August 2012 Issue 30 – 2 of 2012

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EDITORIAL

The Editorial that appeared in the November 2008 issue of the Transvaal Outpost deliberated on the subject of ‘Participation’. Four years later, the subject of ‘participation’ remains a point of discussion within the BSAP Regimental Association. I am sure that military Associations such as ours, the MOTH and other similar organisations across South Africa and indeed, the world, have the same problem of former members not wanting to take part in their respective Associations’ activities. Reasons for this non-participation are varied and it is by choice that these members do not take part or support the organisation.

The Memorable Order of Tin Hats is open to all ex-military personnel, be they soldiers, policemen or airmen and one would think that with this broad spectrum of potential members, the Order would be flourishing. But this is not the case and membership has dwindled over the years with many Shell holes having closed or amalgamated with other Shell holes. Perhaps ex-members of the BSAP haven’t joined the Association because of financial constraints; crime [not wanting to leave the wife alone at home to attend Friday get-togethers]; traffic; age and night blindness or because of a physical condition. This is understandable, but what is sad [in my opinion] are those members, and I think they are few in numbers, who have the attitude that they “did their time”; “served their country” “why live in the past?” etc., and don’t see any reason to continue a relationship with the likes of an Association. They basically cut themselves off from ‘Old Comrades’ as far as the Association is concerned.

Besides meeting up with friends and colleagues and catching up on news, old and new, — as I did at the recent curry and rice — the Association offers a means of helping those members who have fallen on hard times. This and keeping contact truly epitomises the MOTH slogan of True Comradeship; Sound Memory and Mutual Help. I don’t want to forget the years I served in the BSA Police and I would dearly love to make contact with my Old Comrades and now with my involvement with the Outpost. I hope members can rekindle lost friendships. We’re not getting any younger; time is fleeting, memories fade. We all share a special and unique history.

ED
RECENT EVENTS

a very good curry and rice ‘an all!

The annual curry and rice get-together was held on 6 May 2012 at the Rivonia Recreational Club. The function was well attended with a good crowd of 75 members, wives, partners and guests who enjoyed a good meal. Well done to the organisers and perhaps we’ll be returning to Rivonia for next years function. The memorabilia table was manned by Peter Allen and his team [or were you on your own, Peter?] Thank you to everyone who supported the sale of our ‘stuff’.

Present were:-

6769 Dick Glanville; W346 Maureen Merrifield; [Assoc] Lorraine Rutherford; 7038 Ashley Collings 5619 Barry Enslin and Debbie; WP58 Gwen Drummond; 18372T Gavin Soal with Molly; 8053 Gus Albertson with Brenda; 7855 Alan Jenson; 5137 Don Norris; 4763[2RR] Richard Owen; 6144 Dick Judson with Trish; 8255 Jack London; 8213 John Howitt [with Daleen]; 6059 Laurie Ibbitt [with Liz]; 7670 John Sutton; [5703] Judy Hankinson; 110578 Peter Allen; 7382 John Gray; 6610 J C Pirrett; 8081 Peter Francis; 110756 Chris Birtle; Pat Hill; 6539 Dave McNamara; 8780 Craig Vijoen with Val; Alan Strachan; 4832 Peter Stiff with Fran; 6534 Ian Cuthbertson with Dee; 7184 Chris Russell; 4228 Bruce Harrison with Shelagh; 110887 John Herdman; 110615 Bryan Peach; 1055 Peter Hobson; 7717 Tony Merris; 8559 Bert van der Vlugyt; FR197610 Neil Archer with Val; 5526 Phil Devlin with Robin; 6017 John [Gomo] Hill; 7651 Dick Latilla; 5809 Peter Stanton; WP74 Lila Keats; Brian Newton; GUESTS: Peter and Margaret Rush; Ivor Davis; Louise Swart; Bright Henning; Mandy McDowell; Johan and Myra Van Eysslen; Brenda Decker; Kevin van Breda; Anabel Seed; Bennie van Rooyen; Tony Cavine; Claire Marshall; Carl and Maggie Eysssen; Andrew Lucas; Roger Crosby; Morag Willis.

Association Chairman Barry Enslin giving his welcoming speech

John ‘Gomo’ Hill and friends

L to R : Doug McGibbon; John Herman; Bryan Peach; Pete Hobson [shirts look good too!]
RECENT EVENTS....continued
Sun downer held at the Jocks on Friday 8 June 2012: Seen enjoying a somewhat chilly get-together: 110758 Peter Allen; 6539 Dave Macnamara; 7727 J Lam; 7038 Ashley Collings; 7651 Dick Latilla; 5619 Barry And Debbie Enslin; 7489 Ian Duncan; 110615 Bryan peach; 8780 Craig Viljoen; 5526 Phil & Robin Devlin; 18372 Gavin & Molly Soal; Guests Richard & Liz Paulson; Guest Morag Willis; [5703] Judy Hankinson 6538 Glenn Macaskill; W346 Maureen Merrifield; FR19761D Neil & Val Archer.

REMEMBER!!!!!
Monthly gatherings every second Friday at the Transvaal Scottish [The Jocks] anytime after 5.30pm. Wives, partners guests most welcome! Make the effort – you’ll never know who you’ll meet....

ANNUAL REGIMENTAL DINNER
This is the Associations most prestigious event of the year. Its' the time for members to meet And rekindle old friendships in a formal but relaxed atmosphere and to celebrate the history of a fine Regiment.
DATE : Friday 14 September 2012 TIME: 19h00 VENUE: Johannesburg Country Club.
TICKETS: R350.00 per person

PRO REGE PRO LEGE PRO PATRIA

NEWS FROM THE BRANCHES
QUEENSLAND NEWSLETTER JUNE 2012
OFC
The Coffee morning was held on 6 June 2012. Present were 4727 Mike Edden, 5450 Dick Howlett, 6278Gerry Dyer, 6303 Peter Nortje, 6604 John Gold, 6969 Billy Budd, 7012 Mike King, 7432 Will Keys and his friend Frank Gutteridge (ex-Rhodesian), Goofy Lawrence and 28014Z Mike Hayes who was able to take a morning off from his job to meet our guest from Zimbabwe, 5917 Rod Finnigan, who was staying with relatives in Ormeau, South East Queensland. Once again 5757 Ian Milton was unable to join us through ill health. After the small number of members attending last month, it was gratifying to see the turn-out for Rod who entertained the gathering with Finnigan memories, past and present. All in all, a very enjoyable and successful gathering. Referring to the book “Racing Mandela” by Ben Leeman, the story of the “Lesotho
Liberation Army” and the “Azanian People’s Liberation Army”, that I reviewed last month, I had an email from Keith Samler in South Africa, who was involved with these organisations. He commented that Leeman was short on facts and had doubts about his other claims to fame. Keith took the opportunity to renew contact with me after those 1977 – 1980 halcyon days as part of the National Intelligence Team. Just to add to these reminiscences I found Keith is mentioned in Dennis Croukamp’s book “The Rhodesian Bush War”, which is an excellent memoir of a decorated member of the RLI and Selous Scouts. Mike Hayes very kindly produced posters relating to the BSA Police; miniature copies were given to all those present; he generously gave me a blown up copy of the poster, another on historic Bulawayo, yet another on Independence and finally some Rhodesian Flag and beer stickers. Thank you Mike for taking the time to obtain these and passing them on, but that doesn't allow you to escape providing us with your motor cycle tour of Africa!.

GENERAL

Following on from my meeting with the orthopaedic specialist on the 15th May was summoned to the local hospital to give blood samples to the “Pre Anaesthetic Clinic”, which hopefully suggests that my day in hospital might be sooner rather than later.

STORIES BY MEMBERS

THE PAST

First, a bit of background here - the recruit squads immediately post WW11 were fortunate enough to arrive at Depot and met up with instructors, who were gentlemanly in their treatment of recruits, many of who had served in the war or else had served in the military on national service. At the same time, they were helpful to the British and South African school leavers and, all in all, the examples that they led, assisted those who benefitted from their training.

Sadly these men gave way to a different breed of instructor, some of who were well respected but some of them brought with them a different attitude, which was somewhat racist towards Rhodesian school leavers. This first story says it all and one has to have a chuckle these days when one or more of them got their comeuppance!

Depot Recruits Squad Until recently, my internal dialogue said I was ex-Rhodesian. I have now spent most of my life in Australia and my internal dialogue now says that I am Australian. The point I'm making is that our informative years are extremely influential. 1965 was an informative year for me. I argue that before 1965, phrases such as “fair and balanced”, “consensus of opinion” or even “cruel and unusual punishment” had little or no currency. I was about to turn 18. I looked 14. I weighed 130lbs; stood 6’1” tall and felt every inch like the “bag of weasel
piss” that somebody had called me. It was my first day of induction to Squad 8 of 1965, Morris Depot. The Ordnance Stores had issued XXL size PT vest and shorts, for the use of. They knew or didn’t care that I would look ridiculous in them.

