esprit de corps’, a strong feeling that had its foundation in high morale and discipline and in the certitude of work done well. With that feeling, a consanguinity implicit in a sense of belonging to an organisation that allowed each individual member to say - with absolute conviction - ‘We are the best...’.

Now, if a casual ‘outside’ observer can recognise a proud, closely knit unit why is it that so many of our former colleagues have chosen to ignore their former mates and seemingly wish to have nothing more to do with those who shared a life worth living during a period of history in a country which offered one of the best places to live in?

In Natal alone I know of at least 20 former colleagues who just don’t want to know and it is certainly not lack of funds which prevents them from joining.

To me it all seems such a pity. We are all well aware that our numbers are fast diminishing – the Obituary column continually reminds us of this and the rate of attrition does not necessarily only affect our older members. Two years ago I ventured to suggest that the BSAP Association would probably cease to exist...
after about 15 years (we would be looking at circa 2025). No one seemed to argue against my prediction at that time nor since.

Although in 2025 there will still be a few of us remaining there would be insufficient numbers world-wide to support the number of Branches that currently operate and insufficient interest to maintain an ‘active’ global Branch.

Ah well – each to his own!

In the May 1954 edition of the Outpost the editor, HG Baldwin, wrote an editorial note concerning the then worldwide popularity of ‘our’ magazine –

A SHORT time ago a member of the Force received a letter from a reader of The Outpost in Australia and as a result expressed to us his surprise at the fact that our magazine is read in a country so far removed from Africa. We in turn were equally surprised that this fact is not more widely known within the Force. The Outpost does in fact reach many countries, where we are told, it is read with much interest. Some of these readers are ex-members of the Force who settled in other parts of the world and still wish to keep in touch with their old Force. At the same time it is sent to a number of Police Forces in England, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, etc., and to all Colonial Police Forces within the Empire. Requests have also been received from Continental countries including France, Germany, Switzerland and Holland for the magazine.

It will be seen therefore that what is recorded as happening at Gokwe and Bulawayo is read in such far away places as the Cook Islands and San Francisco, and this aspect should receive due regard when news for publication is compiled. We are always pleased to receive items of general interest and whenever possible these are published. The blue pencil is used only with great reluctance and when a contributor finds that his spicy and maybe imaginative account of the adventures of the junior member on the station has not been printed, there is a good reason for this. The effect upon the contributor may be one of frustration, but it should be remembered too that perhaps the parents of the junior member may read the magazine. Is the local wisecrack really of interest to our wide field of readers?
I would have disagreed with Mr Baldwin’s final comments. I believe that the Outpost was, and still is, published primarily for the interest and benefit of the members of the BSAP and their families. The fact that it proves to be popular and read worldwide should not detract from that belief and if it is felt necessary to exercise the blue pencil then tell the contributor – not the whole world!

Finally I would like to thank again all those readers who continually sponsor the pages of the Natal Outpost – in the two years since we invited contributions the amount has now topped R7500. Well done! ...................Trevor Dutton (td.)

“Success is the ability to go from one failure to another with no loss of enthusiasm.”

..........................................Sir Winston Churchill

CHAIRMAN’S COMMENTS

This year has started well for the Branch, with most of the Stations holding functions where members can meet, enjoy some comraderie and a chat. Peter Arnold and his Durban South team organised a very enjoyable and well attended braai on 19th February at the Winklespruit Bowling Club, where it is always a pleasure to catch up with old friends and acquaintances. Members from Margate, Hillcrest and Durban were also in attendance and a good time was had by all.

Iain Laing also arranged a get together for Durban North at the Wings Club, Virginia Airport, on 14th March, which attracted members from that part of the world (details appear elsewhere). Hopefully Iain’s efforts will take root and receive greater support as time goes by, as there are some 35+ members located in Durban North.

Des Howse, as usual, organised another very enjoyable Hillcrest Braai at the Augusta Club on the 18th March and it was really good to see a very cheerful and enthusiastic group of members from near and far. Sue kindly drove 6097 Ted Painting all the way from Salt Rock and Myrna also brought 7055 Alan Brent, both with their respective chariots, and it was great for both Ted, Allan and the other members present, to be able to chat and catch up with each other.
6000 Peter Finch, from Johannesburg who was on holiday in Natal, also joined us and again it was enjoyable to see him and to learn of his news and progress. Peter made the comment that it was great to be with such a jovial and cheerful bunch! Must be the life in Natal.

Des & Trish Howse with Linda and I, joined the Midlands Branch for their very enjoyable and pleasant annual Scottsville Race day on 26th February in Pietermaritzburg. Alan and Flik Bennett organised the gathering to their usual high standard and managed to stake an early claim to the only large tree with plenty of shade, a good view of the finish line, and also fortuitously close to the Tote, for those who enjoyed a flutter. It was noticeable how many ladies made frequent visits to the Tote to place bets and collect winnings, my wife being one of them! It really was a most enjoyable and fun function. It was also good to catch up with Ticky and Penny Dalton, old friends and Police Reservists from my days at Waterfalls (67 to 72). Ticky proved useful in regard to the various types of bets that could be placed, having previously been a jockey and trainer, but unfortunately not too accurate with the winners! Peter (Pookie) Reynolds, still looking fit and sauvé, was backwards and forwards to the Tote, and seemed happy enough with his fortunes. John Millar, Roy Hendry and Roz Crone were also enjoying their day and it was good to be in their company. It was just a pity that more members didn’t support this fun day!

We also look forward to the next Margate braai on the 26th May, as these are always well supported and pleasant occasions, organised by the “Member in Charge”, Barry Woan and his team. Again it provides the opportunity to catch up with a great bunch of friends and acquaintances from the South Coast.

To honour a member who contributes so much positive energy and time, to his Station where he provides so much active support for his members, as well as to the Branch and to the Association as a whole, including his outstanding fund raising efforts, the Committee has decided unanimously that 8157 Barry Woan be made an Honorary Life Member. Well done Barry, you are a tower of strength (and might I say stealth especially in tracking down ex members and

This page is sponsored by 9992 Chris Digges
coercing them into joining) and an example to all of us. Our sincere
congratulations.

In an effort to induce more members to attend and to avoid the night time
driving and road blocks, we are holding our AGM at lunch time, followed by a
braai, on the 12th May at the German (old Shamwari Club) in Westville. We
sincerely hope that this will draw more interest and support in our continued
efforts to make this a “vibrant and caring” Branch.

I would like to take this opportunity also to sincerely thank 8068 Dennis Wyatt,
for his support and interest in Branch affairs, he has been a stalwart member of
the Committee, but is unable to stand again due to his elevation to greater
heights in another organisation. Our gratitude also goes to 6030 Robin Clark
for stepping in and giving us invaluable financial support and advice and for
assisting our Treasurer, Ethne Ayrton-White, to get our financial records fully
organised and up to date, as well as preparing our annual financial balance
sheets. The committee is most grateful. Robin, and we sincerely appreciate
your valuable input.

Obviously, I am also extremely grateful and indebted to our Hon Sec, Des
Howse, our esteemed Editor, Trevor Dutton, who gives us the pleasure of such
an excellent magazine, to Ethne our efficient Treasurer, our young (compared
to the rest of us) Almoner, David Lynn, who tries to keep track of those who
need support, and to Ken Wood, of the Branch Committee, without whom we
could not function effectively. (Dennis I have already mentioned). My thanks
to you all for a job well done.

On a historical note, the formation of the original BSA Police Association was
promoted by Col A H M Edwards, the Commissioner, (Major General Sir A H
M Edwards KBE CB for six years the Commissioner of the Metropolitan
Police) who, in a dispatch dated the 20th March 1913, considered that it would
be a “good thing” to start a B S A Police Old Comrades Association. On the
24th May 1913, the original meeting of the Old Comrades Association took
place at the Civil Courthouse in Bulawayo, with Colonel Edwards elected President and Major Nesbitt VC, Vice President.

Whilst the Association understandably became moribund in 1914, as a result of the First World War, it was not reconstituted until a meeting on 14th November 1926 when the **B S A Police Regimental Association** was re established, motivated by the then Commissioner, Lt Col G Stops.

A suggestion has been made that a Centenary function be held next year in the Western Cape which was considered fairly central for members from UK and southern hemisphere, but as Jim Blain points out in the Western Cape Outpost, “regrettably little enthusiasm for such an event has been forthcoming” which is a pity. Jim requests that any members who are interested in getting together and celebrating the occasion in the Cape should please contact him.

Closer to home, it was considered that a Natal Branch lunch be organised to celebrate the 100th Anniversary of the Regimental Association on the 25th May 2013 (Saturday) if there is sufficient interest. Please let your committee have feedback.

Our Annual Lunch this year will take place on **Monday 24th September** which is Heritage Day, (public holiday) at the same venue as last year. We hope to make this every bit as enjoyable, so **please make a diary note now**.

In closing, I sincerely hope that 2012 is being kind to you all and to those who have serious illness or disability, please know that our thoughts are with you. Should you require assistance, or even just a visit or a chat, please let Dave Lynn, our Almoner, know (078 385 1100). Go well and take care.

.................**Trevor Wilson.**

“I always make huge detours – people have suggested that I would probably go to the Gents via Germiston!” .................Garth Long

This page is sponsored by 5958 Dick Isemonger
AN EXTREMELY SICK AND SAD SITUATION

Please don’t hurt my Mommy!
The rhino is being hunted into extinction and could disappear forever. Shocking new statistics show 440 rhinos were brutally killed last year in South Africa alone, home to at least 80% of the world’s remaining wild rhinos.

This year, as at mid April, the count of rhinos poached in South Africa is sitting at 165 – more than 1.5 killed per day and this doesn’t include orphaned calves who have died as a result.

Fuelling this devastation is a huge spike in demand for rhino horns, used for bogus cancer cures, hangover remedies and good luck charms in China and Vietnam. Protests from South Africa have so far been ignored by the authorities, but Europe has the power to change this by calling for a ban on all rhino trade.

Horns now have a street value of over $65,000 a kilo - more expensive than gold or platinum. The South African Environment Minister has pledged to take action by putting 150 extra wardens and even an electric fence along the Mozambique border to try and stem the attacks - but the scale of the threat is so severe that global action is required.

For more information on this subject go to www.avaaz.org/savetherhino or e mail gillian@vngevents.co.za

BSAP MATURE MEMBERS

With the sad passing of 3385 ‘Lummy’ Lumholst on 16th January this year, just 2 months before his 100th birthday, our total number of Mature Members looks like it is now down to eight –

3004 Arthur Neil Alston (now Arden): England
PR 4891 Sid L. Cooper: England
3693 Charles Anthony “Bill” Schollum: New Zealand
3605 Thomas Stewart “Paddy” Anderson: Isle of Man
(3525) Eileen Wordsworth: Western Cape
3708 William “Bill” Crabtree: Natal
3801 Philip Whitbread “Coot” Atkinson: Johannesburg
59 Kathleen Waterworth (now Clayton): New Zealand

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BSAP WORLD NOMINAL ROLL (WALES)

The UK Branch of the Association has almost 700 members and whilst the majority reside in England others can be found in many other countries. As at 2010 there were 24 living in Wales.

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THE BSAP AND THE RCMP

I thought I had come up with a great idea to record brief details of those former members of the BSAP who had left us to join the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (I had always fancied wearing their uniform!) But, despite the help of Alex Geddes, National Secretary of the RCMP Veterans Association (with a current membership of around 5000) we have so far only found three former members of the BSAP who actually donned the famous red tunic.

For some reason I had the impression that the number would have been far greater – wrong, it seems. Of the three identified two have passed on but at least we can report on who appears to be the sole surviving member.

