

NKHWAZI



NORTHERN RHODESIA POLICE ASSOCIATION

NEWSLETTER No. 92 WINTER 2016



Lilayi Squad 9/57

Do you recognise these men? Answers on the back page.

EDITORIAL

It is not, I hope, too late to wish all members a Happy, Healthy and Prosperous 2016 (I am writing this over the New year). I am delighted that the idea first suggested by my predecessor that members submit stories of life beyond NR, has been so well supported as you will see in this edition. I was particularly delighted by Shiela MacLean's contribution and Nighean Darlaston's photos (what a smart uniform our girls had). Other historical contributions come from the memoirs of Doug Waters and Colin Jennings' piece on travelling to Nega Nega sidings. Tim Wright, as usual, has come up with another fascinating article from the archives which falls chronologically between the travel to Nega Nega and Doug's World War II memories

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It was good to see so many of you at New Scotland Yard. I was delighted to meet up with Vivien Coates and Mervyn Wallace with whose help, I hope, we can arrange a high tech distribution of Nkhwazi to South Africa. The usual postal method will be used this time but we will be experimenting in passing a full copy to Mervyn over the net for him to arrange publication and distribution. If it works this will become the method for future issues. .

Derek Hopwood sent in a disc containing a number of black and white photos of the 2015 May reunion at Moor Hall, half a dozen of which are published without captions alongside the NSY pictures in the centre pages.

Speaking of captions, whilst every effort was made to identify individuals at NSY I'm afraid there are one or two

that I was unable to remember and they also had their visitor identity cards obscured so whoever you are please do not take offence if I haven't named you or worse I've mistaken you for someone else.

VALETE

We are sad to report the deaths of the following old comrades:

Archie Moulds who died on 27 August 2015. at his home in New Zealand.

Maurice Corbett who died on 29th May 2015 in England.

John Wyeth who died in New South Wales, Australia.

James Peter Sutcliffe who died on 11 August 2015.

Joseph Anthony (Tony) Mullins, who died on 3 October 2015.

Norma Mitchell, the widow of Peter Mitchell, who died at Swakopmund, Namibia recently

Louise, wife of Roger Taper who has died in South Africa.

John W. P. Moss who died in the Royal Derby Hospital on 20th October 2015.

Charles Maurice 'Joe' Mercer who died 10 November 2015 when his car left the road and drove through railings into the river Kent in Cumbria.

James Leonard (Jim Bell) who died on 27 November 2015 of at the Plymouth Hospital .

Charles ('Chuck') Abrams who died on 5th December 2015 at Boston, Lincolnshire

James Samuel (Jim) Tuke who died on 25th December in Melbourne after a ten year battle with lung cancer. The funeral was held on Monday 4th January 2016.

Charles Backhouse who died on 19th January 2016 in Pietermaritzburg Hospital.

Terry McCourt who has died in South Africa - no further details available.

OBITUARIES

John Wyeth joined the Met in 1947 and the NRP in February 1951. He was promoted to S/Insp in 1962. He left after Independence for Australia where he was appointed ACPF Curator Bare Island, Botany Bay in 1969.

Joseph Antony Mullins MBE, QPM

Tony joined the Force as a cadet on 4th April 1962, made A/I and was stationed at Broken Hill until leaving to join the RHKP in 1964. He retired as ACP in 1997. We extend our condolences to his widow, Nadine, daughter, Kathryn, son, Michael, granddaughter Catelyn and sister Mary

Archie Moulds joined the NRP on 1st May 1957. He was then appointed Assistant bandmaster to George Hey. He married W/A/I Aileen Corbett. On retiring Aileen and Archie made their home just outside Katikati in the Bay of Plenty, New Zealand. Archie was 85 years old at the time of his death. Our condolences go to Aileen his widow.

John William Paxton Moss. *John's daughter Caroline sent, via John Coates, an obituary published in the Derby*

Telegraph from which the following has been culled.

He joined the NRP in 1954 aged 26 after working in industry in London. Whilst home on leave in 1957 he met Francoise a French au pair, who was working for his parents, and after a whirlwind courtship married her within six weeks, taking her back to NR. They had two daughters, the elder Caroline who was born in NR and Valerie. After 14 years service John resigned as an Assistant Superintendent and retired to Derby where he was employed by Rolls Royce in the personnel department.

Maurice Corbett, brother of Aileen Moulds (nee Corbett) joined the NRP as an A/I in 1956, Inspector in 1959 and was prosecutor in Kitwe 1961 to 1962. On leaving he qualified as a solicitor in the U.K. (Our thanks to Fred Lane for alerting us to Maurice's death)

J. Peter Sutcliffe (*Extracted from the eulogy at his funeral*)

Peter was born in 1940 in Lancashire, while his father, who had returned from the Gold Coast (Ghana) had joined the Royal Navy for the duration of the war. After the war the family settled in Garstang where Dad ran the pub. Peter attended school achieving a place in the Grammar School where he not only did well academically but also excelled at sport, representing the County at shooting, running and swimming.

On leaving school, rather than go on to University, his parents encouraged him to strike out on his own, so aged 19 he raised the money to emigrate to Cape Town and once there signed up as a cadet in the NRP in 1959 and was

confirmed as an A/I a year later. Details of his career are sparse but we do know that love struck when he arrested Irene for a traffic offence and he subsequently married her.

