The Secretary, "K" Troop Recreation Club, B.S.A. Bulawayo.

verses. Photographs and line drawings are also wanted.

paragraphs, veld stories, jokes and anecdotes, short stories and may be purchased at cheap rates on application to the Editor.

to all members of the Corps which I have pleasure in addressing a few words of approbation

honour to command, through the medium of the "Police Review," .

pathetic understanding and an entire absence of shared alike by the officers and men with a sym-

ship and the goodwill is still a factor for the common good. Here is one resolution for the New Year we may well form—let us continue to foster in every way the feeling of esprit de corps in our own ranks and the comradeship with our gallant friends of the S.R.V., so that we can do this the more readily as we know and respect the efficiency, the courage, and the sportmanship that exists in the ranks of our Volunteer comrades. At the same time it must not be forgotten that we ourselves must strain every nerve in the endeavour to exhibit these three virtues as prominently as our regiment has done in the past, so that the men of the S.R.V. can reciprocate our respect for them, and the entente may be the more complete.

Especially welcome to all members of the B.S.A. Police will be the paragraph in which our chief has stated his intention of fostering "all manly sport in which the men desire to take part"; and here again it rests
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with the troopers to see that the sport of the Corps is developed more fully than in the past. Sports which are confined to individual troops are decidedly lacking at present, though they are the best means of breeding the local esprit de corps which is such a help to the general esprit de corps of a regiment. Let us hope that the year 1912 will witness an improvement in this direction.

While we are dealing with the subject of comradeship, let us give a thought or two to the officers and N.C.O’s of the N.R.P., many of whom have served as troopers in our ranks, and all of whom are doing as great things as any Englishmen have done, in well nigh the loneliest surroundings in the Empire. Above all, in framing our resolutions for 1912, we must remember that on the B.S.A.P. trooper, as much as anyone, rests the future of Rhodesia.

W.B.B.

The Lone Trail.

Ye who know the lone trail fain would follow it,
Though it lead to glory or the darkness of the pit.
Ye who take the lone trail bid your love good-bye;
The lone trail, the lone trail follow till you die.

The trails of the world be countless, and most of the trails be tried;
You tread on the heels of the many, till you come where the ways divide;
And one lies safe in the sunlight, and the other is dreary and wan,
Yet you look askant at the lone trail, and the lone trail hurls you on.

And somehow you’re sick of the highway, with its noise and its easy needs,
And you seek the risk of the by-way and you reck not where it leads,
And sometimes it leads to the desert, and the tongue swells out of the mouth,
And you stagger blind to the mirage, to die in the mocking drouth.

And sometimes it leads to the mountain, to the light of the lone camp fire,
And you gnaw your belt in the anguish of hunger-goaded desire.
And sometimes it leads to the southland, to the swamp where the orchid glows,
And you rave to your grave with the fever, and they rob the corpse for its clothes.

And sometimes it leads to the northland, and the scurry softens your bones,
And your flesh dents in like putty and you spit out your teeth like stones.
And sometimes it leads to a coral reef in the wash of a weedy sea,
And you sit and stare at the empty glare where the gulls wait greedily.

And sometimes it leads to an Arctic trail, and the snows where your torn feet freeze.
And you whistle away the useless clay and crawl on your hands and knees.
Often it leads to the dead-pit, always it leads to pain;
By the bones of your brothers ye know it, but, oh, to follow you’re fain.
By your bones they will follow behind you till the ways of the world are made plain.

Bid good-bye to sweetheart; bid good-bye to friend;
The lone trail, the lone trail follow to the end.
Tarry not, and fear not, chosen of the true;
Lover of the lone trail, the lone trail waits for you.

(From “Songs of a Sour Dough.”) —
CHARLES ROBERT SERVICE.

The Year’s Track Athletics in Matabeleland.

During the past year, the athletic side of Bulawayo sport has not improved much, if at all. With two exceptions, the King’s Club have organised all the sports meetings, and they have been poorly repaid by the competitors. Most of the runners have been content to turn out with little or no training, and then grumble because they cannot win. What training means to a runner was seen in the case of Hutchinson, who set himself to the task of winning the half-mile championship, and, after a strenuous season’s training, finished up by being 100 yards, 440 yards and half-mile champion. From being unplaced off 3 yards in the 220 yards handicap at the Coronation meeting in June, he improved so much by the end of August, at the Caledonian Sports, that he won the 220 yards off scratch in very easy style. The two Rabinsons also trained well, and got their reward by winning the two sprints at the October meeting of the King’s Club. We have other good runners if they would only train, and it lies with them whether sports meetings will be more attractive next year. If they show the same lethargy next season it is possible that athletic meetings will be done away with altogether.

The Caledonian Society gave a good afternoon’s sport in August, and some good running and jumping was done, and at the Coronation meeting in June record entries were received for every event, which shows that the talent is there, if only the young men would rouse themselves up a bit. Bulawayans take pride in the fact that they are a sporting community. Let us see some of that sporting spirit next year.

The cyclists have been going from bad to worse. But for one or two individual performances cycling might as well have been non est. Kritzinger scooped up most of the prizes and championships
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(training again) on the track, and put up a record for the Bulawayo—Matopos Dam and back ride which will take a lot of beating. His time for the double journey (about 32 miles) over roads which were not in too good condition was 1 hour, 43 minutes, 30 seconds. In October, young Edwards had a try at the 42-miles and one hour motor-paced records on the track, held by Sherry, and was only 300 yards short of Sherry's distance for the hour. He was badly looked after by his attendants, or he would have beaten the record by a good bit. Everything points to cycling being dropped next year unless a more sporting spirit is shown by the riders.

The performances this year which have beaten Bulawayo's, and perhaps Rhodesia's previous best, are:

- A. N. Hutchison's half mile in 2 mins. 12 secs. 
- A. C. Gower's long jump, 21 ft. 6 ins. 
- J. S. Kritzinger's Bulawayo—Matopos Dam and back (cycling), 1 hr. 49 mins. 5 4/5 secs., beating Say's record of 1906 by 3 mins. 55 secs.

A. R.

We hope to publish in our next issue a description of the Rhodesian championship meeting, which has been held recently at Salisbury. From the reports we learn that Hutchison, who is apparently a real marvel, secured both the 100 and 220 yds., while Ruxton, the other competitor, won the putting the shot event. Where is our little man, Jack Roos?

"Happy" Saunders had not much difficulty in gaining his victory over Wightman in Salisbury. His coming return match with Pat Kealey of "ours," is sure to attract a large audience, as there have never been fights in Bulawayo where the two men are so evenly matched.