On the first day morning I had an ugly gorilla in my face. It had foul breath, yellow teeth and appeared to be frustrated. I’d heard the rumours about this particular primate. It circled me and said in an incredulous voice “What the HELL is this?” I stood rigidly still. “Recruit 7432 Keys, SIR” I could swear the animal was salivating. “My GOD! They have sent us a bloody SCHOOLBOY!” So, spoke Squad Instructor, Inspector Jerry Winchcome. It was pre-UDI and our squad make-up was 90% Poms, three Rhodesians and rest were nondescripts. The average age of the squad was 22. They were men, I was a boy. We had a few ex UK Police and British Army types; they set the tone for the rest of us. Winchcome called me “Schoolboy”, Lance Section Officer John Pierce followed suit. At stables, LSO Pierce usually singled me out to be the butt of his audacious pranks. It amused Mr Pierce to see “Schoolboy” hanging on to a rampaging horse for dear life, as it charged along the lines. I can still recall Mr Pierce’s screeching voice “Schoolboy, DON’T YOU DARE LET GO.” Pierce put me in some dangerous situations. I don’t think he gave a damn. I was the source of much unnecessary hilarity and amusement. Keep in mind this was all at my expense. In retrospect, I was a tough kid and I could handle it. I might have done the same in reverse.

We celebrated our pass-out in Marris Depot. Half way through the evening I got a bee in my bonnet. I persuaded a squad mate to accompany me. I don’t think I told him what I had in mind. Anyway we went down to the stables and tethered two of Mr Pierce’s favourite horses. I remember the guy on piquet duty panicking. I’m sorry to say but I think I may have threatened him. He was after all only a recruit. We each led a horse and I carried a bale of hay. It took skill to get both horses into Mr Pierce’s small bedroom. I placed the hay on his bed. We then returned to the bar and I made the pronouncement. There was disbelief then total hilarity. We knew that Mr Pierce usually returned to his digs around eleven. When the time arrived the squad gathered in various hiding places in and around Mr Pierce’s room. His punctuality did not disappoint. I will never forget the sight of the inside of his room when he switched on the lights. The horses became frightened and began kicking and jostling each other. They had distributed hay all over the place. Mr Pierce got one hell of a shock and screamed something intelligible. The squad bomb-shelled in every direction; I was stuck up a tree and had a perfect view. Mr Pierce stormed back to his car, passing just feet below me. He nearly flipped the car as he swerved speeding away. It was winter and the sun rose late; DCI Trangmar faced us, his jaw jutting forward; his back to the Green Square. Mr Pierce gave
the command “GET ON PARADE”. Our squad, having graduated the day before, stood on the extreme right of the parade. In unison we stepped forward and after exactly twenty two paces we halted. “RIGHT DRESS” the parade was “MADE STEADY” As we looked forward the dawn broke. There in the middle of the sacred Green Square was the incongruous sight of a skeleton of a horse. It had been placed there in the night. In training, we had been obliged to learn the medical name of all its bones. The parade broke up laughing. DCI Trangmar demanded that “the person or persons who put the horses in LSO Pierces room, report to my office.” I was remorseful and prepared to face the music. I thought I’d probably get back-squaded or even discharged. The older members of the squad wouldn’t have it. They instructed us to keep quiet and that is what happened. Depot Instructors investigated. There was little pressure and I even got the impression that some instructors liked what had happened. Mr Pierce was not popular. Two days later we were transferred to the various Driving Schools. I don’t know who dobbed me in but someone did. It was a senior Patrol Officer and getting married. I needed the lances for the guard-of-honour. Guess who I had to go to, get them? When he heard my name he freaked. Things became a little edgy. I was no longer the skinny ‘schoolboy’ recruit that he had toyed with. We stood toe to toe, fortunately no blows were exchanged. Mr Pierce gave me a hard time, so, I suppose he did have the last laugh.

Will Keys.  

[Edited – ED]

QUEENSLAND NEWSLETTER : JULY 2012 [Abridged – ED]

OFC

The coffee morning was held on 18 July. Present were 4727 Mike Edden; 5450 Dick Howlett; 6278 Gerry Dyer; 6303 Peter Nortje; 6604 John Gold; Will Keys and his friend Frank Gutteridge [ex Rhodesian]. We were well pleased to welcome 7229 Des Howse, Secretary of the Natal Branch of the Association who was visiting Australia with his family. 5757 Ian Milton was unable to join us due to ill health. We took the opportunity to discuss a topic which has had an airing on the net recently – ‘Prescence or Cyber Space”. Trevor Wilson, Chairman of Natal Branch aired his views very strongly and others also made comment for and against. My own view, which I have not circulated until now, is that the heading is all wrong. There should not be any conflict between members physically joining a branch and those, who, for whatever reason, prefer to maintain links by means of the [inter] net. [Brackets my doing!! ED] The latter, including joining the group on Facebook is a means of advertising to encourage members to join branches. The point being, as far as Queensland is concerned, is that as much as we would like to see our members from time to time, distance rules this out and we are all grateful for the ‘net’ to receive
news of interest from not only me, but everyone else on the globe that has a computer. Enough said.

GENERAL
Still no news on when I'll get my new hip. My eldest sons' father-in-law now living in the UK emailed me with the news that he went into hospital on Tuesday was operated on at 5pm and given a new hip. He was sent home to recover on Thursday! He now has to potter about for 8 weeks before he has his next consultation with his specialist. To say the least, I am a little put out! The sad news of the month was the report of the death of 6449 Colin Barry John on 8 July 2012 From a very aggressive form of cancer two days after his 67th birthday. His funeral took place at Nambour on Friday 13th July attended by over 200 mourners including 4727 Mike Edden; 6278 Gery Dyer; 6604 John Gold; 6833 Peter Greef; 6969 Billy Budd; 7012 Mike and Jinny King and Collins’ Dept. Of Internal Affairs, District Commissioner, friends Rob and Sandy Knights.

What was particularly poignant was that Colin had clearly made his mark on the Woombye community and the mourners showed their appreciation of his life among them at the wake at the Woombye Bowls Club. A real tribute to a born and bred Rhodesian who, after 22 years in the BSAP and ZRP, migrated to Australia in 1984 and put down new roots for his family at Woombye in the area known as the ‘Sunshine Coast’ in Queensland. Mike King represented the Branch as a pall bearer at the funeral service and also provided the Regimental flag and ordered a suitable wreath paid for by the Branch. Following the eulogies provided by Collins’ two sons Neil and Andrew, Mike gave one from the Branch which was provided by Collins’ long-standing friend, Nigel Seaward, now living in Scotland. [If anyone would like to see the eulogy, please send me an e-mail and I'll extract it from the Newsletter. ED]

Mike Edden Administrator
17 July 2012

READERS PLEASE NOTE…..The May 2012 edition of the Natal Oupost is available electronically. Please drop me an e-mail if you want me to forward it to you. ED

The UK OUTPOST Issue 81
Summer 2012
Published by The United Kingdom Branch of the BSAP Regimental Association and the BSAP Trust.
Patron of the BSAP Trust General the Lord Walker of Aldringham GCB CMG CBE DL
[Readers please note that due to the length of the UK Outpost, I have only been able to print extracts from the magazine. I hope you enjoy what you’ve got!!! ED]

**VSC Gatherings**

**6 March 2012** – we were a bit crowded out this month when the bar was invaded by members of the Logistics Corps and their wives prior to a reunion or promotion dinner – whatever it was, it was noisy! We were, however, pleased to welcome 5812 Derek Singleton who called in on his way back to Bermuda. Also showing their faces were: 4278 John Balchin, 4840 Mike Purslow, 4882 Peter Dancer, 5248 Alan Lane, 5625 Biff Way, 5469 Dave Grimble, 5507 Brian Taylor, 6527 Mike O’Donnell, 6905 Peter Phillips and guest Ian Stuart.

**3 April 2012** – a much cooler evening than expected did not deter the faithful from attending this month’s gathering. Enjoying the company were: 4278 John Balchin, 4735 Cliff Rogers, 4840 Mike Purslow, 4882 Peter Dancer, 5248 Alan Lane, 5507 Brian Taylor, 5625 Biff Way, 6424 Wynne Berry, 6737 Mike Coleman, 6905 Peter Phillips, 7211 Peter Biddulph, 8275 Alastair Morgan, 9270 Geraint Jones and Associate Stephen Morgan.

**1 May 2012** – the persistent rain that had been falling for the past month eased during the afternoon for those attending this month. We were able to welcome and entertain PR 14176 Peter and Carol Hambrook on holiday from Sydney, Australia. Putting in an appearance were: 4278 John Balchin, 4840 Mike Purslow, 4853 Fred Punter, 4882 Peter Dancer, 5248 Alan Lane, 5625 Biff Way, 6348 Dennis Poole, 6883 Tim Webb, 4046 Ted GALLOWAY Alistair Morgan, Mike Coleman & Peter Phillips Cliff Rogers & John Balchin Peter Dancer, Peter Biddulph & Mike Purslow Alan Toms & Peter Hambrook 136905 Peter Phillips, 7359 Bertie Cubitt and 7391 Alan Toms.