He and Irene did not return to the UK after Independence. It is reported that he continued working in Africa, 8 different countries were mentioned among them, in addition to NR, were Swaziland, Liberia and, in particular, Ethiopia from 1986. Irene returned to Britain for the children's education and then to see them start their own lives and families; this meant that Peter and Irene spent as much time apart as they did together.

Peter's work in Ethiopia was of particular significance in the field of land use planning and environmental management with major contributions to:
The National Conservation Strategy over 5 years,
The Woddy Biomass Inventory and Strategic Planning Project over 9 years, and The Nile Basin Watershed Planning for 4 years.

In these he was the team leader and responsible for coordinating a multinational and multi-cultural group often in challenging conditions.

Sadly, Irene died two years ago. Peter's family remember, especially, him taking them as children to churches in Liberia and Nigeria. His faith stemming from his time as a choirboy in Garstang.

James Leonard (Jim) Bell Derek Hopwood reported the death of Jim Bell at the Plymouth Hospital after cardiac surgery. Jim was born in Argentina where his father was a

rancher. After service in the Royal Navy he joined the NRP in 1959, served with the M.U. and transferred to the ZP in 1964.

Charles (Chuck) Abrams joined the Met in 1953 and moved to the NRP in 1956 where he served until 1962 when he retired in the rank of Senior Inspector.

James (Jim) Tuke joined the force in August 1959 and served in Choma, Mufilira and Chingola before leaving on Independence. He was a keen member of the NRPA and attended reunions in Zambia, Brisbane and the 50th reunion in the UK.

Charles “Charlie” Backhouse.

Charlie was born in 1930 and joined the Met in 1952. He moved to the NRP as an A/I in January 1954, and was promoted to Chief Inspector in 1962. Charlie died in the early hours of this morning, 19th January, in Hilton Hospital, Pietermaritzburg; he had been in hospital for four months with a heart condition but unfortunately never recovered.

REPORT ON THE CHRISTMAS GATHERING AT NEW SCOTLAND YARD

This year's New Scotland Yard gathering, sadly the last at this venue as the Metropolitan Police have sold the building and will be moving to smaller premises in 2016, was especially well attended with more than 90 members turning up including Mervyn Wallace from South Africa. As usual the bar staff coped efficiently with demands at the counter. The finger buffet of sandwiches, spring rolls and chicken pieces and sausages on sticks went down well with more than sufficient to satisfy the lunchtime pangs of everyone.

It was good to see a number of widows present in particular Vivien Coates and Caroline Williams. Vivien and Mervyn Wallace will be helping to get Nkhwazi distributed to South African members. A great meeting and much enjoyed by all who came along. Photographs of the gathering were taken by Nigel Rugman some of which are published in the centre pages.

NEWS OF OURSELVES

Your editor and Priscilla entertained **Mike and Jean Mylod** to coffee in France during October 2015 and can report that they both seemed in fine fettle.

Authors

Two members have advised that they have recently published books

Frank Short: Policing a Clash of Cultures.

David Tolliday-Wright: Grandchild of Empire

Both books can be obtained through Amazon.

Another book to mention but probably not to purchase until the paperback comes out, is Britain, Northern Rhodesia and the First World War: Forgotten Colonial Crisis by Dr Edmund J. Yorke published only in hardback at £55

Nighean Darlaston featured in the Scottish press' celebration of a century of the employment of Police Women, with her picture in the Dumfries Courier last July showing her in 1958 as a Dumfries and Galloway WPC and in her 1960 NRP WA/I uniform.



Ian Ross has sent in some photos via Tim Wright, of the old days including the squad photo of 9/57 at Lilayi published here as a frontispiece with the names (if you can't recognise figures) on the last page.

Tom Williamson sent the following information about **Norma Mitchell**, whose death is recorded above.

I thought you would be interested in some follow-up to this news. I served with Peter Mitchell in Kasama in 1962, but thereafter lost touch with him. I had no idea that Norma had moved to Swakopmund or I would have contacted her. Janice Hambly gave me a contact number for their daughter Zoe, who lives in Windhoek, but comes here quite often. I have been in touch with Zoe, and she told me that Peter had died in 2006 and that Norma had remarried and was living in Cyprus. She had been suffering from Alzheimers for the last five years, and when her second husband and her other daughter died, her condition worsened. Zoe then decided to bring her here, and she was a patient at the Alzheimers / Dementia Namibia Care Farm, just outside town. There she died.

Zoe was very interested to know that I knew her father before she was born, and she will get in touch with me when she next comes here.

It's small world and further proof of the close bonds we NRP types still have.

Clive Blackwell rang the Editor on 14th December to say he was now out of hospital after a 3 month stay. He has a new flat in Nottingham, Telephone No. 0115 924 5619. Clive asked to have his best wishes to members for 2016 passed on.

Sheila MacLean's story

In 1963, I went to the Congo. The ex-Belgian Congo, so recently dumped by Belgium in a crisis of haste, guilt, fear, or whatever it was: the République Démocratique du Congo. Even the name was a sort of deluded optimism. I worked for Shell International Petroleum Company and I was secretary to the General Manager. He loved to go by his rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and had been facially scarred in a wartime incident in Italy. His charm and diplomacy made up for that – no-one ever mentioned the scars – and in that job those two attributes were probably more important than any other. There were four other petroleum companies in business throughout the country – Texaco, Esso and might it have been the Italian one and did it rejoice in the name of Supercortemaggiore – AGIP? I think so.

