The Chairman’s Chat

I take no pleasure in taking up this edition of Peter’s Prattle with a couple of moans but, regrettfully, they appear necessary.

Firstly, I wonder how much of the membership actually reads the magazine and/or items enclosed. I am referring particularly to the recent changes to payment of subscriptions. Notice was given that subs were necessarily being increased from £10 to £15 annually. It was also advised that subs should in future be paid to the Association, not the Trust. Individual letters were put in Outpost together with revised Standing Orders to facilitate this.

So what was the result? At best 30% of the membership has done as asked. That means that 30% are subsidising the 70% who haven’t bothered. Thank you! It also means an increased workload for our AsstSec. and Treasurer trying to chase up dues and get things on an even keel. If you think you are on the blacklist, please contact Bertie Cubitt as soon as possible.

My second worry is an apparent growth of two parallel Associations, by which I mean the Association to which we are all proud to belong and a second in cyberspace. It is apparent that many ex-members around the world are in contact through various modern means (Facebook, Twitter, etc) but haven’t joined any branch. I know that some are in remote places and this is their only means of keeping in contact but I do worry that the .com world is usurping all the great work that the Association has done over the last 99 years. One of the objects of the Association is to provide social contact between members. I wonder whether sitting at a computer qualifies.

Moans over! I look forward to making social contact with many of you at the upcoming AGM and the Scottish Gathering later.

Association Centenary - 2013 Cape Town

As many of you will know, the BSAP Regimental Association was inaugurated in March 1913. Last year, a challenge was sent to other branches suggesting that, as UK Branch had held the Force Centenary celebrations in 1989 and The Last Parade in 2010, another might wish to consider making arrangements to celebrate the Centenary of the Regimental Association.

We are delighted that Western Cape Branch has picked up the gauntlet and plan to have celebrations in Cape Town with provisional dates being 23-24 March 2013. More detail will be forthcoming in due course. Cape Town has the support of UK committee as it will be convenient for other South African Branches and (more or less) half-way house for UK members and those who may come from the Antipodes.

2013 also sees the fiftieth anniversary for those who attested in 1963, a banner under which fall the Chairmen of UK, Western Cape and Australia branches (and the HonSec. of Australia branch) and it is hoped to have squad reunions alongside the Centenary celebrations. Please give this your full support.

6905 Peter Phillips

5111 Jack BACON - in memory of Vince Hustler
Editor’s Epistle

I hope you all enjoyed your Christmastide and the New Year festivities. With Spring now well and truly upon us, for me the best time of the year, may you all have a wonderfully renewed season and the promise of a warm summer.

Thank you to those readers who made such very nice comments about the last issue, and now I must strive to maintain the standard.

I will no longer be including many extracts from other Branch Outposts - they are available on the BSAP website (see page 1) should you wish to access them, but I will occasionally copy articles of police, historical or general interest. If you want to keep abreast of old comrades, you will need to log on.

Further to my mention of house style in the last issue, I do not want lines between paragraphs (held so dear by Members i/c, Enquiry Sections), may I ask correspondents to, please, indent paragraphs by 0.5 cms.

In accordance with a request from the ever-increasing number of members taking an electronic copy of The Outpost, I am not now generally putting the pages into columns. This apparently makes it much easier to read on a screen. Please let me have your views on the layout which I am attempting to make easier to read.

I am in need of stories and articles from you. I do not want to bore you with anecdotes from my service, and I am sure there are many of you with more exciting and interesting tales. It will enable you to practice your potentially profitable authorship skills.

With the fiftieth anniversary of UDI a little over five years away in 2016, I would like to publish stories of some interesting incidents or occurrences connected to that momentous event. Sufficient interesting tales may enable the publication of an anthology of members’ reminiscences, with full acknowledgement of the authors.

I had been planning to re-visit Zimbabwe later this year and drive from Bulawayo to Salisbury. After the article reproduced on page 10, I am reconsidering.

I am delighted to be able to reproduce three excellent stories from members. Dave Blacker, whose poem The Regiment is well known to most of you, has written an interesting story of a ghastly multiple murder in Bulawayo. Arnold Wooley has contributed a superb tale of a Matabele raid in the Chibi area, and Alan Brent has provided an interesting tale of a helicopter rescue. I hope these will inspire you to put pen to paper, or should it be fingers to keyboard?

6609 Parry Jones
HonSec. Bleat

There is no doubt that from my standpoint, May was a momentous month. The day before the AGM I was elected as a Councillor for the Maidstone Borough, joining 54 other Councillors who represent the urban and rural aspects of this lovely country town. Parry Jones has given a synopsis of my life story to date, but what cannot be put into words was watching the count, in the Maidstone Leisure Centre, and suddenly realising that I had won an election and deposed a standing Councillor. The feeling of pride of an ex member of one of the world’s finest police force, back in the country only two years and now having to fulfil a number of roles. Be that as it may, I do have some bleats and there are three things I wish to say. Firstly I feel humbled that the membership of the association has honoured me with taking over the Secretarial function from Barry Henson. His is certainly a hard act to follow and was recognised by granting him Honorary Life Membership.

The second point is one tinged with sadness. As HonSec. I get the sad messages about the passing of so many friends and colleagues from all over the world and this gives me a very sobering wake-up call that we are all mortal and living with a diminishing association. But this raises the point I wish to make. At yesterday’s committee meeting it was mentioned that there are many younger members, those 8000s and 9000s numbers (not forgetting the women ex-members – Ed.) who are not members of the Association. Please, if you know of any - get them to join, as we need to swell our ranks.

The third is support. You will have read in the Chairman’s message that there have been fewer and fewer people supporting the various functions. So now it’s your turn. What functions would you and your partner be interested in attending? Would you want to bring friends? Please give Parry Jones your comments, write to us and tell us what we need to do.

6001 Alistair Black

The cartoon is from the August 1964 Outpost, courtesy of 6388 Will Cornell.

6424 Wynn BERRY
Notice is hereby given that the **Annual General Meeting** of the British South Africa Police Regimental Association (United Kingdom Branch) will be held at the Victory Services Club, Seymour Street, London on Saturday 12 May 2012, starting at 11:00 to transact the following agenda.

1. Greetings and Apologies  
2. Roll of Honour  
3. Confirm minutes of the Annual General Meeting of 7 May 2011  
4. Matters arising therefrom  
5. The Chairman’s Report  
7. BSAP Trust Report  
8. The Almoner’s Report  
9. The Election of Executive Committee Members (see below)  
10. Appointment of Auditors  
11. Any Other Business

Alistair Black, HonSec. - 1 February 2012

Election of Committee: three members retire by rotation - Peter Phillips, Parry Jones and Alistair Black. All three offer themselves for re-election. Any member wishing to stand, or propose another member for election or have items for Any Other Business, should advise the HonSec. not less than seven days before the meeting.

**Please try to attend this important meeting.**  
*Your participation is both meaningful and significant.*

At the conclusion of the meeting a buffet lunch will be available but **Parry Jones needs an indication of your intention to attend to facilitate catering numbers.** A bar will be available. Any member seeking accommodation must contact the Club and make their own arrangements direct.
Stock Price List 2012

Badge, blazer with crown £12.50
Badge, blazer without crown £12.50
Tie, BSAP Association, silk £12.50
Tie, BSAP Centenary £1.00
Tie, BSAP Regimental, small lion motif £8.50
Christmas cards, BSAP, pack of five with envelopes £1.50
146 mm x 114 mm approx. (folded)

Shirt, polo, crested, with crown (state size) £21.00
Plaque, BSAP, wooden without crown £25.00
Tankard, glass with crowned badge, and scrolls with number, rank and name inscribed £20.00
Bookmark, BSAP with Dave Blacker’s The Regiment £1.00
Book, Blue and Old Gold £40.00
Book, BSAP Series (new volumes)
  Book 13, Humour in the BSAP £8.50
  Book 14, Personalities in the BSAP £8.50
  Book, Blondie’s Revenge, by T Grainger £7.00

Prices are exclusive of post and packing. Cost of postage is available on request to Bertie Cubitt.
VSC Gatherings

4 October 2011 With the abnormally warm weather for this time of the year continuing, the turnout was good at this month’s gathering. We were pleased to see 8307 ‘Flash’ Firth visiting from the North West and 9539 William Russell (a new member despite being in England for the last eight years) – we hope to see William more often now that he knows where we are. Making up the numbers were: 4278 John Balchin, 4735 Cliff Rogers, 4840 Mike Purslow, 5248 Alan Lane, 5469 Dave Grimby, 5507 Brian Taylor, 6348 Dennis Poole, 6514/7562 Chris Johnson, 6527 Mike O’Donnell, 6737 Mike Coleman, 6905 Peter Phillips, 7211 Peter Biddulph, 7359 Bertie Cubitt, 7391 Alan Toms and guests Lt Col. D P (Hobo) Hobson (RAR), Jane Blackstock, Victoria Murritt and Ian Stuart.

1 November 2011 Despite the clocks having been put back at the weekend heralding the start of winter, the continuing warm weather encouraged another good turnout this month. It was nice to be able to welcome 6170/7756 Graeme De Wit on holiday from South Africa. Enjoying the company and a few liquid refreshments were: 4278 John Balchin, 4503 Derek and Joan Humberstone, 4735 Cliff Rogers, 4882 Peter Dancer, 5248 Alan Lane, 5469 Dave Grimby, 5507 Brian Taylor, 5975 Mike and Audrey Abbotts, 6001 Alistair Black, 6197 Keith Addison, 6609 Parry Jones, 6883 Tim Webb, 6905 Peter Phillips, 7359 Bertie Cubitt, 8278 Tony Marillier, 9270 Geraint Jones, WP 199 Lin Robertson, FR 8704 Keith Latham, Associate Steve Morgan, guests John De Wit, Scott Price, Andreas Krieg and Ian Stuart.

Harry and Mick find three hand grenades, so they take them to a police station. Mick: ‘What if one explodes before we get there?’
Harry: ‘We’ll lie and say we only found two.’
6 December 2011 Members arriving at the VSC were greeted with the road outside the club sealed off with police and fire brigade attending. A gas leak in the vicinity caused the closure making the front entrance of the club inaccessible; entry was gained through a side entrance not normally in use. For safety reasons our venue was transferred to the Carisbrooke Hall, where the Regimental Dinner is usually held. The room was ready, the bar open in a very short time, and the party could begin. There was a very good turnout of members, wives, family and guests. Soon everyone was finding old squad mates and members they hadn’t seen for years and generally having an enjoyable time. During the evening our Chairman, 6905 Peter Phillips welcomed everyone present, especially our patron, Lord Michael Walker.