Mr. Jim Chapman, who has done as much as anyone in Rhodesia to foster a real interest in sport, is presenting a magnificent silver cup to be competed for by the riders of the B.S.A.P. It is to be hoped that this will result in really Homeric contests between the troopers of the two provinces.

Storbeck has not been adding to his reputation of late. He has chosen the methods of the crafty but not very sporting Yankee fighters, and we were glad to see that his tactics led to his disqualification in the seventh round of his fight with Frank Moran. From the accounts of the Storbeck-Wells fight, where Storbeck was knocked out in the eleventh round, it would read as though Wells is occasionally more confident than he appears to be in the ring. He seems to have played a waiting game, receiving terrific punishment in the first few rounds, in the knowledge that he could last better than his opponent by so doing.

From an English provincial newspaper report on a murder case: "The murderer was evidently in quest of money, but luckily, Mr. Jorkin had deposited all his funds in the bank the day before, so that he lost nothing but his life."
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A Veld Romance.

She was a sweet little Dutch maiden of about seventeen years, unassuming demeanour, brown hair, and brown eyes that looked at you with the trustfulness of a spaniel. Her home—well, it wasn't exactly a palace, but it was cleaner than the majority of back veld domains, and the hero of this little narrative (a son of the soil from Home) on his first patrol there felt quite a feeling of homesickness when he saw the neatly-scoured tables, the kettle singing away merrily on the fire, and last, but not least, the sweet little maid who glanced shyly at the manly figure of the "khaki." It was undoubtedly a case of Cupid successfully shooting his arrow and so piercing two youthful hearts with his mad and reckless archery that they appeared inseverable.

It was remarkable how often that particular farm required to be patrolled, and yet no reports of crime emanated from that quarter, although personally I felt assured of the fact that the number of dogs retained there was in excess of the number of licences and that the "crack" occasionally of a Mauser during the close season was not exactly like Caesar's wife.

Love laughs at licences, however, equally with locksmiths, and our noble hero was not long before he was ascertaining details from me regarding "opsit" etiquette, ante-nuptial contracts and similar subjects, to which I gave him more or less veracious replies. At last one day we were together in the nearest dorp, and I happened to be in the principal emporium, when in walked the amorous one and commenced purchasing on a scale that fairly astounded me. Just to enumerate a few articles; there were two hats, a dress, boots, shoes, stockings, parasols and various other articles, which, this not being a ladies' fashion paper, I will leave to the imagination.

On our return he was all anxiety to go to the abode of his loved one and—evidently to create an impression on me—solicited my company. Nothing loth, I went. We walked in, did the usual slide of the palm over the hands of "oom" and "tantje" which is this country's equivalent of what Rabbie Burns so eloquently described as "a richt guid herry grip," and then he commenced the presentation. As article after article was produced from the package—which seemed like a veritable widow's cruse—the coy damsel kept up a continuous repetition of "Danke, Mr. Norther," in a tone as devoid of expression as a doll that utters "Dada." The bounteous giver seemed rather disappointed at not receiving a more effusive reception of his generosity and tried to work up a little enthusiasm by enumerating the various gifts and—thinking he had presented to the apple of his eye every possible known want—concluded by triumphantly saying "There, my dear, now was there anything else you'd have liked?" Did she tell him he had supplied every known want? Did she hail him as her Cophetua? Did she do the Ruth act? Reader, she did not. She simply, with the brown eyes aforementioned, looked him straight in the dial and in lack lustre tones said "Ja, Mr. Norther, twee pond als jou blifj." ("Yes, Mr. Norther, two pounds please.")

When he recovered from his faint I removed him, a gibbering wreck, to the post and now, when it is his turn to patrol that farm, he most conveniently develops an acute attack of malaria which only subsides when a substitute sets off.

Moral.—(No you don't. This isn't a Sunday School Magazine.—Ed., P.R.)
J. Lenson
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Random Reviews.

"WITH NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO."" While the narratives of the great battles of history which have been written by experts in the science of war must always be of great interest to both the student and the general reader, for really graphic description one should look to the notes both the student and the general reader, for really science of war must always be of great interest to history which have been written by experts in the of such documents, hitherto unpublished, and deal with the wars of Egypt and the Peninsula, as well as the famous figures that saved Europe. The Waterloo papers are edited by the late Mr. Bruce Low, who gives a general picture of the battle. Hougoumont was the key of the situation: To-day the great North gateway still stands much as it stood on the day of battle, though the brick arch and massive beams on which it rested have long since disappeared. A bit of the north door, broken by the French, hangs suspended to the wall of the farm-house. This consisted till recently of four planks nailed to two cross-beams, "on which the scars of attack are visible," says Victor Hugo. He adds: "Baudin shews, Foy wounded; carbination, massacre, carnage; a rivulet formed of English blood, French blood, German blood mingled in fury; a well crammed with corpses;" the regiment of Nassau and the Prussians mingled English blood, French blood, German blood in fury; and the little diaries which have been penned by the humble combatants themselves in the first flush of victory or defeat.

"With Napoleon at Waterloo," published by Mr. Francis Griffiths, and sold at 15/-, is a collection of such documents, hitherto unpublished, and dealing with the wars of Egypt and the Peninsula, as well as the famous figures that saved Europe. The Waterloo papers are edited by the late Mr. Bruce Low, who gives a general picture of the battle. Hougoumont was the key of the situation: To-day the great North gateway still stands much as it stood on the day of battle, though the brick arch and massive beams on which it rested have long since disappeared. A bit of the north door, broken by the French, hangs suspended to the wall of the farm-house. This consisted till recently of four planks nailed to two cross-beams, "on which the scars of attack are visible," says Victor Hugo. He adds: "Baudin shews, Foy wounded; carbination, massacre, carnage; a rivulet formed of English blood, French blood, German blood mingled in fury; a well crammed with corpses;" the regiment of Nassau and the Prussians mingled English blood, French blood, German blood in fury; and the little diaries which have been penned by the humble combatants themselves in the first flush of victory or defeat.

Sergeant Robertson, to whom the tragedy of war seems to appeal with most insistence, gives a most pathetic picture of the result of the night attack on Alexandria:

"After the action was over," he says, "we were ordered to go and take all the wounded of both armies, and carry them to the boats. . . . It was truly a horrible sight to see French and English thronging in the agonies of death, and making Frenchmen, who had only a few minutes before been filled with rage and hatred at one another—all their fierce passions stilled, and like a huddled child taking one another in their dying arms."