But, before doing so, Dave Wright came up with an interesting fact – the joining age for the RCMP was 21 years so aspirants would have had to do something for 3 years after leaving school – what better than to fill the gap by joining the BSAP? A good idea perhaps initially but once in the Force (and Southern Rhodesia) many would have realised it was a good place to stay?
In order of BSAP ‘seniority’ our 3 Mounties were 2773 Geoffrey Harris Mitchell; 4430 John Douglas Edward Watts; and 6497 Robert John Braham.

2773 Geoff Mitchell  We thank 5947 Martin Edwards (Canada) for not only bringing this former member to our attention but for carrying out research, following a chance meeting with Bob Mitchell (son of the subject) during 2006, which has resulted in the following -

“Trooper Mitchell, born in Chard, Dorset, on 30 June 1903, attested into the B.S.A. Police on the 26th March 1926. Prior to his attestation into the Force, he had been working in South Africa. He did well in Depot, and passed out as the top recruit of his Squad.

Upon leaving Depot on the 17th September 1926, he was posted to the Bulawayo District, and from there, Victoria Falls.

He applied for discharge from the Force “By Purchase” on the grounds of “Urgent Private Affairs” due to the illness of his brother, and the fact that his family required him to return to the United Kingdom. His application was approved upon payment of five pounds sterling, and he left the Force on the 26th March 1928……” (This information per kind favour of 5281 Peter Bellingham)

10636 Geoffrey Mitchell joined the RCMP shortly after the St. Valentine's Day massacre in February, 1929. He briefly served as a riding instructor at the RCMP Training Depot in Regina, Saskatchewan and later joined the Liquor Control Squad in the same province, until he retired in 1949 in the rank of Staff/Sgt.

Geoff Mitchell passed away on 19 December 1991 at Metchosin (near Victoria), British Columbia.

4430 John Watts was born in the UK on 31 January 1927 and served in the BSAP from 12 Apr 1949 to 11 Apr 1952, leaving as a Constable.

He subsequently joined the RCMP on 2 September 1953 – force number 18316. As a member of the RCMP Musical Ride he went to the United Kingdom with the Ride in 1957. John served for 5 years, retiring on 1st September 1958.

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He then entered the priesthood, graduating as a Minister from the Anglican Theological College in Vancouver in 1963. He died in 1993 and is buried in Nanaimo, British Columbia.

6497 Rob Braham.

“I joined the BSAP as a Constable from Britain in 1961 and became part of Squad 12/61. I completed the nine months training and then did a short stint in Fort Victoria before being transferred to Nuanetsi where I spent at least a year. After Nuanetsi I was stationed at Zaka and actually finished my three year BSAP tour at that location. I remember an African Sgt Chigerwi who accompanied myself on many a patrol into the varying villages, we became pretty good friends.

After my three year tour I returned to Britain where I stayed for a short time and then sailed to Canada settling for about six months with my parents in Kingston, Ontario. I applied for the RCMP and was accepted a year later and in June of 2001 completed a 36 year tour of duty with them being transferred all over Canada from east to west along with a four year tour in the far north of Canada, quite a contrast to then Southern Rhodesia. I finally retired from the RCMP in June of 2001 as a Staff Sgt in charge of a large Watch in Surrey, British Columbia.

The BSAP was my first real job and had no regrets. I loved the country and the people and thoroughly enjoyed the job. I would have stayed however I guess family was the draw, finding it a long long way from my home country of Canada. I had also applied for the RCMP in the latter years with the BSAP and while not fully accepted they did acknowledge the BSAP service and to be honest I feel my service with this excellent Force was instrumental in my getting into the RCMP.

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Lately, I have had some contacts with my BSAP squad mates and other members around when I was in the Force and memories have started flooding back. I have always been a hunter/fisherman and am still to this day. However, Africa in those years was the perfect setting for both of these sports. My wonderful memories of both the BSAP and Africa, albeit somewhat foggy today, have never left me.”

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

A BLOKE SAT IN THE ARMCHAIR AND CALLS TO HIS WIFE,

"WHEN I DIE I'M GOING TO LEAVE EVERYTHING TO YOU MY LOVE!"

SHE SHOUTS BACK, "YOU ALREADY DO YOU LAZY BASTARD!! "

This page is sponsored by 5661 Trevor Wilson
RADIO RHODESIA – SEQUEL

In our January 2012 (89th) edition we published an article on ‘Radio Rhodesia’ (see page 26). In the credits we recorded our thanks to Antoinette Dick but didn’t mention who she is or anything about her.

In her single days Antoinette’s family name was Fourie. In 1964 and at the age of 17 Antoinette completed her schooling at Que Que High and took immediate employment with the Rhodesia Broadcasting Corporation as a Programme Operator.

She worked there for many years and in addition to knowing all those broadcasters who featured in the article “Radio Rhodesia” knew Geoffrey Atkins, Nigel Kane, Jeremy Dawes and many more.

Antoinette got to know Ian Smith quite well and recalls the circumstances of their first encounter at Broadcasting House -

“One day I was in one of the recording studios feeling very frustrated about a deadline of a difficult dubbing and editing I was doing. I didn’t want any interruptions and had closed the door to the studio.
I didn’t even hear the door open, I was so engrossed as I sat at the controls, but I looked up to see two men entering. One was holding the door open for the other, who stood there in his suit, hat in hands. The other, standing behind him carried a briefcase.

"Is this the studio we're meant to record a speech in?" the latter asked. It was back in 1965 I believe.

I frowned. "I think not ... hmm ... let me see?" I crossed over to the board and checked the schedules. "That's funny" I said, "I don't see anything scheduled anywhere ... are you sure you have the right date?"

They affirmed that they had.

"Well then" I said, "let me go and find out where you're meant to be?"

Sighing and feeling somewhat angry, I stopped both machines knowing I'd have to trace back a little in order to resume what I had been doing. I really DIDN'T need THIS interruption!

I went to the Reception desk up front and said "Mary, I have two men in my studio," and recounted the story. Mary said she’d look into it and suggested I go back to the studio and tell the men to wait there until we found out.

The next moment John Parry arrived sweating and red in the face, and started apologizing profusely to the men, leading them away. I still didn't know who they'd been, but I wasn't long in finding out.

After the speech had obviously been recorded, I heard a thundering roar as John Parry came through the courtyard screaming at all and sundry within hearing range and at the top of his voice, and wanting to know WHY THE PRIME MINISTER had not been properly met and given the respect due him and that a "silly little programme operator" had had to show him the way, etc., etc. mixed with much ***##!!!!"
Her elder sister was WP 80 France Fourie who served from 1 Feb 1963 to 20 Jan 1985, retiring from the ZRP as a Superintendent.

France Fourie died on 27 June 1992 as the result of cancer.

Her younger brother is 7858/9106 Louis Johannes Gilbert Fourie who served initially from 12 Dec 1967 to 30 Nov 1972, leaving as a Patrol Officer; then re-joined 4 Jan 1974 until 31 July 1979, leaving as an Inspector.

Then the third, and youngest sibling, is 9946 Jean-Pierre ‘Stompie’ Fourie.
He served from 11 Feb 1977 to 31 Dec 1980, leaving as a Section Officer.

This page is sponsored by 6000 Peter Finch
Finally, I wish to make an apology to Toni for having mis-quoted her as suggesting there was never a ‘Radio Rhodesia’ as such. That was my own impression and John Bishop soon put me right – after the break-up of the Federation the FBC became the Rhodesian Broadcasting Corporation (RBC) and when reading a news bulletin the half-way identification would take the form of “This News Broadcast come to you from Radio Rhodesia.” and John said it ‘thousands’ of times.

We also asked Malcolm Russell what was the name of the broadcasting company prior to the FBC – his reply –

“It laboured under the incredibly laboured “Southern Rhodesia Broadcasting Corporation” label. One too many brandies and you can imagine what John Parry did with that. After the Federation broke up it reverted to that until everyone got fed up and called it the RBC – Les MacKenzie would famously wrap his show with ‘RBCing you’ which annoyed me hugely because I hadn’t thought of it!”

Virgin Active London Triathlon: 2011
(Or the ramblings of a Septuagenarian)

Written by 6650 Peter Combes

“This article is written at the behest of your Editor and I can only hope it will do justice to the quality of the magnificent content you have become accustomed.

One evening in 2010, whilst watching a sports channel, my attention was draw to the London Triathlon. An Olympic distance event, comprising of a 1500-metre swim, followed by a 40-Kilometer cycle ride and finished with a 10-kilometer run. Some 13,000 competitors, including celebrities such as Jensen Button and the sponsor’s boss man, Sir Richard Branson, compete in a variety of events held over two days. At the time, I was well into my training schedule for Ironman 70.3, planned for the following January in East London, which included a longer swim and more than double the cycle and running distances. The idea about competing in the city where I grew up and my first job was
pounding the beat became irresistible and throwing caution to the wind, I entered. Well that was the easy bit taken care of.

Fortunately, a major part of the logistics was taken care of when a friend living in Oxford loaned me one of his top of the range cycles. It was a bonus not having to take mine and contend with the inherent handling and transport problems that go with moving a bike container about.

On the last Saturday in July, I went along to the Excel centre to watch some other events and generally get the feel of the environment, the vibe and orientate myself with the start, transition and finish points. The weather forecast was 19 degrees Celsius, which meant it would probably be a lot cooler at 7.00 a.m when my batch was due to swim. I was in the +55-age group, which is the oldest age category recorded. Perhaps this is because not anyone over 55 was expected to do this sort of thing! To use a common expression of the day, I felt disadvantaged and discriminated against having to compete against people 15 years my junior.

The buzz of excitement burst into crescendo of approval when Sir Richard Branson made an appearance, resplendent in his red Virgin Active wet suit, to do the swimming leg for his relay team. Fortunately, his entrepreneurial skills are far better than his swimming, so it was just as well he had two very fast teammates to take over for the cycling and running.

On the Sunday morning, I was up at 4.00 a.m to take a taxi to the event. The weather forecast was another fine day, that was two in succession, what a summer the Brits were having. I met up with my mate who had left Oxford at some unearthly hour with my borrowed bike. That left me plenty of time to select my place in the transition area to lay out my kit for ease and speed of changing. Soon it was time to squeeze into my wetsuit and went with 500 others in my batch into the ‘cool’ waters of the Royal Victoria Dock. The start was a bit of a bun fight with people unaccustomed to open water-swimming zig zagging along the course. I guess the odd kick and slap in the face is to be expected under the circumstances. The swim did not go as well as I had hoped and I found my digestive system did not like the water, which was salty with a
hint of diesel. I cramped badly but this was par for the course and anticipated despite taking the necessary nutrients and supplements beforehand.

At the finish, I was assisted out of the water by friendly helpers. With a cramped and wooden gait, I hobbled around the transition area to where my bike was parked. Having peeled myself out of the wetsuit, I grabbed helmet, shoes and sunglasses for the cycle section.

An undulating two-lap course, firstly taking us past the Billingsgate fish market and back, then on out to Westminster and return. Even with total road closure, there were an unbelievable number of marshals staffing each pedestrian crossing place along the route. The ride was 15 minutes quicker than I had hope for, averaging 30 kilometers and hour but I hasten to add, this can be wholly attributed to the bike and nothing to do with my ability.

With the ride completed, there was another hasty change into running shoes for the final 10-kilometer run. The four, two and a half kilometer lap course was flat with ample watering points. Each lap ended by taking us through the Excel Centre, which was packed with cheering supporters. By now, that second English summer’s day was getting hot and the humidity level soared. Any advantage gained by training at Gauteng altitude was negated by the soggy, oppressive heat of a claustrophobic London.

