Natal Branch Annual Lunch

Monday 24th September, 2012

1200 noon for 1300

Club De Vie Restaurant, Le Domaine,

100 Acutts Drive, (off Inanda Road) Hillcrest.

Dress : Smart (suits/jackets/ ties for men)

Bookings/Enquiries: Des Howse 031 7621010/083 4406740

Cost : Association Members and Wives/Partners R95 each

Non-Association Members R115

Payment – EFT or Deposit into Branch Account

Nedbank Hillcrest Account No 1338108638

Branch Code 198765 (use name and A/Lunch as reference)

Please email/fax proof of payment to the Treasurer

mike.ethne@telkommsa.net or fax to 031 702 3491

NB : Members with outstanding subscriptions – please pay.

This page is sponsored by 5661 Trevor Wilson
Committee members of the Natal Branch of the BSAP Regimental Association: 2012 - 2013

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Outpost Editor - Trevor Wilson  (This edition)

Banking Details

Account Name: BSAP Regimental Association  
Bank: Nedbank, Hillcrest, Code: 198765

Account No: 1338108638

Ref: Include your name & type of payment  
eg: subs/dinner/donation/sponsor/ etc

Please try to avoid making a cash deposit.

COVER PHOTO: Sunset over the Matusadona Mountains, Kariba

The cover is sponsored by 6141 Andy Sheperd
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 very good book...first and foremost, a story of three young men growing up in Africa. It is a story of their friendship and the hardship they endured and their love of the land and the wild creatures that roamed the bush. To me, this book has a very special appeal. It is a book that I can recommend without reservation to anyone who enjoys good adventure stories.” – John Le Carré

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

“What a WONDERFUL book. Don't think it is just about the war against the terrorists in Rhodesia; its 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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MESSAGE FROM 5293 TREVOR DUTTON

The disease of Cancer has been with us for many years and its frightening effect on the world population, without any published signs that a cure might be imminent, tends to affect some of us with a feeling of complacent inevitability.

Unless, of course, the sufferer is a member of your family or close friend then one becomes much more involved and concerned.

Our list of Obituaries, at a monthly average of seven, indicates that the cause of death in the greater number of cases was due to Cancer.

Have you ever stopped to consider the question “How would I react to being diagnosed with Cancer?” Of course a lot would depend on how long you have had it; how severe it is; and whether it can be contained and successfully treated, whether by removal or subjected to a harsh chemical treatment.

Well, in June this year I was put to the test. During what was supposed to be a routine investigation for an ailment I couldn’t seem to shake off, I was diagnosed with primary and secondary cancer.
My first reaction was one of total disbelief and I expected I would soon wake up from what must be a dream. But not so. I thought I didn’t feel as though I had the disease, but then, how do we know how we should be feeling, apart from ‘off colour’.

After what seemed like numerous consultations and tests, the verdict was that I had terminal cancer to the extent that if I chose not to have an aggressive form of chemo therapy I could expect to survive for 3 months, whereas if I was prepared to subject myself to a life of misery (for my family as well as myself) I might expect to live for another 18 months or so.

Whichever option I took would end up with the same result – I had no hope of recovery and was going to die from the cancers.

My decision didn’t take long – I have had 76 good years and there seemed to be little attraction in trying to add less than another 2, and probably, dubious ones.

With the full support of Beryl and my family, as well as many close friends, I have opted to quit whilst I am still ahead.

.....Trevor Dutton

CHAIRMAN’S \ EDITOR’S COMMENTS

I must have tempted fate in my opening remarks in the last Natal Outpost by indicating that the year had started well for the Branch, when in the middle of June we learned that our respected and popular friend and editor, Trevor Dutton had been diagnosed with terminal cancer and given some three months to live.

As you can imagine, this was a massive shock for Trevor and his wife, Beryl, to come to terms with, as well as having to face major surgery.

The Kloof Methodist Church was overflowing with family and friends for Trevor’s funeral on 27 July 2012, many of whom were Members of the Force and the Association.
In order to absorb some of the pressure, we tried to assist by trying to keep Trevor’s multitude of friends here in Natal, across South Africa and the around world, in the picture, in regard to his illness and surgery, as well as dealing with the large number of emails for them, initially with best wishes and support, but subsequently with condolences for Beryl and the Family.

Trevor and Beryl very much appreciated all of the many emails received from the numerous ex-colleagues, friends and association members across the globe, but due to the volume, it has not been possible to individually reply to all those concerned. Beryl has requested me to express her deep gratitude, thanks and sincere appreciation for all of the messages of support and condolences received, which reflected not only the deep friendship of so many that Trevor had enjoyed, but also the high standing in which Trevor was universally held.

The increasing number of members whose obituaries appear in the various Outposts are quite alarming, but we belong to a finite group and are of an age where this can be expected, sad to say.

Many of these were respected colleagues and friends who contributed so much to make the B S A Police Force the respected and efficient unit that it was, and of which of course we can all be so very proud and have such great and fond memories.

We were also sad to learn of the sudden passing of 4767/5717 Steve Stephens, the Chairman and stalwart of the Natal Midlands Branch of the Association, at Amber Glen in Howick. I saw Steve and Marion fairly regularly at our respective Association functions and, of course, at some of the funerals. Our deepest sympathies and condolences were conveyed to Marion and her sons and family.

We have endeavoured to locate a new Natal Editor from within our Membership, but so far to no avail. Probably, I suspect, due to the fact that this would be such a hard act to follow and probably rather daunting. So at this point in time, the future of the magazine is not clear, but we are not known to give up easily.

As a tribute to Trevor, the Natal Committee decided that it would endeavour to produce this edition of the magazine, although we fully realise that we can never
achieve the high standards at which the bar has been set. However we will do our best. How could we leave articles half finished or needing to be concluded? Trying to keep track of all of the articles, creating new ideas/stories and the quality of the magazine, proves just how much time and effort Trevor put into the Natal Outpost.

A number of functions have taken place at Durban North, Durban South, Margate and Inchanga, details of some of which appear later. Other functions are scheduled to take place at each station before the end of the year. Our annual lunch will take place again on the Monday 24th September 2012, which is Heritage Day (a public holiday). It is sincerely hoped that as many members as possible will attend, the venue is very pleasant, the food usually good and the committee will make every effort to ensure that the function is as every bit as enjoyable as last year. So please make those bookings now.

During the last two months I have been able to renew contact with many, dare I say, old friends and colleagues, as a result of messages for Trevor Dutton, so if there is anything positive to be gained from such tribulation, it has been this. It has been great to know that they are still extant with some of them still going strong. Roy Welch, another friend and former Natal member, who is now in New Zealand, contacted me in respect of Trevor, but was himself due to undergo serious surgery for a similar problem shortly after Trevor’s operation. Roy has been extremely ill and was in ICU for an extended stay after his extensive surgery, but I’m so very glad to hear that he is now making slow but sure progress for which we are all very grateful. Thank you Colleen for keeping us up to date and Roy, keep it up and get stronger, we are all “rooting” for you here in Natal.

In June, I managed a trip to the UK with a week in France with family. Whilst in London on the 5th June (Jubilee Public Holiday) I attended the monthly Get Together at the Victory Service Club. Probably due to the inclement weather, the fact that it was a holiday and the centre of London was full of Jubilee Parade spectators, there were only four of us present, but we soon managed to dampen the interior to the same degree as the exterior, and a convivial time was had, in spite of the limited numbers.
It was once again my pleasure in being able to catch up with special friends, Pauline and Alan Lane and Norah and Micky York during the visit. We go back a long way together.

This page sponsored by 8090 Dave Lawson

Victory Services Club London : 5th June, 2012

Alan Lane, Alan Toms, myself and Alan Crook

Primary School Children Writing About the Ocean.

- This is a picture of an octopus. It has eight testicles.
- Oysters' balls are called pearls.
- If you are surrounded by ocean, you are an island. If not, you are incontinent.
- My uncle goes out in his boat with 2 other men, a woman, and pots and comes back with crabs.
I’m not going to write about the ocean. My baby brother is always crying, my Dad keeps yelling at my Mom, and my big sister has just got pregnant, so I can’t think what to write.

Some fish are dangerous. Jellyfish can sting. Electric eels can give you a shock. They have to live in caves under the sea where they have to plug themselves in to chargers.

My dad was a sailor on the ocean. He knows all about the ocean. What he doesn’t know is why he quit being a sailor and married my mom.

African Rhino Decimation

As a follow on from the rhino article and photograph in our last issue, here are some recent statistics in respect of this terrible decimation of the African Rhino population, for monetary greed and to supply the demand for rhino horn in China, Vietnam and in some middle eastern countries. Efforts to prevent this poaching are proving extremely difficult, even in the Kruger National Park where the South African Defence Force has been deployed.

Battling on the Brink : the state of the rhino populations :

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rhino</th>
<th>Population</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Javan Rhino</td>
<td>fewer than 50 (C/E)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Black Rhino</td>
<td>4838 (C/E)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>West African Black Rhino</td>
<td>Extinct</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greater One-Horned Rhino</td>
<td>2913 (Vulnerable)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sumatran Rhino</td>
<td>fewer than 200 (C/E)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Northern White Rhino</td>
<td>possibly extinct</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White Rhino</td>
<td>20 000 (threatened)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(C/E = Critically Endangered)

The Gruesome Score : Rhinos killed in Southern Africa

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Rhinos killed</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2009</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2010</td>
<td>333</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2011</td>
<td>448</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

This page sponsored by 6136 Ant Crossley
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>200 shot by pseudo hunters, 28 poached in Zimbabwe, 27 poached in Kenya and 2 in Swaziland: <strong>TOTAL – 705</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>2012</strong>:</td>
<td>281 in RSA by end July, of which 164 killed in Kruger. Total expected to reach <strong>595</strong> by end of year. Numbers increasing daily.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Arrests</strong></td>
<td>2010: 165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2012: 178 poachers in RSA by end July, including 10 couriers, 6 buyers, 7 exporters.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Poachers killed in combat</strong></td>
<td>2011: 21</td>
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**Observations on Growing Older**

Today is the oldest you’ve ever been, yet the youngest you’ll ever be, so enjoy this day while it lasts.

- Going out is good. Coming home is better.
- You forget names ..... but it’s OK because other people forgot they even know you.
- You sleep better on a lounge chair with the TV blaring, than in bed.
- What used to be freckles are now liver spots.
- Now that you can afford expensive jewellery, it’s not safe to wear it anywhere.
- Everybody whispers!