Each of the MDs was a one-off, the rascal at Esso was a party animal, although this was before a certain Lord Sewel gave us his own recent colourful interpretation. The MDs were all great buddies and called themselves the Cold Feet Club as they spent many waiting hours outside Government Ministers' doors hoping for meetings at which they would promote the idea of an oil refinery for the Congo. Despite two years of cold feet, they seemed to make no progress, although I learn from Wikipedia that a

company does now exist and there is a Congolese oil refinery operating under the Société Congo Raffinage ... so Signor Supercortemaggiore seems to have triumphed. Well, with a name like that, he could win any girl over. At that time, everything was in turmoil. The massacres at Stanleyville had taken place, Anglican missionaries were rethinking, Belgian nuns were contemplating anew the will of God, the world watched, Katanga seceded, poor old Dag Hammarskjöld copped it, Tshombe was overthrown, Lumumba murdered, and powder-blue uniformed Joseph Kasavubu was overthrown by General Joseph Mobutu, or was it Mobutu who wore powder blue? I have a memory of an immaculate Head of State riding in an open Jeep down the Avenue de l'Indépendance in this most unusual colour, preceded by an impressive corpulence.

Over another couple of borders, Rhodesia asserted itself, and Northern Rhodesia found itself without its oil supply. The RAF began to supply them via barrels loaded onto transport planes from the Congo, although Wikipedia tells me it was done via four Canadian Air Force Hercules aircraft while the RAF's operation was from Dar-es-Salaam. Whoever it was, I was offered a seat on a barrel one day and so flew into Livingstone with my cargo and visited the Victoria Falls and Lusaka too, even managing to include a brief stop at the Ridgeway Hotel with its baby crocodiles. Such a fleeting visit.

What a time that was. A time of charm indeed, but in a shaky and shady situation. Street signs still in Flemish and French, Belgian restaurants and businesses run by Belgians who had made their lives there and who would

not return to Belgium come what might, picnics on the River Congo, views over the river of French-speaking République Centr'Africaine which could not be visited as Léopoldville and Brazzaville were not speaking to each other for most of the time, diplomatic receptions, dancing to Trini Lopez and what a brilliant dancer the US CIA man was. I loved best to dance with him. I am also sure that courtesy of someone in some Embassy, I was able to add twelve bottles of Cardhu to my drinks cupboard - at one fell swoop. The filet du boeuf was to die for. I had never heard of filet. But I now ate it every day, and got fed up with it. A previous Madame had taught Alphonse how to cook it, and it did seem that it was all he could do. Occasionally, however, there was pigeon, and I would find Monsieur Pigeon waddling round my flat. Alphonse wanted me to know that he was "un pigeon tout nouveau. Ce matin, il était dans le ciel."

At that time, young Donald MacLean was in Northern Rhodesia with his first wife and young family. I did not know him then. I met him only in 1988, and a year later came to my first NRPA reunion.

C'est une autre histoire!

Sheila

Memories of a Traffic Cop

A Mobile officer once said to me, following the breaking up of a disturbance following a traffic accident, "it amazes me the number of times that we are called to deal with a riot we find a white hatted officer in the middle of it." He went on to consider whether or not we were to blame for these outbreaks of violence but came to the conclusion that we

were mad to be constantly placing ourselves in these situations with either the minimum of backup or none at all.

The following light hearted accounts refer to some incidents that I remember having attended during my days as a Traffic Officer in Lusaka, Mufulira and Kitwe and may amuse and bring back memories of how things were in those long ago days.

Early evening, Saturday. Coming coming to the end of a shift and looking forward to an evening with my then girl friend, the present Mrs Vening. A Police Land Rover carrying two prisoners runs into a group of pedestrians, killing one. The group, which quickly increases in numbers, becomes very agitated and one enterprising prisoner decides it would be an ideal moment to vacate the vehicle. Unfortunately, as he is exiting the rear of the Land Rover, a car, driven by a young European accompanied by his girlfriend, runs into the back of the Police vehicle with an inevitable result. This inflames the situation still further and I am met, on arrival, with a difficult situation. I radio for help. Tony Sweetman, in the Control Room, after advising what backup he was sending added, "and Jenny wants to know how long you are going to be."

Middle of the night on the Great East Road a couple of miles on the Lusaka side of the Luangwa bridge . The road winds through an escarpment at this point and a car had left the road . By the time I got there in a short wheel base Land Rover the accident had occurred some twelve hours earlier and the driver had sustained a broken femur. In an amateurish way I splinted his leg as best I could and

manoeuvred the poor man into the back of the Land Rover with considerable difficulty and obviously with great pain to him. He then suffered the 150 mile journey back to Lusaka stoically and without complaint.

The final chapter in this event came a few days later when I was amazed to receive a charming letter from the gentleman in which he thanked me profusely for my consideration , compassion and first aid skills. Unbelievable!

Mufulira circa 1963: Telephone call from the Border Post:

“The Chef de Poste has confiscated an NRG lorry.”

“Why?”

“He wants his bike back.”

“Why have we got his bike?”

“He was riding it without lights the other night.”

At the Border Post, following tense discussion I was to be seen pushing a bicycle towards the border whilst the lorry with the Chef de Poste on the running board slowly approached from the North. We met in the middle, vehicles were exchanged and hands shaken. A diplomatic incident averted!!!

