



ASSEGAI



**THE MAGAZINE OF THE
RHODESIAN ARMY**



IN THIS ISSUE:

RHODESIA MOURNS

THE FRENCH IN INDO-CHINA, 1946-1954

VOLUME FIFTEEN, No. 9 — 15 JANUARY, 1976



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THE MAGAZINE OF THE RHODESIAN ARMY

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

VOLUME 15, No. 9

15 JANUARY, 1976

*Published under the authority of the
Commander of the
Army.*

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Advertising Office:

P.O. Box 1943, Salisbury.

Subscription Rates:

\$1,50 per annum post free in
Central Africa.
25c per copy from Booksellers.

Date of Publication:

15th of each month.

All contributions must reach the Editor
not later than the 1st of each month.

PRINTED BY CITY PRINTERS

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NEW YEAR MESSAGE FROM THE MINISTER

As I said in my Christmas message to you which was published in General Orders, 1975 has been a hard and frustrating year. Nonetheless we can look back on it with considerable pride because you together with the rest of the Security Forces have succeeded, in large measure, in eliminating the majority of the terrorists from the operational area.

You of the Territorial Forces in particular have had tremendous additional burdens put on you by virtue of the extra call-ups, but I think everyone will agree that this has been well worthwhile though at the time that it

was done the reasons were not very obvious. Therefore all the more would I like to take this opportunity of thanking you on behalf of the people of Rhodesia for the forbearance that you have shown and the willingness with which you have done the job so well.

Because of the presence of our ever-increasing forces in the operational area, and the calming effect that this is having in restoring confidence to the local population, the majority of the people of Rhodesia were able to celebrate the New Year in the gay, traditional manner and I am certain that I speak for everyone when I extend our deepest appreciation to you who made this possible.

The apparently mindless violence which is erupting in countries all over the world — in Angola, the Lebanon and Ethiopia just to mention a few — is part of a carefully contrived Russian aggression directed against the whole of Africa and the West generally. It is abundantly clear that no country, and least of all Rhodesia, at this moment in history can afford to lower its guard and the fact that we are so much better off here than all these other countries bears eloquent testimony to the success of the manner in which you and your comrades have guarded Rhodesia.

No-one can tell what the New Year has in store, though we naturally hope that it will be peaceful, but let us not forget that there is no better way of ensuring that this will be the case than the steady, continuous building up of our defensive capacity. In this regard we have made great strides in 1975 and hope to be even more successful in the coming year.

I am fully confident that we will be able to meet any threat which may confront us, and as has been the case in the last year, we will win. We are not concerned with the consequences of defeat because while Rhodesians are prepared to fight the possibility does not exist.

I hope very much to have the pleasure of seeing a large number of you in the field before long but in the meantime wish you all, wherever you may be, a happy and successful New Year.

Pieter van der Byl

THE FRENCH IN INDO-CHINA, 1946-1954

(PART ONE)

"It will be enough for me if these words of mine are judged useful by those who want to understand clearly the events which happened in the past and which (human nature being what it is) will, at some time or other and in much the same ways, be repeated in the future." (Thucydides: The Peloponnesian war). Thucydides wrote those words 2 500 years ago. In his book, concerned with the thirty year Sparta-Athenian conflict, which ultimately destroyed Athens, he focussed attention upon the Syracuse expedition. It was a tale of military miscalculation, egotism, conflicting personalities, and ultimate destruction. The French were to recreate Thucydides' history between 1946 and 1954, thus lending weight to the opening words of this article. The French collapse in Indo-China has perhaps somewhat faded from the memories of military observers, in view of the more recent American debacle in Vietnam. It nevertheless remains of crucial interest to Rhodesia. For the Vietminh victory represents an archetypal model of terrorist insurgency upon the Communist pattern, based upon a five point plan. This pattern of warfare is the chosen instrument of the enemies of Rhodesia, who are still principally confined to the first and second phases (neither phase being fully evolved). Analysis of this model (and in particular of the French failure to counteract it), will enable Thucydides' assertion that "events which happened in the past will . . . be repeated in the future" to be refuted. What follows, therefore, is not a campaign history of the Indo-Chinese conflict, but rather an analysis structured within this objective.