**5 June 2012** – today being an extra bank holiday for the fourth day of the Queen’s Diamond Jubilee celebrations with lots happening in London. One wondered what the turnout would be like this month -well attended with members finishing off a hectic day in London with a quiet drink at the VSC, or not so well attended with members staying away from the London crowds. As it turned out it was the latter, but luckily there were a couple of regulars who attended and what a good job they did! They were able to welcome two members from South Africa, 5661 Trevor Wilson from Hillcrest, Natal, who brought along his old school friend, Richard Goodwin and 7751 Alan Crook from Fish Hoek, Cape Province. It was a pleasure to see them both and get the news from South Africa.
Entertaining our guests were: 5248 Alan Lane, 6527 Mike O’Donnell and Alan and Lyn Toms. 4960 Gerry GIBSON From May report - Tim Webb & Peter Phillips

North West Meetings
March 2012
Only 14 members sat down to lunch at the Feilden’s Arms for our March meeting. We were very pleased to welcome 7211 Peter Biddulph and Maggie who had made the long journey from way down south to be with us. Peter explained the job of Almoner and was keen to recruit some helpers.
I was having one of my off days and spent the majority of the time talking to those next to me and so did not really know what was going on. It was not until I arrived home that I discovered there was a discrepancy at the bar as regards the mess bill. This arose because the pub liked to take all orders and then come around for the money, with a larger group that don’t work, and in future we are paying for our meals as we order so as to avoid any confusion. The food is great and compares very well with the Myerscough of old.


June 2012
It has been raining every day and blowing hard most days for months but today the sun was shining - it was warm, bliss at last. Normally we have a braai in June but the weather being as it has I did not arrange one this year and look what happens. At least I have a little more to report this month.

We welcome 6508 Graham and Pat Rogers who arrived in UK 10 months ago from Zim. Graham seems to have spent most of his career in the Sinoia area.
If anyone is wondering what happened to Graham Rogers, we’ve got him!

Another newcomer is 10032 (How is that for a Reg. No?) Stuart Wentzel recently arrived in UK from SA and many other places, I did not get a chance to chat with Stuart but I believe he is in the movie industry as a weapons adviser.

6484 Mike and Hazel Williams joined us on their UK holiday, prior to going off to Scotland for a week or so. Hazel is Val Marsden’s twin sister (I don't think I can cope with two of them) and they had a double wedding way back when.

Those attending: 4933 Rod Wilson, 6508 Graham and Pat Rogers, 6484 Mike and Hazel Williams, (6314) Val Marsden, 203679 Paula Woolley, 7207 Arnold
Woolley, 9786 Lance Combrink and growing up daughter Charlotte, 10032 Stuart Wentzel, and 7084 Frank and Margaret Dearden.

Apologies: 4549 Ken and 204504 Dot Stanford Smith. Ken is not at all well and is in a hospice in Runcorn as I write. (Sadly, Ken has since died although his obituary will not be published until the next issue - Ed.) 8199 Bugs and Tessa Moran, 8307 Flash Firth and 7192 Steve Robins.

DEATH NOTICES
We extend our sincere condolences to the families and friends of the deceased

7269 Gordon Eric Murrell
Alistair Black, Hon Secretary, UK Branch, advises:
It is with regret that I have to advise the death of 7269 Gordon Eric Murrell, on the 4th of April, 2012 at Queen Elizabeth Hospital Portsmouth. Gordon served from the 19th of February, 65 until the 24th of August 1973. Gordon left the Force as a Section Office. He later joined the Fire and Rescue Service in Berkshire. Gordon has been ill for some time. Our condolences go to his family and friends.

8674 Charles William ‘Charlie’ Davis
Pauline Clark advises with regret, the death of Charlie Davis on 29 May 2012 in Port Shepstone, South Africa on 29 May 2012. Charlie joined the BSAPolice in September 1971. He served at several Salisbury Urban stations, but most of his service was with the Salisbury Dog Section followed by a short instructional position at Tomlinson Depot. Charlie was an unassuming member who had a passion for rugby representing Rhodesia ‘B’ on several occasions and Captaining the 1979 Salisbury Police XV. He retired in May 1981 with the rank of S/Inspector and eventually settled in Natal. He set up a popular kennel business. Our thoughts and condolences go to his wife Joy, family and friends, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy.

7178 Cornelius Marais Joubert
Alistair Black advises, with regret the death of Cornelius Joubert on 29 May 2012 in Liverpool, UK. Cornelius served 6 years in the BSAPolice from October 1964 until 1970. Our thoughts and condolences go to his family and friends to whom we extend our deepest sympathies.

6125 Michael John Horner
Alistair Black reports with regret the death of Michael John Homer at home in Tunbridge Wells, Kent, UK. Mike was apparently ill for some time with respiratory problems. He died at home after
being discharged from hospital. Mike served in the BSAPo Police from 9/2/1960 to 8/2/1970 with the rank of Section Officer. He was past Chairman of the Eastern Cape Branch. Our thoughts and condolences go to his wife, Roxanne and sister Anne, family and friends, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy.

6047 Dudley Naude
Peter Bellingham reports with regret the death of Dudley Naude at St. Anne’s hospital, Harare, Zimbabwe on 14 May 2012. He had apparently been ill for some time. Dudley served in the BSAPo Police from August 1959 to August 1984. Retiring with the rank of Chief Inspector. He was Secretary of the Central Advisory Committee, Harare, having taken over from Ken Standford-Smith. Our thoughts and condolences go to his wife, two sons and daughter, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy.

Peter Bellingham, Hon Secretary Central Advisory Committee, Harare reports with regret, the death of Gail Lornie, the wife of 8207 Alastair Lornie, at St. Anne’s hospital, Harare, Zimbabwe.
Gail passed away on 29 April 2012 after a long illness.

4426 Guy Brooke-Smith advises with regret, the passing of Mrs Pat Houghton widow of the late
4456 Snr. Assistant Commissioner Guy Michael Hyslop Houghton. Pat passed away peacefully at home on 14 July 2012 after a long illness. Guy Houghton was past Chairman of the Transvaal Branch and Pat was an Associate member. Our sympathies and deepest condolences go to Pat and Guys’ daughter, Felicity Price as well as the rest of the family and friends.

5555 Kenneth John Cutler
Des Howse, Hon. Secretary Natal Branch, reports with regret, the death of Ken Cutler, who passed away in Durban, South Africa on 23 April 2012 apparently from leukaemia. Ken served in the Force from 23/9/1956 to 30/4/1977 retiring with the rank of Chief Inspector. Our condolences go out to his wife, Jenny, to whom we extend our deepest sympathies.


4549 Kenneth Gordon Stanford-Smith
It is with regret that Arnold Wolley reports the death of Kenneth [Ken] Stanford-Smith at a hospice in Liverpool, UK. Ken served in the BSA Police from 17/01/1950 until 30.09.1970 leaving as Inspector. Ken was a member of the Central Committee and was largely responsible for compiling the complete Nominal Roll. PGHQ, under its’ current control, allowed Ken access to the handwritten register which had been maintained since ‘day one.’ Ken was not allowed to remove the register from the building, so as a labour of love, Ken spent many hours transposing the records by hand to its’ now complete and definitive Nominal Roll. Ken had a difficult task deciphering the handwriting of many clerks who had made the entries over the years. Our condolences go to his family and friends, to whom we extend our deepest sympathies.

Trooper David Brownless [Force No. Not supplied]
Auv Raath advises with regret. The death of David Brownless on 26 May 2012 at Marondera, Zimbabwe. David joined the BSA Police in May 1948 and served until April 1951 when he left ‘at own request’ with the rank of Trooper. Our thoughts and condolences go out to his family and friends, to whom we extend our deepest sympathies.

4767/5717 Graeme Stuart ‘Steve’ Stevens. Past Chairman of the Natal Midlands Branch
Trevor Wilson, Chairman of the Natal Branch advises with regret, the death of the Midlands Branch Chairman, 4767/571517 Graeme Stuart ‘Steve’ Stevens on Saturday 7 July 2012 at Amber Glen, Howick, Natal after a two month battle with cancer. Steve joined the BSAP initially on 16/7/51 leaving on 15/7/54 on completion of 3 years. Steve re-joined the Force in May 1957, serving until his retirement on 12/11/1977 with the rank of Detective Chief Inspector. Steve was Chairman of the Natal Midlands Branch for 2 years. Our thoughts and condolences go out to his wife Marion, sons Mike, Tony and David as well as their respective family and friends.

6964 Colin Barry John.
Mike Eden, from Australia advises with regret the death of Colin Barry John on 8/7/2012 in Australia after a long battle with lung cancer. Colin served from 30/7/1963 taking discharge at the rank of Inspector on 9/8/1984. Our sympathies and condolences are extended to his two surviving sons.