*Thank goodness the B S A Police had dispensed with Camels before we took Equitation!*

*Imagine Smudge Smith on one of these!*
“Reasons for Drinking”

Sometimes when I reflect on all the beer I drink, I feel ashamed. Then I look into the glass and think about the workers in the brewery and all of their hopes and dreams. If I didn't drink this beer, they might be out of work and their dreams would be shattered. I think, "It is better to drink this beer and let their dreams come true than be selfish and worry about my liver."

Babe Ruth

When we drink, we get drunk. When we get drunk, we fall asleep. When we fall asleep, we commit no sin. When we commit no sin, we go to heaven. So, let's all get drunk and go to heaven!

George Bernard Shaw

Beer is proof that God loves us and wants us to be happy.

Benjamin Franklin

When I read about the evils of drinking, I gave up reading.

Paul Horning

Without question, the greatest invention in the history of mankind is beer. Oh, I grant you that the wheel was also a fine invention, but the wheel does not go nearly as well with pizza.

Dave Barry

Beer is proof that God loves us and wants us to be happy.

Benjamin Franklin

Station Notes

Margate Braai : 26th May 2012

Barry Woan reports that the Margate “Bring and Braai” was held on the 26th May 2012 at a new venue, the Cinder City Moths Shell Hole in Sea Park, some 8 km’s north of Port Shepstone on the old coastal Road. It turned out to be a wonderful occasion attended by 56 members, family and friends. Our thanks to the Old Bill and members of the Shell Hole who stepped into the breach when we lost the use of the Ramsgate Bowling Club due to its’ closure. The venue was perfect with plenty of under-cover accommodation, braai drums and club prices.
We were honoured to make our own contribution to their coffers and will certainly be back. It is also closer to Durban by nearly 30 kms to allow an easier drive for a friends travelling from the north.

We were once again supported by many from “out of Town” including as far afield as Rustenburg and Johannesburg together with our friends from the Durban South Branch, Durban and the Natal Committee. A raffle was held with goodies kindly donated by Gerry Powell and John Dolby.

We were also honoured to have with us four of our very own 80”s Club in the form of Bill Groussard, Gerry Powell, Val Gibbons and Piet Van Helsdingen with Piet winning the precious bottle of Whiskey.

Apologies were accepted from Dennis and Rhoda O Hanlon, Fred and Lindsay Mason, Mike and Hazel Williams, Maurice Beaver, Trevor Dutton, Peter Huson, Bob Packer and Bob and Sheleigh Jones (P/R Support Unit),

Those present were:- 8436 Brian and Jenny Hutchinson (Joburg) 5774 Dave and Denise Owen (Sea Park) 169 Pauline Clarke (Uvongo) 5251 John and Carla Dolby (Margate) 6019 Sakkie McKay (Joburg) 5708 Fred Brown (Uvongo) with his daughter Joy and husband Keith, 8157 Barry and Marina Woan(Ramsgate) 5042 Peter Arnold (Warner Beach) 5888 Neville Cook (Warner Beach) P/R Val Gibbons (Umtentweni) 5794 Jac Parker (Warner Beach) 4587 Gerry and Colleen Powell (Sea Port) Kim Packet (Sea Port) P/R Bill and Noreen Goussard (Shelly Beach) 9433 Jamie Macmillan (Port Shepstone) 7129 Andy and May Messina (Sea Park) 8531 Kevin Woods (Durban) 8303 Rob Bristow (Durban) 8078 Roger Humphrey (Port Edward) 6467 Butch and Hilary Von Horsten (South Port) 7616 Myles and Trish Cunnison (South Broom) 8053 Gus and Brenda Albertson (Joburg) 8866 Steve and Sandy Patterson (Shelly Beach) 8332 Chris Cummings (Umtentweni) 9593 Nigel Auld (Durban) 8679 Brian and Rose Goddard (Rustenburg) 10098 Brian and Louise Smith (Joburg) P/R Piet and Dot Van Helsdingen (Umtentweni) 6233 Courtney and Jenny Walton (Marina Beach) 7675 Bob and Wendy Bishop (Ifafa Beach) 6872 Dave Lynn (Durban) 5661 Trevor Wilson (Durban) 5802 Ken Wood (Durban) 7229 Des Howse (Durban) 6817 Keith Douche (Ramsgate) 7790 Mike Lambourn (Umtentweni)
"Being unwanted, unloved & forgotten by the world, is a greater hunger and a greater poverty than a person who has nothing to EAT" ....Mother Teresa
**Durban North : 18th July 2012**

6253 Iain Laing, the Member in Charge, Durban North reports,

The gathering at Splashes Restaurant at Glen Ashley, was a very pleasant one – Johnny Haswell was on good form (as usual) and a lot of amusing anecdotes were exchanged. All-in-all a good few laughs were had. Our thanks go to Trevor Hughes’s son (Kevin), who runs and owns Splashes. He set up a good table for us – discounts on the drinks, and snacks to keep us going. What more could you ask!

Altogether there were 10 of us present: 5661 Trevor Wilson, 8677 Pieter Cloete, 5572 John McCallum, 5268 Malcolm Wiltshire, 6253 Iain Laing, 5931 Alan Cunningham, 6187 John Haswell, 8842 Jimmy Stewart, 7106 Trevor Hughes, and 9109 Gavin Bennison.

(Ed : they all look a bit tired and half asleep to me!)

**Margate Station Update : 16th August 2012**

Barry Woan, reports that he had a very hectic two weeks entertaining and catching up with local members. 8556 Darroll Brent (the cousin of Alan) stayed with me so as to assist with the Support Unit Book project.

Last Thursday, 6019 Sakkie Mckay was down finalising the forthcoming occupation of the Callow residence which will occur on the 1st November.

On the Friday evening 9083 Kiaran and Barbara Allen (the younger son of Paddy Allen, resident on the north Coast) came to visit and took Sakkie and I out to supper at the Local Chinese Restaurant. Kiaran who served in Mashonaland District before joining the Support Unit has been working for Sasol in Secunda for the past 30 years and is looking for a retirement home here on the South Coast. An avid long distance
runner, he has completed 13 Comrades but will have to sign an application form before he can practice on my roads!!

On the Saturday morning, breakfast was had at a delightful Coffee shop in Sea Park and was attended by 6019 Sakkie Mckay, 8526 Des Niemandt, 7129 Andy Messina, Bob and Kim Packer, 169 Pauline Clarke, 6467 Butch Von Horsten and myself.

On Wednesday we met up with P/R Peter Shattock and two friends (down here on holiday) at the Web Pub and Grill run by 6457 Dennis and Rhoda O’Hanlon down in Port Edward. Together with us were Des Niemandt, Andy Messina, Keith Douche and local coffee farmer and Association member, Roger Humphrey.

Today was tea and “stickies” at the Woanery and was attended by Peter and Robin Huson, Dave and Denise Owen and P/R Reg and Amanda Furber (a former Rhodesian Schools Headmaster, author of a Book on the Rhodesian Police Reserve activities called “Green Pig” and Chairman of the Historical Club of the Rand Club Johannesburg).

Tomorrow we are having lunch with Dave and Denise Owen and John Duguid and his wife from Cape Town who are travelling along the Coast in their campervan.

Port Edward: 15th August 2012

Peter Shattock together with friends Gordon Haslewood and Judy Steedman were staying at Scottborough for a short holiday. As both Peter and I served together in the Support Unit it was decided that a get together and chat was called for and we decided on Dennis O’Hanlons Pub and Grill, “The Web”, at Port Edward on the Natal South Coast. Local Association members joined us for a great day of banter, fish and chips washed down by bitterly cold ales.

Left to right. 6457 Dennis O’Hanlon, 7129 Andy Messina, 6817, Keith Douche, Peter Shattock (P/R Support Unit), 8157 Barry Woan, Judy Steedman (Rose between the thorns) 8526 Des Niemandt, Gordon Haslewood (P/R Convoys) and 8078 Roger Humphrey (local Coffee Farmer)
Durban South : 19th August 2012

Twenty-two members attended the braai at the Winklespruit Bowls Club on the 19th August. A supportive group from Margate made up the total. Des Howse also made it from Hillcrest. Once again those present enjoyed a good get together mulling over old and new times. This was probably the last function Vic Sutherland would attend, as he and Rena are emigrating to New Zealand shortly.

A special thanks to Trish, Secretary of the Bowls Club and her helpers, for making the venue really great.

Mike and Carmen Duncan                          Des Howse and Vic Sutherland

Andy Messina and Gerry Bowker
Andy Messina, Barry Woan
and Peter Arnold
(Please give me another beer)

Natal/Midlands Branches: Inchanga Braai: Sunday 22nd July 2012

This page sponsored by 6484 Mike Williams
On a warm sunny winters day at Inchanga Village, the annual braai and get together (which were previously cricket, then bowls matches between the Natal and Midlands Regions, and now just “eating and drinking friendlies”, was held. Smudge Smith kindly organised the venue assisted by Colin Kerr. In the absence of our Secretary Des Howse, it became the Chairman’s job to organise and light the fires (what else are chairmen for?) On arrival, Old Brown Sherry “warmers” were available which soon created a convivial and lively gathering, with lots of chat and catching up done, eased along by various “lubricants”. This was followed by sadza and sauce provided by Lindsay and Linda with a variety of braai’d meat offerings. After a most enjoyable gathering the following wended their way home - 4254 Neil and Shirley Smith  5930 Roy and Pauline Gardener, 5958 Dick Isemonger  6805 Phil Graham  5934 Fred and Lindsay Mason \ Daphne Huddleston (Ma- in- Law).6519 John and Nancy Carroll  5661 Trevor and Linda Wilson WP 71 Louise Ford  5087 Robin and Pat Johnson  6136 Ant Crossley  5802 Ken Wood 8371 Colin Kerr  5826 Nigel Cuerden  4749 Laurette Hardie 5087 Robin and Patricia Johnson.
Dick Isemonger and Phil Graham  
Lindsay Mason  Daphne Huddleston  
Louise Ford  Pat Johnson and Shirley Smith

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“Found by Night”

**NOT CONFUCIAS!**

*Man who wants pretty nurse, must be patient.*

*Better to be pissed off than pissed on.*

*Passionate kiss, like spider’s web, leads to undoing of fly.*

*Squirrel who runs up lady’s leg will not find nuts.*

*Man who leaps off cliff jumps to conclusion.*
Man who eats many prunes get good run for money.
Man who fights with wife all day gets no piece at night.
Man who drives like hell is bound to get there.
Man who runs in front of car gets tired, man who runs behind car gets exhausted.
Man who stands on toilet seat is high on pot.
Man who lives in glass house must change in basement.
Man who fishes in another man’s well, often catches crabs.
War does not determine who is right, only who is left.
A lion will not cheat on wife, but tiger would.