Indeed, many friendships were made by the men of the opposing armies throughout that terrible time of the French Wars. There was none of that fiendish and unnatural personal hatred that disgraced the German legions of 1870. War was not fought with kid gloves in the days of the Little Corsican, but at least, when British and French joined issue, it was with the knowledge that each had a chivalrous and a sporting foe to deal with. On the slightest excuse the combatants would fraternise, and, as a rule, prisoners were treated with great kindness, as Sergeant Robertson has testified, for he lay some time in a French prison hospital.

This book is a compilation for soldiers of the battle stories of soldiers themselves, and should be full of interest for the men of the B.S.A.P.

W.B.B.

The Nongqai has always specialized on Christmas numbers, and the special issue for 1911 is even better than any of its predecessors. The number consists of over 70 pages, copiously illustrated with well-executed and beautifully reproduced sketches and photographs. Besides matters which are interesting solely to N.P. and their friends, there is a wealth of fascinating stories, articles, humour and verse, and the contributors include Lt.-Gen. Sir R. S. Baden-Powell, Col. Clarke, CC of Police, and Miss Nellie Fincher, the well-known authoress. The editor, Mr. H. P. Boulter, is to be congratulated most cordially on the result of his first Christmas venture.

"I saw you at dinner at the Grand last night," said the Nut.
"I didn't see you," returned the person addressed, who had some reason to doubt the veracity of this statement.
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"Then," asked the other, coldly, "why didn't you bring me some more asparagus?"
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[CONTINUED.]

ACT III.—A carriage on the southward bound train.

Sitting in one corner of a first-class compartment is seen our hero—Aubrey Beaumont—in conversation with a stranger upon whom he has forced his acquaintance.

A.B.—(divesting himself of bandolier, water-bottle and haversack) Thank goodness I’ve left that Purgatory! Seems as though I’d been there a lifetime, yet it’s only just six months since I came up.

Stranger.—Must have done rather well to get through your recruit’s course in so short a time?

A.B.—My word, yes? Course it’s a thing I don’t like talking about, but I fancy I collected all the laurels one could get (Oh no, I’m not referring to this black eye; that was just a little altercation with a horrid brute of a fellow about kit this morning; hadn’t been so small something might have happened—no desire to refer to it again). What I meant was I passed the Law Exam very creditably—not a me-ah scrape through, as both Jimmie and the Colonel seemed struck with my perception and asked me three questions which I was able to answer almost correctly. I’m not a fool to boast. What’s that, old man? My name? Aubrey Beaumont.

Stranger.—Oh! I fancy I’ve heard of you. I was dining with the Colonel last night.

A.B.—Oh yes! I thought I’d made rather an impression on him—seemed sorry to lose me when I came away. Even Jimmie beamed on me and remarked that he was sure I’d be missed—naturally I felt somewhat bucked. Oh! that reminds me, I did rather well on the passing-off ride—put me on the worst beast in the stables—had a lot of trouble with him at the beginning, one or two nasty spills, but I conquered him and managed to arrive home first. Regular race the whole thing you know (other fellows had the advantage, being able to use spurs, my animal being far too young and high spirited), by judiciously missing one or two ranges—a manœuvre the R.S.M. and one or two others highly applauded—I arrived back at the stables ten minutes before anyone else, in fact had off-saddled and had a bath by the time they got back. You should have seen how popular my success was—the whole camp turned out as one man to cheer me in.

Stranger.—You had a bit of a send-off at the station, too, I think. I noticed a bit of a commotion there. Must be very gratifying to feel you’re so popular.

A.B.—Oh, that little incident! No, hardly a send-off—on the contrary—it was that loathsome fruit Sammy trying to keep me back over a trifling matter of 36-—. The arrogance of these coloured races is something appalling. Had occasion to feel somewhat nauseated in camp just before leaving. My wretched mental wouldn’t accept my note of hand for three months’ wages. Had to give him 12/- in loose cash, and an old dress coat to square him. [Guard entering: “Tickets, please.”]

A.B.—(Having only a second-class voucher, takes no notice of Guard). I was saying before we were so rudely interrupted—

Guard (abruptly)—I’ll trouble you for your ticket, please!

A.B.—I must ask you again not to interrupt. Can’t you see this gentleman and myself are engaged in conversation? (Hands voucher majestically to Guard)

Guard.—I thought as much. ’Ere, come out of it!

A.B. (to stranger)—Appears I’m in the wrong compartment—will be pleased to continue our conversation in the Dining Car.

Stranger (as train slows up)—Sorry, Tpr. Beaumont, but am getting down here. Please call those Black Watch at the end of the platform and tell them to load up Captain Disciple’s kit on the Buckboard—you can take this bag with you. Good day!

A.B. (soliloquising, as he tumbles out of the train)—Blimey! Who’d have thought a pleasant little chap with golden hair like that was an officer. Strikes me I shall have to lunch off “Zambanes” after all.

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A most enjoyable impromptu concert, organized at short notice, was held on Tuesday, Dec. 21st, on the parade ground, followed by a series of boxing contests between Tprs. Kealy and Robinson, and Tprs. Ruile and Burgess respectively. There was a large number present, including a fair number of ladies, and quite a good number of the sporting fraternity of Salisbury.

The following is the musical programme, which was in every way a great success: March, “Old Comrades” (B.S.A.P. Band); Song, “Melisante in the Wood” (Tpr. H. Pearson); Song, “My Little Cingaled” (Cpl. McDermott); Song, “I love you” (Tpr. Hession); “Musical Sketch” (Tpr. Ruile); Song, “I hear you calling me” (Tpr. Kemp); Comic Song, “Mr. Gollywog” (Sgt. W. Taylor); “A Waltz Dream” (the Band).

All the singers were well received, and encores were in great demand; the band pieces were well executed, and greatly appreciated by the audience. Refreshments were served during the interval, coffee and cake taking pride of place in the limelight, but limejuice could be obtained with a little diplomacy. The band induced the audience to take their seats with a fine rendering of a Scotch Medley, “A Nicht wi Burns.”

A three-round exhibition spar between Tpr. Ruile and Tpr. Burgess proved most exhilarating, and although Ruile appeared to have the issue well in hand from the first, Tpr. Burgess stuck to his guns and gave a plucky display. As generally anticipated, the referee, Mr. Fred. Buckley, awarded the honours to Tpr. Ruile.