Whilst Ho Chi Minh was the political leader of the Vietminh uprising, Vo Nguyen Giap was its military leader. Giap, who had been a political refugee from French Indo-China, had learnt the basic rules of guerrilla and revolutionary warfare from Mao Tse Tung, at the latter's headquarters and guerrilla-training school at Yen-an, from which, between 1945 and 1949, Mao successfully conducted the war against the nationalist Kuomintang. The essence of Mao Tse Tung's strategy was that operations against a superior "imperialist" enemy ought to evolve through five well defined stages. It was the Vietminh strategy, modelled upon these five stages, which determined the course of the Indo-China conflict. These five stages were:

1. MOBILISATION OF THE MASSES.

This phase may be sub-divided into two stages: the birth of the ideal, and the translation of the ideal into a mass movement. With regard to the first sub-division of this stage, it should be observed that any political upheaval — be it the advent of Christianity, Mohammedanism, Fascism or Communism, is initiated by the birth and crystallization of an ideal which initially, is startlingly revolutionary and antithetical to all the established thought and practices of the time. (In Indo-China this ideal was, of course, Chinese-inspired Asian Communism). Its growth is invariably clandestine, as it fructifies in a hostile political environment. In Indo-China this environment was, of course, French colonial rule, dating from 1863, which comprised the provinces of Indo-China — Tonkin, Annam, and Cochinchina — Laos, and Cambodia; and the ideal was born in 1925, in the form of the Indo-Chinese Communist Party, founded by an itinerant revolutionary variously named Nguyen Van Thanh, or Van Cung, or Tat Thanh, Ai Quoc, but now universally known as Ho Chi Minh. The ultimate objective of the party was a communist organised state, totally independent of French rule. Between 1925 and 1930, Ho Chi Minh had established an effective network in the villages and small towns of the Red River Delta, in the Tonkin province of the north. The result of this political activity was serious disturbances in 1930, known as the Yen Bay mutiny, which, although premature and abortive, took two years to suppress and cost the lives of some 10 000 Vietnamese, and the imprisonment of some 10 000 more. After this abortive rising, Ho Chi Minh escaped, first to Siam, and ultimately to China, there to establish contact with Mao. It was in China (at Kwangsi) that the party formulated its objectives and political programme. (It was at Kwangsi, in 1939, that Giap met Ho Chi Minh). This programme was largely based upon the five point plan elucidated in Mao's "Guerrilla warfare", written in 1937, just after the famous "Long March". A policy identical to that of Mao (i.e. of relying completely upon the rural population to form the base and substance of the revolution) was firmly adopted.

Indo-China was no exception to the violent upsurge of anti-colonialist feeling which succeeded World War 2. European prestige had been

irrevocably destroyed by the humiliations inflicted by the Japanese in the former British, Dutch, and French dependencies in the Far East. — (This loss of European prestige perhaps had its roots in the defeat of the Russians by the Japanese in 1905) — Although not sufficiently strong in 1945 to challenge the French re-occupation of Indo-China, the severe loss of prestige suffered by the French during the war (its tiny garrison being tolerated by the Japanese) ensured that the Vietminh had gained a decisive psychological advantage in the eyes of the local populace. The massacre, in September 1945, of four or five hundred Europeans in Saigon by Vietnamese nationalists, was symptomatic of this waning prestige. The French presence was further undermined by an agreement with Ho Chi Minh in March, 1946, by the terms of which independence of the Republic of Vietnam was recognised, in return for the re-occupation. This led to the situation in which French forces were fighting in a political vacuum. — (The political vacuum created by the surrender of the Japanese had left the Vietminh as the only viable political-military force, ensconced in Tonkin, with a force of 30 000 men).