LIFE
It’s not what you gather through the years, but what you scatter that determines what kind of life you have lived!

THE TREVOR DUTTON STORY

Trevor was born in Stafford, England, in 1936. On leaving school at 16, he joined the Staffordshire County Constabulary as a Police Cadet. At the age of 18, Trevor had the choice of joining the Grenadier Guards or the BSA Police. He chose the latter and left home in 1954 in Lichfield to travel by boat as many of us did, to the then Southern Rhodesia, which to many of us in those days and which was
something of an adventure.

Little did we realise then, that as a result of our high levels of discipline, public service and camaraderie, we were not only forged into one, if not the best Police Force in the World, but some of us would also form relationships and bonds that would last for the rest of our lives, mainly through the medium of the BSA Police Association.

Trevor attested into the Force on the 18th September, (Squad 7/54) to undergo his six months’ of rigorous training, before being posted to Gwelo Urban Town Police early in 1955 with George Leppan as his CO Sgt and where he served with a good friend to this day, Alan Lane. He was then moved to Gwelo Rural (Len Jouning being the Member i/c) later he was transferred to Shabani under Peter Sylvester-Jones, and serving with another long time friend, Malcolm Wiltshire. He was then accepted into the Criminal Investigation Department as a Probationer, in Bulawayo, working with Derek Bennison.

Trevor later moved to the CID Headquarters in Salisbury, where he spent most of his service in the Fingerprint Identification Bureau, rising to the rank of Det. Inspector. Trevor and Ian Watters developed a training programme in respect of the value and skills of fingerprint identification and scenes of crime. He later moved to Bindura, as the Member in Charge, CID. Police work is a dedication, much like nursing and teaching, and there sure as hell wasn’t much money in it, so on the 22nd May, 1967, Trevor retired from the Force on gratuity and entered ‘civvy street’, to try his luck.

**Arrival at Salisbury Station**

**Part of Squad 7/54**
From the left is Colin Westwood, then Charlie Bannister, Johnny Robertson, Brian Allington (partly hidden), Eric Perrett, Pete Moody, Pat Burns, Trevor Dutton and Dick Molloy.

Gwelo Days

Alan Lane who kindly provided the photograph identifies most of the members above, can you fill the gaps? left to right are: Wally Wilton (front left), then in back row: u/k, Trevor Dutton, Bill Birch, Don Garman (slightly in front), u/k, Jock Waugh, Pete Howard, Alan Lane, Alan McCrory. Jock Waugh’s wife is in front of him and Alan McCrory’s wife is next to him, but the names escape him!

Trevor had an excellent eye for detail and was a probing questioner and examiner, obviously the traits of a good detective, which qualities endured throughout his life, occasionally to the annoyance of others, but always very valid in his quest for excellence and accuracy.

This page sponsored by 5888 Neville Cook
Outside of work, Trevor played football and later became a qualified football referee, an excellent one too, according to Peter Biddulph, a fellow member of the Force who played under Trevor’s watchful eye, and who subsequently became a fellow ref.

It is doubted with his height and sometimes stern demeanour, that too many of his decisions were challenged.

Trevor was also a member of Salisbury Reps Theatre along with Hugh Phillips and a number of other CID and uniform members. It was no surprise, that there was also a good pub there.

Whilst I knew Trevor in the Force, I really got to know him well in the late 1960’s when he became an Insurance Assessor, and often “popped” into Waterfalls Police Station where I was the Member in Charge, for a chat about claims and a cup of tea.

Later Trevor moved to South Africa to further his career in the Risk Management insurance field, initially with Barclays, which eventually became First Bowring, where he also became a Director. Joan Walker, the then wife of Inspector “Jo Jo” Walker and the former Rhodesian Ladies Golf champion and WFR, worked for Trevor in those days.

During this time Trevor met Beryl and they married some 24 years go.

Trevor was also an active member of the Transvaal Branch of the BSA Police Association where he regularly attended functions, and it was natural after retirement when Beryl and Trevor moved to Kloof, that he took an interest in the Natal branch, becoming an active committee member and taking on the Editorship of the Natal Outpost Magazine, which was acclaimed to be the worldwide benchmark.

Besides his wife Beryl and his family, Trevor had a number of dedicated loves in his life, amongst which were, his interest in model railways, a passion which he closely shared with Judge Hilary Squires and he visited Hilary regularly to “play trains”. Due to Trevor being such a keen railway enthusiast he had a lifelong dream to drive a steam train which he eventually did, but as he always highlighted, this was under close professional supervision. He also had a love of good white wines, calligraphy and “his” Magazine which he edited with such professionalism and an eye for detail. He also enjoyed his lovely home and garden.

Due to his good nature and bonhomie, Trevor acquired a vast number of good friends and acquaintances in South Africa and around the world.

Trevor was an outstanding Husband, Father and Grandfather. He was a man amongst men, a very dear and special friend to so many in so many different ways. As Peter Biddulph, a long time friend puts it, Trevor was a **gentleman** and a **gentle man**.
Trevor will be sorely and sadly missed.  

Rest in Peace “Mkhulu”

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

5295 Dick Molloy, a squad mate of Trevor, when providing the names for the photograph of Squad 7 of 1954 commented:-

Colin Westwood came out on the Sterling Castle, and was collected with the rest of the group at Salisbury Station. This photo probably represents the last contact any of our squad had with him. After our medicals at the Camp Hospital we were taken to the Ordinance Store for our kit. It was only when we were allocated our beds, we realised that Colin Westwood was missing. Sgt Jerry Winchcombe, our Instructor, professed no knowledge of the matter, and we assumed he had failed the medical. It came to light later, that he was apparently “wanted”, and had been deported to Australia. For what, is not known!

THE MYSTERY & INTRIGUE OF THE TWO KANYEMBAS - Part 2

Written by 6121 Mike Harvey

“By the way, reading the Outpost month by month I never see Kanyemba mentioned by those who write from time to time of their experiences up and down the Zambezi. I closed the station down when I was called to Salisbury to join Colonel Murray’s Column to go to the East African campaign, so it may now have fallen into decay. From the description I have given of its position it should not be difficult to find. If any member of the Force goes down the river again I hope he will climb up to where the old camp stood and try to recapture the atmosphere I know and loved so much.”

“Trooper Ffolliott (No. 1982 – William Leigh attested 17/8/1914) was stationed with me at Kanyemba, and if he reads these lines I send him (and all those who may remember me all those years ago) my kindest regards, and especially my old pal Jack Merry. Friendship made in the B. S. A. Police never dies. There is a bond and an understanding that is hard to define, but which is always there, even when we have not met for many years. May it continue.” (Sadly all have passed on now. Mike)

In a letter which appeared in the March 1971 Outpost Mr Duncan said and I quote “The urge to get out into the wide and almost unknown open spaces never left me and after only a short time at Kanyemba, I just had to get away to the then mystic Mana Pools with its herd of elephant, game of every kind, and pride upon pride of lion. So I set off up-river in dugout canoes to visit the chiefs and
headmen – but my main object to visit the Pools. The expedition meant a lot of mouths to feed so I would shoot for meat to feed my own men and also provide gifts to various kraals on the river.” (As we know now this area is National Park where the African population was removed and resettled elsewhere and saying this, the name CHIMOMBE comes to mind – that famous and unusual god in Chief Chirundu’s area. The god being an iron-work figure of ancient origin, it is believed that if CHIMOMBE is taken away from his people, disaster will strike those who remove him. I wonder if anyone can fill in with more details. Mike)

“Just before we entered Mpata Gorge, a vast blanket of birds slowly lifted off the water as we approached and slid over us to settle again behind us. I had a wonderful feeling of serenity, and as I gazed away into that land of wonderful peaceful beauty, a thought came to me which I never forgot – in fact, I found it written in my diary: ‘If the crude inroads of our so-called Western civilisation ever reach and despoil this wonderful peace, then it will be sheer sacrilege’ …… and now it has taken place.”

On a poignant note the writer above did not actually serve with Murray’s Column. On reaching Salisbury he was found to be riddled with malaria and was not out of hospital in time to go north with the draft. He later helped to form the Rhodesia Native Regiment and subsequently served with this unit in German East Africa.

In the December, 1964 issue of the Outpost the following article appeared under the pseudonym Mutswi. I would be interested to know who and if Mutswi, the back view of an Inspector with binoculars in the picture below, is still around?

“Kanyemba today - by Mutswi”

“In the November Outpost the Editor published a letter from Mr S Duncan, in which he recalled his posting to Kanyemba from Banket on 5th September, 1916. He wondered what had become of his old station as he had not seen it mentioned in Outpost for some years.”

“Quite by coincidence I had been on patrol down in the Zambezi Valley below Sipolilo only the previous month and had made a particular effort to have a look at the old camp. I had heard a lot about Kanyemba and in fact had flown over the place a few months before in a helicopter.”

“We camped by the Zambezi at an old Native Labour Camp, conspicuous by its gum trees and two old iron boats half buried in the sandy banks, and were away at “sparrow” to find the old Kanyemba Police Camp, which we knew to be on a ridge just back from the river and almost opposite Feira in Northern Rhodesia (Zambia). We followed a track leading down-stream but some distance back from the river to
avoid the dense vegetation nearer the banks, and passed the spot where we had watched from a short range a magnificent sable bull the previous evening.”

“At the foot of Beacon No. 2 we had a quick brew and breakfast. This beacon is in perfect condition and has a cement dome on which is inscribed the date “1905”. We pondered on the men responsible for mapping out the border between Rhodesia and Portuguese East Africa and building these cairns of stones which have stood for nearly sixty years without a stone falling out of place.”

“From a point near the beacon we took a ridge running obliquely down towards the river and, sure enough, came upon a knoll where there were signs of previous habitation – old rusty tins (probably “bully”), old bottles of thick blackish glass (whisky?) and the foundations of huts which had disappeared long ago – but no ruins.”

“We climbed two further knolls through thick vegetation, which included far too much thorn, and were beginning to become battle-scarred, hot and a little frustrated. Having already observed the ruins from the air I knew they were to be found and was accused of being a very poor “bushman” if I could not find them again. This from a junior officer was too much and I was stirred to fresh endeavour.”

“At last, on top of another knoll and close to a magnificent baobab (surely I must have seen this before and should have been able to use it to pinpoint the spot) we found what we were looking for.”