A most tasty buffet was available during the evening with the usual raffle following. A special word of thanks to all those who kindly brought along prizes for the raffle and to the ladies who sold the tickets. Later in the evening a bottle of 12 year old Scotch malt whisky, that had been donated, or purloined from somewhere, was put up for auction. ‘Biff’ Way acted as auctioneer – the eventual highest bidder being none other than our patron, Michael Walker. The raffle and the auction raised the grand total of £260.00 for Association funds – well done everyone.

Enjoying the evening were: 4046 Ted Galloway, 4503 Derek and Joan Humberstone, 4735 Cliff Rogers, 4777 ‘Tackie’ Macintosh, 4819 Brian and Jacky Lay, 4840 Mike Purslow, 4853 Fred Punter, 4882 Peter Dancer, 4955 Bob Morriston, 4964 Mike Tadman, 5075 Dick Ray, 5248 Alan and Pauline Lane, 5468 Dave Adshead, 5507 Brian Taylor, 5625 ‘Biff’ Way, 5635 Dave Riley, 5975 Mike and Audrey Abbotts, 5998 Ian Dunbar, [6063] Colleen Stock, 6090 Neville (Paddy) and Bev Gardiner, 6348 Dennis Poole, 6360 John Moxham, 6432 Chris Roberts, 6449 Ted and Ros Crawford, 6514/7526 Chris and Anne Johnson, 6527 Mike O’Donnell, 6609 Parry Jones, 6681 Geoff Quick, 6736 Ian and Carol Cochrane, 6737 Mike Coleman, 6883 Tim Webb, 6905 Peter and Bim Phillips, 6921 Howard (Taffy) Byrne, 7072 Terry and Jan Walmsley, 7211 Peter Biddulph.
The Grim Reaper came for me last night, and I beat him off with a Vacuum cleaner. Talk about Dyson with death.

7411 Jock EDIE
Zimbabwe's Police Getting Rich Fast

Posted on Monday, 05 March 2012 17:04 by The Africa Report

Zimbabwe police chief, Augustine Chihuri has defied a government directive to scale down on the number of roadblocks on the country's highways. The number of police roadblocks on the highways has been a major cause for concern and the cabinet deliberated the issue at a meeting in late February. It was agreed that roadblocks be reduced as some police officers were abusing them and demanding bribes from motorists. Motorists who resist offering bribes risk having their cars impounded, and there are roadblocks at least after every 20 kilometres.

The stretch connecting the capital city, Harare and the second city, Bulawayo has no less than 13 roadblocks and motorists face the possibility of having to bribe at each of these. Motorists claim that police officers demand payments of anything between US$5 and US$50 for them to be allowed to proceed.

Deputy Prime Minister Arthur Mutambara led calls for the reduction of roadblocks and even urged anyone with a complaint to approach his office, saying the roadblocks were 'a place to enrich rogue police elements. There is no need for all those roadblocks. We do not want corruption whereby the police use these as fundraising methods’, Mutambara said.

But Chihuri, a fierce Mugabe loyalist, is defiant saying he won't budge on the issue of roadblocks and instead he argues that motorists complaining of inconvenience caused by the heavy presence of traffic police on the roads were misguided. ‘Let me state categorically that the reckless and misguided call to remove the traffic police from the roads is a non-starter’, he told a pass-out parade at Morris Depot in Harare.

Police sources claim that each highway traffic patrol unit has a target to raise US$3,000 per week, while police stations have to raise US$1,000 per week through fines and $1,500 per week for each traffic section unit. The money is reportedly earmarked to service the force's new fleet of vehicles.

The police have instead launched a crackdown on rogue cops who demand bribes, after a lifestyle audit failed to weed out corrupt officers, although critics claim this is just a smokescreen.

Last year, the Anti-Corruption Trust of Southern Africa revealed that Zimbabwe had the most corrupt police force in the region, with the traffic section being the worst. Police chiefs launched a lifestyle audit of junior officers who are incredibly rich despite earning only US$200 a month.
**Remembrance Day**

The morning of Sunday 13 November 2011 turned out to be a pleasant sunny and warm day for those attending the annual Service of Remembrance held at the Field of Remembrance, St Margaret’s Church in the shadow of Westminster Abbey in London, which was once again organised by the Rhodesia Army Association.

The service, which attracted a good gathering of ex-Rhodesian service members, family and friends, was conducted this year by Pastor E A Lee, formerly Major, Staff Corps, HQ 3 Brigade. Our Chairman, 6905 Peter Phillips read the lesson whilst 5662 Barry Henson had the honour of carrying the BSAP standard on the right of the line.

Other members attending the service were: [4108] Jean May, 4278 John Balchin, 4600 Terry Mesley-Spong, 5248 Alan and Pauline Lane, 5469 Dave Grimbly, 5975 Mike and Audrey Abbotts, 6348 Dennis Poole, 9270 Geraint Jones, Associate Steve Morgan and Jean and Robin Illingworth. (Jean is the daughter of former Commissioner Lt Col Harold Jackson)

Parry Jones attended his father’s memorial in Bethel, near Caernarfôn with his sons, Huw and Glyn and a cousin. There was an excellent turnout of about 70, which was very good for such a small village. Parry met people he hadn’t seen since he was a boy.

Overleaf is a photo from Westminster Abbey and of Fred Punter’s Remembrance Day in Bedford.
Bedford, Sunday 13 November 2011

Mid November was mild and sunny. We waited, on the Embankment at Bedford alongside the River Great Ouse, for the Remembrance Day parade to form up. We chatted to former members of the RLI looking very smart in their green blazers and berets, and former members of Intaf and Rhodesian Airforce.

I had travelled from home in Sandy with 9439 Glenn Seymour-Hall and we were subsequently joined by 7677 Peter Dewe and 10066 Peter Hughes. These were the BSAP representatives in a Rhodesian contingent of about 50.
Martyn Hudson of RLI Association had arranged with Bedford Branch of the Royal British Legion for a Rhodesian contingent to be invited to march in the parade. Many former Rhodesian service members travelled from far afield to take part, making the Rhodesian contingent the largest in the parade and, in my opinion, the smartest. We were called on parade by RLI former Sgt Maj Ken Reed and then were given second place in the parade behind the Bedford Pipe and Drum Band and the standard bearers.

Martyn Hudson had arranged for poppy wreaths, each with the unit insignia in the centre. I laid the BSAP wreath at the Bedford War Memorial. This was followed by a short service, the bugle calls of Last Post and Reveille echoing across the river and the parade then marched off, passing the Bedford Town Mayor and other civic dignitaries who took the salute as we ‘eyes right’ at the podium near to the Swan Hotel. The march continued to the square outside the Harpur Centre where the Bedford Town Silver Band played and the parade was then dismissed.

Most of the Rhodesian contingent gathered at the RAF Association Club in Ashburnam Road for a few beers and a buffet lunch. The was an opportunity to tour the RLI museum at the club, and it is well worth a visit if you are in the area. Martyn Hudson and his team have to be congratulated on the excellent arrangements for the parade.

4853 Fred Punter

Subscriptions
The increase in subscriptions from £10 to £15 annually was recently well publicised with a number of reminders. However, as the Chairman has pointed out, most members have still failed to submit their amended stop orders. Will you please ensure that you pay the Association £15 annually. For this purpose the BSAP Trust has nothing to do with the Association, and so those of you giving annual donations to the Trust are not paying your subscriptions and thereby the administrative costs of the Association. The Association cannot make use of any sum of money paid into the Trust as the Trust’s funds are sacrosanct for charitable purposes only.
Please comply with this as Bertie is becoming apoplectic, and that is not a sight to behold.

This photograph was taken by Murray Harrison in Funchal, Madeira (the wine shops and other establishments of which were well known to many BSAP recruits from Britain who travelled by Union Castle). It is of Mike Wiltshire and Fred Punter sixty years ago, on the day Queen Elizabeth II acceded to the throne.

4212 Tommy GRIFFITH
Reduce Petrol Costs

With petrol expected to reach £2 per litre by end of 2012 I send you these tips which you might find handy.

I don't know what you are paying for petrol. I am paying £1.35 to £1.50 per litre. My line of work has been in petroleum for about 31 years, so here are some tips to get more of your money's worth from every litre.

At the Shell Pipeline where I work, we deliver about 4 million litres in a 24-hour period. One day is diesel the next day is jet fuel, and petrol, regular and premium grades. We have 34 storage tanks with a total capacity of 16,800,000 litres.

Only fill up your car or truck in the early morning when the ground temperature is still cold. Remember that all service stations have their storage tanks buried below ground. The colder the ground the more dense the petrol, when it gets warmer petrol expands, so buying in the afternoon or in the evening, your litre is not exactly a litre. In the petroleum business, the specific gravity and the temperature of the petrol, diesel and jet fuel, ethanol and other petroleum products plays an important role.

A one degree rise in temperature is a big deal for this business. But the service stations do not have temperature compensation at the pumps.

When you're filling up do not squeeze the trigger of the nozzle to a fast mode. If you look you will see that the trigger has three stages: low, middle, and high. You should be pumping on low mode, thereby minimizing the vapours that are created while pumping. All hoses at the pump have a vapour return. If you are pumping on the fast rate, some of the liquid that goes to your tank becomes vapour. Those vapours are being sucked up and back into the underground storage tank so you're getting less worth for your money.

One of the most important tips is to fill up when your petrol tank is half full. The reason for this is the more petrol you have in your tank the less air is occupying its empty space. Petrol evaporates faster than you can imagine. Petrol storage tanks have an internal floating roof. This roof serves as zero clearance between the petrol and the atmosphere, so it minimizes the evaporation. Unlike service stations, where I work every truck that we load is temperature compensated so that every litre is the exact amount.

If there is a petrol truck pumping into the storage tanks when you stop to buy fuel do not fill up. Most likely the petrol is being stirred up as the fuel is being delivered, and you might pick up some of the dirt that normally settles on the bottom.

With thanks to The Natal Outpost

Sir Jasper is in the bathroom and Monty calls to him, ‘Did you find the shampoo?’

Sir Jasper says, ‘Yes but it's for dry hair and I've just wet mine.’
Although numbers were down, those who were able to attend came from far and wide over the South West. They reunited in true BSAP spirit to enjoy sharing happy anecdotes of experiences, past and present, in the convivial atmosphere of the Cromwell Arms.

We sincerely hope that members who were unable to come due to ill health have fully recovered and we look forward to seeing them in May.

The success of our gatherings is the result of the untiring efforts of our Member i/c, Dave Kennedy. We are indeed very fortunate to have him. We are also very grateful to Hilda Olivier, who hands out name badges, ensures that we sign the register, and from whom we are always assured of a warm welcome.

A raffle was organised by Heather Milner in aid of the Zimbabwe Pensioners’ Support Group. They send food parcels from South Africa to the many destitute elderly Europeans in Zimbabwe. Heather holds raffles at various functions and so far has raised over £5,000. This is a wonderful achievement.