Who says this only happens in films?

Mufilira-Kitwe road:

African male knocked over receiving serious injuries from which he subsequently died. The vehicle involved had left the scene due to the belligerent attitude of the assembled crowd. We managed to get the man into the ambulance which departed, leaving me, the constable with me and a brand new Rover 90 facing the crowd.

As I was on the radio contacting Control, a barrage of stones hit the front of the car denting the bonnet and cracking the windscreen. With thoughts of having to complete the damage report form in sextuplicate uppermost in my mind I leap out of the car and bellowed at the mob which was some thirty or forty in number. This to my surprise, stopped them momentarily in their tracks enabling me to get some tear gas from the boot. As the crowd moved towards us once more a rapid check for wind indicated 'no wind' so tear gas was deployed. At that moment a breeze sprang up blowing straight towards me....

David Venning

THE STORY OF DOUGLAS WATERS CPM

Chapter 1. Before he joined the NRP

Doug was born in 1920 in Dover. He was brought up and attended school in that town until the early '30s when his father moved the family to the countryside outside Dover and started a small holding with chickens and pigs. This gave Doug a taste for the agricultural life and in 1937 aged 16 he left school and started work on a farm for a weekly wage of 15/9d prior to attending Agricultural College. On completing the general agricultural course at the Kent Farm Institute he undertook a course in commercial fruit growing and took a job with the Ashdown and General Fruit Company at Horsted Keynes in June 1939. In December that year, when at home on holiday, Doug decided to do his bit and join up. He went to the Army Recruiting Office in Dover only to be told that as he was under 20 he could not sign up for 'hostilities only' but would have to join the Army

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MESSAGE FROM THE CHAIRMAN

I would like to wish everyone a Happy and Healthy New Year.



*Nkhwazi meets
our Chairman*

Thanks, possibly, to the unseasonable weather we enjoyed a very happy lunchtime at New Scotland Yard on December 4th with 92 on parade. A great turnout which, I hope, bodes well for our next summer gathering, back at the Moor Hall Hotel on 19th and 20th May.

Sadly that was our last Christmas “do” at Scotland Yard after some 30 years. We shall be gathering this year at the Union Jack Club near Waterloo Station on 6th December for our lunch time meeting.

I make an earnest plea to members, for all our future gatherings please make a big effort to book up as soon as the informations hits your doormat. Early bookings help enormously with the administrative process and saves an huge amount of time on the phone whipping up support.

You all know the reunion dates from Nkhwazi and if the time of an event is approaching and you haven't heard anything then please make contact to find out what is happening – all the relevant telephone numbers are here in Nkhwazi.

It looks as though we shall be able to project Nkhwazi to South Africa without having to increase subscriptions, which is good news. For this we have to thank, Vivian Coates, Malcolm, our Editor and Mervyn Wallace who was over

from RSA and who will manage matters out there.
With the exchange rate as it stands why not consider a possible last visit? I'm certain you are assured of a very warm welcome in South Africa.

John Hambly

New Scotland Yard - 4th December 2015



The chairman welcoming everyone

Chairman, John Hambly after presentation to Peter Wilkinson for his support and help in organising the reunion venue



Nigel Rugman and the Editor (Nkhwazi staff photo!)



Vivien Coates and Roy Coppard



Phillip Lee and Glenda Beecroft

*Hilary Currey, Rosemary Winhall
and Donald MacLean*



*Paddy Ryan,
Chris Lyon + 1*



*Bert Cubitt,
Keith Radcliffe + 1*



*Tim Wright, Janice Hambly,
Heather Martin and
Elizabeth Hawkins*



*Chalky White and
Ed Sharrod*

The scene at lunch time



2015 May Reunion



as a regular. Since he didn't fancy signing for 22 years he left. Next day he took the bus to Canterbury and went to the RAF recruiting office where he was told there were vacancies in three trades only, butchers, RAF police or wireless operators. He chose the latter and on 9th January 1940 he reported to RAF Uxbridge where he was kitted out. Then with a bunch of other recruits he was despatched by train to Morecombe for 4 weeks basic training. They all lived in seaside boarding houses and Doug remembered doing PT, during that exceptionally cold winter, in the ice and snow on the seafront.

On completion of his basic training course he was posted to RAF Cosford where he was held until he joined No2 Wireless School at Yatesbury, Wiltshire for a 5 month signals course. He was taught signalling by radio with Morse code at 21 words per minute and by Aldis lamp at 9 words per minute. On completing the course he was sent to Porthcawl for a month's gunnery training, learning air to air gunnery flying in Fairy Battles and Whitley bombers. Doug passed out as an above average gunner.

Completing all these courses in November 1940 he was sent to the Operational Training Unit (OTU) for 4 weeks at Harwell before being sent to an operational squadron. The conclusion of this OTU was a 'milk run' over enemy territory, in Doug's case it was a flight over Brest to drop leaflets to the French. Then at last he was posted to 214 squadron at Stradishall, Suffolk, in 3 group, flying Wellingtons. On arrival Doug was crewed up with another WOP/AG whilst the rest of the crew were all sergeants.

The Captain, Mick Elder, had already completed 14 operational sorties.