It took about a kilometer of running for my legs to accept there was still work to be done and the stiffness from cycling started to abate which put me in a far better frame of mind. I managed to plod around the course and again to my surprise I was thirteen minutes quicker than planned. My overall time was three hours twenty-eight minutes. In the final analysis, I had completed the event quicker than planned and was ahead of about fifty people in my age group, with a similar number of non-finishers.

Feeling a little worse for the wear and tear on the body, I packed up my kit and headed back to my temporary lodgings. En-route I made one essential purchase, a pack of that cold, amber liquid that is an amazing elixir of life. Back
at the house, once showered, I put my feet up and with the essential liquid replacement close to hand, to reflect upon my day at a most memorable event.

This story would not be complete without some reference, however small, to the British South Africa Police Association. On the following Tuesday I attended the meeting of the London branch at Victory Services Club. There I met up with Alan Lane, Fred Punter, Peter Biddulph, the irrepressible Biff Way, Dave Grimbly, Alan Toms, Brian Taylor, Taffy Jones Taffy Roberts and others. I was shown superb hospitality as we recalled many memories. Eventually I left that august league of gentlemen to negotiate the complexities of the London Underground system through an alcohol induced myopic haze!

**THE MYSTERY & INTRIGUE OF THE TWO KANYEMBAS - Part 1**

*Written by 6121 Mike Harvey*

I thought it was time to put pen to paper and write up about the Zambezi Valley and what I see as a controversy over the ‘old’ Kanyemba police camp site and something about those who served and patrolled in the area. Most of the information included in this account has been collated from various *Outposts’* and medical journals which have appeared over the years.

This page is sponsored by 8090 Dave Lawson
I have always felt there was something very special and mystical about the great Zambezi Valley in the early 1960’s, whether this was because of its early history of the great Monomatapa Kingdom or of the early Portuguese and Arab expeditions into its interior, seeking both gold and slaves in the 1500’s. Or maybe it was just the fact that this part of the country to the north was still wild, undeveloped and unspoiled, where its tribal people were looked upon as primitive by other tribesman above the escarpment, especially when the stories of the “two-toed” tribe were rife. There was something magical about the valley, its vastness and emptiness of some 20 000 square miles settled by a spattering of human habitation along its network of major perennial rivers and the encroachment of wild game back into the Dande TTL from the upper reaches of the Chewore after its slaughter during that intensive tsetse campaign of the 1950’s to shoot out anything that moved. It was also a land that was harsh and unforgiving, extremely hot, regarded as inhospitable to the unwary, and was after all miles from nowhere and the back of beyond.
At that time there were the two rough roads (tracks) from the base of the escarpment to the two missions on the border – Chikafa (Hunyani) and Msengedzi, as well as a number of old Tsetse tracks. To get to the Zambezi River one used the track north of Chikafa, along the banks of the Hunyani River to the big river. In all, the valley was a pretty isolated place then. There were no trading stores, the nearest being above the escarpment or across the Zambezi at Feira in Northern Rhodesia (Zambia) or Villa Zumbo in P.E.A. (Mozambique).

Around December 1964 there had been a great deal of interest centred round this area in the Outpost with articles of personal experience and Letters to the Editor about Kanyemba and early activities of the that part of Zambezi Valley. By way of introduction to myself there appeared a letter in the Outpost December 1964, I quote; “Inspector R J Paget has written from Odzi in connection with the letter from Mr S Duncan in last month’s Outpost. Apparently the ruins of Kanyemba Camp were located by Constable Harvey (myself) while on patrol from Sipolilo in 1961. He also found some broken cups and plates. In his patrol diary Constable Harvey drew a reconstruction of the camp as it must have appeared in its heyday, and this was remarkably similar to the description given by Mr Duncan. Chief Chitsungu (Once an A/C at Kanyemba) gave his ready assistance in this.” Incidentally, Bob Paget was my boss at Sipolilo at the time and the patrol took place in 1962.

I remember taking a dugout canoe and a small party consisting of A/Sgt Musengi, A/C Hove, Chief Chapoto, Headman Arizhabowa and an elderly African who knew the “old” camp’s whereabouts and was to direct me to the ruin site. We paddled downstream some 8km, hugging the southern shore heading towards the Luangwa River confluence and the Portuguese East Africa border. A rock outcrop on the southern bank commands this part of the Zambezi, rising steeply above the river to a ridge of high ground, was identified as the site of the old Kanyemba police camp. Thick vegetation greeted us as we paddled into the bank and on leaving the canoe the party commenced its arduous ascent, stumbling and sliding, up broken shale and fighting through thick Jesse bush. With much effort and torn to bits by thorns the party made it to the top, a commanding ridge overlooking this great spectacular expanse of river below and beyond. Below us and to the east lay PEA and its border marked by survey beacons running due south along a small valley.
Villa Zumbo snuggled under a mountain range across the river, where this same range and the Luangwa River run northwards. Opposite and across the river was Feira (Luangwa) in Zambia. I recall thinking to myself, what a fine site for a police camp! And lo and behold, sitting further back and hidden by a tangle of thick vegetation and trees, one could slowly pick out the crumbling remains of what was once a stone building, the “old” Kanyemba camp.

This was a thriving police post some fifty years prior to my visit, and ironically I write about the same camp nearly fifty years on after that memorable patrol and my first visit to the camp.

This patrol, which incidentally was the last foot patrol carried out of the valley with carriers, and covered some 400 miles of valley, covering the major rivers with its pockets of population and stretching between the escarpment and the border to the north. A vast area when covered on foot!

In the Outpost, November 1964, the following article appeared under the heading Kanyemba-a Memory by (Trooper No. 1783) Mr S Duncan (Sidney attested 19/12/1913), where he identifies a photograph showing himself departing Banket on transfer to Kanyemba on 5th September, 1916, to take over. He explained to the Editor that he had been meaning to write for some time (some 13 years) regarding this photograph which appeared in Outpost in March 1951, which carried the caption – “On transfer. Who, where and when?” The photograph again appeared in a later edition in February 1965 to clarify this fact.

He goes on – “Corporal Merry (No. 1767 – Hugh Edward attested 15/10/1913) was in charge at Banket and one of the finest men I have known. I was sorry to leave his station but at the same time delighted at the thought of being posted to Kanyemba, the most remote and romantic out-station of the British South Africa Police, situated on the Zambezi River just where it flows into Portuguese East African territory and where it is joined by the Luangwa River flowing down from Northern Rhodesia (Zambia).”

“This posting was in those days the dream of every Trooper in ‘B’ Troop. Life in the B. S. A. Police in those days was one of adventure and my expectations of it on my journey to and during my stay at Kanyemba were more than fully
realised. This period remains a memory which will only die with me.” (This was to be, precisely, my own sentiments of my early policing experiences.)

Trooper Duncan leaving Banket with his entourage of carriers on his adventure

“To get to my new station entailed a foot safari of some 200 miles, by way of Sipolilo police camp, for no horse or mule could survive the tsetse fly in the Zambezi Valley from the Mvuradona Range one hundred miles north to the Zambezi itself. Nor, in this part of the country were there any of the so-called roads of those days (no more than dirt tracks anyway) beyond Sipolilo, but only native footpaths to follow.”

“This remote country was rarely trodden by white men other than the occasional police patrols from Sipolilo, and once one reached Kanyemba one was safely locked away from the world- for it was much too far from civilisation for any inspecting officer to reach.”

“A hunter’s paradise! One could stand and look north, south, east or west, and take one’s pick. No wire fences, roads or buildings-it was all one’s own. Complete freedom.”

“Kanyemba Camp itself was on a ridge right on the bank of the river and was very picturesque. The kia and office were built of mud and rock under one roof. The walls were more than two feet thick, with a very wide verandah along three
sides to protect one from the extreme heat. The verandah was supported by huge round stone and mud pillars, some 2½ feet in diameter, giving the place an almost Arabic appearance.”

“From the verandah I could look out over the vividly blue river, roughly half a mile wide I should say, to Northern Rhodesia. Almost opposite, the Luangwa (River) flowed in, and to its east was Portuguese East Africa. The beauty of the country and the tropical growth in these parts round the rivers, peopled by generous and unspoiled tribesmen, was right out of this world.”

“All this is something I can never forget. I so often realise how lucky I was to know that country 45 years before the Kariba Dam came into being, with its devastating changes far away upriver.” (Unfortunately, Mr S Duncan never lived to read about the building of the new Cabora Bassa Lake which started to fill in 1974 and now backs up the waters of the Zambezi River, to the current Kanyemba police station.)

“Some will say when they read these lines—“Oh, he is living in the past. Let’s get on with things as they are.” It may be so, but I would lay a bet that most members of the Force, if they have the same spirit of adventure as we had (and I am sure they have, or they would not have joined the British South Africa Police) would jump at the chance of putting the clock back.”

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

About the author. The Harvey family have had a strong BSAP presence -

From L to R: No 17 Leonard Sydney Dacomb (Mike’s wife’s grandfather); 3018 George McLean ‘Jock’ Harvey (Mike’s father); 4617 George James William ‘Hamish’ Harvey (Mike’s cousin); 6121 Michael George Harvey (himself).

A 5th member of the family is Euan Harvey, son of 4617 Hamish, who served as an NSPO.
OBITUARIES

WP 517 Alexandra Joy ‘Alex’ Earwood was murdered in her home in Blairgowrie, Johannesburg, on 20 November 2011. Alex joined the BSA Police in February 1979 and served until January 1983, leaving at her own request with the rank of Women Patrol Officer.

PR 16338 Jerry Wilkinson passed away in Margate, Natal, on 3 January 2012.04.12

3385 Lionel Ludvig ‘Lummy’ Lumholst-Smith (aka Lumoltz) died on 16 January 2012 in Cumbria, England, just 2 months before his 100th birthday. Lummy, who was brought up in Norway, joined the BSA Police May 1934 and fell in with the likes of Arthur Baden-Powell (3383), who was to inherit the title Lord from his famous father, and Frank Barfoot (3342), later Commissioner of Police. After a few years on remote district stations, Lummy served most of his service in the Criminal Investigation Department, Salisbury. He may have been one of the few officers involved in the early start of the XB section (intelligence) of the CID, and also served in Immigration, which then fell under the control of the CID. He retired in August 1956, with the rank of Detective Chief Inspector. Lummy joined the Rhodesian Grain Marketing Board, where he served for many years. He was an active member of the Mashonaland Branch, before returning to Norway, and later a member of the UK Branch, when he eventually settled in Cumbia, United Kingdom. Lummy was born on 12 March 1912.

5873 Trevor Sidney Wright died on 27 January 2012 in Harare, Zimbabwe. Trevor served from 15 Sep 1958 to 31 July 1964, leaving as a Detective Constable.

This page is sponsored by a member who wishes to remain anonymous but gives her sincere condolences to the recently bereaved
6133/9525 Pieter Janse 'Piet' Van Rensburg died on 6 February 2012 in Margate, Natal. Piet joined the Force in March 1960 and served until July 1973, leaving at Own Request in the rank of Inspector. He re-joined in January 1976 and served a further six years.

9455 Alexander George ‘Alex’ Millar died on 6 February 2012 in Canada. Alex joined the BSAP in August 1975 and purchased his discharge two years later.

[4734] Wanda Phelan (widow of Vince Phelan) died in her sleep of a heart attack during the night of 15th February, in Durban, South Africa

4716 Laurence Reginald 'Larry' King died on 16 February 2012 in Wrexham, UK. He joined the BSAP in May 1951 and served until August 1964, when he left at Own Request in the rank of Inspector. He re-joined in Jan 1976 and served a further six years.

6469 David Vincent Hart-Davies died on 25 February 2012 in Harare, Zimbabwe. He joined the BSAP in August 1961 and continued serving until November 1986 when he retired from the ZRP in the rank of Assistant Commissioner.