The event of the evening then followed—Tpr. Kealy, of “K” Troop, 9 ft. 7 lbs., essayed to outpoint Tpr. Robinson, “E” Troop, in a six-round contest. Kealy looked too fine if anything, but stepped into the ring with an air of confidence that straightway won favour with the assembly. It was easily discernible that Robinson’s physique and weight would count much in his favour, and from the first he took full advantage of it. The men went straight for each other, and after some smart footwork had been indulged in, Robinson drew first blood on Kealy’s nasal appendage. The second round was almost a repetition of the first, both men going straight for each other, and treating the audience to a real good show. The third round showed Kealy to great advantage, he having apparently got the measure of Robinson in spite of the weight he was contending against, and they retired to their corners with honours fairly even. On coming up for the fourth round Robinson again used his weight to Kealy’s discomfiture, and although Kealy got in two fine swinging blows on Robinson’s face, he was apparently too weak to follow up the advantage. The fifth was not so clean, and open as the previous rounds. Robinson being cautioned by the referee a few times for what, in the opinion of the audience, were foul throws, but as Kealy was weakening rapidly, he could not avoid the rushes of his stronger opponent, hence the numerous falls and what appeared to be foul throws. In the sixth and last round Robinson had Kealy at his mercy, a nasty bump in the previous round having apparently left him dazed and quite unable to withstand the fierce onslaughts of his opponent. Mr. Fred. Buckland gave the verdict in favour of Robinson.

Major Drury, in a few well-chosen remarks, referred to the fine contest in appropriate terms, and having thanked the singers and the members of the Band for their services, the audience dispersed to the strains of the National Anthem, the general opinion being that the open-air camp concerts are well worth the journey from town.

Tpr. Adams, as accompanist, contributed largely to the success of the concert, and the Band, under Sgt.-Major King, was in fine form.

Sgt.-Major and Mrs. Shettle returned off leave on the 2nd, after an enjoyable holiday in the North of England, where it is said that Harry Varden and James Braid both received a shock at the way the gallant Sgt.-Major hustled them at their favourite game. Without a doubt golf is now the game, and our knowledge of drivers, brassies, spoons, clubs, mashies, lofters, niblicks, and putters is profound, and for choice we favour the “Zodiac” ball. More unlikely things may happen than to see the Lawley Cup resting on a Salisbury sideboard after the Beira Championships of 1912.

Sgt. Quinton, who came to headquarters for dental treatment is now looking quite fit, and is expected to return to Gatooma very shortly. Unlike most visitors who honour the capital with their presence at rare intervals, he has not condemned headquarters as the last place on earth, which, to say the least, is most refreshing, especially as Salisbury is better than some outstations.

Lieut. Bretton returned to Headquarters on the 10th, having handed the command of “D” Troop to Capt. Tomlinson on that officer’s return from leave.

“Willie” says that parades and the culinary art of preparing Quaker Oats for the breakfast table are antagonistic; either the parade suffers or the porridge is burnt.

Preparations are in full swing to carry out the festivities in good style. The concert, which has always been a feature of Christmas Day, will not take place until “Boxing” night, the Band having accepted an engagement at the Globe & Phoenix mine Christmas Day Sports, but it will be available the following night.

A fair number of recruits arrived during the month, but the strength remains normal, an equal number of transfers keeping things nicely balanced.

The sweet murmurings of Cpl. “Mac” still float through the air during the time the recruits are passing through “Arcadia,” and without unduly straining our necks, we rightly guessed, when “Mac” asked the “Nut” in dulcet tones if he thought he was carrying a stick of Rhubarb, that the “trail” was not being carried with spirit-level precision.

“Shamwari!”
Telegraphic Address: “FORCE,” Bulawayo.

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J. M. Bass

TELEGRAMS: “TATTERSALLS”
P.O. BOX 6
"C" Troop.

Klinkie did not stand the strain. The men at Sinoia quite agree with our friend who wrote that "Sgt. Spencer has a big future in front of him." It increases daily.

Congratulations to Cpl. Morris.
"Dot and carry one" is now qualified for hospital orderly.
Who said "Tears" in Hartley?
"Ozzy the outcast" is still looking for it in Sinoa.

The new Sinoa camp has started. "Cogguy" and "Peckham" now stand a good chance of a transfer there.

Wanted by Sgt. Spencer a native who is handy with a needle, and can enlarge slacks.

"G" Troop.

The hearty congratulations of all go to Sgt. Nash, who has joined the Benedict. The Gwanda horticultural experts inform and can enlarge slacks.

It flourishes.

reckons a half bottle of Antipon is a very poor exchange for his districts as 

he was off his feet, and, accompanied by his many tin boxes, returned convalescent off leave.

not the only thing he's shaken off, and your humble servant

occurs with unfailing regularity every two hours, our valorous

like Agag before Saul, his hand shading his eyes, at last his quarry

and, dashing in to give the

54

44

44

the efforts of the P.W.D. to improve our system of roof drainage.

have to wash in soda-water.

we may, perhaps, in time get something done. Meanwhile, when

With sorrow we have to record that our popular licence inspector, Sgt. Collier, has left us. We wish him the best of luck in his new sphere.

Our one and only Busty has gone on leave—and good luck to him. A slight shade of odds has been offered in camp against his getting beyond Madeira, but—wait and see.

"THE GO-AWAY-BIRD."

Fashions change and times do alter. Some of the members of this troop do not, apparently, approve of our present uniform. A nice fresh piece of raw trek ox worn neatly over the left one is supposed to be much more becoming than even the best-fitting R.I.C. in camp. At least Walter thinks so.

Who is the gay young stop at Enkeldoorn known in the district as "the mad policeman," and why?

Tpr. Viney has left the station. After a short, but none the less jovial month spent in Gwelo, he has decided that the mists of Selkwe are more easily put up with than even the softest of office jobs in Gwelo—without messing at 3/9 a day. We trust his health will benefit by the change.

"Hookie" has had his hair cut, sand-papered and pumice-stoned. On taking a "case" into Court the other day, the Magistrate demanded why the prisoner was put into the witness-box.

But a few other members could do with such a similar hair cut, or else a supply of hairpins requisitioned for.

"Water! Water everywhere, and not a drop to drink," is not the case in Gwelo. It isn't even? Drink! drink everywhere, and not a drop of water." It isn't even. "Water—?" The Bon Dieu alone knows what it is. But that was no excuse for Busty washing in the breakfast milk.

Scene—Dead dry, dirty, dusty day in Gwelo.

The other bird—"Say, Hornbill, come down and have a drink."
The Go-way-Bird (much surprised)—"Thanks, don't mind if I do.
The O.B.—Come on! Er—— lend me a couple of bob. I'm dead broke.

Tedly! Tell us! Is it the good skoff or the bewchus maiden opposite? Methinks, wise youth, thine affections are divided.

And did the naughty little "Entertainer" run away with Zeedo's watch? "Fair sex, forsooth," quoth Zeedo, "never again, and to think I spent nearly three bob on drinks."