During the next two months there was very little operational flying due to the continuous bad weather and Doug only did one trip to Dusseldorf. By March the weather was improving and on 12th March the squadron was detailed to bomb the Folke-Wolf aircraft factory at Bremen and Doug reported that on that night he could see the works quite clearly beside the river in the light of the full moon. They returned safely. The next night they were briefed to go to Hamburg.

It was another clear moonlit night and they took off at 20.30 hrs, crossed the coast and as usual tested guns over the sea before crossing the Dutch coast. Before long they ran into heavy flack having been coned by searchlights. Doug, in the front turret fired down at the master searchlight. Suddenly all the lights went out and moments later the aircraft gave a lurch and started to go down. Mick Elder, the Captain gave the order to prepare to bail out. Doug extricated himself from the forward turret, clipped on his 'chute and stood by the front hatch with the other WOG/AG, the navigator, and the second pilot. The captain turned and pointed to the open hatch indicating we were to jump. Doug went first and as he looked back he saw that one engine was on fire and the plane was heading straight for the ground.

To be continued...

A single ticket to Nega Nega

This is the true storey of Eric William Pullon. I never met him but as a fellow “townie” I think it a tale well worth telling. Eric was born in 1895 in Nottingham; one of a family of seven children. His father, Joseph, was a printer who owned and ran a letter press business in the city.

Nottingham at the end of the 19th century was congested , over populated and with some of the worst slums in the Kingdom. One Government Sanitary Commission described the city as being worse than any other in the Empire, including Calcutta. Education was somewhat lacking and St Peter's Ragged School in Broad Marsh was condemned because it was collapsing into a sewer. The city had a reputation for violence and riots.

By the time Eric was seventeen the country was in a state of turmoil what with women demanding the vote and Winston Churchill proposing a programme that would lead up to the beginning of a welfare state with a state retirement pension and the state ownership of the railways. Malnutrition was rife throughout the country and the free breakfast offered in schools in the poorest areas comprised porridge and bread and dripping. As a result of the poor physical standard of volunteers the Army reduced the height requirement for recruits from five feet three inches to five feet.

And to add to Eric's problems Notts County Football Club had been relegated to the second division. Seventeen year old Eric, who was employed as a clerk, determined that enough was enough and decided to join his brother who was farming in British South Africa.

How do you plan a journey to darkest Africa when travel agents have not yet been invented (pace Thomas Cook)? Eric caught the tram to Nottingham Midland Railway Station and approached the ticket office where the following conversation took place:

“A single ticket Nottingham to Nega Nega sidings, please”.

“Never heard of it. Where is Nega Nega, son?”

“Its in Africa, sir”.

The ticket clerk consulted his timetables and said, “bit difficult, that one. Come back tomorrow”.for a week. He took the advice and with a revolver, a picnic basket and £3 in his pocket began the

7 day journey to Nega Nega. He reported that he enjoyed the ride north and commented that engine drivers were very helpful in providing him with boiling water for coffee and cocoa in his billy can.

The following day Eric returned to the station and was handed train and ship tickets to Nega Nega sidings, Kafue for the sum of just less than £7. There were no other formalities, no passport, no visa, no health documents nor indeed were any other documents required. Sterling would be accepted throughout the journey.

He was no doubt seen on his way by members of his family and carrying his suitcase Eric travelled to London where he boarded the S.S.German (she was renamed the Glengorm Castle with the arrival of the WW1 and saw service with Union Castle until 1930). Twenty five days later Eric landed in Cape Town where he was befriended by a detective who suggested he needed to buy a firearm and a basket filled with food sufficient

Arriving at Nega Nega Eric was met by a bullock cart which

carried him the last nine miles to his brother's farm where, presumably, he worked for the next two years.

With the outbreak of the war in 1914 Eric received a letter informing him that he was to report to the personal railway coach of a senior administrator of the British South Africa Company. At Nega Nega sidings he was interviewed and recruited into a small team of Europeans who were instructed to construct and maintain a telephone line from Kashitu to Kasama.

Think of the logistics! No roads, very little in the way of maps, the bush had to be cleared, all provisions and equipment had to be carried, repeater stations had to be built at specified intervals and the line was always open to damage by the local wild life.

By November 1915 they had reached Chansa, averaging six miles a day. By Christmas that year the wire was connected to the military telegraph line to Abercorn and Eric now had the responsibility for maintaining some 492 miles of telegraph wire.

With the contract completed, Eric decided that he had better do something worthwhile for his country and applied to join the Imperial Defence Force. Rejecting his application the authorities made him responsible for maintaining and repairing some 700 miles of military and civilian telegraph lines throughout the territory. He was then 21 years of age.

Eric was still in British South Africa in 1925 when it became the Protectorate of Northern Rhodesia. He moved north, worked in the mining industry and eventually became the

town manager with the Broken Hill Town Management Board. He died in 1976 and descendants of his family still live in Nottingham (which is still a lively town). Some readers of this must have met Eric, a character to remember.

Colin Jennings

PS: One of the reasons for this tale is that Eric wrote a book which was entitled 'A Bush Telegraph: Memoirs of Eric William Pullon, 1914 to 1918 in Northern Rhodesia' and published in Durban, ISBN No. 0-62018543-0. Keep your eyes peeled the next time you visit your local Help the Aged charity shop – I have just spotted a copy on e-bay for £75.

CJ

PADDY RYAN'S STORY CONTINUED...