4105 Albert Brendon ‘Bert’ Freemantle
Howard Martin, Hon Secretary of the BSAP Regimental Association Australia Branch advises, with regret, the death of Bert Freemantle on 17 July 2012 in Perth Australia. Bert attested on 6 June 1946 and retired on 31 December 1977 in the rank of Assistant Commissioner. Bert was a highly respected member of the Force. Our sympathies and condolences, particularly those of the Australia Branch, go out to Berts family and friends.
Death of Brenda Braes wife of the late Snr. Assistant Commissioner 3803 Andy Braes.
Steve Acornley of the Scottish Region of the UK Branch of the Regimental Association, advises with regret the death of Brenda Braes on 9/7/2012 at the St. Johns’ hospital, Livingston. Brenda is survived by her son 110619 Bruce Braes, his wife Marie and two children Ralph and Rachel.

8588 John Bancroft Sanders
Nigel Auls advises with regret the death of John Bancroft Sanders on 2 April 2012 in Hwange, Zimbabwe. John joined the BSA Police in January 1971 and served until April 1979 leaving at his own request with the rank of Section Officer. John served mainly in the Districts with his last station being Hwange. John remained in Zimbabwe working for Hwange Colliery. Our sympathies and condolences go to his family and friends.

7269 Gordon Eric Murrell
Alastair Black, Hon, Secretary, UK Branch, advises with regret, the death of Gordon Eric Murrell on 4 April 2012 at Queen Elizabeth hospital, Portsmouth. Gordon served in the BSA Police from 19 February 1965 until August 1973. He left the Force with the rank of Section Officer. He later joined the Fire and Rescue Service of Berkshire. Our sympathy and condolences got to his family and friends.

7206 Christopher Robin Phillips
Peter Bellingham advises with regret, the death of Christopher Robin Phillips in Mutare, Zimbabwe on 6 April 2012 following complications from a hernia operation. Christopher attested on 8 December 1964 leaving at his own request as a Patrol Officer on 15 March 1971. He had been Deputy Sherriff and Messenger of the Court in Mutare for some years but lost his job in 1981 due to affirmative action. He is survived by his wife Sandy to whom we extend our deepest sympathy and condolences.

5509 Michael Anthony ‘Scouse’ Jones
Des Howse, Hon Secretary Natal Branch, advises with regret, the death of ‘Scouse’ Jones who dies in Pietermaritzburg, South Africa, on Friday 13 April 2012 after a long illness. ‘Scouse’ was a staunch member of the Transvaal Branch for many years, regularly attending our functions, before he retired to Pietermaritzburg. He leaves his daughter, Megan to whom we extend our deepest sympathies and condolences.

5293 Trevor Dutton
Trevor Wilson, Chairman Natal Branch, advises with deep regret, the death of Trevor Dutton who died at home in Gillets, KZN, on Monday 23 July 2012 after a short illness. Trevor joined the Force on 19 September 1954 and served until 22 May 1967 leaving with the rank of Detective Inspector.
Trevor was an extremely active member of the Natal Branch Committee and was the dedicated and much respected Editor of the Natal Outpost magazine in which he took a huge amount of pride and dedicated much of his time. This was evident in the high standards he achieved and the wide readership of the magazine.

We have lost a great and very dear friend and colleague. Rest in peace.

Trevor was also a long standing member of the Transvaal Branch before re-locating to Natal. He was responsible for the beautiful for calligraphy which enhanced our Attendance Registers over the years.

4537 Andrew Ian Young
Dick Glanville, Hon Secretary, Transvaal Branch, advises with regret, the death of Andrew Ian Young on 21 April 2012 in Randfontein, South Africa, after suffering a heart attack. Ian served from 30/1/1950 until 15/1/1962 leaving on ‘gratuity’ in the rank of Sergeant. Our sympathies and condolences go to his family and friends.

7564 Phillip [Phil] Hart
Des Howse, Hon Secretary, Natal Branch, advises with regret, the sudden death of Philip [Phil] Hart in hospital in Bloemfontein, South Africa on 13/3/2012. Phil had ben admitted to hospital with pneumonia with septicaemia setting in and despite having been connected to life support, did not survive. Phil attested on 1/4/1966 leaving “on gratuity” in the rank of Inspector. Phil was a country member of the Natal Branch. Our sympathies and condolences go to his wife Geetha and sons.

5633 Colin Osborne
Alastair Black, Hon Secretary, UK Branch advises with regret the death of Colin Osborne of a heart attack in the UK. Colin attested on 10/2/57 leaving “at own request” on 6/2/1960 in the rank of Constable. Our sympathies and condolences go to his daughter Emma, other family members and friends.

Ever heard of NEOLOGISMS? A neologism is the altering, by adding, subtracting or changing any letter in any word in the dictionary to supply a new meaning. Here are some NEOLOGISMS from the Washington Post Mensa. ........

1. Cashtration : The act of buying a house which renders the subject financially impotent for an indefinite period of time.
2. Intaxication : Euphoria at getting a tax refund, which lasts until you realise it was your money in the first place.
4. Gilbido : All talk and no action.
5. Willy-Nilly : Impotent
6. Lymph : To walk with a lisp.
7. Frisbeetarianism : The belief that, after death, the soul flies up onto the roof and gets stuck
8. Decafalon : The gruelling event of getting through the day consuming only things that are good for you.

ARTICLES


In February 1948, I was stationed at Victoria Falls. My Member in Charge, 1st Sgt. “Bulger” Phillips, sent me as a temporary transfer to Wankie, per government motor cycle, for two days to report to the Member in Charge who was, if I remember correctly, Sub Inspector Sam Weller. Accordingly, I arrived at Wankie to find that the reason was to assist the Wankie Police with a two day visit by the Governor of Southern Rhodesia, Gen. Sir John Kennedy, who had arrived by special train from Salisbury that afternoon.

To mark the occasion, the Governor was to present the African mineworkers with some sort of ‘bonsella’, so it was rumoured, in recognition of their effort during the war years of raising enough money [I believe a tickey a week per African] to purchase a Spitfire for the Rhodesian Airforce. The ‘bonsella’ turned out to be an illuminated address from no less a person than the great Nkosi himself, ‘Kingie Georgie Sikkies, a photograph of which was to be hung in the mine workers beer hall, but as yet, the mine workers did not know this..

On the evening I arrived, there was a sundowner reception attended by the Mine Management, prominent citizens of Wankie, the Governor, his ADC and entourage and member of the Wankie BSAP. Apart from the Member i/c, I can only recall by name 2 Sgt.3787 John Peters [an aspiring ballet dancer whose father packed him off to join the BSAP just before the war.], Tpr. 3986 Pete Taunten, 4043 Tpr. Duffield and 4211 Tpr. Joe Curtin, but I think there must have been 8 or 9 European members in total.

After the reception, we all repaired to the African miners stadium at about 8pm where there was an enormous gathering, 3 to 4,000 Africans, maybe, comprising mine workers and their families of varying different tribes, many of whom came from Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland and Bechuanaland, as well as other parts of S.Rhodesia. There were Matabele, Chinyanga, Chitezulu, as well as Shona and Manicas. There was much native dancing, singing, beating of drums, calabashes and playing of zimbees and bit by bit the atmosphere built up to an incredible air of expectancy. Then followed an ominous silence whilst His Excellency addressed the assembly in English which was then translated by 3 or 4 interpreters into the various dialects.
Obviously, the Africans were expecting something tangible such as an extra few shillings in the monthly pay packet, or perhaps a weeks extra holiday, or at least a beer drink spread over a few days. When the news finally filtered through that all they were getting was a miserable photograph of the Kings’ Illuminated Address to be hung in their beer hall, the entire stadium erupted into uproar.

The Governor, his ADC and entourage were jostled and pushed and physically abused as they beat a very hasty retreat to their train which had been shunted into one of the colliery sidings adjacent to the main station. By this time, the crowd were enraged and had been stirring to a frenzy, already their blood was up from the drumming and dancing and as a result, the stoning began. And many of the carriage windows were broken. By the Grace of God, none of the Europeans were seriously hurt but were jostled and bashed by the angry crowd as they fled to the safety of the train.

As for the police, I think there could only have been about 9 or 10 of us including the Member i/c and Sgt. Peters, but we were assisted by about 20 African Police. We carried side arms but no live ammunition as we could really do no more than make our way through the furious mob to the railway siding and try feebly to stop the stoning of the carriages, until an engine with steam up could be found to shunt the train off down the main line to a place of safety. Some time after midnight, we were ordered back to the police camp and considerably later, the crowd dispersed to their various compounds.