Gloom, dark, impenetrable gloom has settled on the camp, and unrestrained tears trickle down into the corners of my mouth as I write (and quite a unique method of raising a thirst).

Never shall I forget the terrible day when, early in the morning, we were aroused by a series of blood-curdling shrieks. Hastily arming ourselves with the handiest weapons (dead marines, for the most part), we rushed to the room whence came those terrible screams, and were horrified to find poor Dolly stretched on the floor in a dead faint. Mary Frank—the latent

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instinct of the born detective arising in him and asserting itself with horror, and he also burst into loud sobs as the secret of poor

instinct of the born detective arising in him and asserting itself

From the corner of his eye he saw that his wife was standing there in a dead faint. His wife—"Hookie," his wife—"Hookie"—"Hookie!"—"Hookie!"—"Hookie!"

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With difficulty Mary Frank released an object which had been tightly clasped in Dolly's hand, and on examining it burst into tears. "Say! Oh, say! It must have been a terrible mistake," he wailed.

Passing the object around, each strong man's form shuddered. And did the naughty little "Entertainer" run away with Zeedo's watch? "Fair sex, forsooth," quoth Zeedo, "never again, and to think I spent nearly three bob on drinks."

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From Que Que ("H" Troop).

The work of the Police here (excepting the Town Police) is
precisely that of a soldier in the service. Reveille at 5:30 a.m. brings us all from our beds. Then commence company drills by the adjutant or another officer (C.O.'s undress Tuesdays: full dress Saturdays). The drilling is general—ceremonial, rifle exercise, physical drill, and skirmishing. The ceremonal drill is attended by the band for marching past, advancing in review order, and physical drill. Signalling, maxim gun drill, mule packing, and night attacks are also practised, besides musketry.

Recruits are here as elsewhere, and must follow the usual routine from third squad to second and on to the first, where they finally pass into the ranks, where they must loosen themselves for the parade mentioned above.

The marksmanship of the corps is reported generally good and, as in the Imperial Service, he that is a bad shot must have plenty of poking drill and muscle exercise, which certainly has the desired effect.

The Police are recruited for the most part from Kasama and Fort Jameson. We have also Yaos, Achewas, and a few Mashukulumbwes. From Kasama hail the Avenibas—fine-bred fellows, very musical, but boys who must be kept well in hand. From Fort Jameson we have Angonis. These are descendants of the Zulus, generally of fine physique and very intelligent. The Yaos make excellent soldiers, being clean, smart, wiry and obedient. The Achewas are similar to the Yaos, and from these we get the Nyanga proper. We have a few Mashukulumbwes as buglers, and they are very hard to beat. The writer can testify to this, as he has had a number of years with buglers and has been teaching them for the past two and a half years.

The kit as the "Mackenzie," as will be seen by the enclosed photo.

The present movements of the corps are as follows:

Capt. Watherstone (ex-B.S.A.P.) is on the road to relieve Major Hodson at Kasama. The latter should return in time for the sports, where he is always a leading light. Lieut. Sillitoe, who lately joined us from the B.S.A.P., is in trekking to Fort Rosebury. Lieuts. Cussans and Dickenson are miles away on the veldt with the Border Commission. Capt. O'Sullivan has gone to Mongu, and of the others we trust you will hear in good course. We are asking them to forward some news to you. Capt. Stennett and Lieut. de Sate are spending Christmas at Home.

Of the band you will also hear later, as we think we may be able to fill a slate full about them.

The skies are dark, the world is grey,
And I would roam afar,
O'er the high seas, back to the land
Where great spaces are;
The lonely post on the mainland,
The rolling veldt and the plain,
The field-day with the storm sand,
And a trooper's life again!

For I weary of the town's ways,
The dull, the dreary sights,
I crave for the pigskin and musket,
And the keen air that bites,
The morn mist that stings the cheek,
And blurred eyes that strain;
The first chance of last hope,
And a trooper's life again!

Where duty calls, or fate doth will,
I'd go my ways alone;
And leave all, and forget all,
With ne'er a sigh or moan;
The new place with its cheeriness,
And the old one left with pain,
For the grim nights, and the free days,
And my old life again!
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**COMING EVENTS:**

LA MASCOTTE—Comic Opera, 3rd February
(by the Bulawayo Amateurs)

The New Musical Madcaps (Adeler & Sutton)

The Smart Set (Walter George)

The MASCOTS (Return Visit)

LAGO CLIFFORD, MANAGER
"Death at the Gate."

The Tragedy of the War Prison on Dartmoor.

Few, even of those who have seen the grim pile of Dartmoor Prison disfiguring the peaceful solitude of the lonely Devon moor, know the tale that has been told so vividly by Mr. Eden Philpotts in his stirring novel "The American Prisoner," and we need make no apology for placing the narrative before the readers of the "Police Review." It is the real tragedy of the American War of 1812.

On the 14th of March, 1815, the American President had ratified the treaty of peace. The American sailors who had been captured during the war, and now lay in the great war prison, immediately clamoured to be set free. Mr. Blazey, the American agent—a man who was notorious for his want of tact and foresight—answered most callously that he could give no promise of immediate liberation. Unfortunately, Captain Short, who commanded the prison, was also a weak man and was unable to keep his charges in hand, sometimes relaxing discipline to a most absurd degree, and again proceeding to the other extreme, until even those who desired to assist him in the maintenance of order deserted. The trouble commenced with the burning of an effigy of the American agent. This and the consequent excitement resulted in the loss of all the discipline which the imprisoned sailors had hitherto exhibited for their own former leaders.

"...Close upon this fell out an unfortunate occurrence for which the prison contractors were responsible. During a whole day the prisoners remained short of bread, and they were called upon to subsist as best they might on four and a half ounces of beef to each man. Capt. Short was away at the critical moment upon business in Plymouth, and his subordinates refused to oblige the hungry hordes. A pound and a half of hard bread by right belonged to every prisoner, but the contractor's clerk lost his presence of mind, and refused to serve rations of any sort until the return of the Commandant.

"This accident was enough for William Burnham's hot-headed faction. A bread riot became imminent, and the prisoners threatened to force the prison and break open the store-house. Panic and terror swept through Prince Town; chaos fell upon the gaol, and from all the surrounding neighbourhood the women and children fled into the villages, for it was reported that the prisoners were about to break loose and pour, like an angry sea, over the country-side. Many, indeed, escaped before Captain Short returned with a reinforcement of two hundred soldiers from Plymouth; but in the meanwhile fresh supplies of bread had reached the prison, and the bulk of the Americans, having no desire to brave the unknown while liberty promised to be but a thing of days, remained quiet and orderly. Their numbers acted as a weight to render the more daring inert; the disturbance passed, and the Commandant expressed a frank and courteous regret for the occasion of the trouble.