However, how was the ideal to be translated into a mass movement? The answer resided in a process termed by the French "pourissement" (the "process of rotting"). This process was initiated in 1946 (after Giap had launched a totally premature conventional offensive against Hanoi in December 1945, with disastrous consequences.) The objects of "pourissement" were — and are — destroy the functions of government in any chosen area, and to transfer the loyalty of the population to the terrorist. The methods are multiform — the assassination of government appointed headmen, schoolteachers, and other local officials; the levying of unofficial taxes and, conversely, the interruption of tax-paying to the government; the intimidation of the village council. The similarity with terrorist tactics in Malaya, Mozambique, Angola, Algeria, and, indeed, Rhodesia, are obvious. The Vietminh developed this calculated policy of intimidation into a policy of encouraging nationalist feeling, political "education" ("indoctrination" would be a more appropriate term), the provision of medical and welfare services, and the formation of a village militia — in short, the creation of a "state within a state", a favourite technique of communist insurgency, as exemplified today in the Palestinian refugee camps of the Lebanon, and, formally, Jordan). — The militia had three roles:- to commit the village, through the commission of hostile acts against the "imperialists", irrevocably to the communist side; to weaken the power of the government militarily; and to

provide recruits for the next echelon of the party's armed forces — the "regional forces", which were the major instrument of the second stage of communist insurgency.

2. GUERRILLA WARFARE:

This assumed the form of ambushes against French military patrols and convoys. At the beginning of the war (during the years 1947-49) the principal locality for the war of ambushes lay along the frontier with China, where the need to provision a series of fortress towns compelled the French to maintain regular convoys through the mountains and heavily wooded defiles of the "route coloniale 4"; a road which connected several French posts to the north-east of Tonkin, on a ridge adjacent to the Chinese frontier. In point of fact, the defence of RC4 sandwiched many thousands of French soldiers between the neutral — but potentially hostile — China, and the Vietminh fastness of the Viet Bac mountains. These mountains were the training base of the Vietminh recruits. The French could not penetrate this area, into which a stream of Vietminh personnel, which had proved themselves in the village militias and "regional forces" came for training in "regular warfare". Thus, Giap's regular army was steadily reinforced and constantly practised in the form of regular warfare which had miscarried in December, 1945; whilst the French were shackled to the debilitating static defence of lines of communication (in the form of road opening.) The second form which this stage of the war assumed was the "guerre des postes"; the attacks upon the French "postes". For if there is a visual trademark of the Indo-Chinese war, it is that of the 'poste', a square or rectangular stockade of split and sharpened bamboo, a ditch outside, some earthworks within, a bamboo watchtower in the centre of it, with, at its summit, the tricolour flapping languidly in the warm breeze of the Vietnamese 'viziere', at its foot the house of the Commander. (John Keegan: Dien Bien Phu, New York: Random House, 1974).

It was during this period of guerrilla warfare that the French defeat germinated, for two closely interrelated reasons. First, it enabled the Vietminh to consolidate and develop their regular forces, until they reached a level of equipment and manpower with which the French could not compete. Secondly, it nurtured the Vietminh forces until the Chinese communist victory in 1949. In the final months of 1949, the absolute French monopoly of access to heavy equipment and supplies was to be broken. For in October of this year, the vanguard of the Chinese Red Army, victorious in the civil war with Chiang-Kai Shek arrived at the frontier along the entire length of RC4, and at once established contact

years was the expulsion of the French from RC4 (in September, 1950), at immense cost and with dreadful indignity. Several of the disasters were brought upon the French by their own commanders; particularly the destruction of the garrisons of Cao Bang and That Mhe, which had been ordered to abandon their efforts and retreat along the RC4. The greatest humiliation followed upon the evacuation of Lang Son, since events shortly revealed it to have been a panic measure and one, moreover, which delivered into the hands of the Vietminh sufficient munitions to supply all their artillery pieces during the next two years of fighting. French casualties during the month of frontier campaigning totalled 6 000