4768 Robert Dawson ‘Bob’ Colquhoun died as a result of cancer at St George’s Hospital, Port Elizabeth on Sunday 26 February 2011. Bob served from 13 August 1951 to 16 August 1971, retiring as an Inspector.

4200 John William Ware died on 28 February 2012 in Madeira, Portugal. He served from 24 January 1947 to 23 January 1950, leaving in the rank of Trooper.

110945 Steven John McCallum died on 11 March 2012 in Krugersdorp, South Africa. He served from July 1979 and after just over 2 years left By Purchase in the rank of Patrol Officer.

This page is sponsored by a member who wishes to remain anonymous but gives her sincere condolences to the recently bereaved
7054 Michael John Bird  died on 18 March 2012 in Auckland, New Zealand. Mike served three years in the BSA Police after joining in February 1964.

7564 Philip William ‘Phil’ Hart died on 21 March 2012 in Bloemfontein, South Africa. Phil joined the Force on 1 April 1966 and served ten years before leaving as an Inspector.

8588 John Bancroft Standers died on 2 April 2012 in Hwange, Zimbabwe. He joined the BSA Police in January 1971 and served until April 1979, leaving at Own Request in the rank of Section Officer.


7206 Christopher Robin Phillips died on 6th April 2012 in Mutare, Zimbabwe, as the result of complications following a hernia operation. He served from 1964 to 1971, leaving as a Patrol Officer.

5509 Michael Anthony 'Scouse' Jones died on 13th April 2012 in Pietermaritzburg, South Africa, following a long illness. Scouse joined the Force on 24th June 1956 and served until 10th January 1978, when he retired as a Superintendent.

5768 Clive Joseph Evans died on 19 April 2012 at his home in County Donegal, Ireland, apparently of a heart attack. Clive served 3 years from 29 September 1957 to 28 September 1960, leaving as a Constable.


This page is sponsored by a member who wishes to remain anonymous but gives her sincere condolences to the recently bereaved.
NATAL PROFILE : 5663 Peter Michael ‘Pete’ HUSON - Part 2

In October 1961 while on long leave in the U.K. I went on a diving course at Siebe Gorman Ltd., and on my return assisted the late Supt. John Wickenden in getting the B.S.A.P. Sub-Aqua Unit started up across the country.

On 9 February 1962 at Njube Dam we carried out the first operational dive in the Force’s history. It was a rush job and we had to dive without wetsuits, or proper weight belts as they had not yet arrived from the suppliers.

As an aside, I was still shooting competitively and continued to do so until the 70s, representing the Force at Federal and Territorial Rifle Meetings as well as the Queen’s Medal and President’s Medal competitions. The Matabeleland stalwarts included Dave Smith, Percy Foskett, and Peter South, and it was quite usual for a third of the 24 finalists in the Queen’s/President’s Medal to be members of the Force.

In May 1961 I joined the newly formed BSAP Car Club Matabeleland and over next five years competed in rallies and races.
In September 1963 I was co-driver to Fred Punter in his Austin Healey Sprite in the First 6 Hour race at Salisbury and we won the Class “C” award. In 1964 I won the Leonard Lord Trophy driving my Yimkin sports racing car.

![Image of George Holmes and Yimkin trophy]

Following the demise of my F1 sports car in December 1966 I got the message and retired from motor sport.

I took up pistol shooting with a degree of success and won the Force Pistol Championships four times between 1967 and 1973 and in 1974 won the Inter-Service Pistol Championships at Gwelo. I was selected for the Rhodesian team for various international matches including the South African Games in 1969 and in 1970 I was awarded Rhodesian Colours for Pistol Shooting.

To return to Police matters; in 1962 I was posted to Western Commonage Police Station firstly as Charge Office Sergeant and then as i/c Administration. Members in Charge were Jimmy Collins and then “Reg” Vincent ably assisted by Fred Punter, and George Barron.

Mid-1964 saw me as a member of the Matabeleland “Q” Rep’s staff as the Member in Charge Transport, under firstly Alan Rich and then John Neale, and the Assistant ‘Q’ Rep was Derek ‘Fruity” Hollis, a bull terrier enthusiast.

While on Promotion Course to Inspector in 1966 I was press-ganged into staying on for another three weeks and acting as a P.A.T.U. instructor as the powers-that-be had decided that something should be done to train recruits in anti-terrorist measures.
Instructors’ names that I recall were C/Supt “Bill” Bailey whose idea this was, Ron Gardner, Reg Seekings, Derek Humberstone, and Dave Perkins and after going through the basics of field craft and so forth in Depot we took Squads 1 and 2 of 1966 “cross-graining” in the Horseshoe Block east of Sipolilo. This was a never-to-be forgotten experience.

In this photo is Dave Perkins with some recruits in the Horseshoe Block.

My promotion to Inspector occurred while I was in the bush with “Bailey’s Babes” and on my return it was back to Bulawayo Central as a Duty Inspector.

In Bulawayo I ended up with my own P.A.T.U. Group and we took part in the early operations in Matabeleland such as “Jackal”, “Cosmic” and “Mansion”, before starting regular deployments into the Operation Hurricane area. From the photo below you can see that in the early days we had to beg, borrow or steal what bits of camouflage we could and most of the kit we were wearing came via a friendly Quartermaster Sergeant at Brady Barracks who was related to either Rob Anderson or his wife.
End of Op Cosmic 24 April 1968

Back Row L - R, Rob Anderson, Sid Dawson, Matt Harwood, Brian Giles, Me, Mike Le Cordeur, Jeff Manning, Cst William.


At the end of 1966 I had to give up diving due to a ruptured eardrum and I duly handed over the Sub-Aqua Section to my No 2, Fred Mason.

My next move was to run the Bulawayo Central Enquiry Section in 1967. Rob Anderson was my 2 i/c and among the troops were such stalwarts as Don Wilson, Mike Wilton, John Duguid, Peter Maloney, Sue Boulton, Wendy Brooks and a certain Cadet Barry Woan.

I stayed there for over eighteen months before going to Sauerstown as Member in Charge in August 1968. During my tenure the single quarters burned down, which caused a great deal of excitement at the time, and a lot of problems thereafter as the single members had to commute to and from Bulawayo Camp but somehow we survived.

My tranquil existence at Sauerstown ended in September 1970 when I took over the Bulawayo Central Crime Prevention Unit from Chris Lathe and he took over Sauerstown from me.

Patrolling the roof tops with Gray Barker
There were some very good years at C.P.U. but inevitably the axe fell and I was called in by my Dispol when I was promoted to Chief Inspector in February 1974 and warned that I was going to Gwelo.

When I got to Gwelo on a pre-transfer visit I assumed I would be taking over from Chief Inspector Don Garman but I was told unofficially by a very embarrassed Propol Midlands that I would in fact be the new Superintendent Gwelo District. (But it was stressed that I didn‘t hear it from him).

Promotion to Superintendent was back-dated to mid-January 1974 thus making me the Chief Inspector that never was, and this also confused the gnomes in the pay office who took a couple of months before they could wrap their minds around it and get my pay sorted out.

When I got to Gwelo Propol was Doug Wright, with Bill Callow as No 2, my boss was Bert Freemantle and Mike Lindley was Supt P R & S. A year later the line-up had changed to: Propol “Shiner” Wright, Asst. Propol Ron Dick, Dispol Geoff Hedges, and Mike Stevens at P R & S. Did I say when I got there? No sooner did I arrive than I was despatched to Op. Hurricane for six weeks or so, to run a joint BSAP and SAP PATU Operation in the Centenary area. Thereafter it was virtually alternate months at JOC Mt Darwin for about the next year.

Gwelo SWAT team : **Rear**: u/k, Geoff Bradley, Chris Lee, u/k  
**Front**: Gerry Hardwick, Me, Trevor Till, Mick Moore

_This page is sponsored by 8778 Alan Dewhurst_
Two things really stand out from my time in the Midlands, in 1976 I acted as Dispol QueQue and Gatooma districts for three months at a time, and in 1975 at the behest of Shiner Wright and with the aid of Mick Moore I recruited and trained the Gwelo SWAT Team. (I also shot a rioter on the night of 11/12 January 1976 during riots in Mkoba Township, Gwelo.)

In July 1976 I was moved to PGHQ as Staff Officer Transport, a job which I found to be fascinating and very challenging, involving a lot of travelling, particularly when it came to sourcing new designs/ideas for mine and ambush protected vehicles to replace those lost to enemy action. My opposite number in the Army was none other than Captain Peter Arnold (ex 5042) and this made for easy inter-service cooperation particularly on the various mine-warfare committee meetings in Rhodesia and South Africa.

November 5th 1976 was my son Mike’s Commissioning and Wings Parade in the Rhodesian Air Force followed by the Wings Ball in the evening and a sumptuous breakfast in the morning (and a monumental hangover). My parents also attended and with my father and myself we had three generations of Air Force at one table which as Air Marshal McLaren said at the time was a unique occurrence.

In June 1978 I was promoted to Chief Superintendent which of course meant a transfer.
In June 1978 I moved back to Bulawayo as Officer Commanding Bulawayo Central and Suburban District. The wheel had turned full circle. I remained there watching the overall situation deteriorate until after the elections and eventually resigned my commission on 31 July 1980 and relocated to South Africa.

In South Africa I worked for the S.A.P. for a while as part of a contingency plan that in the event was not required. I then went into commercial and then corporate security before settling down to a career in risk management consulting.

In January 1994 I moved to Ramsgate and operated as an independent risk management consultant mainly outside South Africa. For some years I was also the secretary of the Ramsgate Community Policing Forum, running the office and assisting with organising the active policing in Ramsgate, (which was a mixture of running a station and a crime prevention unit, and was highly enjoyable). I am semi-retired now, but still consult from time to time.

THE GIRLS OF NATAL

We are pleased to advise we have tracked down another Women Police Officer residing in Natal. All we have to do now is persuade her to join the Association!

**WSO 450 Jane Rowsell** joined the BSA Police as the result of her father’s ([4807 Peter Rowsell](#)) proud opinion of the Force. She enrolled in January 1978 and was promoted to WSO at the end of the following year. However, the drastic changes to the structure of the BSAP
resulted in her taking her discharge from the ZRP in 1981 and returning to South Africa.

Jane now takes up her story – “Back in SA I secured a job in travel, which was my other love. I was employed by Magnum Airlines, a small South African airline, and worked my way up the ranks by learning all facets of the job from reservations to dealing with passengers, airport and flight control, etc. I eventually left the airline and joined various travel agencies, also learning as much as possible! In this time I was married – disastrously so, but fortunately I came to my senses after 3yrs and divorced.

This allowed me time to follow my dream of back-packing overseas. In 1989, I packed up and sold everything, venturing off with my younger sister. I spent 2½yrs travelling and working around Europe, the UK and the Middle East. I lived and worked in London for 7months, but as I didn’t have a Commonwealth visa, I had to leave, and found a wonderful job in Greece for almost a year. This was on the island of Mykonos – an idyllic place with great people. Thereafter I worked on a Moshav in Israel, not far from the Dead Sea (building tunnels, planting, growing, picking and packing veges, driving tractors – a great adventure!). From there I travelled into Egypt (which had just opened up to South Africans) – we visited the pyramids, Giza, Red Sea, Mount Sinai and rode camels in the desert – great fun in a fascinating country! After that it was time to head home and knuckle down again!