We were very pleased to welcome, 7233 Clive and Theo Shelley as new members of our branch and look forward to seeing them again at future functions, together with 7423 Rod Morton and his wife Shirley. Rod has recently retired and sold his security business in Wales. They were house-hunting, with a view to moving to Devon. We hope they were successful and that we can look forward to seeing them on a regular basis. It was great to see Rod and 6575 Brian Coveley catch up since serving together in Bulawayo.

The following is a list of the 42 members present: 5956 Dave Kennedy, and guest Cindy Winter, 202956 Hilda Olivier, 6479 Ted Ayers-Hunt, 8673 David Lemon, 5349 Peter and Ann Lane, 6509 Don Scarff, Assoc. Barry Lennox, 201279 Heather Milner, 7212 Tony and Judy Brown, 204556 Caroline Witts, 4779 Hugh Phillips, 7233 Clive and Theo Shelley, 5329 Paddy Morton, 9226

715 Jeannie HENSON
The Policeman's Wife

I wear no uniforms but I am in the Police because I am his wife.
I'm in the ranks that are rarely seen, I have no rank upon my shoulders.
Salutes I do not give. But the police world is the place where I live.
I'm not in the chain of command,
Orders I do not get.
But my husband is the one who does, this I cannot forget.
I'm not the one who makes the arrest, who puts my life on the line.
But my job is just as tough. I'm the one who's left behind.

My husband is a patriot, a brave and prideful man.
And the call to serve his community not all can understand.
Behind the thin blue line I see the things needed to keep this country free.
My husband makes the sacrifice, but so do our kids and me.
I love the man I married. Policing is his life.
But I stand among the silent ranks known as the Policeman's Wife.

Author unknown

3004 Neal Arden (left, with Julia) is now aged 102, and relatively still fit, although his memory is rather selective.
Some six years ago he published his detailed biography, A Man of Many Parts, which is available in e-book format at www.authorsonline.co.uk

(2853) Jean ILLINGWORTH - in loving memory of Col. H Jackson
Eastern Cape Branch Christmas Bring and Braai was held on Saturday 19 November at the Outspan MOTH Club, Kragga Kamma Road, Port Elizabeth. In attendance were (front) Rod Slater, Brian Burstein, Dave Cartwright, Herbie Du Plessis. (back) Peter Knowlden, Ed Holloway, Dave Whinney, Trevor Compton, James Fisher, Rob Clarke, Digby Pocock, Peter Watson and Jimmy Swinnerton.

Three Wise (?)
Monkeys at the Wheatsheaf, Swineshead, Lincs on Boxing Day 2011. Fred Punter, Carl Gribbon and Les Burrow. Whose pockets are long and has short arms?

Bruce says ‘Blue, I’m thinking of buying a Labrador.’ ‘Really,’ says Blue, ‘Have you seen how many of their owners go blind?’

Sometimes I laugh so hard the tears run down my leg.

(2853) Jean ILLINGWORTH - in loving memory of Col. H Jackson
The Scottish Gathering

The Scottish Group of the UK Branch of the BSAP Regimental Association extends a cordial invitation to all Association members and to former members of the British South Africa Police and Police Reserve, together with their wives or partners to attend to attend this event.

The Second Annual Scottish Gathering
From 11:00 to 17:00 on Saturday 26 May 2012
At 28 York Place, Edinburgh EH1 3EP
(formerly The Police Club, Edinburgh)

To book, contact the organiser: Steve Acornley, 6 Foxknow Place, Eliburn, Livingstone, West Lothian EH54 6TX Tel: 01506 466593
E-mail - sacornley@hotmail.co.uk

Additional information
28 York Place is opposite the Edinburgh bus station, very easy walking distance of the heart of the city and Waverley railway station. The venue has a limited number of reasonably priced hotel rooms. It is regretted that there is no wheelchair or stair lift access to the function room. Further information Tel: 0131 524 0110, E-mail: info@28yorkplace.com and Web www.28yorkplace.com
The Holiday Inn Express is very close by.

This is an informal, social get-together, with an address by the Chairman of the UK Branch. There will be a raffle, and any surplus from the day will accrue to the Welfare Fund of the UK Branch of the Regimental Association.

The charge for attendance and catering is £10 per head, in advance please, payable to S Acornley (based on costs for 2011 of £9.81). Tea and coffee will be available throughout, and light snacks available from 1pm. The bar will be open from noon.

The Dalai Lama, when asked what surprised him most about humanity, answered, ‘Man, because he sacrifices his health to make money. Then he sacrifices money to recuperate his health, and then he is so anxious about the future that he does not enjoy the present; the result being that he does not live in the present or the future; he lives as if he is never going to die, and then dies never having really lived.’

(6772) Mary LANGRAN - in loving memory of Tim Langran
History Section

Hugh Philips, author of Blue and Old Gold, has not been resting on his laurels in researching the history of the BSAP. He has been the prime mover in arranging a conference to be held in London to explore the details of the campaigns in East Africa during the First World War. The proposed date is 14 July at the National Archives, Kew. There is considerable interest in this subject; in fact there is a Great World War in East Africa Association (GWEAA). Several books have been written on the campaigns and it is anticipated that a number of authors and other authorities will attend the seminars. Our own interest stems from the BSAP participation as Murray’s Column. It is likely that a fee of £70 will be charged to attend the conference. The proceeds and any donor funding will be devoted to the completion of the second volume of the official History of the Great War in East Africa, and also to our Association and the GWEAA. Further details will be advised in due course but anyone interested in attending can contact Hugh at hughphillips@uwclub.net

Details of BSAP participation in the campaign can be found in two of the Books of the BSAP series, Murray’s Column by historian Tony Tanser and The BSAP, Military Operations Outside Southern Rhodesia During World Wars 1 and 2 by Cliff Rogers and Alan Stock, both available from Bertie Cubitt. It is hoped that the conference may produce further material and will ensure the participation of the BSAP is fully recorded in the Great War’s official history.

John Berry and Will Cornell are continuing with the Outpost DVD project. They are currently working on the 1950s using material kindly supplied by Dick Ray. Dick’s material only starts in June 1953 (when he attested) the issues for 1950,51,52 and January to May 1953 are only to be found in bound volumes in the National Army Museum which makes digitising them much more difficult and expensive. If anyone has any of the early 1950s Outposts and would be willing to loan them to John please contact me, details on back page.

Rob Clarke of Eastern Cape has donated a number of photographs to the History Section. They came from 6570 DI Brian Burnett, PR Roger Southgate who obtained them from his father, C/Supt R Southgate and includes two of CID Bulawayo, 1966 and 1970, a Mounted Escort for Opening Parliament, Officers of the BSAP 1960 and some unidentified old timers, probably including Jimmy Blatherwick. They are being scanned and should appear in due course in the Gallery on the Regimental Association web site www.bsap.org

If you have material you feel may be relevant to the history of the BSAP contact the Branch Historian, Cliff Rogers at cerogers@btinternet.com or myself. More information on BSAP history can be found on the website above and discussions take place on matters historical on the BSAP History Group: http://groups.yahoo.com/group/BSAPHistory

7391 Alan Toms

(6772) Mary LANGRAN - in loving memory of Tim Langran
NW Christmas Lunch

In about 1948 a man called Hatton opened a model and toy shop in Smithdown Road, Liverpool. He was not a thrusting businessman it was his hobby and he would talk for hours to his customers, when he died the business was taken over by his son and his daughter. They started advertising widely and the business boomed. Unfortunately, the son who was a keen sportsman, had a heart attack and died leaving his sister in charge of the business. It is now probably the largest retailer of model trains etc in the UK, the company advertises in 62 magazines and sells all over the UK and abroad. You can still go to this much larger shop, but you will not see many customers, just numerous staff handling telephone orders.

A similar situation arose at the Myerscough Pub which has been the venue for the North West UK members since 1999. Two young men ran the pub but left and it was taken over by a lady who had another pub not far away. She had an excellent reputation and demanded a quick turnover of customers. This didn’t suit us, so we moved a few miles to the Bay Horse, which was very good. The licensee did a runner and so we had to find somewhere else.

My chief scout, (6314) Val Marsden, suggested the Feildens Arms in the same area. I circulated their Christmas menu to members, took their orders and we were back in business. This pub is even nearer to Val’s home and I think she might be planning to get us there if anything goes wrong again!

Eighteen members sat down to lunch specially served for us in the conservatory which we had to ourselves, so plenty of room to move around and chat. We enjoyed a very nice meal (at a keen price) well served and everyone got what they asked for.

Having finished our meal the chef came out for a chat and told us that his sister was a BSAP WPO in the early 70s so hopefully she will be joining us at our next meeting - small world.

My policy since I took over the North West Region that all those who cannot make it for whatever reason are sent a Christmas card signed by everyone who

Guest, Jeanette McMeekin, 8307 Flash Firth, 203679 Paula Woolley, 7207 Arnold Woolley

(6772) Mary LANGRAN - in loving memory of Tim Langran

8199 Dave Doyle and Tessa Moran with guest Dave Doyle
attends the lunch. There were about 14 cards to be signed by 18 people on this occasion, which caused some confusion. However, judging by the feedback it is much appreciated by those who cannot make the lunch.

**Those attending**

4933 Rod Wilson and daughter Andrea, 203679 Paula Woolley, 7207 Arnold Woolley, 8199 Bugs and Tessa Moran, Dave Doyle, Guest, 8307 Flash Firth, Janette McMeekin and Jonice Wilson Smith, 4039 Ted and Muriel Chapman, 7084 Frank and Margaret Dearden, (6314) Val Marsden and guest Nora. (7022) Dorothy Walker and her Mum, both just back from a tour of the Far East!

There were apologies owing to other commitments and sickness, from Ken and Dot Stanford-Smith, Lance and Elizabeth Combrinck, Alan Whitehurst, Stu and Margaret Findlay, Mike Parr, and Barbara.

**Dates for 2012**

Sunday 11 March, Sunday 10 June, Sunday 9 September and Sunday 9 December all at 12 noon at Feildens Arms, Mellor Brook, Blackburn BB2 7PR Tel: 01254 814655

Rod Wilson 4933

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Advertise in *The UK Outpost*

Full page - £100 for three issues
Half page - £50 for three issues
Quarter page - £25 for three issues
Sponsor a page - £20 for three issues
Contact Bertie Cubitt - details on page 50

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I went to the cemetery yesterday to lay some flowers on a grave. As I was standing there I noticed four grave diggers walking about with a coffin, three hours later they're still walking about with it. I thought to myself, they've lost the plot.