*Most people die of thirst
But the Irish were born with it (Spike Milligan)*

After my dismal showing in the local Town Council Elections I obtained a sort of notoriety having gained the lowest ever recorded votes in that election or any other. But I was astonished at the number of people who came up to me and said they had voted for me, if they had all done so, I would have headed the polls.

A Visit to an Asylum - The local rugby club had heard of my return and they asked me to “Guest” for them on a few occasions One of their annual friendly fixtures was a game against a prominent Junior side, in a well known Midlands town. I was asked to play in this match which was to be played about 40 miles away. . We were informed that the only pitch available was on the grounds of St. Bridgets Mental Institution.

This Junior Club had taken a short term lease on the grounds of a 1st Class Mental Institution with about 800 patients and had erected goal posts etc. They had no changing rooms of their own so the visiting team had to change in a ward of the mental institute, a huge imposing building on the outskirts of town. The Secretary said it might be an opportunity for any of our players who had a relative in the institution to visit them, thus killing two birds with the one stone. Play a rugby game and visit a mentally ill relative.

We assembled in the town square on a bleak Sunday in January, 2 doctors, 2 vets, 1 undertaker, 4 farmers, 2 publicans, 3 factory workers, 1 blacksmith and myself an ex-colonial and all set off in a convoy. We stopped on the way at a pub belonging to a disabled widow who was related to one of our players, she allowed us to serve ourselves and we had two rounds each. We stopped there on our way home. She had a barman at that stage to serve us.

On arrival at the grounds we were shown to the changing room by the Secretary, which was an empty ward in the asylum or one that had been cleared for us. There were no hangers so our clothes were left on the floor.

The Ref was the local Vet who had played for his college. One of the linesmen hadn't turned up but this didn't seem to worry the Ref who immediately went to one of the Male nurses and asked if we could borrow one of the patients to act as a linesman. The Male nurse immediately replied "Will John the Baptist be alright, as he has done it before?" The patient known as John the Baptist duly appeared and was delighted to run the line. The only disconcerting thing was that he smoked a pipe throughout the game. He was

amazing at judging at where the next few line-outs would take place and this gave him time to refill and relight his pipe before play came back to him again. He had played rugby prior to his arrival at hospital. John the Baptist's marvellous control of the game still impresses me years later, and I often wonder what happened to him.

At the end of the game we were informed it was deemed unwise to take a shower at the Mental Institution but we were to use showers in a local bar known as The Poachers Inn. I remember it had a sign inside the door which read:

Reilly the night raider
With his spindly legs
Can poach anything
But a pair of fried eggs

The drinks flowed generously in the bar, during which I asked the Ref why he hadn't asked for one of the Male Nurses to run the line. He replied after some time, "They were worse than the patients. A lot of the patients have been to 3rd Level or have attended rugby playing schools." The inmates watched the match from their dormitories and cheered a good tackle; they gave great appreciation when a good move came off. They reckoned the game was invented by one of their own. At the occasional brawl between players, they shouted their appreciation. Naturally enough, it was the only entertainment they got.

In the next edition I will describe how I came to own a pub which ran out of beer after 3 years and also a brief period working for the Daily Mirror.

P.A.Ryan

OUR HISTORY FROM TIM WRIGHT

LIVINGSTONE 1913-14 - This extract from the South African Defence Force magazine, the Nongquai, of 1914 was sent to Tim Wright by David McCarthy of Natal, the grandson of Lt Col J J McCarthy CBE DSO MC NRP

'NORTHERN RHODESIA POLICE NOTES BY THE
OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENT

CHRISTMAS AT HEADQUARTERS WAS VERY QUIET.

No carolling, none of the customary midnight revelry; everyone strictly sentimental. Perhaps the intense heat had something to do with it. It was hot. Yet one imagines that should have caused our throats to become the drier.

One could hear a gramophone occasionally at work on one of Billy Williams' well-known songs. A little snow might have made all the difference.

His Honour the Acting Administrator broke the spell by giving a tea to all the children at Livingstone. The kiddies had a right royal time. Mr Swanson (Skipper) was Father Christmas, and all eyes were for him, tea I'm afraid being somewhat neglected. The bon-bons and toys being distributed, away they went to the garden with their parents to hear the N.R.P. Band which was in attendance under Sergt.-Major Taylor.

The Band played many of their latest numbers from Home. Major and Mrs. Stennett were present.

On New Year's Eve His Honour gave a dance, which was held at Government House. Several officers of the N.R.P. attended and a jolly evening was spent. The Band (N.R.P.) attended under the direction of the Bandmaster, and

played the following items:- Waltz, "Nights of Gladness"; waltz, "La Rinka"; barn dance, "Willie"; waltz, "Druid's Prayer"; waltz, "Charming"; waltz, "Septembre"; two step "Alexander's Rag-Time Band"; waltz, "Dreaming"; waltz "Queen of the Rink"; barn dance "Willie." "Auld Lang Syne " was played at midnight, all the dancers joining hands and singing.

We are pleased to note that we are having the pick of the basket in waltzes. Ancliffe's "Nights of Gladness" being a particularly fine number to head a dance.

The usual sports long looked forward to, did not take place on New Year's Day. We were all sorry to hear of this decision, because after our year's work, the sports are our one great time, and I am perfectly sure they are thoroughly enjoyed by one and all when each New Year comes along. We have been able to boast of bumper sports each year, and the writer (in England recently) journeyed here and there to find new items for this year's sports, and was very surprised to find actually that none of the sports he witnessed really came in line with the N.R.P. annual event. We sincerely trust this great day will not be cast aside, as the Police have very little sport other than in their own "Lines" after the day's work. All work and no play --.