"Yet alarm did not subside so quickly without the prison walls. Rumours daily gained ground that the Americans contemplated a desperate deed, and Captain Short began to credit these reports. His suspicions and the folly of those in his charge precipitated a conflict, and the innocent suffered for the guilty.

"Upon the 6th April, towards a peaceful spring twilight, a large body of men, under Burnham's leadership, collected by twos and threes in one place. The numbers increased, and ominously to swarm round about a great gate that led from the exercise yard to the market-place. Ordered by the turnkeys to disperse, they refused; implored by some of their friends to avoid risk of suspicion, Burnham himself bade these peace-seekers go their way or join the party for freedom.

"A subaltern, hearing the words, hastened to Captain Short.

"'There's trouble brewing, sir. They're swarming like bees at No. 1 gate from the yard, and it's only secured against 'em with a chain. There's a breach, too in the prison wall of No. 6. The guards are frightened, and the turnkeys won't face the prisoners. I fear that they only wait for darkness.'

"He came in an evil hour, because the Commandant had already heard warnings of like character from one or two of the Americans themselves. For their information they had received their liberty.

"'Short started up.

"'The dogs. Will nothing satisfy 'em? Must it come to bayonets? Then, by God, it shall! I've done all I can do to tame these chattering hyaenas. I've endured enough to make me stand self-condemned for a poltroon. More I'll not endure. They are not to be tamed by kindness. The whip, then!'"
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PURE, because the water is boiled, and guaranteed so.

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H. BLUMBERG & CO.'S
JEWELLERY STORE,
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Blackie's Buildings,
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whose powerful arm, wielding a sledge, had done the deed. Until now it is certain that any design of escaping had but actuated a handful of prisoners. No concerted enterprise existed among them; but as the barrier fell and the gate yawned open, others, seeing the opportunity, crowded among Burnham's faction, and prepared to break out under the eyes of their guardians. Captain Short understood nothing more than what he saw, and the immediate danger cooled his passion. But his hatred of this many-headed monster was not cooled. Cries resounded, and behind the breaking gates the civil guards were flying. Yet to the Commandant's credit it may be recorded that he addressed the prisoners and called upon them to yield and fall back. Only yells and laughter greeted him; while at the portals themselves an energetic handful were already forcing the great gates off their hinges.

Thereon the Commandant ordered fifteen file of the guard to this barrier, and with lowered bayonets the men advanced. Many fell back; many were driven on with curses and sharp wounds; but the inert mass behind yielded slowly, while the phalanx in front refused to yield. They kept their ground and held the gate. They insulted the soldiers, and even dared Short to fire upon them.

"The first use of that awful word was in Burnham's mouth."

"We are free men!" he shouted; 'and you have no jurisdiction upon us, and no right to lift these bars between us and liberty. You might as soon dare to fire upon us as order us to hide here. This night we take our liberty, since you abuse your trust and deny it to us in a country that is at peace with ours.'

"The mass who heard yelled and pressed forward; those who heard not answered the yell, and, guessing nothing of the bayonets in front, fought to get there."

"Short answered Burnham."

"Before God, they shall fire if——!"

"But his troops, now maddened with anger, and sore buffeted by the foremost of the prisoners, heard the word 'fire,' and waited for no context."

"A crash and a vibrating roar followed, and Short's sentence was never spoken. In the waning light flashed the muskets, and with the billowy smoke there rolled aloft a shriek of fear and of agony where souls parted from life.

William Burnham fell shot through the head.

A CRASH:—Since we went to press we have heard that Roos was handicapped in the Salisbury sprint by a twisted ankle which he incurred in a previous event. He writes to us in glowing terms of Hutchison, whom he describes as a "rattling sprinter, and a thorough clean sportsman." The Policeman wishes us to issue a challenge on his behalf to Hutchison and the two Rabinsons, for a race of 100 or 120 yds., to take place in Bulawayo, at the next meeting of the King's Club, provided it does not take place before the end of February; he hopes his injured foot will have recovered by that time. This should be a great contest.

Mr. H. F. Knapp's much-boomed Rhodesian venture, "The Rhodesia Annual," has proved stupendous, both in conception and execution. In a series of expert narratives the whole life and industry of our gallant little colony are depicted. Such writers as Mr. Marshall Hole, "Dadge," Mr. A. Tyas, Mr. A. G. Evans, Mr. Kingsley Fairbridge, Mr. Charles D. Don, Mr. R. N. Hall—and a host of others—have presented the reader with some of the finest results of their experience and skill. The choice and reproduction of the "thousand and one" photographic illustrations are beyond all praise. Of particular interest to the B.S.A.P., are the articles on the Progress of Bulawayo, by Mr. E. Edwards; and the Story of the Rhodesian Police, by the editor of the Police Review.
A History of the British South Africa Police.

(Chapter V.)

An Insult to the Flag—War with the Portuguese—The Amazing Seven—The Victory of Massi-Kessi and the Acquisition of Manicaland.

The pioneer column remained as one force until October 1st, 1890, when Fort Salisbury was built and the volunteers disbanded. Round the police camp there rapidly sprang up a collection of rough and ready shanties that were to form the nucleus for the town of Salisbury. Many of the inhabitants were not slow to lose the eager spirit of hopefulness which had accompanied the march of the pioneers, for the fortunes which they had thought to find in the fruitful goldfields of Mashonaland proved to be less plentiful than they had anticipated, and a host of disenchanted adventurers were using the town merely as a breathing place, whence they were to make the return journey to the South. At the same time further expeditions of civilians were following hard on the track of the pioneers. Then the rains came on. Scores of wayfarers died, having been held up by swollen rivers, horse-sickness, and the ravages of the tsetse-fly; and detained without medicine, and often without food, on the fever-stricken banks. A famine prevailed in Salisbury itself, and, as a final drop in the cup of disappointment, it was found that the projected road of communication between the town and the East Coast was not practicable, as it would have run through a belt of tsetse-fly country which cattle would have been unable to cross. Altogether the fortunes of the new country did not look bright at all in the early days, and had not the original settlers being of the sturdy undaunted type that had accomplished the wonderful trek from the South, the Rhodesia of to-day would never have been accomplished at all.