The following day began an all out strike of the African workforce which was to last for about 3 weeks. Initially, there was not alot that the Wankie police could do except patrol the roads adjacent to the mine compounds. Police transport was limited to Ford V8 trucks, a vehicle known as a HUC [Heavy Utility Chev] and a few ex US Army Jeeps [1948 was before the advent of the Land Rover.] Patrolling went on for a number of days, I remember the daily routine was to drive down the open mine shafts and cover the network of roads underground. The Africans encountered were sullen and uncompromising and quite determined not to go back to work. Very soon, Capt. Thatcher came on the scene reinforced by some members of Bulawayo town police, however, further reinforcements were flown by Dakota from Salisbury, followed by more European police flown in from N.Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Eventually, the miners were intimidated by this show of strength, normality returned and the strike fizzled out. But as far as I know, no concessions were made to the Africans.

The various police brought in returned to their units towards the end of February. I returned to my outstation at Victoria Falls. My thanks to Trooper Taunton for helping to kit me out during my extended stay in Wankie.

On reflection, it seems absolutely incredible that the administration in power at that time could have been so naive in their perception of how the African mind [indeed, anyones mind, be they African or otherwise] functions. How lucky for everyone concerned that no blood was shed in what was a very dangerous and ugly situation. It shows how in those days Europeans were greatly feared, or greatly respected, probably both.
If you sow the wind, you reap the whirlwind. No wonder the wheel has gone full circle. [Copied verbatim from what appears to be the original document. ED

CORRUPTION AND THE SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE SERVICES

What is the state of corruption in the South African Police Service [SAPS]? What measures have the SAPS and Government taken to counter police corruption? Since disbanding the Anti-Corruption Unit [ACU] in 2002, the SAPS has struggled to implement an anti-corruption strategy. Indicators point to a lack of will on the part of both SAPS and the government to counter corruption, causing loss of faith in police institutions.

While international literature on the subject of police corruption is abundant, relatively little work has been conducted in the South African context. In this country, discourses around police corruption tend to over-simplify matters, reduce corruption to material gain and provide police with means to justify corrupt behaviour. However, there is some light at the end of the ‘Twisted Tunnel of Terpitude’. There are plans to implement a strategy to fight and, hopefully destroy corruption in the police. It is expected that civil society should take an active role in monitoring and evaluating this plan. Will this be a case of the public policing the police when it comes to corruption? It is envisaged by the powers that be, that public intervention will lead to a greater understanding of the topic and assist the SAPS in implementing anti-corruption measures.

All well and good, but attracting full-on co-operation and ‘intervention’ from Joe Public is going to be difficult when you consider that the Public Service Commission [PSC] had spent R52 million in paying salaries of 1559 employees in SAPS who had been put on ‘precautionary suspension’ for corruption related investigations during 2010/2011. Coupled with that, the Special Investigating Unit
Has reported that an estimated R30billion a year is wasted on overpayment [ala Mr Cele] or corruption.
Watch this space! [ED]

AND HOW THE WHEEL HAS TURNED....................

Bulawayo, June 11, 2012- The bulk of imported maize being supplied to hungry Zimbabweans is coming from former white commercial farmers evicted during the 2000 chaotic land invasions and now farming in Zambia.

Recipients of the government's grain loan scheme in Matabeleland were last week shocked to discover that the names on the stickers on the grain bags were of former white farmers. The Zimbabwe government has imported 300,000 tonnes of maize from Zambia to feed millions of its citizens who are facing starvation. Following the chaotic land seizures, most white commercial farmers, who were dispossessed of their farms fled to Zambia where they bought new farms. Since then Zimbabwe, which used to be southern Africa's bread basket, has been buying most of its maize grain staple from Zambia, to augment available stocks.

“Last week I received two bags of maize grain under the grain loan scheme from the Grain Marketing Board (GMB) depot in Insiza. One of the bags had a green sticker inside written, 'supplied by Michel
Handris', a former Karoi commercial farmer. The sticker had also the contact details of Handris, who is now farming in the southern parts of Zambia,” said Edmore Ndlovu. Villagers who spoke to Radio VOP, in Umguza, also confirmed to assist.

A Kentucky State Trooper was patrolling late at night off the main highway. He sees a couple in a car with the interior light brightly glowing. He carefully approaches the car to get a closer look. Then he sees a young man behind the wheel reading a computer magazine. He immediately notices a young woman in the rear seat filing her fingernails. Puzzled by this surprising situation, the Trooper walks to the car and gently raps on the drivers window.

The young man lowers his window, “Uh, yes, Officer?”

The Trooper asks, “What are you doing?”

The young man says, “Well, Officer, I’m reading a magazine.”

Pointing towards the young woman on the back seat, the Trooper says, “And her, what is she doing?”

The young man shrugs and replied, “Sir, I believe she is filing her fingernails.:

Now the Trooper is totally confused. A young couple, alone, in a car, at night in a lover’s lane...and nothing obscene is happening!

The Trooper asks, “What’s your age, young man?”

The young man replies, “I’m 22, sir.”

The Trooper asks, “And her....what’s her age?”

The young man looks at his watch and replies, :She’ll be 18 in about 11 minutes:...
On the night of Friday June 23 1978, Elim Mission in the Rhodesian Eastern Highlands, was subjected to the worst massacre of missionaries yet experienced. Eight British missionaries and four young children – including a three week old baby – were bayonetted to death by terrorists. Three of the missionaries were men and the others women.
A sixth woman was stabbed and beaten to death and left for dead. She staggered 300m into the freezing Vumba bush to spend the night before being found semi-conscious by security forces the following day. Despite intensive care in a Salisbury hospital, she subsequently died.

The gruesome murder, by a group of 8 to 10 terrorists, happened at Emmanuel Mission School – 25 km south-east of Umtali and 8km from the Mozambique border. The mission was once used as the Eagle boarding school. The dead, who belonged to the Elim Pentecostal Church, were :-


* Mr Roy Lynn [37] his wife Joyce [36] and their daughter, Pamela Grace. She was about to turn 3 weeks old.

* Catherine Picken [55] and Elizabeth Wendy Hamilton-White [37]

* Miss Mary Fisher [28]

The massacre began shortly before 8.30pm when the white families were forced by the terrorists from their homes and classrooms and marched to a playing field.

Near the sports pavilion, about 400m from the main school, they were split into groups then beaten with lengths of wood and logs and stabbed.

When security forces reached the scene the morning after, the full horror in the cold, mist and rain shrouded Vumba mountainside, confronted them.

[Extracted and edited from the original report by Journalist Terry Blockidge in the Sunday Mail Salisbury as distributed by the Ministry of Information, Rhodesia, July 1978 – ED]

INPOST

Due to the lack of post for the In Post, no such post will be posted in this edition of the Outpost. Please post your post, post-haste for the December edition of the Outpost. We don’t want this to be the Last Post! ED
BOOK REVIEWS

Book: Dingo Firestorm
By Ian Pringle

About The Book
On 23 November 1977, an armada of helicopters and aeroplanes took off from Rhodesian airbases and crossed the border into Mozambique. Their objective: to attack the headquarters of the Zimbabwe African National Liberation Army, where thousands of enemy forces were concentrated. Codenamed Operation Dingo, the raid was planned to coincide with a meeting of Robert Mugabe and his war council at the targeted HQ. It would be the biggest conflict of the Rhodesian Bush War.

In this fascinating account, Ian Pringle describes the political and
military backdrop leading up to the operation, and he tells the story of
the battle through the eyes of key personalities who planned, led and
participated in it. Using his own experience as a jet and helicopter pilot
and skydiver, he recreates the battle in detail, explaining the
performance of men and machines in the unfolding drama of events.
DINGO FIRESTORM is a fresh, gripping recreation of a major battle in
southern African military history.

About the Author
After national service in the South African Air Force, Ian Pringle
migrated to Rhodesia to work as an industrial chemist and flew aircraft
as a hobby. He was drafted into the Police Reserve Air Wing as a pilot,
and was involved in numerous enemy contacts.
Pringle read his MBA in the UK and worked for Castrol International
and BP plc at a senior executive level, spending much of his career in
Asia and Europe. He learnt to fly helicopters and ex-military jets in
England. He retired to Cape Town in 2004, bringing two Cold War jets
with him, and he teamed up with Thunder City, where he still flies the
Hawker Hunter, Buccaneer and aerobatic aircraft.

Title: Dingo Firestorm
ISBN: 9781770224285
Format: Trade Paperback
Release Date: June 2012
Imprint: Zebra Press
Pages: 288
Price: R220.00
The Shattered Jewel

By Stan Fynes-Clinton

Stan Fynes-Clinton is of 1820 settler stock on his mother’s side, and was born in Salisbury (now Harare), Southern Rhodesia, in 1936. He was educated at the Bulawayo Convent, Rhodes Estate Preparatory Primary School (REPS) and Plumtree Secondary School. On leaving school in 1955, he joined the Native Affairs Department, later to become the Ministry of Internal Affairs, and rose to the position of District Commissioner in 1967.

During his twenty-five years’ service in the ministry he was posted to fifteen districts throughout Southern Rhodesia/Rhodesia and made a close study of African customs. After independence in 1980, interference by politicians made his position untenable, resulting in his resignation from the ministry in January 1981. The recent serious economic decline in Zimbabwe has forced him to continue working at a time when his expectation had been to enjoy the security and peace of retirement.