“Parts of the walls of the old building are in very good shape, as may be seen in the photograph, but we could not quite make out what the design had been. It appeared
that there had been two rooms with very thick walls, built on top of a wide base which stood up about five feet above the surrounding ground level. Mr Duncan’s letter provides the similar explanation – that the wide base was the verandah. However the thick pillars he describes have fallen down, and trees have grown up through the floors of the two rooms.”

“The view, of course, has not changed, though it may have been somewhat obscured by the growth of trees. The Zambezi still “keeps rollin along” and the Luangwa River is still visible coming in from the north. The heat and tsetse fly are still there to taunt and try one – but there are compensations. Civilisation has not yet caught up here and it still remains much as Trooper Duncan must have known it.”

“The difference is that the area is far more accessible now than it was in his day. By truck from Sipolilo the journey takes about six hours. In the wet season, however, Kanyemba is still quite inaccessible by land – though the helicopter makes nonsense of distance and bad roads and can make the trip from Salisbury in two hours flying time.”

**KANYEMBA CAMP IN DECAY**

“While taking a few photographs and enjoying a well-earned breather, our thoughts were very much with the old timers who had been stationed at Kanyemba up to 1916. One cannot but admire their courage and fortitude in coming to live in such an outpost. Mr Duncan glosses over this by calling it a spirit of adventure.”

“He will be pleased to know that his old Corporal H E J Merry, of whom he spoke in such affectionate terms, is still alive and well in Salisbury. We learned also that Chief Chitsungu, who lives in the valley between the Hunyani and Dande Rivers, used to be a member of the B. S. A. Police stationed at Kanyemba but we were unable to meet him on this trip.”

*This page sponsored by 8653 Dave Lemon*
“Kanyemba as it was in 1916 has perhaps decayed, but it still stands and is surely a fine monument to those who laid such good foundations for our police force. They displayed great courage and stamina in those far off days, and nobody will argue with me when I say that these qualities are being displayed in those far-off days, and nobody will argue with me when I say that these qualities are being displayed in the B. S. A. Police today under considerably different circumstances.”

In February 1965 *Outpost* a disputed response is aired and this forms part of the mystery of this intended article.

The Editor under the section “Old Comrades comments - while we are on the subject of the Zambezi I have to report that the most recent article on Kanyemba (“Kanyemba today”: Outpost, December, 1964) brought forth a protest from Mr J G Roberts, who was stationed at Kanyemba as a Trooper in 1907. Who says:

“The ruins shown in the photograph were those of the Native Department. The police camp was six miles up the river.”

No. 527 Trooper Roberts (*John Granville attested 29/9/1903*), who first attested in the British South Africa Police in 1903. Later transferred to the Native Affairs Department and finally retired in 1938. He was the Editor of Nada for the years 1946 and 1947 and is something of a student of that portion of the Zambezi conjured up for Rhodesians by the name Kanyemba, for Zambians by the name Feira, and the Portuguese by the name Zumbo. All three administrative stations were manned in 1907, but the oldest by far was the Portuguese post at Zumbo, whose documented history dates back to about 1750 and whose position marks the limit of authenticated early Portuguese penetration into the African interior. Writing in the Northern Rhodesian Journal Mr Roberts recalls his posting to Kanyemba in 1907:

“Being a member of the B. S. A. Police stationed at Sinoia, in 1907 I think it was, my turn came to be posted to the one-man-station at Kanyemba on the Zambezi. Lieutenant Thornton escorted me and we travelled together, walking from Sinoia via the Ayrshire Mine and Sipolilo. From this latter place the path went, by way of the Dande River, down the escarpment….on we went through a petrified or fossilised forest. The trunks apparently of trees, in short lengths were lying about and appeared to be of stone. We did about 20 to 25 miles a day.”

“While the Native Department Camp was built on a hill on the southern bank opposite Feira, the police trooper was housed in a camp about six miles up the river….This upstream camp was built on a hill above where the Nyanzendo flowed into the Zambezi. In the wet season, the river often inundated the low ground under the hill and after subsiding left a swamp which was the resort of many teal, geese and duck.”
“I relieved Shepherd, who on discharge from the Police became the manager of the Fort Victoria Hotel, and later ran the Zimbabwe Hotel. When my term was up, a relief was sent, whose name was McGarry. He just managed to get to the camp before going down with an attack of black-water. I nursed him. It was a strenuous life for the first week as he needed constant attention. I returned to Sinoia and promptly went down with black-water myself.” The Editor goes on – there is much more in Mr Robert’s account, particularly concerning personalities at Feira on the north bank. Of particular interest in his story of the Native Department safe ordered for use of the official at Kanyemba. From the railhead at Ayreshire Mine this had to be manhandled by a team of Africans all the way to Kanyemba. In fact it travelled the whole of this distance by being edged forward inch by inch on rollers manipulated by crowbars. This transportation job, a mighty task by modern standards, took many many months. So Rhodesia was built!

From my own knowledge of the area around Kanyemba the two sites mentioned by both Trooper Duncan and Trooper Roberts are poles apart. Certainly the ruins mentioned by Mutswi in his article, closely resemble the same site that I was shown as to be that of the old Kanyemba camp. The guide who showed me the ruins of the alleged camp had claimed he had been arrested by the ‘majoni’ in the early nineteen hundreds and had spent several days in the camp. He identified the ruin that may not stand there today, see below the latest Google Earth photograph as viewed today from above, as being the living accommodation of the white policeman. The ruin at the time of my visit in 1962 was totally overgrown with bush and trees, the time being around April. The verandah of the ruin did cover three sides of the building. From the two photographs above (1906 & 1964) which look out to the confluence of the Luangwa and Zambezi Rivers are similar, except that the later photograph (1964) depicts the scene from a higher ridge well back from the camp’s location.

The river that Trooper Roberts refers to would appear to be the Mwanzamtanda River, which is situated some four to five miles (8 km) up-stream of the Luangwa confluence. It was in this area that the kraal of Chief Chapoto was situated in the 1960’s, and the low-lying area was where the Tilcor rice growing experiment was undertaken in the early 1970’s. It was from this area that I set out in a dugout canoe to visit the old Kanyemba camp, Feira and Villa Zumbo from Headman Arizhabowa’s kraal.

Is it not possible, I am beginning to wonder, that there were, in fact, two old sites? Unfortunately Trooper Roberts never commented about Trooper Duncan’s photograph of building with pillars and view of the Luangwa valley and rivers below.

To be continued....

This page sponsored by 5666 Dave Wright
OBITUARIES

5633 Colin Osborne died on 14 March 2012 in the Concord Hospital, Hastings, East Sussex, England. Colin, who had previously had heart problems, had gone to the hospital with chest pains and after having undergone tests was sitting on the ward waiting for transport home, when he had a massive heart attack. Colin, who had once been a member of the UK Branch of the Association, did his “three”, serving from 10 February 1957 to 9 February 1960 leaving as a Constable.

6125 Michael John (Mike) Horner died on 11 May 2012 at his home in Tunbridge Wells, Kent, England having been ill for some time with respiratory problems.

Mike, who was a member of the UK Branch of the Association, served from 9 February 1960 to 8 February 1970 leaving on gratuity with the rank of Section Officer. After leaving the force he worked at RISCO in Redcliffe, near Que Que and became an active member of the Police Reserve. In 1984 Mike emigrated to South Africa, settling in Port Elizabeth, where he worked for Old Mutual. He was a former Chairman of the Eastern Cape Branch of the Regimental Association. In 1997 Mike retired and settled in the United Kingdom.

8152 Keith Graham Rutherford died on 13 May 2012 in Perth, Australia following a long illness. Keith served from 17 December 1968 to 16 December 1978 leaving on gratuity with the rank of Section Officer. Keith was stationed in Manicaland, mostly in Umtali, but later transferred to the Support Unit. He was the recipient of a Commissioner’s Special Commendation (Silver Baton) for bravery while under fire during a station attack by terrorists.

6047 Dudley Frederick Naude died on 14 May 2012 at St Anne’s Hospital, Harare, Zimbabwe following a long illness. Dudley served from 13 August 1959 to 30 July 1980 when he transferred to the Zimbabwe Republic Police where he served until 13 August 1984 retiring from that Force with the rank of Chief Inspector.
4244 David Stanley Brownless died on 26 May 2012 in Marondera, Zimbabwe. David did his “three”, serving from 1 May 1948 to 30 April 1951 leaving at his own request with the rank of Trooper.

5051 Ieuan Guy Hemmings died on 28 May 2012 at the Royal Gwent Hospital, Wales following a stroke. Ieuan, who was a member of the UK Branch of the Association, served from 3 May 1953 to 6 July 1973 in the Radio Branch, retiring with the rank of Inspector. After leaving the Force he joined the Rhodesia Customs Service before returning to Wales.

8674 Charles William (Charlie) Davis died on 29 May 2012 in Port Shepstone, KwaZulu, Natal, South Africa. Charlie, who was a member of the Natal Branch of the Association, served from 11 September 1971 to 30 July 1980 when he transferred to the Zimbabwe Republic Police where he served until 3 May 1981 leaving that Force with the rank of Staff Inspector. He served mostly in the Dog Section, Salisbury and later as an instructor in Tomlinson Depot.

7178 Cornelius Marais Joubert died on 29 May 2012 in the Clatterbridge Cancer Centre, Liverpool, England. Cornelius, who was not a member of the Association, served from 25 October 1964 to 6 November 1970 leaving in the rank of Patrol Officer.

PR Rodger Harry Slater died on 4 June 2012 at St George’s Hospital, Port Elizabeth, South Africa. Rod suffered a fall at his home in Humansdorp in early May, suffering a fractured pelvis and as a result was admitted to St George’s Hospital. Rod was a staunch member of the Eastern Cape Branch of the Association.

4549 Kenneth Gordon (Ken) Stanford-Smith died on 20 June 2012 in a hospice in Liverpool, England. Ken was born in the port city of Chittagong, Bengal (now part of Bangladesh).
He joined the BSA Police on 17 January 1950 and served until 30 September 1977 retiring with the rank of Staff Inspector. During his early service Ken served mostly in Mashonaland District, but also did a short spell at Victoria Falls. He was later seconded to the Staff Branch and was the man who helped keep police ordnance stores stocked and the force supplied for many years.

Ken was also prominent in Regimental Association circles, having been the Hon. Secretary of the Central Branch of the Association for many years and latterly as a member of the UK Branch of the Association. Ken and his wife Dot, were the authors of the BSA Police nominal roll, a project thoroughly researched and collated over a few years which was eventually published in "Blue and Old Gold", the history of the BSA Police. Ken had a special place in his heart for the mentally challenged and helped those organisations concerned with their welfare in his spare time in addition to his interests in the Scouting movement.