Perhaps, the police at that time suffered less than the rest of the population, for at least they—with the Administrator—could boast buildings of a substantial nature for their dwelling places, while the mining camp around them was but a mere scattered collection of shaky huts. But the troopers were to prove themselves none the less hardy on that account, and, no later than the early days of '91, they were to succeed in as gallant an enterprise as had ever been achieved, and set all England and the Empire ringing with praise of their gallantry.

On quitting the Pioneer Column at the end of the previous August, Mr. Selous had hastened to Manicaland, a noble piece of territory which lay in the highlands to the south-east of Salisbury. The country, which was well suited for European colonization, was under the rule of a native chief named Umtassa, from whom Selous—together with Dr. Jameson and Mr. Colquhoun, the Administrator

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A. FILLIS, Local Manager.
Two captured officers were permitted to return to Manicaland, which of course he had to obey. Forbes to return to Salisbury immediately, a comfortably garrisoned by the white troops of the Portuguese. Now, however, the Government seeing the well-nigh inconceivable idea of capturing Beira greeted with much disfavour the incursion of the Portuguese of the East Coast had already made the laughing stock of the whole world, and, in spite of the terms of the settlement, they proceeded to equip a large force which was to expel the British from Manicaland and satisfy their cravings for revenge. At the same time a counter force was raised in Salisbury. Several civilians rushed to volunteer, and, at length, Captain Heyman, with fifty police and volunteers and a 7-pounder, were despatched to Manicaland to watch the movements of a considerable Portuguese force that had collected near Massi-Kessi. The expedition halted at Chua Hill, some little distance from the Portuguese, on May 14th, 1891. Opposing them lay an army of 100 whites and 400 natives, with no less than 11 quick-firing guns of the most modern description. A message was sent to Captain Heyman, assuring him if he stayed where he was any longer he would be attacked. The Englishman flatly refused to leave the place, and the assault commenced.

The British position was situated on the upper slopes of the hill, a condition that served in some degree to neutralise the enormous odds of ten to one. However, had not the Portuguese commander acted with criminal carelessness, victory must have been his. Deciding that the presence of the artillery might hamper his movements, he commanded that the guns should be left behind when his army advanced. Reaching the foot of the kopje, he commenced a hot fire on the Britshers, but the aim was bad, and the firing had but little result. Meanwhile, the Britishers reserved their fire until the enemy got well within range, and then poured volley after volley into their midst. The native levies wavered, whereupon the 7-pounder opened fire with canister, causing them to break and run.
like startled rabbits, not knowing what shelter to make for. The Portuguese whites still showed great gallantry, and struggled desperately to gain the hill-top, but each time they made any headway they were met by a cruel hail of bullets, and were soon forced to retreat. Captain Heyman followed up their retreat with an advance in skirmishing order across the plain, towards the fort, which was once capitulated.

The British flag was hoisted and a garrison was disposed so that no counter attack could avail, while a quantity of valuable equipment, including the 11 guns, was taken possession of.

About this time, an attack was made on two boats which were proceeding up the Pungwe with stores for Sir John Willoughby, these being captured by the Portuguese and detained at Beira. Meanwhile, in Lisbon, a force of six or seven hundred men was being raised for active service, but Lord Salisbury at the Foreign Office put an end to the whole trouble by means of a strongly-worded ultimatum to the Portuguese Government which had the desired effect. A treaty was concluded whereby the seaboard of S.E. Africa, as far as the Natal border, was left in the hands of Portugal, while the uplands, with the exception of a portion at Massi-Kessi, were ceded to the British. So the new Rhodesians found themselves doing the work that might have taken a large army, acting on conventional lines, to accomplish thoroughly; and so the new colony cemented the prestige among the British dominions that the work of the Great Trek had founded.

WILFRID BUSSY.

[Chapter VI. of this history will deal with the frustrated Boer trek across the Limpopo, and the causes of the war of '93.]

The Stephen Black company, which has visited the Palace with a repertoire of South African comedies, is suffiiently strong to bear comparison with the "West-End" companies of the Hospital Country. Most of Mr. Black's plays are familiar to Rhodesian playgoers, but "The Flapper," which has only just concluded its first successful run in Johannesburg, is new to us. After the eulogies poured upon the little comedy by the Southern papers, we were a little disappointed in the play, which dragged somewhat at times, and occasionally the genuine comedy of the original was lost in the robust "Jong" humour of Mr. Charles Leonard ("Klaas Dikkop"). Miss Naomi Rutherford, the young actress who filled the name part has come to the front with a bound in this production, Mr. Edward Vincent and Miss Mabel Morton are especially worthy of praise, and Rhodesian critics have all been delighted by the welcome return of their old favourites—Miss Eva Moss, Miss Cecil Barraclough and Mr. Charles Willoughby. Bulawayo will be glad to hear that the Queen of the World's dancers—Miss Maud Allan—is visiting the Palace shortly.

Drill Instructor: "Now listen to me. When I say 'Halt!' put the foot that's on the ground beside the one that's in the air, and remain motionless."
has written, summing up the situation, "may be divided into two classes—those who don't want to vote; and those who are obviously unfit to have it." That seems to cover the ground very completely.

Since then, however, a third class of ladies has come into prominence—those who decline to lick stamps. The principle of national insurance has, of course, the support of everybody; but Mr. Lloyd George has his own ideas as to the best method of formulating it, and some of Mr. Lloyd George's ideas are very quaint and curious. Domestic servants come within the scope of this Bill; and his way of dealing with them is to make the scullery-maid and her mistress each affix a certain number of stamps to a card on every payday by way of paying the insurance premium. The scullery-maid—and, of course, her confederates and allies below stairs—objects to parting with her coppers, and has told Mr. George, in her thousands, that she will decline to lick his stamps. The mistresses have other reasons for objecting to the scheme. The Albert Hall has been filled with "demonstrators;" petitions by the ton are being signed; and a new campaign of passive resistance, much more amusing than the last, may come after the passing of the Bill. It has, altogether, been a lovely month; and there is much more fun to come, evidently.