A little tennis takes place among the officers and their friends occasionally, but golf is not attended by many of the N.R.P., because I suppose one never knows when one may be cleared to an out-station.

Reports to hand show the health of the Police to be generally good. At Mongu, Barotseland, Capt. James reports the health of Police only fair. Mongu is not the best

of stations at any time. During the rainy season one can travel by boat to practically every out-station. Therein lies the trouble: water, water, everywhere; filthy, horrid looking insects, and countless mosquitoes. Lieut. Burton is on trek in the above country; we hope he will not be smitten by any of these pests.

Lieut. McCarthy, O.C., "E" Company, Fort Jameson, held an al fresco At Home by the light of the moon lately, and according to all accounts, had a most enjoyable evening. Your health, Sir! You are wanted at Headquarters to break the monotony.

News reaches us of a dance and social at Broken Hill lately in connection with the Rifle Association.

Lieuts. Hornsby and Castle are transferred to Headquarters. We are pleased to find these two young officers putting their shoulders to the wheel. Examinations are harder now-a-days, and an occasional day from tennis and golf has to be managed, alas.

Lieut. Graham has passed his probation. Now for the Law and Chinyanga exams!

Corpl. Read, late B.S.A.P., has been seconded for service with N.R.P. as Civil Clerk.

Your Christmas Number, with an article on Regimental Magazines, recalls to the writer's mind the many pleasant years spent in the Corps in which the "Light Bob" figures, 13th Somerset Light Infantry. I have not seen the paper for years, but am awfully pleased to hear it is still in existence. A word about another--the Royal Engineers: The artist was until recently Sergeant-Major in the N.R.P. I have seen much of this gentlemans's work, and often have I tried to induce him to portray members of the Corps to send to THE NONGQUAI.

The Town Police, under S-M. Coote, are doing splendid work in their branch. S-M Coote, a robust and experienced man in police matters, has had nine year's Metropolitan Police service, and although his work is very extensive, he finds time to impart to his native police matters of much importance. Every native of Town Police has his watch, and is able to tell the correct time. Beats are worked correctly, windows and doors marked as they should be, and many details of a policeman's life are carried out by the darkies under S-M Coote. Their intelligence is remarkable for natives and discretion is finely used. Two native detectives have been added to the Town Police recently, and to judge by the work already done, they will prove efficient members of the Town Police.

Sergt.-Major Boyd, at the Gaol, is being surrounded by his palace: the extensions and alterations have been numerous. The sanitary arrangements have been improved. The European part of the Gaol is very airy, and the health of prisoners studied without doubt. TAPA.'

Comment by Tim Wright

Major F S James retired from the NRP in 1923 to become Chief Constable of Chesterfield and later Sheffield.

Capt.C C Hornsby succumbed to enteric in German East Africa in 1917.

Capt.E C Castle served on until 1931.

Major G P Burton acted as Commandant of the Northern Rhodesia Regiment for three months in 1933 before handing over to B J Graham who retired with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in 1937.

1099 Cpl John Gordon Read BSAP arrived at Livingstone

on 19 December 1913. He did not remain in the Force for long but had a distinguished career in the Colonial Service that earned him the CMG. He died in 1958.

Sergeant-Major Arthur Coote was at Lusaka in 1917 but must have left the Force soon after.

The most decorated NRP officer in World War I, McCarthy retired in 1924 to farm in Nyasaland.

But who was 'TAPA', the official correspondent and why did the New Year Sports not take place? I was not aware that any pre-World War I member of the NRP had previous service in The Somerset LI but the first ten years or so of the adult life of the Pay & Quartermaster, Major H L Byas are so far unaccounted for so he seems the most likely suspect. The career of the Adjutant, Captain G F Watherston, had ended abruptly on 16 December 1913 so perhaps preparations for the Christmas & New Year festivities were disrupted. Another puzzle is which former NRP Sergeant-Major provided artwork for the journal of the Royal Engineers and how did this come about?

NEWS FROM ZAMBIA

Extracted from The Zambia Society Trust monthly news bulletins

Kalusha questioned by ACC: The Anti-Corruption Commission has interrogated FAZ president Kalusha Bwalya for five hours in relation to alleged corrupt activities at Football House. The ACC is investigating Bwalya for allegedly receiving a bribe ahead of the 2022 FIFA World Cup bid. The commission is also investigating FAZ after the association's former treasurer Kelvin Mutafo revealed that the association was involved in corrupt activities involving ticket sales and illegal replica jersey dealings.

(The Post, 17th and 18th Dec).

Most of Zambia plunged into darkness: Most of the country was hit by a power blackout for five hours on Tuesday 22nd, the second time this month. Copperbelt Energy Corp. Plc (CEC), which supplies power to most of Zambia's mines, said it had resorted to emergency power supplies and imports from the Democratic Republic of Congo. A Zesco spokeswoman later said a preliminary investigation had revealed that there was a fault at the Leopards Hill substation in Lusaka but the cause of the failure was not yet known. (*Reuters Africa, 23rd Dec*).