4767/5717 Graeme Stuart (Steve) Stevens died on 7 July 2012 in Howick, Kwazulu Natal, South Africa from cancer. Steve, who was Chairman of the Natal Midlands Branch of the Association, initially served from 16 July 1951 to 15 July 1954. After leaving Steve did his National Service with the Royal Air Force before returning to Rhodesia and re-joined the Force on 14 May 1957 serving until 12 November 1977 when he retired with the rank of Detective Chief Inspector. As a uniformed officer Steve was stationed at Wedza and Inyazura before joining the Criminal Investigation Department where at one stage he was the Forensic Science Liaison Officer at CID Headquarters and also served on the Homicide Section in Salisbury. Steve, who was a keen yachtsman and chess player, emigrated to South Africa after leaving the Force.

6994 Colin Barry Johnn died on 8 July 2012 in Nambour, Queensland, Australia from lung cancer. Colin, who was a member of the Queensland Branch of the Association, first joined the Force in December 1962 as a Cadet before attesting as a regular on 30 July 1963 serving until 31 July 1980 when he transferred to the Zimbabwe Republic Police where he served until 9 August 1984 retiring from that Force with the rank of Inspector. A district man, Colin served in all of Rhodesia’s provinces during his service, he was also involved in recruiting at Tomlinson Depot and had a role in Q-Rep at PGHQ towards the end of his career. Colin emigrated to Australia in 1984.
**Brenda Braes.** It is with sadness we announce the death of Brenda, widow of 3803 Andy Braes on 9 July 2012 in St John’s Hospital, Livingstone, Scotland.

**Patricia Houghton.** We are sad to announce the death of Pat, widow of 4456 Guy Houghton, on 14 July 2012 in George, South Africa after a long illness.

**4105 Albert Brenden (Bert) Freemantle PMM** died peacefully in his sleep on 17 July 2012 in Perth, Australia. Bert, who was born in Dublin, was called up at the outbreak of World War II with the Queen’s Own Dorset Yeomanry serving in the Middle East. He transferred to the Parachute Regiment in early 1943 and served in North Africa and Italy. At the Battle of Arnhem he was captured, taken prisoner and held until June 1945 when he re-joined his regiment and served a further year before demobilising. Bert joined the BSA Police on 26 June 1946 serving initially in Bulawayo and then in Gatooma District. On his promotion to Assistant Superintendent in December 1963 he took over the command of the new Support Unit, which had just been upgraded from an Askari Platoon, and modelled this often unsung unit into a credible fighting force. Following a lengthy stay in Tomlinson Depot, Bert commanded a few Districts before taking over as Officer Commanding Victoria Province in 1976 on being promoted to Senior Assistant Commissioner. He retired on 31 December 1977 later emigrating to Australia.

**5293 Trevor Dutton** died on 23 July 2012 at his home in Gillets, Kwazulu Natal, South Africa following a short illness. Trevor joined the Force on 19 September 1954. After Depot, Trevor served in Gwelo Town, Gwelo Rural and Shabani before joining the Criminal Investigation Department in Bulawayo. He later transferred to Salisbury CID Headquarters. On his promotion in 1965 he became Member-in-Charge Bindura Station from where he retired on gratuity on 22 May 1967 with the rank of Detective Inspector. On leaving the Force he worked in the Insurance Industry and relocated to South Africa. H was a member of the Transvaal Branch of the Association. After his move to Natal he was an active member of the Natal Branch Committee and became the much respected Editor of the Natal Outpost magazine to which he dedicated much of his time.

**6780 Graham Allan (Spats) Jansen** died on 4 August 2012 in Cape Town, South Africa. Graham, who was an active member of the Western Cape Branch of the Association, served from 8 November 1962 to 31 July 1980 when he transferred to the Zimbabwe Republic Police where he served until 8 November 1981 retiring from that Force.
with the rank of Inspector. He served mainly in Uniform Branch in Salisbury Province and Depot and had represented both the Police and National teams in service and combat pistol shooting. Graham emigrated to South Africa settling in Cape Town, where at one stage he ran a small business in Fishhoek.

Betty Neale. It is with deepest regret that we advise the death of Betty, wife of 4996 John Neale to cancer on 9 August 2012 in Goldaming, Surrey, England.

9209 A Reservist Raymond James Herran died on the 18 August 2012 after a brief illness at Mater Dei Hospital, Bulawayo. Ray served as an A Reservist in Gwelo with the rank of Reserve Inspector and was a former Secretary of the Matabeleland Branch of the Association.

6078/7222 John (Johnny) Radford died on 19/20 August 2012 in Kirkwood, north of Port Elizabeth where he was brutally murdered. His body was located in the bush on the 21 August 2012. John first served from 28th October 1959 to 12th October 1963, initially as a remount rider who participated in the Queen Mother’s Escort then serving at Beitbridge and Bulawayo. He re-attested on the Force on 4 January 1965, serving in Salisbury and Salisbury Province Dog Section before leaving on 4 January 1968 with the rank of Patrol Officer. John subsequently moved to South Africa where he worked with Sun International and was a former member of the Transvaal Branch of the Association. On retirement he moved to the Port Elizabeth area.


5095/5897 Robert (Bob) Kenneth Papenfus died on the 21 August 2012 after a long illness Bob initially attested on 9 August 1953 leaving on 8 August 1956. He re-attested on 13 October 1958 retiring as Detective Chief Inspector on 2 June 1981. Bob served the bulk of his service in the CID and was a renowned investigator with a speciality in fingerprints, photography and scenes of crime, solving a number of high profile cases. Having retired from the Force, Bob moved to Johannesburg and attested into the South African Police with the rank of Detective Warrant Officer, retiring as a Colonel when reaching the mandatory retirement age of 60. Bob was also a superb shottist and represented Rhodesia at Bisley in 1980.

This page sponsored by 6817 Keith Douche
4072 Dermot Henry (Paddy) Allen died on 25 August 2012 at Mount Edgecombe, Durban, South Africa. Paddy, who was a member of the Natal Branch of the Association, served from 11 June 1946 to 2 July 1978 retiring with the rank of Assistant Commissioner. Paddy served in Bulawayo, Que Que, Gwelo, Ft Victoria and latterly in Salisbury Province, where he took up various commands on promotion in the Salisbury Central and Salisbury South Districts.

4789 Edmundson (Eddie) Matchett PMM died on 26 August 2012 in the Lagan Valley Hospital, Lisburn, Northern Ireland, aged 81 years, following a long illness. Eddie, who was a member of the UK Branch of the Association, served from 8 October 1951 to 30 July 1980 when he transferred to the Zimbabwe Republic Police where he served until 31 May 1983 retiring with the rank of Chief Inspector. Eddie initially served with the Mounted Troop in Salisbury District before joining the Farriers Staff in 1956. He was to be involved with police horses and equitation instruction for the rest of his police career. Eddie represented the police in competitive show jumping and was also a polo player.

5774 Dave Owen (Sea Park, KZN) writes -

My Wife and I were very sad to learn of the death of Ken Stanford-Smith. I first came into contact with Ken after leaving the Force and requiring assistance in resolving a pension problem, Ken kindly sorted this out for me. We continued to correspond and became friends during the time that Ken lived in Dandaro Village in Borrowdale, in Harare. Later Ken and Dorothy moved to Runcorn in the UK, where I had spent part of my childhood, as my parents had come from a nearby village, Weston. I had lived with them in Widnes where my Father worked for the Mersey Power Board. Thus we had some common interests.

Many is the time as a boy, I cycled from Widnes to see my Gran and Aunts who lived in Runcorn, on the other side of the Mersey and Manchester Ship canal.

We continued to correspond with Ken and Dorothy and I learned that he was born in Bangladesh but I was not aware if he moved to the UK as a child.
They have a daughter who lives in Harare and Ken and Dorothy visited them on a number of occasions. They seemed to have settled quite happily in the UK although Ken was on occasions rather caustic about the UK Govt. I had no inkling that Ken was ill and it came as rather a shock when Dorothy advised us of his passing. Our sincere condolences go to Dorothy and the family. Rest in peace Ken.

......Dave Owen

Zimbabwe Pensioners Support Fund

[The ZPSF continues to support Pensioners in Zimbabwe and its members' perform an incredible, compassionate and vital function. On each trip by the FUND, a total of 521 boxes of food and other items are delivered across Zimbabwe, to sustain 817 pensioners. The ZPSF exists solely on donations. Editor]

Letter from Liz Botha, ZPSF Co-ordinator

Dearest friends of Zimbabwe,

As will you see in the report I travelled with Hubby Attie on this last trip and it was awesome. We are always looking for volunteer drivers to help with the driving, do contact us if you have the necessary driver's licence and "PDP".

The FUND has been taking some strain financially and it has left some concern in our hearts. We can’t cancel a trip or deliver less frequently as most of these precious folk rely on these boxes, as to some, it’s the only form of food that comes their way.

This is the time of the year when we are collecting for the Christmas gifts for the pensioners and aim to spend up to R30 per person. If you are paying into the main account, please mark your deposit as "CHRISTMAS GIFTS" otherwise it goes into the food account.

Please let us know how much was donated for gifts by sms’ing, emailing or sending us proof of deposit.

We have to start looking into this now. By the beginning of November the gifts have to be bought and packed.
If your Church or business would like to get some folk together, Attie or Hannes are available to do a PowerPoint presentation to give you more insight into what we achieve as the ZPSF.

Thank you to all of our faithful donors who faithfully donate each year towards the Christmas gifts, we can't do it without you!

Blessings,

_Liz Botha for ZPSF_ (Mobile +27 790170600)

Banking Details for donations:

Bank                          First National Bank
Account Name        Zimbabwe Pensioner Support Fund
Account No   62239042906          Branch Code  250655

ZPSF Message from Pastor Attie Botha

“We have a mandate, to take care of the oldies in Zimbabwe and nothing will prevent us from completing the job”. We feel that God ordained this venture and only when He declares it complete, will we stop.

There is a saying that goes, “ _Prayer are the rails faith runs on_” but today I am reminded every day that your donations, contributions, caring, encouragement and prayer support are the rails this “supply train” runs on.

From Hannes, myself and all the helpers and staff of ZPSF, a sincere THANK YOU. You are all great stars and together form a galaxy of LOVE. God bless you ALL for your faithful support.