(5479) Jan LEACH - in loving memory of Michael
The book "Soldier No More" is a haunting account of life in modern Zimbabwe. Tasked by the Sunday Express to write about the people of his troubled country, David Lemon spent time with farmers, their labourers, the homeless and many of the little people who have suffered under the Mugabe regime and whose plight is rarely recorded. Meeting up with many an adventure along the way, Lemon writes with a refreshing honesty that reflects his love for Zimbabwe and its people, as well as his impatience with Western politicians who could do so much more to help the citizens of a troubled little country.

When future generations research the history of Zimbabwe, they will read this book and marvel, not only at the brutality of the Mugabe regime, but also at the spirit that allows persecuted people to survive in the worst of circumstances.

"Soldier No More" can be ordered through your local bookshop (UK only) or through Amazon at £9.95 plus postage. If you require a personally inscribed copy, please send a cheque/PO for £12 (UK) or £15 (overseas) to Albida Books, France Lynch GL6 8LJ.

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With thanks to Jack Bacon

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(5479) Jan LEACH - in loving memory of Michael
From time to time 5317 Keith Brooks invites a few old friends for pre-lunch drinks at his London Club, Naval and Military, also known as The In & Out Club, which is then followed by a Chinese banquet in Soho. Such an occasion was on 6 December last year, nicely timed to coincide with the UK Branch Christmas sundowner at The Victory Services Club. The photograph taken at the Golden Dragon, Gerrard Street, Soho shows, back row from the left 4853 Fred Punter, 4955 Bob Morriston, Keith Brooks, 4857 Mike Wiltshire, 4882 Peter Dancer. The two at the front are civilian friends of Keith.

A Police stop at 2am
An elderly man was stopped by the police around 2am and asked where he was going at that time of night. The man replied, ‘I am on my way to a lecture about alcohol abuse and the effects it has on the human body, as well as smoking and staying out late.’
The officer asked, ‘Really? Who is giving that lecture at this time of night?’
The man replied, ‘My wife’.

A REDNECK LOVE POEM

SUSIE LEE DONE FELL IN LOVE,
SHE PLANNED TO MARRY JOE,
SHE WAS SO HAPPY ’BOUT IT ALL,
SHE TOLD HER PAPPY SO.

PAPPY TOLD HER, SUSIE GAL,
YOU’LL HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER.
I’D JUST AS SOON Yo’ MA DON’T KNOW,
BUT JOE IS Yo’ HALF BROTHER.

SO SUSIE PUT ASIDE HER JOE
AND PLANNED TO MARRY WILL,
BUT AFTER TELLING PAPPY THIS,
HE SAID, ‘THERE’S TROUBLE STILL!
YOU CAN’T MARRY WILL, MY GAL,
AND PLEASE DON’T TELL Yo’ MOTHER.
BUT WILL AND JOE, AND SEVERAL Mo’
I KNOW IS Yo’ HALF BROTHER.

BUT MAMA KNEW AND SAID, MY CHILD,
JUST DO WHAT MAKES Yo’ HAPPY.
MARRY WILL OR MARRY JOE;
YOU AIN’T NO KIN TO PAPPY.

(Kinda brings a tear to yer eye, don’t it!)
Unless otherwise stated, all photographs on the Photo Gallery are by Alan Lane.

(4942) Ivy MARRIOTT
BSAP 2012 Braai

This will be held at Lilleshall National Sports Centre, near Newport in Shropshire on Saturday 4 August 2012. Last year’s at this venue was an outstanding success. Rooms were comfortable and clean, the food was excellent and plentiful. This year thirty beds will be available for Friday 3 August and fifty beds for Saturday 4 August.

The site is set within beautiful wooded countryside in the Welsh Marches and 40 minutes drive from our memorial at Alrewas. The website is www.lilleshall.co.uk that gives information about the site and surrounding area.

The cost will be £25 per person for the braai. The menu is comprehensive, but we will not be able to braai our own boerewors, that will be done by the chef. Bed and breakfast per person per night is £40. Accommodation is in twin rooms. First come, first served. There are a number of inexpensive hotels in the near vicinity, for those who prefer, or are too late booking for Lilleshall.

Dinner will be available on Friday night in the restaurant at £11.50 per person. There is a good bar and we will have exclusive use of a large section of it. The bar prices are reasonable. There are lunchtime snacks available at the bar for those who do not want to use the restaurant, and I can confirm the quality and price of the snacks was excellent.

The braai will take the usual format with the Reunion Centre, adjacent to the bar, with its displays and memorabilia shop, being open from 10:30, and the fire being started around 18:30.

It is very important to note that I need to confirm numbers attending by Monday 2 May 2012.

It is therefore imperative that you book with me by that date if you intend coming to the braai, with a deposit of £20 per person. I will only be accepting payments for bed and breakfast, Friday night dinner, and the braai. Other meals/snacks/drinks will be to individual’s account.

There will be no refunds once the bookings are made.

The address is Lilleshall National Sports Centre, Near Newport, Shropshire TF10 9AT, but SatNav users should use the postcode TF10 9LQ. The nearest railway station is probably Telford, from where a taxi will be required.

If you wish to attend the braai, please complete the form on the next page and forward it to me with your deposit by 30 April 2012. Enquiries by e-mail to hjpj@hotmail.co.uk or phone 01832 732668.

Parry Jones
2012 Braai Booking Form  
Cut off or photocopy this page

Reg No. Name ____________________ , will attend the 2012 Braai. If you have guests please endorse their names at the bottom of this form.

(Delete as applicable)

I require twin/single accommodation for (no. of people) on Friday night and/or Saturday night (@ £40 each) = £________

I require the braai for (no. of people) @ £25 each = £________

State any special dietary requirement below.

I require dinner on Friday night for (no. of people) @ £11.50 each = £________

Total £________

I enclose my cheque (payable to BSAP Association) for £________ as a deposit and will pay the balance of £________ by 30 June 2012.

Should you need to contact me, my telephone number is ________ and e-mail is ________

Send your application, with the deposit to Parry Jones, 18 Roman Way, Thrapston, Northants NN14 4TE, by 30 April 2012.

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Special dietary requirements and guests’ names

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4180 Jeanne MAY - in loving memory of Rick
‘So Far & So Good’

‘A book crammed with humour & heartache, adventure & industry, combat & love.’

Born on the flat roof of a house in Omdurman, Sudan in 1931, Denis Petmezaki has battled the odds throughout his varied and inspiring life. From London during the Blitz, to the Rhodesian Bush War and the terrors of the Mugabe regime and finally on to Britain and Australia, he has overcome every obstacle.

Available by E-mail: nkosi22@bigpond.com or ring 61 89572 1621 (Western Australia) to order, or write to C. Petmezaki, 250 Alison Street, Mount Helena 6082 Western Australia.

So Far & So Good by Denis Charles Petmezaki

Will Yeoman Western Australia News: ‘His prose is elegant; his tone often humorous and self-deprecating, Petmezaki paints a fascinating portrait not just of a successful businessman, family man and member of the British South Africa Police Reserve but of life in pre- and post-independent Rhodesia.’

Review by Dr Douglas Sutherland – Bruce. Swan Magazine, July 2011 ‘So Far & So Good’.

In his delightfully ironic poem The Unknown Citizen WH Auden pens the lines: "When there was peace, he was for peace: when there was war, he went."

Denis writes in an easy conversational tone with amazing attention to detail over Denis’s adventures over 3 continents. I commend this book to your attention as a good autobiography, a good window into the recent past and most of all, a book that extols the virtues of the ordinary man, simply doing the best he could with the job in front of him.

Wendy O’Hanlon ‘Acres Australia’ March 2011: It’s like a hand-written letter from an old friend. Denis’ insights on life in Africa and Australia (as an immigrant) make compelling reading – like being a fly on the wall (complete with a glossary). This is an intelligent, insightful, emotional work worthy of a reader’s attention.

John Morrow – ‘Pick of the week’: I feel pleased for his future generations that he has written his story - it will serve as a legacy to them all that a world different from their own did exist.

Kate Burnside: This book of zest is fire in the belly stuff for anyone who has had to overcome obstacles in life. For those who need to turn disaster into some form of good or benefit, this man of courage will be a true inspiration.

(5983) Felicity McMANMON - in loving memory of husband John
Helicopter Recovery by the BSAP Sub-Aqua Section
18 to 21 June 1975

It was a late afternoon on the southern shore of Lake Kariba, when a RhAF Allouette G-Car helicopter was on a casevac (casualty evacuation) run from the Binga operational area to Kariba hospital with a local headman who suffered injuries sustained when he was blown up by a land mine near his home kraal. At the time he was sitting on his scotch-cart, drawn by two donkeys on one of the dirt roads in the Binga area, when one of the wheels detonated a land-mine. Both donkeys were killed. The injured headman was now on a stretcher in the back of the helicopter receiving medical attention from one of the Army medics. During the flight, and in the vicinity of Bumi Hills, the helicopter had a major engine malfunction. The drive shaft between the engine and gearbox, shattered losing engine transfer power to the rotor blades. The pilot immediately executed an auto rotation emergency landing procedure, preferring to land on the soft Kariba weed close to the lake shore, rather than land heavily on the ground which could have caused more injuries and additional damage to the helicopter.

The relatively heavy landing on the thick bed of Kariba weed, resulted in only minor damage to the rotor blades and tail boom section. After the impact the helicopter floated in the water for a few minutes allowing the pilot and crew, who were not injured, to attend to the injured headman and get him off the sinking aircraft. Rumours circulating a few days later among the aircrews were that the injured headman was the first to reach dry land, fractured leg and all, leaving the aircrew and medic to salvage what they could from the helicopter. The helicopter then sank in about 10 metres of water close to the shore.

The stranded aircrew and injured headman were rescued by a replacement helicopter close to last light the same day. It took a lot of persuasion to convince the now grey-complexioned headman to get into the second helicopter and complete his journey to Kariba hospital for treatment.

At the time I was stationed at Salisbury Park Police station in the Salisbury South District, when I received a phone call from Member i/c Sub-Aqua Section. Police General Headquarters had issued an urgent call-out and I was told to report to Cranborne Hostel for further instructions and immediate deployment with the section. I was told to take spare clothes as this call-out could last a few days.

On arrival at Cranborne I met up with the other members of the team - 8231 Tony Dawson and NSPO 790028 Alan Thomas. Alan was a highly qualified scuba diver, a member of BSAP A-Reserve and a very good friend of Tony. They were both renowned underwater hockey players.

At New Sarum, the three of us were bundled into a Cessna 210 fixed wing aircraft, piloted by one of the resident SAP pilots on attachment to RhAF at New Sarum. Because of the additional weight of our diving bags and air bottles the
RhAF allocated another light aircraft to follow a few minutes behind us with our kit. We landed at the JOC FAF Binga airport and given a very brief sitrep by the RhAF rep. as to what had occurred and requested to recover the helicopter from the waters of the lake as soon as possible. We were bundled into an awaiting helicopter piloted by Flt Lt Greg Todd and taken out to the scene of the accident for an assessment dive to ascertain in what condition the sunken helicopter was and what recommendations we could put forward to recovering it.