My ultimate job was to work for Cathy Pacific Airways, and I landed a position with them on my return. I had 2 great years with them, with many trips to Hong Kong for training, and also to other countries in the East where I accompanied travel agents sent on educational trips.
In 1994 I met up with a childhood friend that I had dated in matric, and in 1996 we married. My husband, Chris, is a farmer (sugarcane and timber). We live just north of Empangeni, in Zululand – 2 hours north of Durban. I assist with all the admin and accounts, and also breed exotic parrots. We have two gorgeous kids, Michelle, and Keegan, 13 & 8 yrs. They keep us young at heart!!

I recently missed attending the reunion of a few PO and WPO squads of 1978, and was peeved to say the least. It would have been great to catch up with old friends – let’s hope the next one will be even bigger and better! Until then, hambani kahle!”

We well know we have a number of Women Field Reservists in our Natal ranks but so far we have only been able to find one who not only remembers her Force number but still possesses an item of her uniform! -

WFR 202562 Marie Bowker is married to 6088 Gerry Bowker and they are both active members of our Durban South Station. Marie reports “I manned the radio at Eiffel Flats Police Station in 1965. After Gerry left the force we went to Mashaba where I manned the radio periodically. Pete Henderson was M/C. Moved to Fort Vic where I was called up frequently for radio duties at Police HQ, where Gerry Powell was, then we moved back to Kadoma area where I worked with Johnny Walker as my boss. Willy Hamilton was OC district and I was called up to radio duties by Syd Weatherall, also reporting to Harry Kefford. Gosh, seems so long ago yet I can remember it all so clearly. I have many memories of those days and can tell many stories, happy and sad.”
NATAL:

The annual Regimental Association Dinner was held in the Candlelight Room, Hotel Edward, Durban, on Friday 7 September 1979 – three of the attendees were

Eighty-five members and guests attended, visitors included Eric van Sittert, guest speaker Neil Jardine and the ‘toaster’ to absent friends, Dave Sloman. Master of ceremonies was Lionel Baker whilst the Chairman, Dave George, gave the usual welcome. Assisting with the organising as well as being ‘official’ photographer, was Bob Savage.

DURBAN NORTH:

Iain Lang continues to persevere in trying to get a new Station together from the 36 odd (?) members who would qualify to be stationed there.

Another coffee morning was held, this time on 18th January and Iain reports -

“I’m afraid the session was not very well attended, with only 7 of us getting there out of a potential 36, but there was quality! Those who came were: 5855 Terry Albyn; 4072 Paddy Allen; 9109 Gavin Bennison; 7860 Rob Bresler; 7635 Noel Kennedy; 6253 Iain Laing and 5268 Mac Wiltshire.
It was good to see Paddy Allen who was in the Force from 1948 to 1978. He is now 89 and in a wheelchair, but still in good spirits. He came with his wife, Helen.

Also a new face was Rob Bresler down from Stanger.

Of course we all conversed wisely as our maturity would suggest, and managed to stay for an hour or so without being evicted.”

It was thought a change of venue might improve things, so, on 14\textsuperscript{th} March –

“As an alternative, we held this month’s meeting at the Wings Club at Virginia Airport, sitting out by the pool.

Nine of us were there, including the Papadopoulos brothers, Doug Dalziel and Peter Finch who is down on holiday from Jhb. I was particularly pleased to see him as we were Constables together in Que Que in 1961.

There is no doubt there is a “Horses for Courses” situation whereby some prefer the morning coffee, while others like the evening drinks. In the circumstances I think I will continue with the alternating of the two venues to suit everyone.
Hopefully we can thereby expand the total numbers who come in the long term by catering for both.

John McCallum volunteered to pay the bar tab at the end. Something to do with being the only one who has received some of his pension! This was very generous of him, even more so being a Scot!”

...........Iain Lang

DURBAN SOUTH:

Member i/c, Peter Arnold, reports -

“An excellent bring and braai at Durban South’s “home”, Winklespruit Bowling Club, was held on Sunday 19th February with 33 attendees including five visitors from Margate and a similar number from Hillcrest and environs. What had threatened to be a wet day turned out to be pleasant afternoon. It was good to have our Chairman and Secretary with us. Thanks goes to Neville Cook for his part in helping to organize the function.”

This page was donated by [6133 Piet van Rensburg] before his recent passing.
MARGATE:

From Member i/c, Barry Woan - “Bert Cubitt was out from England visiting his family here on the South Coast. I met up with him at the Blue Marlin Hotel in Scottburgh for a beer and a chat. As an ex Blackboot we had plenty to talk about.

Charlie Davis is back home having spent a considerable amount of time in hospital. He is still very ill and battling with this awful disease. Recent visitors have included, Butch Von Horsten, Dave Owen, Rich Fiddler, Porky Paull, Gus Albertson, Pauline Clarke, Sakkie McKay, Gerry Powell, ‘Chibule’ Temple, Andy Messina to name a few. He gets great strength and satisfaction from these visits and also appreciates the many messages of support.

We as ex BSAP are blessed down here on the South Coast in that we have wonderful and dedicated care and attention from Di van Dyk (the widow of Jim van Dyk, ex Support Unit) who has just recently taken over as the CEO of Hospice, Port Shepstone; Gerry Powell, a long time Councillor at Hospice and Pauline Clarke who works for the local branch of the Cancer Association.

Steve Worrall-Claire continues to make remarkable progress even though he has had to contend with a knee replacement.

Keith Douche has finally moved into his cottage at the Ramsgate Retirement Village. We are looking forwards to Keith’s input with the Margate Station.

Bob Packer has returned home for an extended holiday during which time his son got married and he and Kim have been holidaying at the Kruger Park.

Rich and Jo Fiddler have returned from India and are here for a short break before Rich takes up a new contract in Mozambique.

Bob Jones who lives with his wife Sheila in the Village of Happiness is not well and in considerable pain with back problems. He is presently undergoing treatment. Bob an ex Police Reserve has been a staunch member of the association for over 30 years and they both actively participate in our various events.

Looking forward to seeing you all at our Bring and Braai to be held here in Ramsgate on the 26th May 2012.
Dave and I go back to Support Unit days when we were both Company Commanders. We have contact with each other every time Dave either starts or completes an expedition in Africa. Some of his exploits to date are riding a bicycle from Nairobi to Cape Town; rowing a boat the length of Kariba from the Dam Wall and back; walking from the Dam Wall to Binga and a canoe trip from the Wall to Binga and back....all done alone.

He has written several books on his trips in addition to his two more well-known ones, ‘Never Quite a Soldier’ and ‘No more a Soldier’.

Dave who is now 67 years old will attempt to walk the length of the Zambezi River from its source near Mwinizlinga in north western Zambia, through Angola, the Caprivi Strip, along the border with Zimbabwe, the Victoria Falls, Lake Kariba, Chirundu through Mozambique to the mouth at Chinde.

The trip, taken completely alone, commenced on 17th of April and should last approximately 10 months to cover some 3540 kms. The Zambian part of the journey is supported by a local food company as well as by that Government, but in Angola and Mozambique he will be completely on his own. At this stage we have not even sorted out how we are going to get Dave out of Mozambique when he completes the journey.

This is the first time that he will be using modern equipment such as a GPS and satellite phone. We will be hoping to have some contact with him and will pass this onto our readers.

I am sure all members of the Association join me in wishing Dave all the very best and may he be kept safe.”
A gathering of the lads at Dennis O’Hanlon’s Pub and Grill at Port Edward in April. The occasion was the arrival of 7363 Brian McGarry who was up from the Cape to see his old mate Dennis. Those attending - Andy Messina; Keith Douche; Dave Owen; Brian McGarry; Barry Woan; Dennis O’Hanlon and Peter Long.

I resisted signing up Brian as a “Country member” on the assurance that he paid his Western Cape Subs and did not swim in our sea!”

HILLCREST:
Des Howse reports – “Sunday 18 March saw 28 stalwart Hillcrest Station members gather at Augusta Estate for a 'Bring 'n Braai'. The usual suspects were present but a number of our regular attendees were unavoidably absent. We were very pleased to see Ted and Sue Painting, all the way from Umhlali, as well as Alan and Myrna Brent. Hilary Squires graced us with his presence, as did Peter Finch, on a visit from the Big Smoke. We welcomed new Associate Member, Mike Bowery and his partner Helen, Mike having been ex-Nyasaland Police as well as ex-Met.
The reason why Hillcrest Station Member i/c, Derek Kerr, was not at the braai was because he and Pieter Cloete were on ‘fagash’ – at least they showed the flag!

BSAP CADETS – Squad 1/59

Extracted from the Outpost dated March 1959 –

CADET COURSE

B y the evening of Sunday, 18th January, 29 lads were settling in at Cranborne, all set for the short training course to be taken on engagement with the Force (and on the following morning a late arrival brought the total to 30). Most centres of the Colony were represented, the farthest Cadet hailing from Livingstone, while the Instructor came from the other end of the Colony—Beitbridge.

At daybreak on the morning of Monday, 19th, the still of Cranborne was effectively shattered by the blaring of a bugle rendering reveille (arr. A.C. Victor Sevestron on loan from A.P.T.S.). This became a regular morning occurrence over a period of four weeks, with variations in note comparing favourably with the non-stop “rock” of Elvis Boone and Pat Pelvis; the writer, having picked up snatches of conversation through plaster-board walls, understands that these are the names of the current purveyors of supper, dinner and bedtime music.

The premises occupied were those formerly used by the Roads Department and each room was fitted with a telephone, the largest having a PABX. Unfortunately these were already disconnected, but they lent atmosphere to imaginary talks with less imaginary fair friends and proved very economical. Their use became discontinued because, when lifted, for some technical reason, they caused the instrument in the N.C.O.’s room to respond—and then there would be a stampede down the passage to determine the culprit.

Training was carried out both at Cranborne and Depot, and visits made to stations, branches and the Dog Section, both in the city and beyond.

Early morning was used for M.T. training. The wear to the airfield should assist the municipality when they proceed with the proposed new road to traverse it.

Of the company were three sons of ex-members—of the late Inspector C. Rayner, the late Sergeant Finch and ex-Inspector McAlachlan. Some of the others were sons of Reservists and of ex-members of neighbouring Forces.

Inclement weather interfered with proposed sporting projects and time spent in travelling to and from Cranborne detracted from the fullness of the programme. However, much keenness was shown, with Cadet P. J. Finch earning the Best Cadet award.

There were few shocks on the course, although Sergeant Terry Franklin, of the Driving School, is still puzzling how one Cadet managed successfully to change gear noiselessly without the use of the
Back Row: Emmerson; Wray; Ulvwa; Bean; Godrich; Hulley; Smith, N.; Callagreth; Burton; Ford; Baynes; Van Staden.

Centre Row: Tiffin; Cunningham; Keens; Finch; Evans; Smith, H.; Pym; McGowan; Gregory; Gilley; McLeachan; Blightenthal.

Front Row: Cicovich; Salmon; Rayner; Mr. R. H. Grimes, Asst. Comm.; Mr. B. G. Springle, Commissioner; Mr. L. E. Toke, Supt.; Baird; Kinsey; Dyer; Mealing.
Some responses to articles published in the Natal Outpost, January 2012

‘KILLED IN ACTION’

“............Mike Harlow and I were good mates when he was stationed at Chiredzi and we travelled to the UK together on holiday in 1970 on the Edinburgh Castle. Brian Perkins report on Mike’s death (I attended his funeral in Bulawayo) is most revealing as I was never aware of the details – what an unmitigated disaster and say no more!” ............7184 Christopher Russell

“...............I worked with a PATU Group in the same border area a few months before Mike was killed. Mike briefed us and gave us direction. He and the SB guys were admired for their cool dedication and professionalism. It made a big impact on us. I still have the clipping from the newspaper of Mike’s body being returned to Rhodesia.” ............7579 John Duguid

“...............I was always aware that Mike had been killed in action, but never of the circumstances. The article certainly put things in their right perspective. Mike always put duty to Regiment first, a fine officer and colleague right to the very end.” ............6000 Peter Finch

VIPS’ ............7045 Rob Gates (Australia)

“I found the Visually Impaired Persons (VIPs) article by Chris Morten particularly insightful. I've recently spoken to him and congratulated him on the content of the article.