The book is available through amazon.com or the website of Rhodesians Worldwide. Price $19.95 [US]
“OUT OF ACTION” by Chris Cocks

This is Chris Cocks’ sequel to the best-selling Fireforce: One Mans’ War in the Rhodesian Light Infantry.

Part 1: “War” : chronicles Chris Cocks’ final 16 months of combat in the Rhodesian bush war as a Stick Leader in PATU, the Police Anti-Terrorist Unit. It is a time of unbelievable cruelty as the part-time white reservists battle overwhelming odds, without air support….and without a future.

Part 2: “Peace” : recounts the authors painful adjustment to life as a civilian – a 15 year odyssey in the embryonic state of Zimbabwe. It is an intensely personal journey in which the author pulls no punches as he describes his clumsy attemptst to come to terms with the new dispensation of black Africa and himself. It is a cri de couer, the story of a young man, brutalized by war, who seeks escape in alcohol and drugs, and who, in the process, causes immesurable pain and suffering to those around him. These too are the casualties of war, ultimately, though, it is a story of hope, of a man’s triumph over his own demons.

The book is available from amazon.com.

bTHIS AND THAT

THE RISE OF MODERN GERMANY [An interesting article. ED]

by Victor Davis Hanson
Hoover Institution, Stanford University
December 15, 2011

The rise of a German Europe began in 1914, failed twice, and has now ended in the victory of German power almost a century later. The Europe that Kaiser Wilhelm lost in 1918, and that Adolf Hitler
destroyed in 1945, has at last been won by German Chancellor Angela Merkel without firing a shot.

Or so it seems from European newspapers, which now refer bitterly to a "Fourth Reich" and arrogant new Nazi "Gauleiters" who dictate terms to their European subordinates. Popular cartoons depict Germans with stiff-arm salutes and swastikas, establishing new rules of behaviour for supposedly inferior peoples.

Millions of terrified Italians, Spaniards, Greeks, Portuguese and other Europeans are pouring their savings into German banks at the rate of $15 billion a month. A thumbs-up or thumbs-down from the euro-rich Merkel now determines whether European countries will limp ahead with new German-backed loans or default and see their standard of living regress to that of a half-century ago.

A worried neighbour, France, in schizophrenic fashion, as so often in the past, alternately lashes out at Britain for abandoning it and fawns on Germany to appease it. The worries in 1989 of British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and French President François Mitterrand over German unification -- that neither a new European Union nor an old NATO could quite rein in German power -- proved true.

How did the grand dream of a "new Europe" end just 20 years later in a German protectorate -- especially given the not-so-subtle aim of the European Union to diffuse German ambitions through a continent-wide super-state?

Not by arms. Britain fights in wars all over the globe, from Libya to Iraq. France has the bomb. But Germany mostly stays within its
borders -- without a nuke, a single aircraft carrier or a military base abroad.

Not by handouts. Germany poured almost $2 trillion of its own money into rebuilding an East Germany ruined by communism -- without help from others. To drive through southern Europe is to see new freeways, bridges, rail lines, stadiums and airports financed by German banks or subsidized by the German government.

Not by population size. Somehow, 120 million Greeks, Italians, Spaniards and Portuguese are begging some 80 million Germans to bail them out.

And not because of good fortune. Just 65 years ago, Berlin was flattened, Hamburg incinerated and Munich a shell -- in ways even Athens, Madrid, Lisbon and Rome were not.

In truth, German character -- so admired and feared in some 500 years of European literature and history -- led to the present Germanization of Europe. These days we recoil at terms like "national character" that seem tainted by the nightmares of the past. But no other politically correct exegesis offers better reasons why a booming Detroit of 1945 today looks like it was bombed, and a bombed-out Berlin of 1945 now is booming.

Germans on average worked harder and smarter than their European neighbours -- investing rather than consuming, saving rather than spending, and going to bed when others to the south were going to dinner. Recipients of their largesse bitterly complain that German banks lent them money to buy German products in a sort of 21st-century commercial serfdom. True enough, but that still begs the question why Berlin, and not Rome or Madrid, was able to pull off such lucrative mercantilism.
Where does all this lead? Right now to some great unknowns that terrify most of Europe. Will German industriousness and talent eventually translate into military dominance and cultural chauvinism - as it has in the past? How, exactly, can an unraveling EU, or NATO, now "led from behind" by a disengaged United States, persuade Germany not to translate its overwhelming economic clout into political and military advantage?

Can poor European adolescents really obey their rich German parents? Berlin in essence has now scolded southern Europeans that if they still expect sophisticated medical care, high-tech appurtenances and plentiful consumer goods -- the adornments of a rich American and northern Europe lifestyle -- then they have to start behaving in the manner of Germans, who produce such things and subsidize them for others.

In other words, an Athenian may still have his ultra-modern airport and subway, a Spaniard may still get a hip replacement, or a Roman may still enjoy his new Mercedes. But not if they still insist on daily siestas, dinner at 9 p.m., retirement in their early 50s, cheating on taxes, and a de facto 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. workday.

Behind all the EU's 11th-hour gobbledygook, Germany's new European order is clear: If you wish to live like a German, then you must work and save like a German. Take it or leave it.

MANURE – AN INTERESTING FACT...
In the 16\textsuperscript{th} and 17\textsuperscript{th} centuries, everything had to be transported by ship and it was also before the invention of commercial fertilizers, so large shipments of manure were quite common. It was shipped dry, because in dry form it weighed a lot less than when wet, but once sea water made contact with it, not only did it become heavier, but the process of fermentation begin of which a by-product was methane gas. As the stuff was stored below decks in bundles [bundles] you can well imagine what happened. Methane gas began to build up below decks and when the first person came down below decks with a night lantern....BOOOM!!

Several ships were destroyed in this manner before it was determined what was happening. After that, the bundles of manure were stamped with the instruction “Stow High In Transit.”. This meant that the sailors ha to store the consignment high enough off the lower decks so as to prevent any water coming into contact with this volatile cargo and as such, prevent the production of methane.

Thus evolved the term S.H.I.T – Stow High In Transit which has come down through the centuries and is use to this day. [No shit –ED]

**ODE TO SAYING GOODBYE TO YOUR CAR……**
[A poem by Rudyard Kipling submitted by Dave Holmes – thanks Dave. ED]

Wheel me gently to the garage, since my car and I must part-
No more for me the records and the run.
That cursed left-hand cylinder the doctors call my heart,
Is pinking past redemption – I am done!

They’ll never strike a mixture that’ll help me pull my load.
My gears are stripped – I cannot set my brakes.
I am entered for the finals down the timeless untimed road.
To the Maker of the makers of all makes

Copied from the BSAP page on Facebook  – anyone for a fishing trip up to Zims?

- This letter to an Editor was written, I presume for local Zimbabwean press consumption, by a resident of Harare, who is an upstanding member of the community in Harare. This is the scourge which many face every day, if what is said is true... I have no reason to doubt it... yet I have not experienced this myself.

I boarded a cross border Toyota Quantum (popularly known as
'omalayitsha’) on Friday night (13 July) in Johannesburg, on my way to Bulawayo. We arrived at the Zimbabwean border at 4am. The ZIMRA official demanded, and was paid R800.00 for 'quick' processing of clearance procedures. Next up was the CID officer checking Temporary Import Permits (T.I.P) for the car and trailer. He raised an issue with the trailer papers, and demanded R600.00 to allow us through. After negotiating with the driver, he eventually settled for R200.00.

As we made our way towards the gate, about 50m from the CID checkpoint, we were stopped by two uniformed officers who demanded to see our passports. They then asked for money from the driver, who gave them R50.00 as some form of 'protection fee' in future. At the gate, about 30m from the police officers, a rude female immigration officer stationed with VID officers also demanded to see our passports. She said something to me in Shona and when I told her her words were too deep for me to understand, a heated argument ensured, and the driver had to pay her R100.00 because she was threatening to detain us as 'punishment'.

Driving down 200m from the gate, police officers manning a roadblock in a Ford Ranger truck demanded R200.00, and were paid. Still in Beitbridge at the Masvingo turn, another roadblock, more ZRP officers, another R200.00. About 50km from Beitbridge, three ZRP officers in the middle of nowhere, R100 taken. Another roadblock awaited at Makhado, R200 paid. Just before West Nicholson, more policemen, and this time, the driver had no more cash, and had to borrow R100 from a female passenger.

At Gwanda, just before Joshua Mqabuko college, yet another set of starving policemen, the same lady had to lend the driver R100 more to pay the thugs. Upon driving out of Gwanda town, yet another roadblock, the passenger again lends the driver R100 rands more to pay up. We then encountered the BMW patrol vehicle 10km from Mbalabala, and the police officer asked for a re-test certificate from the driver.