In 1951, however, there occurred serious Vietminh reverses; reverses which, ironically, facilitated the next phase of the conflict, Giap never fully understood the theory of the progressions of guerrilla warfare as well as his mentor, Mao. Giap, always the headstrong opportunist, was decidedly premature in assuming that the preceding phase of conflict was over. This approach was illustrated in the premature conventional attack of 1945. It was also to be illustrated again in 1951. For in this year Giap launched a conventional attack once again, with the object of penetrating into the delta of the Red River. The result was three battles: Vienh Yen (13-17 January), Mao Khe (23-28 March) and the Day River (29 May-18 June). The ultimate object in all three battles was to penetrate the delta and, in the process, to destroy the fighting morale and capacity of the French army in Tonkin. However, this assumption that the time was now opportune for a general offensive was a serious misreading of the situation. It provided the French army with the opportunity of meeting the Vietminh main force in the open, where the former's heavy weapons and above all, its air arm, could take full effect. It seized the opportunity enthusiastically and, at the end of June, Giap had returned to the Viet Bac; having lost 9 000 soldiers killed and much valuable equipment, having learnt the effect of napalm bombing upon massed formations, and having seen the French army demonstrate its superiority in the general conventional offensive.

The French response to the failure of the Vietminh assaults confirmed its dedication to the defensive mentality. General de Lattre de Tassigny (who had been summoned to Indo-China in 1950, as part of a purge following upon the military debacle of September 1950) began to construct a chain of defensive positions which became known as the "de Lattre line". The de Lattre line was to stretch from the sea near Along Bay, along the northern edge of the Delta to Viah Yen, and then south-east to the sea

again near Phut Diem, encircling protectively both Hanoi and Haiphong. It was to consist of numerous small posts, of concrete construction, each held by an infantry section (or squad) and so sited as to be able to provide supporting fire for the flanking positions. Over 600 concrete defensive positions were erected within six months, and by the end of 1951 the de Lattre line was almost completed, over 1200 such positions having been built. — (However, the defensive did not totally dominate French strategy in 1951; for all other available troops not confined to defensive positions were formed into mobile groups which, together with the paratroop battalions, were to comprise the main striking force. They were designed to repel Vietminh attacks and also to undertake operations in Vietminh territory. Nevertheless, these new units were further symptoms of the French misconception of the nature of guerrilla warfare; for they were mobile in the vehicular sense only, being on wheels or tracks. Hence, they were road — or, at the best, plains-bound — and mountains, forest, paddy field, and jungle handicapped them; restricting or funnelling their movements, thereby making them extremely vulnerable to ambush tactics).

The de Lattre line facilitated the next phase of the Communist assault.

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A True Vocation



*Warrant Officer, Class Two, Pascal Madondoro, RhAEC in his other uniform.
(Courtesy: Army Photographer)*

Some school-teachers sigh with relief at the end of the day's classes, grateful that they will not see any more children until the next day. Not so WO 2 Pascal Madondoro of the Rhodesian Army Educational Corps.

Born on a mission farm in Fort Victoria district, Pascal was educated at Gokomere Mission. In 1947, when he was in Std. 3, he took a step which was going to affect his leisure hours for years to come — he joined the Scout movement. Within three years he was Troop Leader.

After passing the Junior Certificate, Pascal went to teach in Bindura. He started a new school, as headmaster, at the age of twenty, with a staff of three and 120 pupils. Caring for the education in class was not enough for him; Pascal was also a Scoutmaster in Bindura. He continued to be a Scoutmaster at St. Anthony's Teacher-Training College in Fort Victoria when he went back to receive formal training as a teacher. He ran Scout troops both for his fellow-trainees and for the boys in the primary school. Then, as headmaster of St. Francis' School, Gokomere, he ran Cubs and Scouts; at Charles Raith School, Selukwe, he ran Cubs, Scouts and Rovers for whom he was Group Scoutmaster.

In January, 1961, Pascal Madondoro attested into the Federal Army and was trained for six months at the Education Depot at Inkomo Barracks. Throughout a succession of postings (Education Instructor at the School of Infantry, headmaster at Thornhill, back at S Inf as Shona instructor to officer cadets, deputy head at Inkomo, headmaster at New Sarum, instructor at Brady Barracks) Pascal has kept up his interest in Scouting and has been a Scouting pioneer in some of these places, forming Scout and Guide troops where none existed before. He introduced Scouting and Guiding at Thornhill, organised

Rover Scouting for African soldiers at the School of Infantry.