Chris is a highly regarded member of the Australian branch and has sold himself short about recording some of his achievements. He didn't mention that he had been a Sergeant at Arms on a cruise liner, renovated an old house in Nannup and run some mining projects in remote areas. Your Outpost provided a good indicator of Chris's writing skills. A far better example is that he has published a very thought provoking novel set in Rhodesia and covering the onset of AIDS, terrorist activities, political manipulation from overseas and the power of money. It is called “The Benefactor’s Monkey” and is well worth purchasing via Chris. Chris made light of the mini strokes he has suffered in the article and unfortunately had another over the Christmas period. His antidote to those is to throw himself into physical activity (as per the photo of him laying paving bricks) and recently tiling a bathroom and walking. In March Chris and Dorothy are embarking on a new venture and that is to revitalise a struggling caravan park at Halls Creek in the Kimberley region of Western Australia.”
‘RADIO RHODESIA’ :  ( A letter from 5888 Neville Cook )

I enjoyed reading the article on Radio Rhodesia, it brought back many happy memories. What impressed me when reading the article was that announcers wore ties, had decent haircuts (except Jerry Wilmot who had no hair) There was not an earring or ear stud to be seen and most importantly they spoke proper English! When I listen to East Coast Radio or watch TV I cringe when I hear the announcers trying to speak English, fortunately I have discovered the mute button on my TV remote.

Sally Donaldson visited JOC Rutenga when I was the JOC officer there and she spent time with us at our camp, recording messages specially from the P/R. She was a lovely woman with an outstanding personality and I was saddened to hear of her death some years ago.

Leslie Sullivan was a real character and if I remember correctly he committed suicide when still with the RBC (I was stationed in Umtali at the time and used to listen to him when at 7am, the RBC switched over to SABC for the news) His widow Maria moved to Umtali and became a major pest constantly phoning the Charge Office with frivolous complaints. We eventually realized all she was looking for was company as she was lonely.

Jerry Wilmot, when at LM Radio held the world record for the fastest talker. His speed was phenomenal and you had to listen carefully to keep up, he actually appeared in the Guinness Book of Records.

“...............Sorry to be a nag but you know how sensitive old sweats can be. If you could put my correct years of service and regimental number somewhere in a forthcoming edition I would be most grateful. Otherwise my wife and kids will think I went absent without leave!

My Regimental Number was 5705. Squad 5/57. Not 5024, which would make me about a hundred years old now! I served 1957-62, not 1953-56.”

...............5705 John Bishop (England)

(There were two ‘John Bishop’s in the Force and I chose the wrong one – very sorry!....(td.)

Lady who goes camping must beware of evil intent.
OBITUARIES:

“Little snippets concerning Karl. [4328 Karl Mascall]. The paymaster wrote to him on a regular basis telling him to cash his pay cheques, as they would be out of date after six months. He was extremely careful with his expenditure. I attended a course in Shona with him when the two of us were Instructors in the A.P.T.S. My wife used to invite him to dinner and wheel in eligible young teachers whom she was acquainted with – all in vain. Karl resisted all their charms.”

..........5295 Richard ‘Paddy’ Molloy (Ireland)

‘ THE SEVEN SEAS AND THE BSAP’:

“..........I was interested to read about Nigel Leakey and his perambulations around the world. I know well Caroline's father, I also knew her mother but sadly she died some years ago. We also knew Caroline well; she has three brothers and we also met them when they came out to Dubai. We also used to stay with Caroline's parents in Kinsale in Ireland and I am still regularly in touch her father.”

.....4840 Mike Purslow (England)

GWELO:

“Reading through the January copy of the Outpost, once again, many names cropped up of members who I served with.

However, the one item that caught my attention was the article on Mike Harlow, together with the photo of the volunteer Fire Brigade staff, taken outside the single quarters, in Gwelo.
I can’t say I remember too much about Mike, though he must have been stationed in Gwelo in 1959, the year I was a Cadet. Without detracting from the sad events leading to the death of Mike, it was seeing the other members in the photo that caught my attention.
I was “attached” to Frank Broadley at Traffic and Investigations. He had dropped me off for dinner one evening with the intention of coming back for me an hour or so later. The hour or so went by and stretched to about two hours, and no Frank. I made a phone call to be told that after dropping me off and on his return to Police Camp, Frank had had an accident on his motor bike and had been killed instantly. ‘Lofty’ Wright, Tom Ternahan, Dave Waddon and Alan Lane, if my memory serves me correctly, were all with the Traffic and Investigation section.
I was also attached to the Magistrates Court under Keith Rawson for a while. Jack Hammond was an Inspector and Roy Briault I think was a Chief Inspector.
Roy kept a keen watching brief over me as he took a lot of interest in the sport I was involved in.

I was returned to Gwelo after passing out as a “Regular” towards the end of 1960 and had the good fortune to be stationed with Tom Ternahan on Charge Office duties. Someone in the Provincial Hierarchy decided that it was essential that foot patrols of the Gwelo CBD be carried out – i.e., “the beat”. Tom and I were tasked to carry out the ‘pilot project’ of this. Having completed a thorough check of every business in the CBD in 45 minutes, Tom ensured that the scheme had no chance whatsoever of getting out of the starting blocks. (Pete Colepeper had arrived in Gwelo from (?) and for a short while was on the same Charge Office shift. I mention his name as his photo appeared in the January Outpost).

I am aware that Roy Briault died several years later but have no recollection of what happened to Alan Lane, Dave Waddon, ‘Lofty’ Wright, Keith Rawson or Jack Hammond. After having been transferred to Bulawayo in 1962, I did later came across Tom Ternahan at what was then Sauerstown Police Station. Our paths crossed a few times till I was transferred to Tomlinson Depot in June 1970.

‘MUKUMBURA (OOPS)’ (continuing with Neville’s letter)

Much has been written about the Mukumbura Surf Club. I am the proud owner of a Surf Club mug which I got when I was stationed there for three months in the late 1960’s (I think) Bill May (C/Supt at Umtali H/Q) called in all the Manicaland Inspectors for a conference and told us that PGHQ had instructed that Manicaland would send a team of 1x Insp, 1x S/O and 2x P/O plus A.P. on a three month posting and he was looking for volunteers. I did not get on with him so knew I was going to be “volunteered” so as Xmas was coming and in discussion with my wife we decided I should go when it suited us so the next day I volunteered and was I/C the first team to go with Rob Howard as my S/O and Ian Hughes and a very young chap whose name I cannot remember as my 2x P/O’s. We were briefed at Hard Square (A/Comm Cordy Hedge) then drove through to Bindura and on to Mukkers. When we arrived the outgoing team were waiting with engines running as they had been waiting for two weeks to be relieved. Their I/C gave us a very quick briefing and then they were gone in a shower of dust leaving us “townies” wondering what to do. It did not take us
too long to settle down and in fact spent a very pleasant time up there. It was not rainy season so could cross over to the Portugese side as and when it was needed, specially for fresh bread. We played a soccer match against their army and I realized in the second half (we were leading 3-2) that it would not be in our interests if we won, so I brought on numerous subs which enabled them to eventually win 5-3 much to their joy (and celebrations afterwards. My young P/O got absolutely smashed and had to be carried home and put to bed and woke the next day dreadfully ill)

Whilst at Mukkers I was involved in a incident with the dreaded Eric Saul, he was the JOC officer at Darwin. In the first Maj. Charlie Aust (of RL1 fame) contacted me requesting permission to bury the remains of a terr who had blown himself up in a land mine incident. I was told very little remained of him to enable any identification so gave permission. Soon after Eric Saul came up on the air and told me I had no authority to give the army permission and I was to attend the scene. Charlie Aust had heard this conversation on his net, so to save me further embarrassment he buried the larger parts and when I got to the scene was shown what little remained. I contacted Eric Saul and told him I did not have a small enough envelope to send off the remains so eventually was told to “carry on” I very much appreciated Charlie Aust’s help as rightfully I should not have given permission in the first place.

The second occurred when our team was at Darwin on resupply Eric called us in and told us that there were five terr bodies at the back of the rifle range and we were to burn them, a drum of AVTUR that was there for us. I don’t know if he was “testing” me but I knew that CID/SB had their own means of disposal and that it was most unusual for uniform branch to get involved, so I politely refused much to the relief of Ian Hughes (my senior P/O) Eric was fuming and maybe he realized he had pushed me too far or that I could not really be expected to carry out his instructions but he backed off and we hurriedly left Darwin to return to the peace and tranquility of Mukkers. On leaving Darwin we drove to the rifle range and were shattered to find five terr bodies there.

Many years later I met up again with Eric when he was an A/Comm at Salisbury Prov. Fortunately I was then a Supt. and OC Traffic so did not have much to do with him. Eric was destined for higher things but circumstances in the force and the country, put an end to that.
Also he was having his own problems, having married a very stroppy WPO.

This page is sponsored by 8722 Rob Weare
ITALY:

“....My visit to Italy last September fulfilled all my interests in classical history and art.

The tour commenced in Rome with visits to the Coliseum, Vatican City, Sistine Chapel and the Vatican Museum which displayed the most exquisite tapestries. Sienna, Orvieto, Montecini and Florence were also inspiring. The architecture in Venice portrays a combination of 'East and West", accompanied by beautiful waterways. The ultimate 'ethereal experiences' were the Bascilicas dedicated to St Peter and St Francis.

Italy is a worthy adventure for a culmination in History and Architecture.”

............WP 150  Les Manning

THE BSAP AND OTHER POLICE FORCES

As our expectations regarding the Mounties seems to have fizzled out it has been suggested that we broaden the net and identify those of us who left the BSAP and joined other police forces.

Response has so far been very good with only a handful not bothering to reply.

Hereunder we append brief details and will publish more about them in future Outposts. In the meantime if any reader can add another name to the list it will be appreciated (we have a total of 43 so far).

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>REG. NO.</th>
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<td>Keith Crute</td>
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<td>Colin Anderson</td>
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<td>7475</td>
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<tr>
<td>8540</td>
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This page is sponsored by 8722 Rob Weare
( NB : 6049 John Strouts and 7547 Chris Inglis worked as civilian back-up staff with the Avon & Somerset Police. )

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<tr>
<th>ID</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Occupation</th>
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<tr>
<td>6141</td>
<td>Andy Shepherd</td>
<td>Oman Gendarmerie and then Edmonton City Police</td>
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<td>4091</td>
<td>Fred White</td>
<td>Canadian Air Force Military Police</td>
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<tr>
<td>4894</td>
<td>Barry Miller (deceased)</td>
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*Man who wants pretty nurse must be patient.*
THE SEVEN SEAS AND THE BSAP

Thanks to Rob Bristow we have been able to contact yet another former member of the BSAP who has accepted the challenge of ‘sailing the seven seas’.

8133 Peter Ward is in touch from Panama -

“My old childhood mate and lifelong friend, Rob Bristow, sent me a copy of the Natal Outpost, downloaded by satellite phone to our boat in Portobelo Bay, Panama.