Obviously, being SA based, he didn’t have it. The corrupt officer then demanded a spot fine of $20 or a bribe of R100. The driver explained to him how dry the other officers on the route had already sucked him. The officer would have none of it, got into the BMW and drove away towards Gwanda with the driver’s licence and the TIP document.
Now we were stranded, waited for a while hoping the BMW would return, and after an hour in the scorching heat, I decided to take over the wheel as I had my licence on me. We paid a further $10 at the Mach Binding roadblock, and after 7 long hours, we arrived in Bulawayo. After paying R2150 and $10, we arrived in Bulawayo. Considering there are over 100 cross border vehicles passing through the border on a typical weekend, how much do the dirty and corrupt ZRP officers make? Your guess is as good as mine!!!

YOU KNOW YOU ARE A RHODESIAN WHEN....

*You think the youth of today could do with a stint in the army
*You miss the smell of rain on a hot tar road
*You offend people with your honesty
*You almost lost the family jewels on the water slide at Mermaid Pools
*You bought a copper clock shaped in the outline of Rhodesia and still have it
*You still refer to toilet paper as ‘bog roll’
*You had a garden boy, a house boy and a cook
*You went to a school that instead of being ‘counselled’ unruly students got whacked – and it worked.

HEARD AT THE OLYMPICS....

A reporter meets a man carrying an eight-foot metal stick and asks, “Are you a pole vaulter?” “No”, says the man,” I’m German”. But how did you know my name is Walter?”

The only representative from Finland in the mens 1500 meter track event, Congristus Yuuvkatsinki has a defective lung. His coach doubts if he’ll finish
A Scottish wedding..

Two Glaswegians, Archie and Jimmy are sitting in the pub discussing Jimmys’ forthcoming wedding.

“Och, its’ all goin’ pure brilliant”, says Jimmy. “y, I’ve got everythin’ organised ulriddy, the fluers, mootor cars, the recepution, the rings, the minister, even ma stag night.”

Archie nods approvingly.

‘Ay’ve even bought a kilt te be married in!”. continues Jimmy.

“A kilt?”, exclaims Archie. “That’s magic, you’ll look pure smart in that. What’s the tartan?”

“Och”, says Jimmy, “Ah’d imagine she’ll be in white.”

ALERTS TO THREATS IN 2012 EUROPE

From JOHN CLEESE

The English are feeling the pinch in relation to recent events in Syria and have therefore raised their security level from "Miffed" to "Peeved." Soon, though, security levels may be raised yet again to "Irritated" or even "A Bit Cross." The English have not been "A Bit Cross" since the blitz in 1940 when tea supplies nearly ran out. Terrorists have been re-categorized from "Tiresome" to "A Bloody Nuisance." The last time the British issued a "Bloody Nuisance" warning level was in 1588, when threatened by the Spanish Armada.

The Scots have raised their threat level from "Pissed Off" to "Let's get the Bastards." They don't have any other levels. This is the reason they have been used on the front line of the British army for the last 300 years.
The French government announced yesterday that it has raised its terror alert level from "Run" to "Hide." The only two higher levels in France are "Collaborate" and "Surrender." The rise was precipitated by a recent fire that destroyed France's white flag factory, effectively paralyzing the country's military capability.

Italy has increased the alert level from "Shout Loudly and Excitedly" to "Elaborate Military Posturing." Two more levels remain: "Ineffective Combat Operations" and "Change Sides."

The Germans have increased their alert state from "Disdainful Arrogance" to "Dress in Uniform and Sing Marching Songs." They also have two higher levels: "Invade a Neighbour" and "Lose."

Belgians, on the other hand, are all on holiday as usual; the only threat they are worried about is NATO pulling out of Brussels.

The Spanish are all excited to see their new submarines ready to deploy. These beautifully designed subs have glass bottoms so the new Spanish navy can get a really good look at the old Spanish navy.

Australia, meanwhile, has raised its security level from "No worries" to "She'll be alright, Mate." Two more escalation levels remain: "Crikey! I think we'll need to cancel the barbie this weekend!" and "The barbie is cancelled." So far no situation has ever warranted use of the last final escalation level

Regards,

John

John Cleese,
P.S. And as a final thought - Greece is collapsing, the Iranians are getting aggressive, and Rome is in disarray. Welcome back to 430 BC.

For all of you with any money left, be aware of the next expected mergers so that you can get in on the ground floor and make some BIG bucks.

Watch for these consolidations in 2012:
   Will merge and become: Hale, Mary, Fuller, Grace.


3. 3M will merge with Goodyear and become: MMMGood.

4. Zippo Manufacturing, Audi Motors, Dofasco, and Dakota Mining will merge and become: ZipAudiDoDa.

5. FedEx is expected to join its competitor, UPS, and become: FedUP.

6. Fairchild Electronics and Honeywell Computers will
become: Fairwell Honeychild.

7. Grey Poupon and Docker Pants are expected to become: PouponPants.

8. Knott's Berry Farm and the National Organization of Women will become: Knott NOW!

And finally....

9. Victoria’s Secret and Smith & Wesson will merge under the new name: TittyTittyBangBang

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STATION NOTES – EXTRACTED FROM THE ‘OUTPOST’ 60TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE MARCH 1971

COLLEEN BAWN

Appearing here with reluctance, we excuse ourselves on the grounds that the lighthearted scribbling which are more usual in ‘Station Notes’ are rather hard to adopt, especially when we feel that we must first pay tribute to Constable Mbedzi of this station who was murdered in the area recently. A popular and efficient member of the Force, he will be missed on the station.

Section Officer McLean, better known as ‘Nyore Nyore’ is the present Member in Charge, Sergeant Ntando – who arrived recently from the sprawling metropolis of Kezi – keeps the rest of the team in order. Constables Alfred, Mapfedkedze, Sibanda, Zhou, and finally our latest arrival fresh from Depot, Constable Mbenje. On loan from Gwanda we have Constable Maruza who is better known as the ‘Bushbug Man’. He is the station chauffeur.
From the grey cement dust of Colleen Bawn, complete with parade ground, fishpond and all, we send our greetings to greener pastures. [Article submitted by Cement Mixer]

TULI

South Western Rhodesia, right in the middle of that semi-circular bump on the border – that’s us. The inference is that we live in the oldest Police mess in Rhodesia, a building that has withstood the ravages of time for over 70 years [including about 14 years when the station was deserted]. It is in the wind that we are to get a new home-if the same wind doesn’t blow this one down first!

The present Member in Charge is Rob Elliot who spends most of his time looking for the Kudu bull with the record horns in Rhodesia. He says that it’s here somewhere, it’s just a matter of finding the beast. Next on the list is Dermot Cusack [his real name but better known as Dammit Voetsek. He can be seen in the evening bleary eyed and wizened after a hard day at the office, slumped in an easy chair surrounded by bottle-shaped debris. The we have the station iss Cadet, Ron Tubbs who after 3 months seems to have learned the two hard and fast Standing Orders of Tuli – ‘If it moves, shoot or salute it; if it doesn’t, paint it [preferably with white wash] He is steadily gaining a reputation as a provider of meat. Visiting officers beware!

In charge of the other half, we have Sergeant Shadreck and Isaya who, in company with Constables Akobe; Nyawhawha; Petros; Ferusa; Chimusoro; Sibata; Ndou; Tawonezxi and Ncube vanish for most of the month to return only for night shift and pay day. Constable Nyawhawha is really an exception to the last sentence as he has appeared on the Duty Roster for the last 4 years, is believed to be still on the stations strength and comes in only when the Kewrep makes his annual visit to complete the inventory.

For those who left Tuli long ago, we now have our own charge office and a new set of cells. Last year, a new cottage was built for the African police and the station is steadily growing. No longer are alone either – we have our own Game Warden – Johnny Bunce, and down the road, a brand new Water Development camp. However, it will be some time before we reach City status. [Article submitted by Tulipol]
A man was sitting reading his paper when his wife suddenly hits him with a frying pan.

“What was that for?” the man asked.

The wife replied, “That was for the piece of paper with the name Jenny on it that I found in your pants pocket!”

The man then said, “When I was at the races last week, Jenny was the name of the horse that I bet on”. The wife apologized and continued with her housework.

Three days later the man is watching TV when his wife bashes him over the head with the frying pan again, this time knocking him unconscious.

Re-gaining his senses the man asked why she had hit him again.

Wife replied, :Your horse just phoned”.

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**Strip Roads Gave Good Service**

**INTRODUCTION BY NICK BAALBERGEN**

*Below is another story extracted from the book 'Know Your Rhodesia and Know Nyasaland'.

The ‘Strip Road’ was a uniquely Rhodesian concept. It was essential for the development of the very young country, a mere 40 years after the Pioneer Column had first entered the country, to construct a road network. This was of course not*
immediately possible because of financial constraints. This meant that the
development of the country would have to be delayed until the necessary finances
became available, OR an alternative would have to be implemented. The 'Strip Road'
concept was arrived at essentially as an interim measure. This would allow for the
development of a much needed functional road network while financial resources
were being built up to construct a fully tarred road infrastructure.