When he was posted to Inkomo in 1967, Pascal found that WO 1 Mashumba, S Sgt Mahaso, S Sgt Mucharaira and Sgt Chikore had all had previous scouting experience. He sent them on courses at the Scouting centre at Ruwa Park. He was made Group Scoutmaster and was instrumental in the founding of the 1st Inkomo Scout Troop and the 1st Inkomo Guide Company. His team trained two teachers from the Inkomo School (Mrs. Chipinge and Mrs. Nyamushcayongora) as Guiders.

The 60th Sarum Eagles and the 8th Mzilikazi Troop similarly owe much to Pascal Madondoro, as do the Guide Companies which run parallel to them. He founded these troops and companies and led them on to win trophies for their achievements in scouting and guiding. The 60th Sarum Eagles won the Chikwepa Totem and their Cubs won the athletic trophy. The 8th Mzilikazi Troop won first prize in the inter-troop cooking competition in 1973.

As a result of his outstanding work for Scouting in Bulawayo, Pascal was offered the appointment of Assistant District Commissioner, Mzilikazi, in December, 1974. Whereas he was pleased at the honour he had unfortunately to decline this offer because he had received notice of posting to 2 Bde in Salisbury. However, Pascal Madondoro's great devotion to Scouting was rewarded by the award in February this year of the Long Service Decoration of the Boy Scouts' Association of Rhodesia.

He has shown great love for children and has been a good example of the Scout Promise (to do one's best for God, country and other people). Clearly, he has a true vocation in the education of children, both in the classroom and in their leisure-hours.

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Uzumba, at night.

*Murmur of men's voices
soft in the dark;
sleepy;
mopani seed pods
crackle on canoas;
leaves
trace featherlight fingers
across the tent;
jackal
howls in the hills
and firelight flickers
shadows.*

*Sleep sneaks up on me
slowly as the wind
puffs
on the dusty plain
outside rough
shelters.*

*Radio
rumbles on and on and on
"Four seven, four seven, four seven,"
it complains,
till eyes shut down
the circuit, roger,
out.*



*Phillippa Berlyn
2nd September 1975.*

RHODESIA MOURNS



(Courtesy: Rhodesia Herald)



Maj Genl J. R. Shaw, D.C.D.

(Courtesy: Rhodesia Herald)

The combined funeral service for Maj Genl Shaw, Col Parker and Capt Lamb was held in Salisbury Anglican Cathedral on 30th December. The service was attended by the President, the Prime Minister, the Minister of Defence and other members of the Government.

The Army Commander, Commissioner of Police, Commander of the Air Force, Minister of the South African Diplomatic Mission and South African Military Adviser were present, as were many members of all ranks. The bereaved families and close friends sat at the front of a packed cathedral.

The simple service, conducted by Maj the Rev. J. McP. Fall, was relayed to the troops and crowds outside, as was the eulogy by Lt



Col the Rev. N. Wood who reminded those present that after darkness there must come light.

After the service, the coffin of Genl Shaw was carried from the cathedral by members of the SAS, that of Col Parker by members of 1 RLI, that of Capt Lamb by members of 1 RAR. The procession from the cathedral, led by the Band of the Rhodesian Corps of Signals, moved along Baker Avenue and into 4th Street where those on foot transferred to vehicles to take them to Warren Hills Cemetery. There the route was lined with troops presenting arms.

A thirteen-round salute was fired by three 25-pounder guns. Reveille and The Last Post were sounded by three members of the Signals Band.

The funeral of Capt I. A. B. Robertson in Bulawayo on 29th December was attended by the Minister of Defence, the Army Comander, Brig J. S. V. Hickman, M.C., Brig A. N. O. MacIntyre, Lt Col H. St. J. Rowley, and senior representatives of the Air Force and B.S.A.P.

The service in St. John's Cathedral was conducted by Maj the Rev K. M. Edgar, with an address by the Rev. C. W. Ross who paid tribute to Ian Robertson's dedication as a soldier. About 300 people attended, including many members of the Army, of all ranks.