It brought back memories that I seldom revisit, although I do not regret a moment of my life, especially the “three in the BSAP”. Actually three and a bit, but that comes later…

I think I had a rather strange police career, starting with the way I entered the force. I had been accepted by Anglo as a cadet field geologist, providing I did my national service first, which I duly did, signing up at the tender age of seventeen and joining 95th B Company at New Sarum in Bulawayo. We did four and half month’s basic training and then decamped to our home for the next four and a half, at Kariba Heights. Bush patrols, wall and “madhouse” duty at Kariba Dam, interspersed with spearfishing down at the lake resorts and cheap, cold beer made up a not unpleasant life. In typical army style, being the scrawniest rifleman in the whole company, I was appointed MAG gunner for my squad, carrying the MAG, spare barrel and loops of ammo. Panch Vila on patrol.
About halfway through my stint in Kariba, Anglo sent me a brief letter regretting that they had withdrawn the offer, as sending underage boys into the bush during the deteriorating security situation was not on. Seemed a bit odd at the time. There I was - as point man in a small squad doing seven day bush patrols in a growing war zone, trained and ready to kill or be killed - and they feel uneasy sending me out to dig a few holes. I took the news as it came, sure I’d find something else to do back in Salisbury after being demobbed.

A few days later, two detectives from the BSAP station down the road called on my CO who took delight in allowing them to arrest and take me away. I was a cheeky little sod, and spent many punishment hours watering the CO’s prize lawn and grooming his tame warthog. My CO was a total nutcase. I sweated all the way back to the station, wondering which of my recent crimes warranted two bloody plods to investigate. We did not enter the charge office, but went directly to the Jam Jar, a noted watering hole for cops. Troopies from the Army were banned by the snobs who frequented the establishment. There they proceeded to get me drunk, but not thoroughly enough that I could not sign application forms to join the BSAP, agree to leave immediately and to be “The Best I Could Be”.

Turned out these press gangers had been sent into action by Syd Bristow, at the time head of Special Branch and soon to become Commissioner. He and my dad had cooked up the idea that I should do my three at least. Both my grandfathers were policemen back in the days when it was the Company Police, my maternal grandfather Jack Dorrington was at Vic Falls, in between serving in both World Wars. My paternal one was Member in Charge Umtali, where I was born. My dad, Ken Ward never joined as a regular, but was a lifetime reservist and very active in keeping the little police armoured car division going with his mechanical skills and access through his service station to spare bits.

So, there I was, three days out of the army and putting up with Mike Lambourne crapping all over me (and my motely and mixed crew of Intake 11/68) at Morris Depot. I remember briefly thinking, “How the hell did I get into this fine mess?”, before being booted awake by a sadist called Jerry Winchcombe posing as a judo expert, and standing at attention before DCI Trangmar for another round of “before the post” or whatever they called being naughty and caughty.

My basic training in the army stood me in good stead. Drill, the weapons and fitness and spit ‘n shine stuff were a breeze, I had ridden horses competitively most of my life and Smudge Smith and John Pearce could not scare me one bit. (Well, as long as you discounted that toothy and sardonic smile of the crocodile on Pearces’ face as he worked out some new and fiendish punishment). The worst thing was the typing.
We all spent hours in the middle of the night scratching the letters back onto the keys so our instructor could spend hours the next day painting them over. To this day, I am a BSAP Two-Finger Typist and proud of it.

Somehow I was awarded Best Recruit of 11/68, shocking not only the favourite front-runners, but me most of all. Unfortunately I was in the depot hospital during our passing out parade having fallen off and between a brace of horses while standing on their backs at full gallop rehearsing for the Police Display 1969. My “Best Recruit” photo was done a week or so later, just me, the certificate and that memorial thingy outside Tranger’s office.

We did the opening of parliament and the Show Circuit of ’69 (I think the last before the Police Display was cancelled?) and had a great time, getting arrested in several towns and villages for unseemly behaviour.

As Best Recruit, I had been told that tradition had it that we, the chosen ones, could select our desired station, and, lo, it would come to be. I opted for Lomagundi (Country), thinking that the clubs at Sinoia, Karoi or Chirundu would suit me fine, especially if the fishing was good. As I sat on an aluminium seat attached to the side of a rattling Air Force Dakota 5000 feet above the Zambesi Valley, vomiting over the four crates of cats who were also vomiting in shifts, I asked myself again, “Where is Kanyemba? What is the club like? How many unmarried young things are there?”

And why, why was I sharing an aircraft that was obviously about to fall apart and tumble flaming from the sky, with twenty very ill cats?

The cats were for the Kanyemba army camp. Overrun with rats, cats were the answer. I had a sneaking suspicion that my lunatic ex-CO from Kariba had been sent here to haunt me. Waiting in the mud at the foot of the rickety steps was my new MiC, Keith J. His welcome consisted of, “I hope the fucking beer is on board, where is the mail?” Er, pleased to meet you too...

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

This pages is sponsored by 5888 Neville Cook
A number of years ago the Reader’s Digest ran a series of articles, which appeared in practically every issue, entitled: "My Most Unforgettable Character". In these articles people wrote about the most unforgettable person or character that had come into their life.

In my lifetime, I have met a number of ‘unforgettable characters’. Serving in the B. S. A. Police, how could one fail to have done otherwise! But of all those I have met, the one who stands out, for many, many reasons is Kenneth William Joseph (Ken) Barnfield - Master Musician, Master Raconteur, Philosopher, Rationalist, Humanist and Gentleman of the highest order.

Ken Barnfield was born in Southall, West London, on 30th November 1920; the oldest of the four sons of William (sometimes ‘Bill’ or ‘George’) Barnfield.

William George Barnfield, following a family tradition, dating back to the Crimean War, had served with the Royal Artillery (Field and Horse) from Boy Service to immediately before WWI. He was then a Driver/Instructor for the teams of horses [six per gun] that pulled the ordnance pieces which made up a battery. During that war he suffered from gas poisoning and this resulted in his being invalided-out from the army.

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1 From: ‘99 Maxims for military bandsmen, by Bandsman R.J.C. DARLEY’.

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He was given a couple of medals and told to be on his way. No state pensions or disability grants for (Other Rank) veterans in those days!²

Early in the war, William had married Elsie Hale, his very young childhood sweetheart. After his discharge from the army, still in poor health, he was, nevertheless, able to obtain sedentary work as a signalman with the London & North Eastern Railway Company (LNER). Following Ken’s birth, he moved his small family into his father William’s home behind and above a Grocery Shop [Pictured] in Church Road, Teddington. As a result of his employment with the railway company, the shop was run by Elsie. William was to have a ‘poor constitution’ for the rest of his life. And, as a consequence, the Barnfields’ led neither a particularly ‘comfortable’ nor affluent existence, which the Great Depression, commencing in 1929, did nothing to mitigate.

A very young Ken Barnfield with his mother Elsie

Not much of Ken’s early life is known, but it can be imagined that notwithstanding his mother’s eagle eye, he would have been a street urchin of the period, learning to stand upon his own two feet and able to take life on the chin and profit from the experience.

His eduction began at the Stanley Road School, Teddington, in 1925, first at Primary School, then Junior, following on to the Senior School [Turn of the century educational establishments which are today known as ‘Through’ Schools]. Ken took to schooling ‘head-on’, his active mind absorbing all that was put before him.

² Hence the reason for Poppy Day

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His later vast general knowledge, without doubt, having its foundation upon this base. He was to become the head boy of the school and a champion swimmer. An attractive silver & gold medal attesting to his prowess.

During breaks from school and in his ‘free time’, Ken acted as a delivery boy for the Grocery Shop in Teddington - and this led him to become a very proficient cyclist\(^3\) which, added to an encyclopaedic knowledge of London, was later to secure him a part-time position as a runner for a large metropolitan newspaper. Such employment, however, came to an end when the front wheel of his cycle lodged in tramlines, throwing him off and causing him a severe injury to the inside of his left knee that was still evident in later life.

In 1934, Ken won a scholarship to a noted Public School. His father’s proletarian upbringing and attitude, however, was to make him refuse to let his son become, in his words - “a whipping boy for the rich” and he vigorously encouraged Ken to look to his future elsewhere.

Most likely at the insistence of his mother, Elsie, Ken had been introduced to music at an early age via barely affordable piano lessons. Such was his acquired facility that at the age of 14 years and 10 months,\(^4\) he secured a position as a boy musician with the Regimental Band of the 1st Battalion of The Loyal (North Lancashire) Regiment then under the baton of the formidable Bandmaster Eddie Palmer.

In 1936, the Regiment, its band and the young Ken were sent overseas to Haifa, in Palestine.\(^5\)

In the British Army in those days, as no doubt now, boys were not permitted to become just ‘little soldiers’. The army took its responsibilities - in loco-parentis - very seriously and insisted that their young wards either continued or furthered their education. Ken took and passed his 2nd and 1st class certificate of education. The latter a requirement for entry to the Royal Military School of Music.

Further, notwithstanding the sights and sounds of foreign parts, very limited unsupervised recreation lead to a great deal of reading and discussion of world affairs – doubtless with the accompanying fag, beer or ‘cup of char’- as inclination dictated. Ken, however, continued to swim wherever possible, becoming a regimental champion (a feat underlined by his swimming across Haifa harbour a distance of some 15 miles) and collecting of a number of medals for his prowess.

\(^3\) It also led to his meeting, for the first time, his future wife Marion, the daughter of a prominent Draper in the area.
\(^4\) His Regular Army Certificate of service gives the date of joining at Kingston on Thames as 15 September, 1935.
\(^5\) British Military were in the Protectorate of Palestine both to protect the Mosul-Haifa oil pipeline and to act as a buffer between Jewish migrants Arab militants. The 1st Loyals also saw action in policing the mandate during the 1936–1939 Arab revolt in Palestine.
He was to hold the rank of Boy Corporal before the regiment returned to England in 1938 and on attaining the age of 18 years he was advanced to ‘Man Service’. On 1\textsuperscript{st} May 1939, Ken was sent to Kneller Hall,\textsuperscript{6} to attend the Pupil Bandmaster’s Course - which he successfully completed on 2\textsuperscript{nd} September 1939. His principal instrument (and the Knellar Hall course required that he play and be familiar with all other woodwind instruments) was the Eb Clarinet, an instrument upon which, later and in his prime, he was to become a virtuoso.

No 3855701 Bandsman Barnfield rejoined his regiment in time for the Loyal to be deployed with the British Expeditionary Force to France, after the outbreak of World War II in 1939 - and with them to survive the evacuation of Dunkirk in May/June of 1940, in which they fought as rearguard.

![The Band of the 1\textsuperscript{st} Loyal (North Lancashire) Regiment leads the regimental survivors of Dunkirk from Aldershot Barracks in 1940. Ken Barnfield is at the right rear of the band and next to him is Trevor Sharpe a long-time friend and colleague who was to become both the Director of Music of the Coldstream Guards and Director Kneller Hall.](image)

Apart from a short tour of the European theatre with the band, shortly after D Day in 1944, Ken was to spend the remainder of the war on home service in the United Kingdom. In 1945 he returned to Kneller Hall as a Lance Corporal to undertake a war-shortened course for potential Bandmasters - from which he emerged qualified to join any Band of the Regular Army having the necessary vacancy. However, at the end of WWII British Army Bands were grossly over-staffed and graduates from Kneller Hall were being offered specialist secondments to overseas regiments. Ken was offered postings to bands in either Sarawak or Southern Rhodesia. He chose the latter because he had a fancy to see Victoria Falls!

\textsuperscript{6} The Royal Military School of Music. (RMSM), Twickenham, London, part of the Corps of Military Music.

This page is sponsored by 5842 Derek Starr
Band Sergeant Barnfield left the colours on 2nd May 1946 with the citation that his military conduct was ‘Exemplary’ and the testimonial: “A hard working man, reliable, loyal and intelligent. He is a fine musician, a good organiser and very highly recommended for a position of trust.” ‘Cause of Discharge’ was noted as: “His services being no longer required – to enable him to take up an appointment of Assistant Bandmaster in the British South Africa Police.”