On arrival at the scene we found an Army Marine section from Bumi Hills waiting for us with one of the base patrol boats. All three of us kitted up in our wet suits and tanks and were taken out to where the helicopter had sunk. The boat was anchored in the middle of a small bay about a hundred metres from the shore, and we entered the water. The visibility was very good and we dived straight down onto the sunken helicopter. It was an uncanny sight, seeing it lying there in these unnatural conditions. The helicopter was lying in the mud, slightly on its starboard side. All three-rotor blades were slightly bent and damaged. The tail section was dented from being struck by the rotating blades bouncing off the water during the crash landing. The twin machine guns looked an eerie sight pointing upwards to the dim rays of surface light. In general, the whole helicopter appeared to be in surprisingly good condition.

We returned to the boat and were taken back to Binga by helicopter to report our findings to the RhAF JOC Team where we recommended floating it to the surface. Flt Lt Todd and his technician Hugh McCormick gave us the correct spanners and explained how to safely remove the rotor blades. We requested the Army Marine team to assist us in locating several empty 200 litre fuel drums. The drums were to have lifting lugs welded onto the top rims and to have the modified fuel drums together with a small portable air compressor at the recovery scene by early the next morning.

We were on the scene early the next day. The Army had supplied an additional boat to assist the recovery team. I think this boat brought out the empty 200 litre Avgas drums and a small tyre pump type compressor run off a portable generator. The first priority was to remove the rotor blades from the headgear and all other movable equipment, which included the twin machine guns, ammo boxes and aircraft documentation. With each of us working on a rotor blade, the damaged blades were soon removed from the water and the machine guns floated to the surface using two air filled Jerry cans as floats. We asked the Army Marine chaps to attach shackles and chains to the drums and take them out to where the helicopter was and half fill the drums with water and await our arrival. Once the three of us were back in the water, we filled all five drums with water and sank them to the lake floor, stacking them in the mud next to the helicopter. We secured two of the water filled drums to each side of the helicopter, but as we started to pump air into the drums the aircraft soon listed onto its side and nearly turned upside down because of the low centre of gravity of the secured drums.
A new plan was quickly hatched and the drums removed. The chains from four of the drums were then shackled to the lifting ring attachment on the helicopter’s rotor headgear. The air supply from the compressor was fed via a long flexible hose to water-filled drums now attached to the helicopter. One by one the 200 litre drums were filled with air. Each drum was capable of lifting in excess of 300kgs. As we filled the fourth drum with air the helicopter started to move off the mud, righting itself and slowly move up to the surface.

The only damage sustained to the aircraft at this time, was one of the drums broke one of the Perspex panels in the helicopter dome. The aircraft hung vertically suspended under the drums; nose wheel pointing at the surface, with the tail section still caught in the mud. It would go no further. We then attached the remaining water filled drums, to the tail rotor housing and filled them with air. This additional lift, allowed the helicopter to float slowly to the surface and hang in a flying attitude just under the surface suspended by the floating drums. We tied a rope from the boat to the helicopter’s nose wheel and slowly towed it out away from the bank into deeper water. Tony Dawson took up station at the nose wheel, Alan Thomas swam next to the port wheel and I swam next to the starboard one. Our task at this time was keep the helicopter away from the submerged trees and prevent any further damage to the aircraft. About three hundred and fifty metres from the little bay where we had recovered the helicopter we found a gentle sloping mud bank up to the shore, where we thought we could drag the helicopter out of the water.

While we were busy with the recovery of the helicopter, the Army and RhAF had been busy with a commandeered Internal Affairs bulldozer, constructing a bush road to our isolated location in order to bring in trucks to retrieve the helicopter and take it out of the area by road. When the wheels of the floating aircraft touched the slope of the bank we removed the boat rope and attached a heavy-duty rope to the bulldozer and nose wheel and tried to pull the helicopter out. No such luck! The wheels dug into the mud and would not budge. We had to slacken off the pressure on the rope on the nose wheel before the bulldozer ripped it out of its mountings.

An O-Group was quickly formed where several constructive theories were put forward. We eventually established that the wheel brakes were still on and this was causing the aircraft to get stuck in the mud. Flt Lt Todd showed us on his helicopter how to release the brakes on the trapped aircraft. It was agreed to use the spare...
helicopter as a sky crane and lift and take up the weight of the stranded helicopter while the bulldozer on shore pulled on the nose wheel. Flt Lt Todd tried to make his aircraft as light as possible. He removed all weaponry and left enough fuel in the tank for about ten minutes endurance. He then took off in his helicopter and his engineer Hugh McCormick manoeuvred him through hand signals to a position right above the stranded helicopter. We attached a spare chain onto the stranded helicopter’s rotor headgear and shackled it to the lifting point on Flt Lt Todd’s aircraft. I have never seen such daring and precision-controlled flying! He slowly took up the weight of the helicopter and the bulldozer pulled gently on the nose wheel. The stranded helicopter slowly came loose from the mud and was dragged safely out of the water onto dry land. We quickly removed the chain from both aircraft and Flt Lt Todd landed his sky crane safely nearby. There were cheers from everyone all round. We had succeeded.

The Air Force technicians who had driven the recovery trucks to the scene quickly inspected the recovered helicopter. They reported back that there was only minor damage to the aircraft and they would have it flying again within a few weeks. They quickly removed the soaked jet engine from its mountings and placed it onto the back of a truck and then loaded the damaged helicopter frame onto the other truck. As it was getting late in the afternoon the recovery teams said they would stay overnight at the scene and would leave for Binga early the next morning.

The sub-aqua team loaded up into the ferry helicopter to return to Binga. On the way we were asking Flt Lt Todd what happens to a helicopter during an auto rotation condition. A smile appeared on his face as he exchanged glances with his engineer, Hugh McCormick. He said, ‘Hold on, and I will show you’. Before we knew what had happened, three unsuspecting stomachs hit the roof of the helicopter as the aircraft rapidly lost height. There were a few moments of controlled free fall. After dropping about 500 or 600 feet, Flt Lt Todd flared the aircraft, stopping the rapid decent. He levelled the aircraft gathering control again. There was an utter silence in the back of the aircraft and no more questions were asked on the way back to the Binga airstrip.

We stayed overnight in Binga and had a flight scheduled for early next morning to take us back to Salisbury. Just after take-off the pilot of the Cessna informed us that there had been a problem with the outbound air force helicopter recovery team and their trucks. He duly returned to the scene and circled around and over the area where we had recovered the helicopter. From our high vantage point we could
see that one of the RhAF recovery trucks was badly damaged. We also saw our recovered helicopter lying on the side of the road and the truck that had been carrying it, lying some distance away on its side in the bush. A large blackened crater could be seen on the road in the vehicle tracks. We found out later that a group of terrorists had let the Air Force recovery vehicles pass without incident on their way in to the crash site and then set the landmine in the road for when they came out.

An interesting point of note here is that the truck carrying the recovered helicopter frame was not the first to pass over the landmine. The bulldozer led the convoy out and went right over the mine. But because of its wide footprint (less weight per sq cm) it did not detonate the mine. Greg Todd firmly believes that other trucks missed the landmine, however the one carrying the helicopter was not so lucky. The guys on the ground reported that one of the technicians sustained a fairly serious leg injury but the only other injuries were cuts and bruises and a few sore eardrums. We circled the position a few more times relaying messages to the police station at Bumi Hills and then headed back to Salisbury and returned all kit we had with us to the sub-aqua stores to Cranborne. The remainder of our diving kit was returned to New Sarum a couple of days later.

I later found out from one of my friends at New Sarum that the damaged helicopter frame had been written off after the landmine incident. However the jet engine survived the journey back to New Sarum and was fitted to other helicopters and used as a spare for many months.

The injured headman recovered from his leg injury in Kariba hospital and on being discharged a few weeks later, refused all forms of offered military or police transport back to his home kraal in the Binga area. Choosing instead to accept a two day bus travel warrant to return home, crutches and all.

Postscript: My thanks to Greg Todd for updating me on the exact date of the recovery exercise and identifying himself as the pilot of the ferry helicopter. Eddie Norris (ORAFs) informs me that the driver of the truck that detonated the landmine that day was Trevor Booth.

7055 Alan Brent

The Family Dinner Party

All those with kids or grandchildren - can't you just see this happening? A friend hosted a dinner party for family from far and wide and everyone was encouraged to bring their children. Throughout the sit-down dinner a four-year-old girl stared at her uncle sitting across from her. The girl could hardly eat her food for staring. The uncle checked his tie, felt his face for food, patted his hair in place but nothing stopped her from staring at him. He tried his best to ignore her but finally it was too much for him. Eventually he asked her 'Why are you staring at me'?

Everyone at the table had noticed her behaviour and the table went quiet for her response. The girl said 'I just want to see how you drink like a fish'.

In memory of Mike Leach
**In the Shadow of the Tokolosh**
Written by the unknown soldier Conrad K

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

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

**Chris Cocks, Author of bestselling book 'Fireforce: One Man’s War in the Rhodesian Light Infantry' (2001)**** (5 stars)

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

**Amazon.com Review**

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**Diary Dates**

- VSC Social evening on first Tuesday of every month, starting 17:30
- NW Quarterly Gatherings - see page 21
- BSAP AGM - Saturday 12 May 2012 at the VSC, starting at 11:00 - buffet lunch
- SW Gathering - 19 May 2012, at Cromwell Arms, Fore St, Bovey Tracey, Devon. Queries to Dave Kennedy, Tel: 01726-851258 or plumville@btinternet.com
- Scottish Gathering - 26 May 2012 - see details on page 18
- Outpost 81 Deadline for copy to the editor - 1 June 2012
- BSAP Braai - Saturday 4 August 2012 - Lilleshall - see pages 25 & 26

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**‘Weapons of Mass Destruction’**

*The Zimbabwe Connection*

**Harry Naismith (7795)**

announces the publication of his book on Amazon, in paperback and e-book form.

Brian Callison, the internationally renowned author who penned bestsellers such as Flock of Ships, The Bone Collectors and many others, said:

‘This debut novel is a cracker written by someone who’s been there. Mr Naismith offers a fascinating insight into the gun-oil, reeking courage and fear, and sometimes-cynical self-contemptuous world of those who risk their lives as military ‘contractors’ in the most violent arenas of Africa.
From Zimbabwe to Iraq, to its violent denouement, Weapons of Mass Destruction will keep the eyes of every armchair mercenary firmly glued to the pages.’