_ZPSP August 2012 Trip Report (Western Route) by Boet Holmes_

On Monday _13<sup>th</sup> August_ I set off from Secunda on what was to be my 12<sup>th</sup> trip with the ZPSF into Zimbabwe, to deliver food and goods to the old people in Homes there. It was to be a bit different this time – as I was accompanying Hannes in the UD90. This meant that I would be delivering to the Bulawayo and Western areas of the country. I slept at the Warehouse Monday night, ready for the trip to Musina on Tuesday. The trucks were already loaded, thanks to the hard work of Linda and her team.

_Wednesday 15<sup>th</sup>_ We were at Beit Bridge in good time. It did not seem to be a good day – quite a few trucks in front of us and there was no movement at all for 40
minutes. Once we finally got through the South African side, we proceeded to the Zimbabwe Immigration and Customs to find 4 busloads of people queuing there, fortunately the authorities were up to speed and all went better than we expected. At Customs it was more drama – they insisted that we needed a health certificate for the tinned meat – fortunately Hannes knows the rules, and after a phone call it was sorted and we were finally into Zim before 11am. Attie and Liz were starting their trip in Bulawayo, so we proceeded in tandem. We stopped at a farm near Todd’s where we were given a donation of minced meat, for the kitchens at Verity Amm and Coronation Homes in Bulawayo.

**Thursday 16th** I was back at Coronation by 9:00 – ready to start the deliveries in Bulawayo area. ZIMRA were to accompany us for a few hours – to verify that we were fulfilling our agenda. They checked what we were delivering, and spoke to the people that we deliver to, they seemed to be satisfied, and after almost 4 hours they left us to carry on. The deliveries in Bulawayo are quite widespread, so very time consuming, but it is so good to get to meet the folk that are being helped, and to see just how much this help is needed and appreciated. Most goes to the various homes, but there are also old people living in their homes that are assisted as well.

**Saturday 18th** A very early start – ready to leave from Coronation Cottages by 05:30, for Gweru, where the first stop was at Boggies Cottages, where we dropped the food boxes. Next was Huisvergesig Homes, for a delivery, then on to Sherugwe, and by lunch-time we were in Zvishavane.

Here we go to the home of John and Lynn D’Ewes, who distribute the boxes in their area. In the afternoon we headed back to Gweru, and then on towards Kwekwe, where we spent the night at friends of Hannes, Jan and Tilly, who have a small holding, just outside the town.

**Sunday 19th** We left the farm at 09:30, and headed for Redcliff. Here we off loaded and moved on to Kwekwe, where we met up with Ken and Beda Connelly. Ken takes all the boxes for the “outsiders” onto his Bakkie, and helps by delivering them. Ken also assisted with a donation of fuel – for which we are most grateful. The boxes for the Lynbrook Home, were delivered, and then we proceeded to Kadoma. As we were running a little later than planned our contact in Kadoma, Estelle was ready with some help, to off load the hampers for the Westview Home and for those in and around the town. Once the empties were on board we were off again for Chinhoyi where we arrived at 4pm, and fortunately the residents at the Sunningdale Home were ready to off load their boxes and to reload the empties.

**Monday 20th** We then headed for Bulawayo but as the truck was almost empty, the ride was very bumpy due to the poor condition of the roads. We picked up empties...
en route, and then sorted and repacked the truck back at the Coronation Home, with only the Esigodini boxes left to deliver.

**Wednesday 22nd**  A 06:00 start for Beit Bridge, with the boxes for Esigodini on board. These were the last deliveries for this trip, and after a quick stop and chat with the old folk there, it was back on the road to SA, with a bit of a delay on the RSA side.

**Thursday 23rd**  Decided to travel back to Malelane via the Kruger Park – what a memorable day this turned out to be. The viewing of game from the elevated position in the truck was amazing, and we were lucky to see everything that one could only dream about – lion, leopard, cheetah, rhino, elephant, nothing was left out.

For me the trip went extremely well, and I felt very privileged to have been a part of this mission to help the elderly people of Zimbabwe. I cannot put into words how much these people appreciate the help they are receiving.

**ZPSF August 2012 Trip Report (Eastern Route) by Attie Botha**

**Tuesday 14th.** On this trip I was accompanied by my dear wife Liz. We arrived in Musina at about 6.30pm, parked the truck at the local N.G Church, We thank Rev Anton Kemp and his board for giving us the use of the Church’s parking area each trip. Also thanks to our clearing agents, Sediba who are super efficient to the point of delivering the completed documents to us in Musina saving us a trip to the border to collect them.

**Wednesday 15th.**  We were up early and at the border on the SA side just after 6.30am, cleared by 7.40am and were on the Zimbabwe side at 7.45am, clearing by 10.30am, once again a good crossing. We travelled to Bulawayo to visit Tannie Koekie Koekemoer who is now housed in the Edith Duly Nursing Home as she is still very frail after her operation and recovery ordeal. She sends her love to all of you who know her and contributed towards her medical expenses. We also said our goodbyes to Kathy Booysen who has helped us with transport, accommodation and TLC on previous trips. She is relocating to New Zealand and the drivers of the ZPSF wish her well for the future.

**Friday 17th.**  We left Bulawayo and headed for Kadoma where we spent the night with Clive and Estelle O’Reily. These folk bless us every trip with a comfortable bed and good meals. Thank you dear friends, we appreciate you.

**Saturday 18th.**  Travelled through to Harare, arriving at the Bezer home, to drop off the hampers for the “Harare outsiders” and the hampers, normally left with Marion Futter. We then made contact with Rose Brent’s niece as Rose was sick in bed. We
dropped the hampers for the necessary folk with her and they undertook to see that they were delivered. We dropped the clothing off at Linda Hart’s residence and heard some heart-rending stories of dispossessed farmers and other needy folk. You know it isn’t going well when people buy mints to have fresh breath because toothpaste is too expensive. Some are back to one meagre meal a day. We parked our truck late afternoon at the Masonic Lodge, thanks to Hugh and Averil Chisnal who arranged it.

**Monday 20th.** Jim Forrester helped refuel the truck and we headed to the Rusape Home where we spent the night by special invitation of the residents. They supplied us with a good lunch in which they all collectively had a hand preparing. Liz and I went to visit various folk in their cottages and heard sad tales and learnt to understand some folk better. One Mr. Tom Coffee who had recently turned 84, invited us around for a pizza which he lovingly prepared while we waited and rounded off the evening with a “home made” iced cake as well.

**Tuesday 21st.** Moved to Mutare where we set about the distribution to the various homes, before we were given lunch with Des and Sally Becker. We then collected the empty boxes from the various homes and interacted with the residents. Everywhere we went, Liz’s presence and input was appreciated. The evening was rounded off with the residents of Park Cottages hosting us, along with the Becker’s and Gideon and his wife. It is very moving and humbling to be blessed in this fashion. We appreciate these gestures very much and thank everyone for their generosity.

**Remember, as you read this, these people have very little for themselves, yet in appreciation, they sacrifice what they do have, to say “Thank you, all you wonderful donors and supporters worldwide.” You have no idea of the blessing your giving means to these needy folk and each time, these dear folks ask us to carry their thanks to you, our donors.**

**Wednesday 22nd.** We headed off to Masvingo at 9.30am, arriving in the late afternoon. We spent the night with Gerhard and Trudie Burger, who always make us very welcome. The next morning we offloaded the hampers with Lulu McKenzie and picked up some empties. Life in Zimbabwe is not easy at the moment for those who have little or no income. Some are receiving a pension of between US$30 and US$40, at times, erratically each month, which considering the cost of living is an absolute pittance. The cheapest rates for an old age home is in Rusape which is US$45 going up to US$60 in October. This excludes electricity and their water is from a borehole. Nothing left for food at all and many are totally reliant on the hampers we provide through the donors and our supporters generosity. We left for the border very early on **Friday morning the 24th.** After a long but safe trip we arrived home late in the afternoon.
Once again, all you wonderful people out there who help in every which way, be it big or small, may our Father who cares and watches over us, bless and prosper you all every day.

Boxes being packed for distribution to Zimbabwe Pensioners

Liz and Attie who are dedicated to their work to support and feed the Zimbabwean Pensioners

On the lighter side -

I finally received my tax return for 2012, from the South African Revenue Service. It puzzles me! They are disputing the number of dependents I claimed.

I guess it was because of my response to the question: "List all dependents?"

I replied: - 8 million illegal immigrants; 1,5 million drug dealers; nearly a million people in overcrowded prisons, 234 members of Parliament and a President with 4 wives........

Evidently, this was NOT an acceptable answer.

I KEEP ASKING MYSELF, WHO DID I MISS?
Among the more interesting people I remember from life in Rhodesia, was a man named John Hilton, who, as I came to realise when I got to know him, must have been typical of that hardy, single-minded breed of individuals who were mineral or mining prospectors.

Most people of those days who went prospecting for mineral deposits, did so in order to find a deposit of something worth mining, setting up a small working – usually fairly primitive – made what they could out of it and, with the proceeds, acquire a farm or a business, which had always been their real object.

Rhodesia was dotted with these small-workings one or two of which developed into a really productive mine – like the Vubachekwe, south of Gwanda or the Antelope and Sun-Yat-Sen, south of Kezi. But most, if their discoverer didn’t succumb to black water fever or some similar hazard, made very little, and sometimes nothing at all. Rhodesia’s gold deposits, unlike the Witwatersrand complex – which was the bed of an ancient lake, were scattered in isolated pockets, some larger and richer than others, like the Globe and Phoenix near Que Que or the Turk Mine north of Bulawayo.

But most of the rest were what would be called “small-workings”, and of these, there were in fact some which seem to have been known to, and even worked by, some long ago miners, quite possibly the Phoenicians of ancient Tyre and Sidon.

John Hilton wasn’t interested in mining so much as finding a mineral deposit, perhaps pegging a claim or two, and then moving on, disposing of his find to someone else who had the financial resources to convert the deposit into wealth. He it was, who first realised the existence of the Trojan Nickel Mine near Bindura, and who later predicted the existence of diamond deposits in the Beitbridge area. There were signs of these on the north side, but of poor quality. Just over the river, of course, are today’s very much better deposits that are mined by De Beers, and possibly others, at Venetia. But these prospectors of old, like John Hilton, certainly looked for these ancient workings because, while the original discoverers could not effectively work
them, lacking the necessary means to do so, they invariably indicated a mining
deposit of some potential, and occasionally very considerable potential.