He joined the B.S.A.P on 11th June 1946, having travelled to Rhodesia on the Winchester Castle with one of the large post-war drafts. His appointment as Sergeant – Assistant Bandmaster to the redoubtable Sub-Inspector Max Sparks (the founder of the modern band) was to initiate a life-long friendship and, as far as the band was concerned, a marriage made in heaven of musical talent and military band expertise, that was to see it grow to one of the premier, if not the premier military bands in Central and Southern Africa.

With Ken’s writing skills the Band’s repertoire increased a hundredfold and by the Royal Visit of 1947 it was on top form and ubiquitous in its performance, such as to evoke admiration and amused comment from their Majesties. For example, the band under Max Sparks played the National Anthem as the Royal Train left Bulawayo, only to be greeted by Ken and the BSAP Fanfare team on their arrival in Francistown. “Good Lord”, said King George, “I thought we’d left you in Bulawayo!”

Like many others, Ken “did his three in the BSAP” and returned to England. Here he put his considerable (and so far unmentioned) artistic and technical drawing skills to use when, joining the Vickers Armstrong Company, he was to become part of the design team for the V.C 10 jet aircraft. Vickers, of course, had a ‘Works Band’ and there is little doubt that Ken would have played with them. More certain, however, is that he became the Bandmaster for the 11th Parachute Battalion (TA).

During his ‘sabbatical’ in the UK, Ken met again with, and shortly married, his childhood friend Marion Jones - at the time a divorcee with two children, Stephan and Teresa (Tessa) – in what was to be a long term, loving, if sometimes tempestuous relationship and an engagement of two brilliant minds.

Upon his return to Southern Rhodesia in February 1952, Ken and Max continued the development of the band. Travel around the country became normal routine and the band confirmed its ubiquity by performing at agricultural shows, military parades and memorials, race meetings and so on. A dance band was formed which was to play at after-show balls and dances throughout the Colony. And who is it who does not remember the inimitable Sergeant ‘Satchmo’ Chiduza performing his magic upon the trumpet at these affairs?

7 Such was the friendship that when Max Sparks was commissioned and the two could no longer meet for an after-work drink in the Sergeant’s Mess, they changed their ‘watering-hole’ to the Police Club.
The momentum was such that the size of the band had to increase nearly threefold to accomplish its many tasks and engagements. Max was commissioned and became Director of Music; Ken became Inspector (Bandmaster) and later Chief Inspector (Technician). Joined in 1963 by Inspector (T) George (Jeff) Jefferson and in 1966 by Inspector (T) A.M (Snowy) White; both ex Royal Marines and highly qualified graduates of the Royal Naval School of Music, the leadership group was to be cemented into an unsurpassable team of talent, in which Ken’s role and personality were pivotal.\footnote{A comment from Insp. Jefferson to Miles Barnfield (Ken’s eldest son): “I learned more about Band-mastering in the three years I served with your father, than in my entire 23 years military band service…”}

The crowning achievement of the band during the early 1960’s was the making of its first L.P record ‘Kum-a-Kye - the highlight of which was the full rendering of Gershwin’s ‘Rhapsody in Blue’ that had never been arranged, or played by a military band before. The band’s own recording of the music was acknowledged by Ken’s peers in the world of military music as masterly. It was, however, a great disappointment to all concerned that the final wax production recorded at the Brigadiers ‘Little Palace’ studio in Salisbury, was of inferior quality in both balance and sound.

\begin{figure}[h]
\centering
\includegraphics[width=\textwidth]{band_records}
\caption{The Band records Gershwin’s ‘Rhapsody in Blue’ under the baton of Superintendent M.A. Sparks. To the left Inspector J.C Jefferson and right Chief Inspector K.W. Barnfield\footnote{Courtesy ‘The Outpost’ December 1964.}}
\end{figure}

Ken delighted in arrangement of music and for the precise timing involved in military parades and that related to musical rides at police displays. Indicative of this was the recollection of him in Bulawayo prior to the Armistice Day parade in 1969 (or thereabouts). Seated on the balcony of his hotel room at Gray’s Inn, stopwatch at the ready, cold ‘Castle’ to
hand, preparing to time the full Westminster chime of the Town Hall clock, followed by the striking of the 11th hour, to obviate the clash between the chimes and the sounding of the ‘Last Post’. Again, attending an early practice for a display at the Police Club Grounds – aforementioned stopwatch in hand - saying to the Regimental Centaur: “Right Smudge, let’s see what you’ve got!” Within a week, relevant music for the walk, trot and gallop – timed to the second – would be ready to accompany the musical ride.

On one occasion, Ken had chosen a favourite composer of his for an arrangement that he had entitled “Five minutes with Cole Porter”. The band librarians distributed parts to the instrumentalists and in due course the Band Sergeant Major reported to Ken that the band was ready to play the piece. He went through to the Beit Hall, where the band proceeded to make very heavy weather of Porter’s music. Stopping them, Ken said: “Gentlemen, gentlemen, Cole Porter was a man who wrote beautiful music – not someone who heaved coal!” Jefferson seated at the back of the band waiting for his turn to conduct, nearly fell off his chair with mirth.10

Ken believed on keeping up with the times and the music of the moment, arranging Beatles songs and music from current shows, ‘My Fair Lady’, ‘The Sound of Music’ for example and many more. Popular songs of the day would appear on parade – ‘Baby Elephant Walk’ as a slow march on a Recruit Pass-out Parade; ‘Monsieur DuPont’ as a ‘reviewing’ piece’, to the very great delight of a Presidential Reviewing Officer. Whenever possible, a Bandmaster’s tribute to ‘Gilbert & Sullivan’. And who could forget Ken’s tribute to the RRAF and his ‘Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines’ with the innovation of a whistle in a bicycle-pump?

Personal requests for special music to ‘Dine-Out’ senior officers were dealt with as a matter of course - with notice from the Mess Secretary. The notorious Sam Weller, however, allowed no such notice and at 10.00am on the Friday morning, Ken was told that the S.A.C would like to hear ‘Sam’s Song’. No such music in the extensive band library; so Assistant Bandmaster Snowy White was despatched to E.T. Potter’s to purchase a piano score. The Band Sergeant Major was informed – “No time off this afternoon. Band practice at 1400 hrs”. By 2.00pm a full military band arrangement for 65 musicians had been completed for performance that night. Ken’s comment to his Assistant Bandmaster – “They haven’t beaten us yet Snow!”

Straight out of Depot and stationed at Mabelreign early in 1957, I was introduced to the Barnfield family by Alf Jones. Very soon I was adopted as one of ‘Bee’s boys’ and of course met the avuncular Ken - who accepted with equanimity such occasional increases to his already large family.

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10 This episode illustrates the fact that Ken treated his men, first and foremost, as Bandsmen and not simply ‘African Police’ – and they loved him for it, as the author can attest.
11 A very select few who were treated by Marion Barnfield as adopted sons
Meeting my wife to be, I took her in turn to meet my adopted family and she fell in love forever with ‘Uncle Ken’. Ken and Marion represented my parents at our wedding in 1960. Ken was Master of Ceremonies - a duty he performed with wit and gusto not withstanding having a leg in plaster from the thigh downward. Later, when we had our first child and Ken’s family were away in England for a long period, we would have him a round for dinner once a week. After the meal, crockery and cutlery were rapidly cleaned away and Helen and I would dispose ourselves around Ken, who seated by the fireplace, beer in hand, would regale us with stories and memories from his past that would keep us enthralled for hours – who needed the radio or television when we could sit at the feet of a master raconteur.

Ken had many, many interests apart from music – horology for example [his clock-making and repair work was amazing]; model ships [a miniature 1890 naval steam pinnace a hand-made masterpiece] and his repair work on band instruments kept them working throughout his time with the band, saving the Force a fortune. All this with sausage-like fingers working a small lathe on his kitchen table.

Kenneth William Joseph Barnfield retired from the B.S.A. Police on 30th June 1970 and went on to form the Band of the Rhodesian Prison Service, becoming its Director of Music. He died in service and on his birthday on 30th November 1972.

Ken pronounced himself an atheist; but never in my life have I met a better, more decent or more honourable man. He could have debated religion and the bible with the Pope and would have been quite happy discussing philosophy with Aristotle and Bertrand Russell (which perhaps he is doing right now!).

His bandsmen loved him and this was made touchingly clear to me after I had addressed them at my own Dining Out. I was called from the ante room to speak to two of their representatives who thanked me for my reminiscences with tears running down their faces.

Such was the measure of a man. ..........Richard Hamley

Dick Hamley wishes to add “My very great appreciation for the input of both Malcolm and Miles Barnfield who’s great love and affection for their father I hope I have encapsulated in the text.”
PLUMTREE:

When we reported on the death (in action) of Mike Harlow in the previous edition of the Natal Outpost we were unable to locate a photograph of the Plumtree police station for that particular period (the mid 1970s).

Geoff Quick kindly dug one out for us circa 1926 but Brian Perkins (the author of the piece) made an unprintable comment about my intelligence in possibly assuming the station hadn’t changed much in 50 years! With ‘tongue-in-cheek’, appended hereunder is the said photo, together with another well known building which looks about the same era (not actually in Plumtree but on the then Northern Rhodesia border).

METROPOLITAN POLICE DRAWINGS:

Jonathan Sherratt, now retired, is resident on the South Coast of Natal. After serving 5 years in the SAP he became a private Forensic Science consultant, specializing in Fingerprints and Questioned Documents for some 30 years.

That alone would not normally warrant his being mentioned in our magazine but Jonathan advises he has in his possession what appears to be a rare collection of old ‘ink-and-wash’ drawings, contained in a single, stitched folio of 32 pages, commonly known as a ‘Victorian Drawing Book’.

Each drawing depicts a scene or activity from the everyday life of the London Metropolitan Police force.
These are just two of the drawings. The collection has been ‘authenticated’ although the identity of the artist remains a mystery, some believing him to have at one time been a member of the Met Police. An inscription on the dust jacket indicates “Drawn by – E J Rackowitz” in or shortly after 1895 but a search of the Met Police nominal roll for the 1890s failed to reveal such a person.

Jonathan says the drawings have aroused the interest of both the Commissioner of the Met Police as well as the Curator of their museum but they apparently expect them to be donated – not even prepared to reimburse Jonathan the £100 he bought them for from Gillespies in Littlehampton, West Sussex, the owner of the bookshop (William Hugh Gillespie QC) having discovered the drawings in the 1980s in the deceased estate of a former policeman.
FOUR POLICE COMMISSIONERS:

Although I didn’t move in these circles during my 12 years service I doubt there would have been many occasions when four such top rankers would have been in the same place at the same time -

REMEMBER THESE?:

This page is sponsored by 6136 Ant Crossley
TOWN POLICE SQUAD 5/1938 :-

The above details kindly supplied by Bill Crabtree, who also adds that before the second world war the Town Police (who wore white helmets) were quite separate from District or Mounted troopers.

NATAL SOCIAL CALENDAR FOR 2012

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<th>Venue</th>
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<td>Sat</td>
<td>Lunch</td>
<td>Natal Prov</td>
<td>German Club (tba)</td>
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<tr>
<td>26th May</td>
<td>Sat</td>
<td>Lunch</td>
<td>Margate</td>
<td>AGM &amp; Braai</td>
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<tr>
<td>22nd Jul</td>
<td>Sun</td>
<td>Lunch</td>
<td>Hillcrest/Mid.</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Lunch</td>
<td>Dbn South</td>
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<tr>
<td>24th Sep</td>
<td>Mon</td>
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<td>13th Oct</td>
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<td>25th Nov</td>
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<td>Hillcrest</td>
<td>Augusta Estate</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