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**In memory of Paddy Anderson**
New Members and Change of Address

5027 William John **Collier**,  
80 Vernon Ave, Rugby, Warwickshire  
CV22 5HP  
Tel: 01788 543598

5340 Barry **Cotton**,  
3 Kincardine House, Orchard Grove Rd, Kincardine on Forth  
FK10 4PP  
Tel: 01259 730557  
E-mail: annecarringtoncotton@yahoo.co.uk

7571 Norman Gerald **Gillot**,  
27 Park Close, Linton, Swadlincote, Derbyshire  
DE12 6QB  
Tel: 01283 762327  
E-mail: namrontollig@yahoo.co.uk

10066 Peter David **Hughes**,  
76 Shadwells Road, Lancing  
BN15 9EW  
Tel: 01903 767848 & 07872 029600  
E-mail: peter.hughes71@live.co.uk

W153 Gillian Lesley **Hughes** nee **Grigg**,  
116 Pittsfield, Cricklade, Wiltshire  
SN6 6AN  
Tel: 01793 750084 & 07766 135148  
Tel Work:01793 790003  
E-mail: littlecat1@btinternet.com

W189 Carol **Paxton**,  
15 Burns Crescent, Tonbridge, Kent  
TN9 2PT  
Tel: 07562 054165

**Change of address**

(14993) Mrs Doreen **Hodges**,  
Flat 15, Heather House, Hayley Road, Lancing, West Sussex  
BN15 9ET

6674 Michael (Jess) **Allen**,  
8 Hunt Drive, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire  
LE13 1PB  
E-mail: m.allen@sramsa.com

Please let the HonSec. or Asst HonSec. know of any change of address, (additional) phone number, or change of e-mail address. They are not prescient (even if they might appear to be so) and failure to keep your details up-to-date may result in you not receiving important communications, and, if caught out, parading behind the guard.

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There comes a time when a man just has to trust his wife.  
A husband came home late at night from being out of town and quietly opened the door to their bedroom. From under the blanket he saw four legs. He reached for a cricket bat and started hitting the blanket as hard as he could. Once he'd done, he went to the kitchen for a drink. As he entered, he saw his wife reading a magazine. ‘Hi darling’, she said, ‘Your parents have come to visit us, so I let them use our bedroom. Did you say ‘Hello’?

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In memory of Henry Wolhuter
**Father of the year**

A man boarded a plane with six kids. (gutsy guy!) After they settled in their seats, a woman sitting across the aisle from him leaned over and asked, ‘Are all of those kids yours?’

‘He replied, ‘No. I work for a condom company. These are customer complaints.’

I wish I could think that fast.

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**Sign outside a cafe**

We love kids, but please keep yours at your table. Unattended kids will be given a shot of espresso and a free puppy. Thanks.

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**Notice**

For the attention of all teenagers

Are you tired of being harassed and bothered by your parents?

Move out. Get a job and pay your bills. Act now while you still know everything.

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This is the story of a young woman, flying over the Sahara Desert in a two-seater airplane. Just her and the pilot. The pilot had a heart attack and died.

The woman frantically called a May Day. ‘May Day! May Day! Help me! Help me! My pilot had a heart attack and is dead. And I don’t know how to fly. Help me! Please help me!’

She heard a voice over the radio saying, ‘This is the Gatwick control tower. I have received your message and I will talk you through and land you safely. I’ve had a lot of experience dealing with this kind of situation. Now then, just relax. Everything will be fine! First give me your height and position.’

She said, ‘I’m 5’4” and I’m in the front seat.’

‘OK’, said a dubious voice from the control tower, then after a pause continued, ‘Now listen carefully, and repeat after me: Our Father, Who art in Heaven... ’

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In memory of Allen Ferguson
Your Letters

Members are invited to correspond with the Editor, who declares the right to edit, shorten or decline to acknowledge or print any letters received. Letters appearing to be advertisements (except for BSAP reunions or functions) will be ignored. Advertisements should be sent to the Asst HonSec. with the appropriate fee.

The writers of all letters must be identifiable, although their details will not be published if that is the writer’s wish, but, please use a suitable nom-de-plume.

Parry, Thought you might like to give some publicity to the following. Martin Howell tells me, that since January 2008 house owners and private tenants aged 70 and above are entitled to 100% free insulation grants for loft insulation and cavity wall insulation, if they currently have none installed, or for an upgrade to their loft insulation if it needs boosting to the new optimum of 10 inches. This was a government initiative to help older people save money on their heating bills and keep warmer as well.

If you Google 'Free insulation grants for over 70s you get a list of insulation companies which are approved and registered to act as agents for the government. I chose www.exenergy.co.uk (tel 01495-307800) and completed a basic questionnaire on their website.

Not too long after, they phoned me and arranged for a surveyor to call to assess my requirements.

He produced a work specification /customer agreement, which I signed and a few days later I was phoned to arrange a work date. Two very pleasant technicians arrived early morning and the work was completed quickly and efficiently, with no mess. For free!

From start to finish the process took less than two weeks.

Best wishes - 5279 Gerry Moores

Parry, In the last Outpost there is an article on the Northern Ireland visit by Fred et al and mention of the song, It’s a Long Way to Tipperary. I don’t know if you are interested in useless information but thought I would add to your education. Early in the 1900s there was in Stalybridge, Cheshire the Hippodrome Theatre and appearing in the current show was an entertainer called Jack Judge. Jack liked a pint and after the show was in a local pub close to the theatre.

After a few, he got chatting with the locals, one of whom bet him he couldn’t write a song and sing it at the next night’s performance. A wager of five shillings concluded the bet. The result was It’s a Long Way to Tipperary written and sung in less than 24 hours. I can still remember, as a child, seeing the plaque commemorating this event on the wall of the pub in Stalybridge where I was born.

5483 Dave Blacker

In memory of Mike Lindley
As the first terrified shrieks of, 'Madzviti! Madzviti! rent the air and the screams of the dying began, Makonese straightened from his hoeing, threw down his badza and fled for his life. Desperately, he dodged around and between the thick stems of the drying, near-ripe maize plants that towered over him. He felt nothing as the razor sharp edges of the leaves cut into him. No pain either as his bare feet met the sharpness of stones in the tilled soil. Urgently, he sought the pathway along which he had walked so eagerly and cheerfully, with relatives and friends, at dawn. Suddenly, his thrusting arms found nothing to push against. He tumbled headlong onto the hard-packed earth of the footpath, rolled across it and ended up in a sprawled heap against the roots of the maize plants in the next field.

Before the dust raised by his fall had time to settle, Makonese scrambled to his feet. He was just in time to see his aunt, Kuruswa, thrust her own way onto the pathway a score of yards away. He saw the terror on her face as she turned to run towards him. On seeing him she shrieked ‘Famba! Fambai!’ She opened her mouth to yell some more, but no words came out. Just a gout of bright red blood as a spear struck her high between the shoulder-blades. For a moment she clutched feebly at the tip of the bloodied spear protruding from her chest. Then she toppled forward onto her face, her legs still scrabbling pitifully at the soil as if she were still trying to escape from the awful fate that had overtaken her.

Makonese was already halfway towards his fallen aunt when the Matabele warrior who had thrown the spear appeared. Above the stout shield on the warrior’s left arm Makonese could see the white ostrich feathers of his headdress. There were more of the feathers at his elbows and knees. Half crouched and wary, he moved towards his fallen victim, stabbing spear at the ready in his right hand.

Half child, half teenager, Makonese’s mind screamed at him of the folly of his action in moving to help his aunt instead of heeding her frantic urging for him to flee. Wide-eyed, mesmerised by terror, he watched as the tall ebony figure paused beside his fallen aunt. The warrior nudged Kuruswa with a foot. On seeing faint signs of life, he exchanged the stabbing spear for the knobkerrie he was holding in his left hand. One savage blow stilled the pitiful wriggling. The warrior returned the war club to his left hand, placed his right foot in the middle of Kuruswa’s back, pulled hard and retrieved his throwing spear.

Briefly, he stood over his victim, bloodied spear in hand. Then he looked up and saw Makonese. Makonese saw him frown, then look up and down the pathway, before the frown was replaced by a confident smile as he realised that he and the boy before him were alone, although all around them were the sounds of slaughter as the Matabele impi fell mercilessly upon the unarmed people in the fields nearby. Makonese’s eyes never left the warrior’s face, although he could hear the crashing noises in the nearly ripe maize fields as pursued and pursuers ran through them. Shrieks of terror and joyous cries of victory as hungry blades drank in their bloody feast and victims fell. Here and there a dismal plea for mercy; swiftly silenced.

In memory of Ted Fee
Makonese saw the raider in front of him drop into the traditional stance of a fighting man approaching a kill. Slowly, confident and taunting, the warrior crouched, shield up, the tips of knobkerrie and stabbing spear showing above his shield, throwing spear gripped firmly in his drawn back right hand, as he inched, unhurriedly, towards his intended victim. Ten feet from Makonese the warrior halted, his shield still in position as if to defend himself from a grown, fully armed and dangerous adversary. Once, twice, three times, the warrior mock-hurled his spear, causing his headdress to dance and sway to his movements.

Makonese recognised that he was about to die. He could not outrun usibu, the throwing spear, nor fight bare-handed against knobkerrie and stabbing spear. He drew one long deep breath, consigned his spirit to Mwari, the great creator, bowed his head and awaited his fate.

He heard a dull thud and a grunt. He looked up in time to see his enemy’s body crumpling earthwards and the tall white feathered headdress topple forwards, its securing band cut cleanly through by the Badza blade embedded deep in the back of the man’s skull. ‘Mutizwa?’ Makonese questioned, sensing a vague familiarity about the bloodstained hoe-wielder as the man sank to his knees beside the warrior he had just killed. Mutizwa’s head bobbed wearily up and down twice. He propped himself up with his left hand and gestured feebly with his right, towards the home hills a mile or more away. The gesture brought fresh blood welling from a dreadful wound in his right side. ‘Go child!’ he commanded weakly but clearly, ‘Live some life for me. I have no more!’

Makonese let out the breath that he had expected to be his last, drew in another, turned and sprinted away. He had no time to think now of those family members and relatives who had accompanied him to the fields a few hours before. No time now for anything but to reach the security of the granite hills that held the safe retreats for his clan and others of the Chibi tribe.

In a short while he was clear of the tall plants of the maize fields and running between patches of sweet potatoes and groundnuts; all of them low growing plants that allowed him to see about him. To his left and right there were others running, but only a few. Some running fast, others more slowly, each as fast as they could, driven by fear of the sharp blades and merciless war clubs of the Madzviti following close upon their heels. Belatedly, forlornly, there came to Makonese’s ears the deep toned warning call of the kudu horn finally being blown by the lookout stationed in the huge baobab tree a quarter mile ahead, where the cultivated lands gave way to the short-cropped grass of the grazing grounds. Nearer to the twin hills, Nyaningwe and Nyaningwe Nema, he could see the cattle being hastily driven towards their bases, where cattle kraals existed close-in among the granite rocks and the stone ramparts that the Chibi people retreated into at times such as these.