Driving on 'Strip Roads' was of necessity a mutually collaborative effort because two
way traffic was travelling on a single set of strips. Overtaking and passing oncoming
traffic required that the two vehicles move over to use the relevant strip while
completing the move. The 'low level' bridges were all built as 'single lane' structures,
so right of way was determined by which car arrived at the bridge first. A
simultaneous arrival at opposite end of the bridge was usually settled by courtesy of
the drivers, a flash of the headlights giving the other car the 'go ahead'.
The strips have been in existence since the early 1930's. They are now being
replaced by fully tarmacadamised roads, which to-day are found on most of the main
routes, IN a few years, every motorist hopes, the strips [now old and calling for
constant patching] will have ceased to exist. But let us not forget the good service
they rendered at low cost. The first strip road was built from Gwelo to Selukwe. Mr
Stuart Chandler, Chief Road Engineer at the time, followed this up by building
concrete strips from Bulawayo to Matopos and from Salisbury to Beatrice in 1932.

[The above article was extracted from "Our Rhodesian Heritage" blog compiled by Eddy Norris
RRAF. I am sure we all remember the strip roads in Rhodesia. When I was stationed at Hartley
from August 1972 until February 1974, I often had to negotiate a stretch of strip road between
Hartley and Gadzema Siding which was located north west of the town. – ED]
MENTION SOUTHERN RHODESIA to any South African or overseas motorist who has visited the Colony and he will invariably comment, in uncomplimentary fashion, about our strip roads.

But they have served a useful purpose, enabling many more miles of road to be built than would otherwise have been possible.
Lundi River in flood - the low level bridge, near the Rhino Hotel. January 1974

You know you’re a Rhodesian when…..
*You still light up at the sight of a flame lilly
*You've driven on strip roads
*You wore vellies without socks
*You would share a plate of sadza with your houseboy outside his kia in the back garden.
*Your garden boy, house boy and cook all rode Humber bicycles.
*You had to cycle maningi kilometres to and from school
What's in a Name
About 28 kilometres east of Bulawayo there is a small railway station from where the line heads south towards West Nicholson. First named Gwanda Junction, in 1904 the name was changed to Heany Junction in honour of Major Maurice Heany, a member of the Pioneer Column. Major Heany also commanded 'A' Troop of the Salisbury Horse in the Matabele War of 1893. In 1943, the Empire Air Training Scheme was opened at Heany, closing at the end of 1945. In 1949 it was re-opened to train Royal Air Force pilots, closing in January 1954 when the buildings were used as a teachers' training college. The college was later moved to Bulawayo, and the government converted the facility into an army training unit which would become known to thousands of young Rhodesian conscripts as Llewelin Barracks.

Situated in the Matobo Hills 12 kilometres east of the Matopos National Park, there is a small trading centre by the name of Fort Usher. 'Bill' Usher, described as a trader of unknown origin and a member of the Salvation Army, was already resident in Matabeleland prior to the arrival of the Pioneer Column, and was therefore very familiar with the Matabele people. After the demise of Lobengula in 1893, Usher had in fact warned the settlers that the
Matabele would rise up to try and regain their kingdom. In October 1896, Fort Usher would provide the venue for the peace indaba between Rhodes and senior Matabele Induna negotiators led by Babyaan. Rhodes was accompanied by Johan Colenbrander, acting as interpreter, and Colonel Plumer, who would later gain prominence in the Anglo-Boer War.

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**BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA POLICE REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION OF THE TRANSVAAL COMMITTEE 2012**

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UNITED KINGDOM
TAILPIECE

SOME VERY ‘PUNNY’ PUNS  [Submitted by Glenn Macaskill. Thanks Glen – ED]
...when chemists die, they barium
...I know a guy who’s addicted to brake fluid. He says he can stop at any time.
...How does Moses make his tea? Hebrews it.
...I stayed up all night to see where the sun went. Then it dawned on me.
...I’m reading a book about anti-gravity. I just can’t put it down.
...I didn’t like my beard at first. Then it grew on me.
...Broken pencils are pointless.
...England has no kidney bank, but it does have a Liverpool.
...I used to be a banker but then I lost interest.
...I dropped out of Communism class because of bad Marx.
...I got a job at a bakery because I kneaded dough.
...Velcro – what a rip off.
...A cartoonist was found dead in his home. Details are sketchy.
😊😊😊😊😊

The History of the Middle Finger

Well, now......here's something I never knew before, and now that I know it, I feel compelled to send it on to my more intelligent friends in the hope that they, too, will feel edified.

Before the Battle of Agincourt in 1415, the French, anticipating victory over the English, proposed to cut off the middle finger of all captured English soldiers. Without the middle finger it would be impossible to draw the renowned English longbow and therefore they would be incapable of fighting in the future. This famous English longbow was made of the
native English Yew tree, and the act of drawing the longbow was known as 'plucking the yew' (or 'pluck yew').

Much to the bewilderment of the French, the English won a major upset and they began mocking the French by waving their middle fingers at the defeated French, saying, See, we can still pluck yew! Since 'pluck yew' is rather difficult to say, the difficult consonant cluster at the beginning has gradually changed to a labiodentals fricative F', and thus the words often used in conjunction with the one-finger-salute! It is also because of the pheasant feathers on the arrows used with the longbow that the symbolic gesture is known as 'giving the bird.'

IT IS STILL AN APPROPRIATE SALUTE TO THE FRENCH TODAY!

And yew thought yew knew every plucking thing!

😊😊😊😊😊

TO A B.S.A. POLICE MULE

O, mule; thou non-descript disgrace unto the Corps.

By parentage depraved and, what is more an awful thing, outraging natures' law, unprincipled and bad.

Oh mule; no fool; intelligence thou hast indeed, common to all thy low-down breed.

Thou calculating fraud, how often hast thou floored an honest man and scored by vile, Base Guile? Thy rule, Oh mule!
O mule, combining all the wickedness of ass and horse, but lacking virtues either parent had, of course, the brain is full of devlish resource, the cunning of the mad. O mule! A tool of Satan on this wicked Earth, Infamous and bad from birth. But still, thou dost not die of sickness in the veld, so I must bear with thee and try to make a plan, if so I can, to school, My Mule.

_The Bard of Bembesi_

*Can anyone identify the people in this photo? The late Hank Hankinson [5703] is 4th from the left. Please contact me at my e-mail address. Thanks. ED*
Do you have feelings of inadequacy?

Do you suffer from shyness?

Do you sometimes wish you were more assertive?

If you answered yes to any of these questions, ask your doctor or pharmacist about Cabernet Sauvignon.

Cabernet Sauvignon is the safe, natural way to feel better and more confident about yourself and your actions. It can help ease you out of your shyness and let you tell the world that you're ready and willing to do just about anything.

You will notice the benefits of Cabernet Sauvignon almost immediately and, with a regimen of regular doses, you can overcome any obstacles that prevent you from living the life you want to live.

Shyness and awkwardness will be a thing of the past and you will discover many talents you never knew you had.

Stop hiding and start living.

Cabernet Sauvignon may not be right for everyone. Women who are pregnant or nursing should not use it. However, women who wouldn't mind nursing or becoming pregnant are encouraged to try it.

Side effects may include: dizziness, nausea, vomiting, incarceration, loss of motor control, loss of clothing, loss of money, loss of virginity, delusions of grandeur, table dancing, headache, dehydration, dry mouth, and a desire to sing Karaoke and play all-night rounds of Strip Poker, Truth Or Dare, and Naked Twister.
WARNINGS:

* The consumption of Cabernet Sauvignon may make you think you are whispering when you are not.

* The consumption of Cabernet Sauvignon may cause you to tell your friends over and over again that you love them.

* The consumption of Cabernet Sauvignon may cause you to think you can sing.

* The consumption of Cabernet Sauvignon may create the illusion that you are tougher, smarter, faster and better looking than most people.

Please feel free to share this important information with as many as you feel may benefit!

Now just imagine what you could achieve with a good Shiraz.

😊 😊 😊 😊 😊 😊
Illustrated Life Rhodesia
By Andrew Field (BSAP)

This may be of interest to a lot of your members:

Just as a gauge... if you were presented with 16 leather bound volumes of Illustrated Life Rhodesia from April 1968 to January 1979, in pristine condition, gold embossed with the name of the publisher, Gordon Graham, what do you think you would be prepared to pay for the entire collection? This is an opportunity not to be missed by collectors of Rhodesiana or historians interested in the UDI period.

Please pass this onto all your Rhodesian friends and family... we are trying to gauge just how valuable this collection is and then look for suitable bids and commitments.

Interested parties may contact me through the BSA Police website.

With best wishes,

Andrew Field - 8646
Pro Rege Pro Lege Pro Patria

Website of former members of the BSA Police

PO Box HG 935, Highlands, Zimbabwe
Telephone: +263 772 129215; 04 755593
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