So it was that, shortly before WWII, John Hilton was prospecting and working a small
gold bearing deposit on the west bank of the Gwelo River, when he was approached
by an African tribesman who said that if Hilton was interested, he, the visitor, knew
of the existence of such a prospect. From the man’s description, Hilton concluded
that it was very likely an ancient working the visitor had found, and, on probing the
description further, concluded that was certainly worth following up. So having
verified that the tribesman could show him the way, Hilton gathered up his
prospector pick and sample bags, and set off in his old model “T” Ford truck. The
indicated line of travel was westwards, towards the Gokwe area, and though there
was no road, not even a track of any sort, this man was never at a loss to guide the
direction of travel. As the hours of daylight ran out and darkness overtook them, with
John Hilton increasingly doubting the wisdom of his decision to follow this lead, he
finally stopped at about 3:00 am when his petrol gauge showed he had just enough
fuel to get back, and said he could go no further. Expecting some further pressure to
continue, he was knocked back when the man said, “It’s close now. We can walk
from here.”

Making their way by torchlight through the bush they came, very soon, to a small
clearing in which there was, quite unmistakably, an excavation into the ground,
which on inspection, was plainly a mining shaft. It sloped into the ground at about a
45° angle and was lined and roofed by baulks of timber, some of which had fallen
down, but still permitting entrance. The only signs of life were swarms of bats which
obviously lived in the site, but avoiding these and cautiously moving into the shaft,
they came to an exposed rock face which Hilton recognised as gold bearing ore. He
hacked out a few handfuls of this rock which he put into his prospector bags and
firmly decided that was enough and that they should move out, which they safely
did.

On the journey back to his vehicle, he began feeling the onset of a bout of malaria, a
susceptibility that had afflicted him for many years in those days before the
preventative drugs that are available today, but managed to reach his camp at the
Gwelo River site. Before collapsing onto his stretcher, he simply threw the two
prospector bags under the bed, and gave them no further thought, not surprising in
view of the then developing crisis. For the next week to ten days, he was oblivious to

This page sponsored by 6136 Ant Crossley

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anything except the ravages of this recurrent illness, but when he did recover, and felt strong enough, he decided to break camp and return home. When folding up his stretcher, he noticed the two prospecting bags which contained the fruits of that night’s adventure. Having brought them that far, he thought he might as well pan them, which he did, and nearly had a relapse when each sample yielded about an ounce of gold dust. That ancient working, must have been worth many millions, even with gold then pegged to $ US 35.00 an ounce. On getting his racing thoughts together, among his first was to return and meet up with his guide through the trackless bush to the working. But on asking his squad of workers where this man was, he was told that the fellow had suddenly died during Hilton’s illness, and they pointed out his burial place beneath a nearby tree. So there he was, within reach of a fortune, but quite unable to achieve it. Its whereabouts were totally unknown, save that it was somewhere in the middle of the country we used to call home; and, so far as is known, it’s still there.

Hilary Squires

Another lighter note!

The “Bridge”

A man on his Harley was riding along a California beach when suddenly the sky clouded above his head and, in a booming voice, God said, 'because you have tried to be faithful to me in all ways, I will grant you one wish.' The biker pulled over and said “can you build me a bridge to Hawaii, so I can ride over anytime I want.”

God replied, 'Your request is materialistic; think of the enormous challenges for that kind of undertaking, I can do it, but it is hard for me to justify your desire for worldly things. Take a little more time and think of something that could possibly help mankind.'

The biker thought about it for a long time. Finally, he said, 'God, I wish that I, and all men, could understand women; we want to know what she’s thinking, why she gives us the silent treatment, why she cries, what she means when she says nothing's wrong and also how we can make a woman truly happy.

God paused for a moment then replied: “You want two lanes or four on that bridge?"
Geoff and Heather report that they have moved from Cape Town and are settled in their new home at Lamberts Bay in the Western Cape, a lovely laid back environment with great walks on the beach.

“On 25th March this year our eldest son Sean and his cycling partner Liesbet Kristafor, took part in the gruelling 8 day ABSA Cape Epic Mountain bike race, through Robertson, Caledon, Grabouw and ended in Somerset West. The race was over 781kms of hilly and mountainous terrain with 16300 metres of climbing involving 1200 riders in 600 teams.

They managed to come 273rd overall and 14th out of 59 in the mixed category. We followed the race all the way and cheered them on. Naturally we were very proud parents.

After the race we had arranged for the 15 strong Thistleton family, to join up and fly to Harare, then to travel on to Kariba for 5 days on a houseboat. On arrival in Harare we travelled to Park Meadowlands to show our grandchildren, where we had grown up and lived for part of our lives, before our District postings, but we were saddened by the deterioration of the houses and the roads since we were last in Harare, seven years ago. However having said this and on travelling to the other side of town, to Borrowdale, we observed a completely different picture, where people have some pride and keep gardens and verges neat and tidy.

The next day we all set off for Kariba and to our delight found that the main road was in good condition, although road markings were noticeable by their absence and the grass verges very long. Due to the good rains, the grass was lush and the trees looked great. We took a break to visit the Chinoyi (Sinoia) Caves and the water is still a brilliant and clear blue.
Chinoyi Caves

There are now three “toll gates” between Harare and Kariba each charging USD1.00 per vehicle. There are no booms, just a person at the side of the road collecting the money and recording this in a book? There is also an armed policeman at each toll, to guard the money and the collector. (The US dollar notes that are being used are now looking decidedly worn and dirty!) We passed through 13 police road blocks on the way to Kariba, but were only pulled over at two of these and the officers at each, asked the same questions, have you got a licence, triangles, fire extinguisher, and a car radio licence! The Police Officers that spoke to us were pleasant and courteous and all our “boning up” on the fines for the various traffic offences (we obtained a printed list of the current penalties after hearing all of the stories about corrupt officers) and recording the details of the phone numbers of the top Traffic Officers, proved un-necessary.

I also have to commend Zimbabwe, due to the very visible and heavy police presence on the roads, no one was speeding and we didn’t see the type of driving that we experience here in South Africa.

During the trip we spotted only one farm in the Karoi area with large crops of tobacco, maize and cotton. On most farms along the road the barns were derelict with the roofing having been stripped off. No wonder the country is having to import maize from other countries. Fortunately the “worm sellers” for fishing, were still present at the side of the road towards Kariba, with a lot of competition in respect of the size of their wares, “puff adder (fat) worms”, the next had “Anaconda worms” and even “lekker worms” were on offer.

As we got close to Kariba, there was evidence of large amount of fresh elephant droppings everywhere and even the Zebra wander along the road. We stayed at the Cutty Sark, which drastically needs a refurbishment, new mattresses and some
maintenance. Again having said this, the gin and tonic tasted superb, the pool was most refreshing and the food was excellent.

The following day we all visited the Kariba Dam wall and chatted to two “Black Boots” (Support Unit members), who were very friendly and rather surprised that Geoff’s Father had been one of the Electrical Contractors involved in the installation of the turbines many years ago and that Geoff had also been a member of the Black Boots. After depositing our passports with Immigration, we strolled along the length of the Dam Wall, a great experience for the newer members of the family.

The Somahbula

We then headed off to board The Somabhula, our houseboat and home, for the next five days. The cheerful, happy, caring captain and crew were the same as seven years previously, when we had holidayed on the lake, which augured well for a wonderful time, great food and good fishing. The crew could not do enough for us and everything was done with such pleasure and pride, to ensure that we had a fantastic trip. We tried to help by making our beds the first morning, but were quickly informed by Witness, that this was his job and were forbidden to do it in future. Our first destination was Gordon’s Bay and on arrival the guys went fishing and the rest of us went game viewing. The game was plentiful and the sunsets and sun rises were as beautiful as ever, casting shimmering reflections on the water and the stars shone brightly in the jet black sky.

The ever present sounds of the fish eagle’s haunting calls during the day, and pods of hippo grunting at night brought back wonderful memories and made us realise how very special the Lake and the Zambezi are. We saw herds of elephant, impala, and buffalo, all with lots of young, and huge numbers of crocs, even swimming in the middle of the lake. On our first morning we also heard the roaring of a lion, but did
not get to see him. It was great to observe this happy “eco system” looking so good and functioning well, and think that a lot of credit should go to the National Parks for the way they have managed this national treasure. The Matusadonna Mountain range also looked as beautiful as ever and we had forgotten their size.

After Gordon’s Bay we anchored on the following evenings at Umi River Mouth, Tashinga, Muyuu and Jenja. The plunge pool was a big plus, especially after seeing the crocs out in the lake, and it kept the children entertained. What a wonderful holiday we enjoyed and it was with sadness, that we left the boat to make our journey home. We have beautiful memories and are reminded just how good a houseboat holiday on Lake Kariba remains.

.......... Geoff & Heather Thistleton

Ed comment: Stemming from this story, it reminded me that Heather, who I knew from Waterfall days in the late 1960’s, was a WFR at Gwanda, Bindura and Concession, coinciding with Geoff’s postings, and had become a most talented pastel artist. After suffering acute Rheumatoid Arthritis for 27 years and, as the result of courses of treatment on a new drug developed by Roche, Heather regained the use of her hands and took up her art. She has kindly provided some of her incredible work for this edition, including the Baby Elephant and the “Roche” Lion, the latter commissioned by the Roche Company, for auction, the funds of which, will be used to treat children suffering from Rheumatoid Arthritis.

Baby Elephant

The “Roche” Lion

(Two more of Heathers’ art works are shown on the back cover)

This page sponsored by WP 424 Pauline Clarke
Children’s Answers to a Catholic Elementary School Bible Test:

- IN THE FIRST BOOK OF THE BIBLE, GUINESSIS, GOD GOT TIRED OF CREATING THE WORLD SO HE TOOK THE SABBATH OFF.
- ADAM AND EVE WERE CREATED FROM AN APPLE TREE. NOAH'S WIFE WAS JOAN OF ARK. NOAH BUILT AN ARK AND THE ANIMALS CAME ON IN PEARS.
- LOTS WIFE WAS A PILLAR OF SALT DURING THE DAY, BUT A BALL OF FIRE DURING THE NIGHT.
- THE JEWS WERE A PROUD PEOPLE AND THROUGHOUT HISTORY THEY HAD TROUBLE WITH UNSYMPATHETIC GENITALS.
- SAMPSON WAS A STRONGMAN WHO LET HIMSELF BE LED ASTRAY BY A JEZEBEL LIKE DELILAH.
- SAMSON SLAYED THE PHILISTINES WITH THE AXE OF THE APOSTLES.

METROPOLITAN POLICE DRAWINGS

CORRIGENDA

In our last Edition of the Outpost, we featured some drawings depicting scenes from the everyday Victorian life of the London Metropolitan Police Force, which Mr Jonathan Sherratt had kindly permitted us to print in the Outpost, the first time that these pictures have in fact been published, as far as he is aware.

Jonathan who owns the drawings has pointed out two errors in the narrative accompanying the drawings, which we wish to correct and for which we apologise.