High on Nyaningwe Hill, beside Kubemberera, the dancing place, a plume of smoke began to rise and thicken, clear warning to all for miles around of this latest Matabele raid. Seeing it, Makonese glanced eastward, to the far hills of Mberengwe. No warning column of smoke showed there. He twisted his head to look to the

In memory of Rickie May
north, to the hills of Mashava, beyond the Tokwe River. He saw no smoke there either. Had either of those two neighbouring tribes paid tribute to the raiders, instead of fighting to defend their possessions and people? Had either let the raiders pass, silently and secretly?

The answer was beyond his knowledge, but the movements of his head saved his life as the corner of his vision picked out the flash of a throwing spear, as it winged its way towards him. Frantically, Makonese veered leftwards. It was barely enough. The sharp blade hissed lightly past his right shoulder, leaving only a scratch at the top of his arm, before it thudded into the earth of the grazing land ahead of him.

Makonese fled faster! He sensed, as much as saw, the warrior behind him pause long enough to retrieve his spear. That cost his pursuer precious seconds and allowed Makonese to widen the gap between them. Loincloth flapping, arms pumping and lungs bursting, Makonese raced along a well-used pathway towards safety. The pathway curved leftwards to avoid a clump of acacia thorn trees. Makonese followed it, seeking maximum speed on the well-trodden and familiar route. His pursuer took the more direct line, brushing through the tree branches, trying to gain ground and shorten the distance for another throw.

Makonese countered by swerving to his right and changing direction, from Nyaningwe towards Nyaningwe Nema, not his home hill that he knew so well, but just a little closer and as well-fortified, although by families other than his own. Glancing back, he realised that his change of direction had not gained him much distance. His pursuer was fast and gaining ground with every stride. In his determination to run down his victim the Matabele warrior discarded his shield, knobkerrie and throwing spear so that he could move faster, knowing that he had to bring down Makonese very soon, or lose him to the safety of the home hills and the weapons of the defenders.

Into the broad glade before Nyaningwe Nema raced the two figures. Makonese heard the urging of those already safe upon the hill, behind the stone ramparts, where loose rocks, arrows and spears waited to deter any attempt at intrusion. Desperately Makonese's eyes searched for a quick and easy way into the jumbled boulders and up to where the fortifications began. He needed an easy access into which he could sprint without slowing; somewhere where he could arrive rapidly under cover of the weapons wielded by the many Chibi tribesmen up above him.

Failing to find any obvious easy way in, all that he could do was to run on and wish that this was Nyaningwe Hill itself, the one that he knew so well. He knew every rock, tree and pathway of that. He sensed all the while that his pursuer was closing, closing. As he ran, the words, ‘Live some for me!’ echoed in his mind. Would he too, soon, ‘Have no more?’

To be continued

7207 Arnold Wooley

In memory of Mike Plant
Can you identify four joining members of the BSAP?
The young lady, Moira, was not joining.

Jesus Knows You’re Here

A burglar broke into a house one night. He shone his flashlight around, looking for valuables, a voice in the dark said, ‘Jesus knows you're here’. He jumped, clicked his flashlight off, and froze. When he heard nothing more, after a bit he shook his head and continued. Just as he pulled the stereo out, to disconnect the wires, clear as a bell he heard, ‘Jesus is watching you.’

Freaked out, he shone his light around, frantically looking for the source of the voice. Finally, in the corner of the room, his flashlight beam came to rest on a parrot. ‘Did you say that?’ he hissed at the parrot. ‘Yep’, the parrot confessed, then squawked, ‘I'm just trying to warn you that he is watching you.’
The burglar relaxed. ‘Warn me, huh? Who in the world are you?’ ‘Moses,’ replied the bird. ‘Moses?’ the burglar laughed. ‘What kind of people would name a parrot Moses?’
The bird replied, ‘The kind of people that would name a Rottweiler Jesus.’
This story is true in every respect as far as I can recollect after the passage of time, but I have changed some names.

Mr Sparg had been committed to Ingutsheni Mental Hospital in Bulawayo in about 1967, after showing aggressive and violent tendencies. Although these exceeded merely pulling the wings off flies he hadn’t equalled the levels of the Spanish Inquisition or Jack the Ripper – not yet anyway. In 1969 both the Government psychiatrist and the Government psychologist did their annual assessment and consulted his behavioural patterns as observed by hospital staff, their decision was that he was fit to be released and so he was. He went to his married sister, Mrs Smith, who together with her husband and children lived in Bellvue, Bulawayo.

On the first night when the family retired to bed Mrs Smith told her husband she did not think her brother was right and she was going to lock their bedroom door. Mr Smith told her not to be silly and that he did not want the door locked in case he needed the toilet during the night so she secretly locked the children’s bedroom doors but not theirs. She woke up around 01:00 to find Sparg had armed himself with a large kitchen knife and was busy stabbing her husband to death in the bed next to her, she tried to stop him and received serious cuts to her arms and hands before she ran from the house screaming for help. Mr and Mrs Jones, who lived in the house opposite were roused and came across the road to see what the commotion was. Sparg met them in the drive and stabbed them both to death, their screams together with those of Mrs Smith woke the next door neighbours, Mr and Mrs Thomas, who rose and left their house together to investigate. Sparg met them in their driveway and stabbed them both to death.

In the grounds of the Thomas house was a cottage leased by a young, recently married couple, the Wilsons. They too had been aroused by the commotion and Mr Wilson opened the door to go out and investigate, but he was pushed back inside and to the floor by Sparg who stabbed him to death whilst sitting astride him. The young wife picked up a chair and smashed it on Sparg’s head which stunned him and he rolled off the body and sat next to it – he was still in that position when the police arrived. Six people had been savagely stabbed to death in a period of less than an hour.

The next day we were instructed to bring Sparg from the cells to Homicide Section. I armed myself with a sawn-off snooker cue and entered the cell where he was still handcuffed and leg ironed. He was over six feet tall and built like the proverbial brick shit-house, so prior to removing the leg irons I waved the sawn-off snooker cue in front of him and told him that if he made one wrong move I would break it across his face. From then on he never looked at anything else

In memory of Dave Sloman
except the cue. He didn’t take his eyes off it for one second, and said nothing. Trying to warn and caution him was pointless and he was returned to the cells. He was subsequently found to be unfit to stand trial.

The last I saw of him was in a padded cell at Khami Maximum Security Prison. He had torn all his clothes off and was entertaining himself by throwing his faeces against the walls. God only knows what subsequently happened to him.

I had, prior to this incident, always been sceptical of the capability of any person to accurately read or predict the thoughts and mind of another but this was the clincher. Here we had two perceived experts reaching a conclusion which resulted in six deaths within 24 hours of their making it, no wonder that most detectives take all reports which are made by psychiatrists and psychologists with a pinch of salt, unfortunately the courts do not.

But then, we all know the law is an ass, and thems as make or interpret those laws, are bigger ...

In 1980, when I was Oi/c Homicide and Rhodesia was changing to Zimbabwe, I had to get Sparg to the High Court for trial. He was again found unfit to plead but was ordered to be held indefinitely at Ingutsheni Mental Hospital, where I presume he continued entertaining himself with his faeces. - Ed.

**An Unimpeachable Witness**

In September 1966, Luigi Pasavi, an Italian tourist to Salisbury, spent a pleasant evening in La Boheme night club in Union Avenue (now Nkwame Nkrumah Avenue), near Kingsway, and no doubt a familiar watering-hole for many a former member of that era. On leaving the nightclub, in the early hours of the morning, he was accosted by Grace Jackson, a well-known coloured prostitute with many arrests on her record. Grace was wearing her usual full black wig over her short crinkly Negroid hair, and on this morning a figure-hugging blood-red woollen cat-suit. In her attempt to entice Luigi, who was aged in his mid thirties, to hire her usual services, Grace put her arms around Luigi’s shoulders and rubbed her body close against his, and when it was obvious that Luigi wasn’t interested, lifted his wallet from out of his jacket pocket.

Luigi went alone to his hotel, where he discovered that his wallet was missing. He immediately reported the matter, and a CR was opened. Luigi was very precise in describing the exact amounts of Italian, American and Rhodesian currency he had in his wallet, in total valued at £229, as it was in those pre-decimal days. That would have been about three month’s pay for a DPO. The wallet, minus cash, was found in Union Avenue the next morning.

I received the case when I came on duty at 08:00, and, based on the description given, fairly quickly identified Grace Jackson and her sister Gladys, who looked somewhat similar, and was also a prostitute. I soon arrested them both. Grace was in possession of £127, telling me it was her earnings over the
past two nights. Although an experienced whore, Grace could never have earned that amount in two evenings. Her usual rate was £2 to £5 a time, depending on what service was required, and if she’d earned it ‘honestly’, would have been on her knees with exhaustion. A search of the Jackson’s flat revealed a blood-red woollen cat-suit, which was, of course, seized.

Meanwhile I had circulated all the banks, hotels and travel agents with details of the stolen money, and Thomas Cook in First Street, reported having cashed exactly the given amounts that morning. The description given by the teller, Michael Clark, was, unsurprisingly, that of one of the Jackson sisters.

I recorded a cautioned statement from Grace, in which she stated she had won the money on the tote at the Borrowdale races, and named the winning horses. She was also persuaded to identify the actual amounts she won on each horse. I also took a statement from Gladys where she stated Grace had been wearing the red cat-suit on the previous evening, and had been in possession of over £200 when she returned home that morning. I quickly converted this statement into an affidavit, which was sworn before DCI Roger Sandall.

Gladys denied wearing the red cat-suit or having any large sums of money and only a couple of pounds were found in her possession.

On the next morning an identification parade was held by DCI Roger Sandall, but with both Grace and Gladys declining to wear their wigs, neither Luigi nor Clark identified either woman as the pickpocket. Luigi did however identify the cat suit as being that worn by the pickpocket.

Luigi was departing that afternoon by plane for Beira, but agreed to return for any court case. He also let me have the jacket he had been wearing at the time of the theft. I took the cat suit and Luigi’s jacket (separately packed in sealed plastic bags) to the forensic science laboratory, together with the recovered currency, and wallet, for examination. Both Jacksons were remanded in custody, which probably briefly reduced the incidence of VD in Salisbury.

A later report from the forensic science laboratory confirmed a transference of fibres from the cat-suit onto Luigi’s jacket and that the texture and content of woollen (and other material) fibres made the transfer unique. In other words, no other source would be found for the fibres on Luigi’s jacket.

I was able to record a statement from the manager of the Tote, who stated that the horses named had not won at the prices quoted by Grace, and that the money allegedly won could not have matched the amounts quoted by Grace.