There have been other little matters, certainly, to claim our passing attention; but it has been very difficult to stop laughing long enough to concentrate our attention on them. The new First Lord of the Admiralty (nobody calls Mr. Churchill "Winnie" nowadays) has already gone cruising in the Admiralty yacht by way of strengthening his sea-legs, and has done several things which seem to suggest that he will, after all, prove to be a "Strong Navy" man. His latest achievement has been to make what is practically a clean sweep of the Board of Admiralty. The changes this involves are good ones, certainly; though the Sea Lords whom he found there were good men—the fault was not theirs if there was anything wrong. But what everybody is asking is: Did these distinguished officers retire of their own accord, or were they thrown out neck and crop? And, if so, why? Then, too, the dramatic censorship has been moving us to mirth, as is its wont from time to time. Mr. Oscar Asche has been producing a glorious Arabian Nights sort of play at the Garrick for the greater part of the year; and his "house full" boards are nearly worn out. Now the Lord Chamberlain, through his minions, has suddenly made up his mind that in the interests of public morality this cannot be allowed to go on. A little girl, clad in silk fleshings and a few bangles, comes into view for, perhaps, ten seconds, and then plunges into a bathing pool, in one scene. She did it about two hundred and fifty times without the public morals deteriorating to any appreciable extent; but then the Lord Chamberlain finished turning the affair over in his mind, and now she wears a handful of gauze, as well! Since then the minions in question have been reinforced by the inclusion of Mr. Charles Brookfield, actor and playwright. Mr. Brookfield's best remembered play was "Dear old Charlie," which to judge from internal evidence, must have been written when the particular commandment with which the censorship is most concerned was away, resting. Dear, dear!

We shall not become serious again, in all probability, until after Christmas—and Christmas, here in London, is not the thing it used to be. There was a time, in the dark ages, when a "weekend" was only from Saturday to Monday; when office hours covered the whole period from ten to four (allowing an hour or so, of course, for lunch); and when nobody took more than three months holiday in the year. We have changed all that, though. Are we slaves, that we should do nothing but work? From Thursday to Tuesday is, of course, a real "week-end"; and on the Wednesday we feel thoroughly fit to attend to our unpacking and packing. The hygienic importance of holidays—real, long holidays—has come home to us. But it is at Christmas, and Easter, and times like that, when something in the nature of an extra holiday is quite unavoidable, that we manage to make the most of all that the gods send us. Christmas Day, this year, comes on a Monday. Saturday will have to pass for Christmas Eve; and who, except the baker and the butcher, does any business on a Saturday? Boxing Day will be a Tuesday; and the day after Boxing Day has become sacred as an opportunity for repose after the festivities, from which, of course, however we may long to be back at the desk, we cannot get away. On the Thursday we shall begin anew to attune our minds to the cares of Life. Let us say, then, that we (and the numerous early-closing societies and associations) are looking forward to a Christmas that will extend from Friday to Friday. May you exiles enjoy it, in all sobriety and thankfulness, as much as we shall!

Did somebody murmur something about "degeneration"?

To all members of the Police who are passing through Bulawayo in the course of their duties, we can cordially recommend a visit to the new photographic studios of Mr. Whemen, who has snapped so many of the star parades of "K" Troop. We have recently inspected some hundreds of his pictures and we can endorse his claim that no print leaves his hands that would be unworthy of the first-rate London photographers.

The Empire Al Fresco Nights are still as popular as ever, and have even been improved by means of the finest selection of films to be obtained in South Africa. The pictures are really perfect, being shown on the screen without a trace of the usual flicker which is so wearisome to the eyes. Future bookings at the theatre include "La Mascotte," the comic opera, which will be played by the Bulawayo Amateurs; the New Musical Madcaps, The Smart Set, and The Mascots.
Police Maxims.

Apropos of the Ambulance and First Aid lectures at Headquarters, and also the lessons learnt at the Rhodesian Bisley, the following hints may be useful:

**Ambulance and First Aid.**—I. Collar your patient low.

II. Go through his pockets before he recovers consciousness. (N.B.—This is very important.)

III. When taking up wounded always pick a light man—a very young recruit for choice. A fat Sergeant is a serious encumbrance when you are in a hurry.

IV. If short of chloroform, use the butt end of a rifle. This powerful anaesthetic is sometimes very efficacious.

V. Do not under any circumstances fool about and delay under fire; you won't get any points for neat bandaging, unless it's the point of an assegai.

VI. Always shake your patient up as much as possible; it keeps him from getting into a lethargic state.

**Shooting Hints for Novices.**—I. If short of rifle oil, condensed milk will be found an excellent substitute.

II. A miss on the wrong target should count as six; and a ricochet over the top, seven.

III. Remember to pull harder at 500 yards than at 200. The bullet has further to go.

IV. When the muzzle of your rifle wobbles on to the target, pull like blazes before it wobbles off again.

V. In shooting there is no connection between a red rag and a bull. The red rag means something entirely different.

VI. Though good sport, it is as well to refrain from shooting a marker; there is always a tiresome delay in catching another one.

VII. A miss is as good as a mile. With the Lee-Metford rifle, even if you miss the butt, there is always a chance of bagging a stray nigger a mile to the rear. This scores the highest possible—at the end of a rope.

VIII. If by any chance you hit a bull, say you aimed at six and a half minutes past four o'clock. This will convince everybody that it was no fluke. Be ready with an excuse for your next shot, which will probably be a miss.

W.R.V.B.

We were recently reading through the proof of a story which described how the coal-black steed of the hero had been "stabbed in the mêlée," when our Staff interrupted us with the light of triumph in his eye. "There's a printer's error," he cried. "It should be spelt with a B!"

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**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

H.W.L.—Let us quote: "Whatever I may have been in days long past," he cried, with the tones of a great and yearning passion in his voice, "at least I am a humble scion of nobility. Take me for what I am, my Queen, I may have tasted of the dregs of bitterness, and sunk to the level—ay—even of a wallaby, but at least I received my education at Trinity College, Cambridge." . . . Even then she turned from him with loathing." We are not surprised. Couldn't you have dragged in Eton and Harrow and Oxford as well.


H.P.B. (Maritzburg).—Heartiest congratulations! Writing as soon as we get out this number.

L.P.M.—Thanks for explanation. Using stuff later. Can't you let us have something about the Police?

TEDDY B.—Thanks. Get on with them. They are all welcome.


E.G.G.—Have sent off Xmas. No. as required. Cheer up!


JACK G.—Have you on our list. "D" Troop Notes wanted badly.

CAPTING.—You're a brute. Delayed the Review about a week. Pull yourself together, and what about those pigs?

BEETLE.—Where are you?

A.T.—"The aplomb with which he greeted the decisive derision of his infamous opponent's approach savoured almost of legerdemain, so dexterously had he steeped himself in the apocrustic lore appertaining to antiphrastic apothegm." Hot stuff on alliteration, A.T., but we should advise you to give up short stories and compile a dictionary.

A paragraph from Droitwich states: The winter season prospects are encouraging. An anti-vivisection meeting held here last week was addressed by Dr. Reinhardt, of London. A meeting will be held to-morrow to protest against the Insurance Bill.

If other British health resorts will only follow the lead set by Droitwich, Britters will no longer have to trek to Ostend and Paris in the quest of real gaiety.