Kazungula Bridge works start: The construction of the Kazungula Bridge, a multi-national border crossing project over the Zambezi River between Zambia and Botswana, has started. The road and rail bridge project will cost over US\$161 million and is being implemented in three phases with the first phase being the construction of the bridge. The contractor Daewoo Engineering has already erected a temporary bridge to pave the way for construction of the main bridge. The project is expected to employ over 700 hundred people. (*ZNBC, 21st Nov*).

900mw to be generated from solar: The Government has embarked on a programme aimed at generating 900 megawatts of electricity from solar energy to cushion the power deficit the country is grappling with. Minister of Transport and Communication Kapembwa Simbao said that Government wants to reap the benefits of the use of solar energy by generating electricity for both domestic and commercial use. (*Zambia Daily Mail, 25th Dec*).

Zambian Conservationist shortlisted for Award: Game Rangers International (GRI) has announced that Cosmas Mumba, Project Manager for GRI-Zambia Primate

Project (ZPP), was one of three finalists in the prestigious Tusk Conservation Award supported by Prince William. Under Cosmas's careful stewardship, and in collaboration with Zambia Wildlife Authority, 500 yellow baboons and vervet monkeys have been successfully rescued from illegal captivity, rehabilitated and given a second chance at life back in the wild. (*Lusaka Times*, 30th Nov).

Prices push inflation to 19.5 percent: Zambia's inflation rate rose to 19.5 percent in November from 14.3 percent recorded the previous month, according to figures released by the Central Statistical Office (CSO). The increase has been attributed to the sharp rise in both food and non-food items. (*Zambia Daily Mail*, 27th Nov).

South Africans charged with animal smuggling: Six South Africans and a Zimbabwean national have appeared in court in Monze charged with attempting to smuggle wildlife to South Africa. Zambian air force personnel and ZAWA officers arrested the men as they were off-loading 12 sable antelope calves from a trailer and preparing to put them into a plane parked under trees near a dirt landing strip in the bush. Each of the animals can be sold for about \$1 million. A specially equipped light aircraft, vehicles, weapons and veterinary drugs were also seized. (*Lusaka Times*, 14th Oct).

National Day of Prayer: President Edgar Lungu led Zambians at the Show Grounds in Lusaka as the country commemorated the National Day of Repentance, Prayer and Fasting, dedicated to seeking God's divine intervention in the country's economic challenges. The president announced that October 18th will become an annual national holiday. This has, however, been controversial. (*Times of Zambia*, 19th Oct).

Zambia Airways back: The long-awaited national airline has finally been incorporated and will operate as Zambia Airways 2014 Limited, which will be a successor of the defunct Zambia Airways which was liquidated in 1994. Formation of the national flag carrier is expected to boost the Zambian tourism sector because tourists will find it easier to fly direct to Zambia. According to Chief Government Spokesperson Chishimba Kambwili, Government is targeting the end of next year for the new airline to become operational. (*Times of Zambia, 20th Oct*).

Veteran Politician dies at 107: Veteran politician and former freedom fighter Samuel Mbilishi has died at the age of 107 in Lusaka at his farm in Katuba area in Chibombo district. He served in the first Cabinet of former President Kenneth Kaunda and was also appointed as a diplomat in the United States of America and other countries. (*Lusaka Times, 23rd Oct*)

Putting a name to members of European Squad 9/57.

Back row L to R: A/Insp P.Downs, G.W.Stock, S.Garvey, P.Shortt, J,Voss, R.S.Cheshire, J.N.D.Frye,G. Pitman, M.A.Hasleden

Middle row: A/Insp. R.Wardle, R.J.Gange, T.A.Young, R.K.D.Smith, T.H.Willows, R.Dixon, I.Ross, R. Hemp??, R.Groeble

Front row: Insp Robertson (equitation), S/I Jones (law), A/Supt Edwards(language), S/Supt Coton, Commanding Officer, S/Insp Lee (admin), Insp Bardwell (drill), Insp Dixon (transport)

**The Final Date for Material for NKHWAZI No. 93
is 31st May 2016**

QM STORES

Here is the list of items currently available from Jerry Miller, our Treasurer:

Silk Crested tie	£17.50
Polyester crested tie	£8.00
Polyester striped tie (in Force colours)	£7.50
Baseball caps	£8.00
Cuff links (pair)	£10.00
Cravats (in Force colours)	£8.00
Bow ties (in Force colours – self tie)	£7.00
Bow ties (in Force colours – ready tied)	£6.50
Cummerbund in Force colours	£9.00
Polo Shirts , navy or white with NRPA crest	£14.00

(specify size and colour required).

These items will be available at reunions. If required by post please add £2.

The following items are made to order:

Blazer badges	£17.50
Sweatshirts (NRPA crest on left breast)	£22.50

(specify size and colour required).

Note re post: The price for the sweatshirt includes p&p. For all other items, please add £2.00 for p&p.

While stocks last, Tim Wright's History of the Northern Rhodesia Police is available at £12.50 a copy plus £2.50 p&p.

The new NRPA coffin pall is available on loan for a member's funeral from Chris Lyon. A returnable deposit of £50 is required to secure the loan.

VISITING SOUTHERN AFRICA?

**Let Chris Maltby help in planning your itinerary.
He can book your flights, hotels and car hire.**

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Did you know that air fares booked from South Africa are cheaper than those booked in the UK?

Whilst South African hotels that offer a two tier pricing system favour South African reservations.

Chris's services are free

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FAX: 0027 22 77 21216

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