Further enquiries identified three other people who were able to identify Grace Jackson as having worn a red cat-suit on the night of the theft.

On the 10 October 1966 I sent Luigi a letter in Beira, advising him of the court date and requesting he attend.

On the 17 October 1966 the case was due to open at Salisbury Magistrate’s Court, but there was no Luigi. I scrambled around with various checks at the airways and railways, but there was no sign of Luigi travelling.

8515 Martin POWIS
I then received a message from Information Room that Luigi had received the letter that afternoon, and would be flying to Salisbury three days later. Grace was further remanded.

When the case was reopened it went very well; all the prosecution evidence was adduced. A conviction seemed almost a formality. The case was remanded for the defence by well known and devious Joe Pitluk – a lawyer you went to if you had committed a crime and had little hope of getting off. I’m not saying Joe was bent, but I have seen straighter hairpins, and he was much later debarred for a year or two.

Grace, as was to be expected, declined to give evidence, but made an unsworn statement declaring she had no knowledge of the theft and that a friend had borrowed her red cat-suit on that night and later returned it. The friend, also a well-known prostitute, but who did not look anything like Grace, gave evidence, which the prosecutor could not break, that she had borrowed the cat-suit, but had not been anywhere near La Boheme on that night. It was obvious that the magistrate was not placing too much reliance upon this piece of evidence. Although adamant in her testimony, she was obviously lying.

At about 11:30 Joe Pitluk requested an adjournment so he could call his final witness for the defence at 14:15. This request was granted.

At 14:15 a district Patrol Officer gave evidence that on the night of the theft, he had been in bed with Grace Jackson for the whole night! The magistrate’s eyes widened considerably at this evidence, as he looked at both the prosecutor and me, and he had no option but to accept the evidence of this unimpeachable witness and find Grace Jackson not guilty. Joe Pitluk smiled. The magistrate also directed that a full transcript of the PO’s evidence be immediately prepared and directed to the Officer Commanding, Province.

On the following day the PO was immediately discharged, By Order. I don’t think he even went back to his station to collect his property.

I would have loved to know what Grace had on the PO to induce him to give that evidence, knowing he’d be immediately discharged and, even worse, ostracised by his colleagues. I wasn’t too pleased with him either.

6609 Parry Jones

I/D Parade
This photo (left) was taken at The Last Parade, National Memorial Arboretum in July 2010. He has not been identified, so if you are the member in the photo or you can identify him, please notify Alan Lane on lanepanda@aol.com, or Parry Jones.

(4414) Moira STENNER - in loving memory of husband Raymond
Obituaries

It is with regret that we report the following deaths.
The Chairman and committee, on behalf of all members, extend their sympathy to family and friends of those who have departed.

4491 Ralph Irwin died on 13 September 2011 in the John Radcliffe Hospital, Oxford, England of pneumonia and other complications. Ralph, who was a member of the UK Branch of the Association, served from 8 November 1949 to 19 August 1964 leaving on gratuity with the rank of Inspector.


6271 Harvey Francis Otto Wilhelm died on 10 October 2011 in Cape Town, South Africa from cancer. Harvey served from 20 January 1961 to 31 July 1980 when he transferred to the Zimbabwe Republic Police where he served until 11 June 1982 leaving that Force with the rank of Chief Inspector.

Lily Buchanan. We are sad to announce the death of Lily, widow of 4245 Bill Buchanan on 21 October 2011 in Stevenage, England. She passed away peacefully after a short battle with cancer.

4988 William John Maxwell ‘Bill or Jock’ Crossan PMM died on 28 October 2011 in Johannesburg, South Africa following a long illness. Bill, a member of the Transvaal Branch of the Association served from 5 October 1952 to 1 December 1972 retiring with the rank of Detective Chief Inspector.

General John Hickman died on 28 October 2011 in Harare, Zimbabwe. John will be remembered as the ex Commander of the Rhodesia Army, the son of 2622 Arthur Selwyn Hickman former, BSA Police Commissioner and the brother of the late 7076 Inspector Jeremy Alexander Varcoe Hickman.

4328 Aubrey Peter ‘Karl’ Maskell PMM died on 28 October 2011 in Harare, Zimbabwe. He had been feeling unwell and went to see his doctor where he collapsed and died in the doctor’s rooms. Karl served from 16 November 1948 to 31 July 1980 when he transferred to the Zimbabwe Republic Police where he served until 27 June 1983 retiring from that Force with the rank of Chief Superintendent.
8007 John Tilley died on 4 November 2011 in East London, South Africa. John, who was at one time a member of the Transvaal Branch of the Association, served from 11 June 1968 to 23 June 1973 leaving at his own request with the rank of Section Officer.

4380 Patrick James ‘Pat’ McCulloch PCD, PMM died on 16 November 2011 in Howick, Kwa Zulu, Natal, South Africa. Pat served from 1 February 1949 to 31 July 1980 when he transferred to the Zimbabwe Republic Police where he served until 1 May 1982 retiring from that Force with the rank of Senior Assistant Commissioner. Pat served his career in the Uniformed Branch, much of it in Matabeleland and the Midlands. He served as Officer Commanding Mash Ops and later, from 1977, as Officer Commanding Midlands Province before transferring to PGHQ where he took up the position of Chief Staff Officer (Training). Pat emigrated to South Africa and joined the Natal Parks Board where he pursued a successful career before retiring as Deputy Director Auxiliary Services.

5494 Sinclair Henry Mackay ‘Seamus’ Sutherland died on 20 November 2011 at his home in Edinburgh, Scotland following a massive heart attack. Seamus served from 24 June 1956 to 20 June 1964 leaving with the rank of Sergeant.

4064 Alan Charles Norman ‘Steve’ Stephens PMM died on 25 November 2011 in Frankston, Victoria, Australia. Steve joined the Force on 11 June 1946 and served his career in the Uniform Branch mostly in a training capacity. Before joining the force, Steve served in the Royal Navy as a signalman, largely in the Mediterranean. He took part in the Battle for Crete, sailed with the Malta convoys and served in the invasion force of Sicily and Italy. Steve was later seconded to the Royal Indian Navy and took part in the Arakan and Rangoon landings. His police service took him firstly to Umtali, but following his participation in the 1947 Royal Escort, Steve remained in depot as a re-mount rider and instructor. By 1951 he was the chief equitation instructor, but following a riding accident, he was posted to Tomlinson Depot. There, he was respectfully known as Chapungu, the Shona name for the Bateleur Eagle - hawk-eyed and swift to pounce on recruits. Steve was commissioned in 1970 and became Deputy Commandant Depot in 1980. During his service Steve was involved in much of the work of the BSA Police display teams and as an ardent horseman (famed with RH 457 Kentucky) he was honoured as a Life Vice President of the Horse Society of Zimbabwe. Steve retired from the force on 30 September 1980 with the rank of Chief Superintendent. He emigrated to South Africa, where he was a member of the Transvaal Branch of the Association, and later to Australia.
7874 Ronald Peter ‘Ron’ Atkins died on 23 November 2011 in Cape Town, South Africa. Ron served between 9 January 1968 and 8 January 1971 leaving in the rank of Patrol Officer.

Kathleen Howard. It is with sadness we announce the death of Kathleen, widow of 3923 William Percival ‘Bill’ Howard on 27 November 2011 at the Dorothy Duncan Centre, Harare, Zimbabwe.

Lyn James. It is with sadness we announce the death of Lyn, wife of 6606 David ‘Taffy’ James in the Concord Hospital, Sydney, Australia on 9 December 2011 having been admitted with advanced lung cancer a few days earlier. Lyn and Taffy had been married for 44 years.

WP 517 Alexandra ‘Alex’ Joy Earwood. It is with sadness and shock that we announce the death of Alex on 20 December 2011 when she was brutally murdered in her home in the suburb of Blairgowrie, Johannesburg, South Africa. Alex served from 12 February 1979 to 31 July 1980 when she transferred to the Zimbabwe Republic Police where she served until 21 January 1983 leaving that Force at her own request with the rank of Woman Patrol Officer.

3385 Lionel Ludvig ‘Lummy’ Lumholst-Smith (aka Lumholtz) died at his home in Cockermouth, Cumbria, U.K. on 16 January 2012, 64 days short of his one hundredth birthday.

Having arrived in South Africa in 1930 to learn farming with friends of his family from Norway, Lummy decided that farming was not for him. He was in Joburg in 1933 looking for work when he met another young man who was off to join the BSAP so he also applied and was accepted.

After walking from Messina to Beit Bridge he travelled on an RMS lorry to Salisbury via Fort Victoria and attested as a Mounted Trooper on 17 May 1934 at a salary of £12/10/0 ($25.00) per month. He attested as Lumholst-Smith but dropped the 'Smith' on the divorce of his parents.

In those days recruit course lasted eight months following which he was posted to Gwelo and then Belingwe. Whilst there he was sent on a CID course at Bulawayo which shaped the rest of his career.

On return from long leave in 1937 he was posted to CID Bulawayo and then in 1939 he, with another member, started the postal censorship office in Bulawayo. They were later joined by two ladies of uncertain age who were university linguists touring Rhodesia when the war started, and stayed for three years.

His next posting to Umtali in charge of Immigration, working six days a week starting at 05:30. When he returned from long leave in 1947, he was posted to CID Salisbury, where he remained until he left the Force in 1956 with the rank of Detective Chief Inspector.

4960 Gerry GIBSON
On his retirement Lummy joined the Grain Marketing Board until 1974 and then returned to Norway to join the family electronic engineering firm as their representative working out of UK. He eventually retired to live in Cockermouth. Lummy wrote a book, A Slice of Life, which covers the period 1934 to 1948 and mentions many names of people who were just starting out on their careers. The church was full for the funeral with family and friends from all over the world saying goodbye to Lummy. 7084 Frank Dearden represented the Association.

9455 Alexander George ‘Alex’ Millar died on 6 February 2012 in Canada. Alex served from 26 August 1975 to 2 June 1977 leaving as a Patrol Officer, serving most of his service in the Support Unit.


4716 Laurence Reginald ‘Larry’ King died on 16 February 2012 in Wrexham, Wales. Larry, who was a member of the UK Branch of the Association, served from 7 May 1951 to 6 August 1964 leaving on gratuity with the rank of Inspector. He rejoined the force in January 1976 and served a further six years.


4768 Robert Dawson ‘Bob’ Colquhoun died on 26 February 2012 at St George’s Hospital, Port Elizabeth, South Africa. Bob, who was a member of the Eastern Cape Branch of the Association, had been ill since December when he was diagnosed with cancer and was admitted to the Stella Londt Home, Sunridge Park, Port Elizabeth where he had been receiving treatment. However his health declined rapidly and after a fall was admitted to St George’s Hospital. Bob served from 13 August 1951 to 16 August 1971 retiring with the rank of Inspector.
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