It was indicated that the drawings had been ‘authenticated’, when this should have read authenticated, evidence having been provided of the authenticity, by Mr Sherratt.

In addition, it was indicated that the Commissioner of the Met Police and the Curator of the Museum expected the drawings to be donated – “not even prepared to re-imburse Jonathan the £100 he bought them for from Gillespies”, when it should have read – “not even prepared to re-imburse £100 to Mr Gillespie, the Antiquarian, who discovered the drawings to cover his expenses in acquiring them”.

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FURTHER DRAWINGS

As mentioned previously, the drawings were executed in 1895, or shortly thereafter. The identity of the Artist has something of a mystery about it, as the name E J Rackwitz which appears on the jacket of the Victorian Drawing Book is not recorded in the Metropolitan Police nominal roll for the 1890’s, and this name would appear to be a pseudonym.

Jonathan’s opinion is that “Rackwitz” is a cryptonym meaning “rack your wits/brains”, leaving the viewers of the pictures to guess his identity from the initials “E.J”. Another clue to the Artist may lie in the practice of Victorian artists to paint or draw themselves into their own drawing books. One drawing shows a solitary uniformed officer with the Number K172 on his collar, which may well be the artist, for there is little doubt that the Artist was a member of the Force who has recorded for posterity scenes and activities from the everyday Victorian Life of the Metropolitan Police Force.

We reproduce below, with kind acknowledgement to Jonathan, further drawings in the series. As Jonathan comments, “Happily it is the BSAP Regimental Association of Natal to whom the lot has fallen, to become the drawings’ first audience”.

Police Fire Escape Leaving the Station

This page sponsored by 6253 Iain Laing

ooooOooooo

A Kruger Tale

7636 Russell McDiarmid reports that whilst travelling along a boundary road in the Kruger National Park in January this year, a large troop of baboons were seen crossing the road led by a huge male. On spotting the car, this baboon shot up the nearest tall tree, to act as lookout, while the rest of the family made their way more sedately over the road.

Suddenly one of the young females’ was pounced upon by a young male baboon, who took his wicked way with her in the centre of the road. This obviously upset the leader of the troop who took severe umbrage, at the ravishing of one of his daughters/concubines and he came hurtling down the tree.
It became apparent that in his haste to get to the ground, he failed to complete a proper recce and found himself hanging by one arm from the very end of a long springy branch, some 30 feet above the ground. Whenever the baboon tried to move itself up the flimsy branch, this merely sprung up and down and the animal could not get any purchase. The baboon was meanwhile searching, with a rather panicked look for any tree or bush within reach, but there were none, so it dangled there for several minutes looking rather crestfallen.

He then looked at the car with an appealing look in his eyes, as if to say, “For heaven’s sake guys, give me some support here”. The occupants of the car were doubled up with mirth at the comical sight and no one was leaving the vehicle for obvious reasons. In the end, the creature had no option but to let go and plummet heavily to the ground below, with a loud thud. Eventually getting very shakily to its feet, with dignity obviously impaired, it was obvious that he was not a happy chappy. As we drove off, it displayed his obvious displeasure.

The incident reminded me of that phrase “screwed by the fornicating finger of fate” as one wise old Chief Inspector explained to me one day long ago, after a bollocking for something over which I had little control! ..........Russell McDiarmid

Zimbabwe Pensions Update

Members who already held South African Standard Bank Accounts have already been paid pensions arrears from 2009 to 2012. Varying reasons were given for the non payment to other Bank Account holders. Peter Bellingham kindly liaised with the Pensions Office in Harare and was advised that the Standard Bank had lower charges for the transfer of pensions, than other banks, thus the reason why Standard Bank
account holders were being paid. Other members in Natal who have since opened Standard Bank Accounts, and forwarded these details and proof of residence to the Pensions Office, have also received payment.

Forms and details should be forwarded to: The Pensions Master, PSC Pensions Agency, P O Box CY 397, Causeway, Harare, Zimbabwe. Currently arrears pensions are only being paid in South Africa.

**A Cell Phone Story**

After a very busy, tiring day at the office, a young woman settled down in her seat and closed her eyes as the train departed the station. The guy sitting next to her pulled out his cell phone and started talking in a very loud voice ....

“Hi sweetheart, it’s Eric, I’m on the train – yes, I know it’s the six thirty and not the four thirty, but I had a long meeting – no, honey, I was with the boss, not that floozy from the accounts office. No sweetheart, you’re the only one in my life darling – yes, I’m sure”.

Fifteen minutes later, he was still talking loudly. The young woman sitting next to him, obviously annoyed, suddenly yelled loudly, “Hey, Eric, turn that damn stupid phone off, and come back to bed!”

*Eric doesn’t use his cell phone in public anymore.*

**Quotable Quotes**

“He has all the virtues I dislike and none of the vices I admire.” – Winston Churchill

“Thank you for sending me a copy of your book; I’ll waste no time reading it.” – Moses Hadas

“I didn’t attend the funeral, but I sent a nice letter saying I approved of it.” – Mark Twain

“I’ve just learned about his illness. Let’s hope that it’s nothing trivial.” – Irvin S Cobb.

“In order to avoid being called a flirt, she always yielded easily.” – Tallyrand
In 1903 the Matabeleland Constabulary was amalgamated with the Mashonaland Constabulary to form the Southern Rhodesia Constabulary (SRC). To begin with the SRC was independent of the BSAP, but gradually the two were merged into one organisation.

Approval for the transfer of the SRC from the control of the United Kingdom High Commissioner to that of the British South Africa Company was given later the same year. It was not regularised by proclamation, however, until 1904. Police General Order No 516 dated 13 May 1904 notes the proclamation being given effect by a formal hand-over to the Administrator by the Commandant General responsible for all Police and Military Forces in Rhodesia. Following a ceremony at the SRC’s Kopje Police Station, Chief Inspector (Local Major) Drury, a BSAP veteran of the Jameson Raid, assumed command of the Southern Rhodesia Constabulary.
His predecessor, Chief Inspector Fuller, became the Chief Staff Officer of the BSAP. Fuller, later succeeded Colonel Bodle when that officer retired in 1909, at which time Drury returned to the SRC as Chief Staff Officer. Later, Drury was to return to the B.S.A. Police to succeed Fuller, as Commandant, in 1911.

In February 1909 control of the BSAP was transferred from the Imperial Government to the Company’s administration - with the proviso, however, that the Force was debarred from undertaking any military enterprise unless declared to be “on active service” by the United Kingdom Government. Now independent both the BSAP and the SRC were formally amalgamated on 1 December 1909 - at which time the “professionals” of the Constabulary suffered a marked cut in pay in order to bring their salaries into line with those of the B.S.A. Police.

With the amalgamation, the Southern Rhodesia Constabulary became the Foot Branch or Town Police of the Force.

Dating from the days of the old Mashonaland and Matabeleland Constabulary and the Mounted Police of the B.S.A. Company, there had always been a robust rivalry between the Constable and the Trooper. Each would declare that he was the real policeman. The Trooper having the inherited superiority of the mounted man, over the foot-slogger, and the Constable, all the self-confidence of a man who stood upon his own two feet. In those days, Town police were selected for their stature and appearance and preference was given to men with previous police experience. Should a District policeman, seeking the advantages of comparative civilisation, transfer to the Town Branch, he was obliged to serve for a period on probation.

It was from within the ranks of the Town Police that the specialised units of the Force were to be formed: the C.I.D, the Staff Branch, Traffic and Dog Sections, to name but a few. It was these units who were to maintain inter-branch competitiveness in the years to come. The title ‘Trooper’ was to be discontinued after the Second World War. Outside of the Depot and the combative Mounted Unit, the horse was to become redundant and the old rivals, the Town and District Branches, were to be united on a common roll in 1965.

A Constable of the period illustrated wore the following clothing and equipment:
Blue serge tunic and trousers, the latter without straps. Corps pattern black boots without spurs. A white helmet, with white cotton puggaree, by day and a blue forage cap, if required, by night. The white helmet was peculiar to the Town Branch of the Force. Other items worn were the whistle and chain secured at the top button of the tunic and held in the left breast pocket. The armband, the sign of a man on duty, was adopted from the British Police Forces but was discontinued in 1930. No waist belt was worn with this dress order.

A man on probation for transfer from the mounted to the foot branch of the Force would wear khaki frock and trousers, corps pattern black boots, khaki helmet, whistle and chain and the armband described. Bandoliers were not worn at any time on Town duty during this period, except when men were specifically ordered out under arms.

Dress circular No 19 dated 14 March 1910 states: “NCO’s and men employed on town police duties at stations where white helmets are provided, will not wear waist belts or armlet”s.

Dress circular No 32 of 19 April 1910 records: “All NCO’s and men on Town Duty should wear numerals... in khaki tunics the numerals will be worn where the collar badge is placed on blue tunics. In blue tunics the numerals will be placed half an inch behind the collar badge.”

........Extract from ’The Regiment’

* * * *

THE HUMAN RACE.

A little girl asked her mother how the human race started. Her mother replied “God made Adam and Eve and they had children and so all mankind was made”.

Two days later the girl asked her father the same question. He replied ”Many years ago the human race developed from monkeys”.

The confused girl returned to her mother and queried the two opposing answers, and the mother replied, its simple dear, I told you about my side of the family and your father told you about his.
Standing – DPO’s Schwartz, Samler, Allen, Statham, Snell, Smith, Eddie, Worton, Gamblin
Sitting - DPO Cornell, DSO Dutton, Sen Ass Com J Redfern OC CID, DPO Paxton, DPO Dawson

NATAL SOCIAL CALENDAR FOR 2012

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12 Sept</td>
<td>Wed</td>
<td>Coffee</td>
<td>Durban North</td>
<td>Europa Cafe</td>
<td>Coffee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24 Sept</td>
<td>Mon</td>
<td>Annual Lunch</td>
<td>Natal Branch</td>
<td>Le Domaine Clubhouse</td>
<td>Annual Lunch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 Nov</td>
<td>Sat</td>
<td>Lunch</td>
<td>Margate</td>
<td>Cinder City Shellhole</td>
<td>Bring &amp; Braai</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25 Nov</td>
<td>Sun</td>
<td>Lunch</td>
<td>Hillcrest</td>
<td>TBA</td>
<td>Bring &amp; Braai</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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 083 443 0533;  **Hillcrest or Natal Prov** Des Howse 031 762 1010 or 083 440 6740;  **Dbn North** Iain Laing 031 500 4628 or 083 778 7765.

Rear Cover – pastel drawings by Heather Thistleton