Reveille and The Last Post were sounded by buglers of the RAR Band.

LOOK FORWARD

Despite the gloom felt throughout the Army as a result of the sad accident, normal life continued. We must now look forward cheerfully to the future and to our continued success in safeguarding Rhodesia.

MAJ GENL JOHN RYAN SHAW, D.C.D.

Having earlier served with the Royal Horse Guards and the Metropolitan Police, John Shaw attested into the Southern Rhodesia Staff Corps

in 1949 and was commissioned a year later as a lieutenant. He served with 1 RAR from 1954 to 1958 and saw two years' active service with the Regiment in Malaya for which he was Mentioned in Dispatches.

After both Staff and Regimental appointments, as Captain and Major, including that of Second in Command, 1 RAR, John Shaw was promoted Lieutenant Colonel in 1966 and appointed Director of Army Plans. He was Colonel General Staff from 1970 to 1972 before being promoted Brigadier, Comander 3 Bde. There followed the command of 1 Bde in Bulawayo. During his period as Commander 1 Bde, he was faced with numerous border incidents involving S.A. Police, civilians and Rhodesian Army personnel, and a number of terrorist-inspired incidents in North Matabeleland.

After a distinguished and very successful tour of duty, he transferred in May, 1974 to Command 2 Bde which was involved in Op Hurricane in the North-East of Rhodesia. During the succeeding seven months, he saw a number of highly-successful operations resulting in the elimination of many terrorists and culminating in a record monthly kill-rate in November-December, 1974. This inflicted substantial losses on the terrorist organisation.

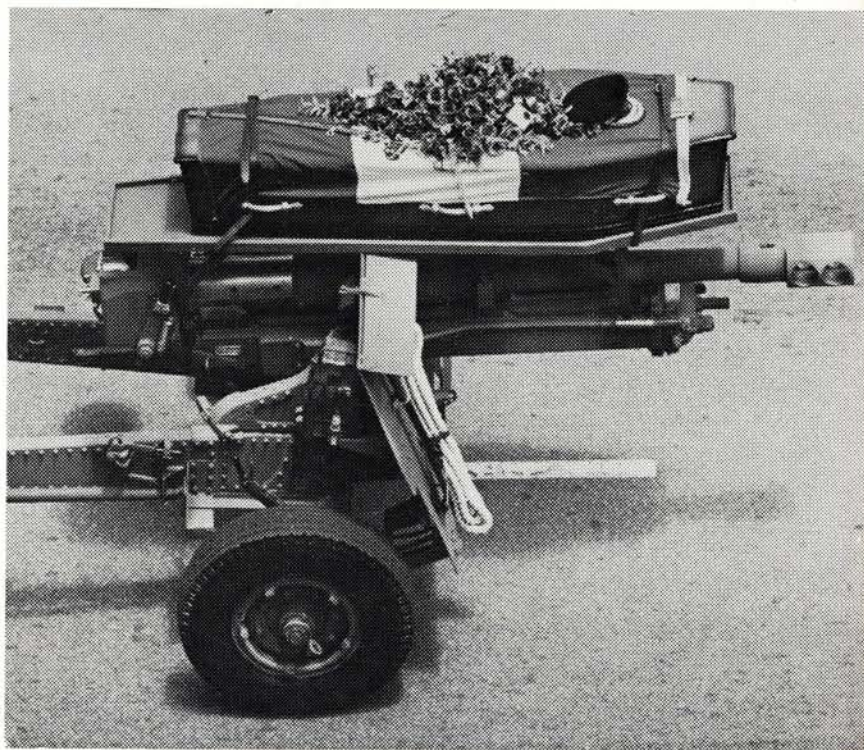
John Shaw was appointed Acting Major-General in June, 1975, taking over as Chief of Staff in substantive rank in November last.

His career in the Rhodesian Army has been long and varied. He has, at all stages in his distinguished career been an extremely popular and highly-regarded officer. He has always been known for his sense of humour, his devotion to the well-being of his troops, whom he constantly visited in the operational area.

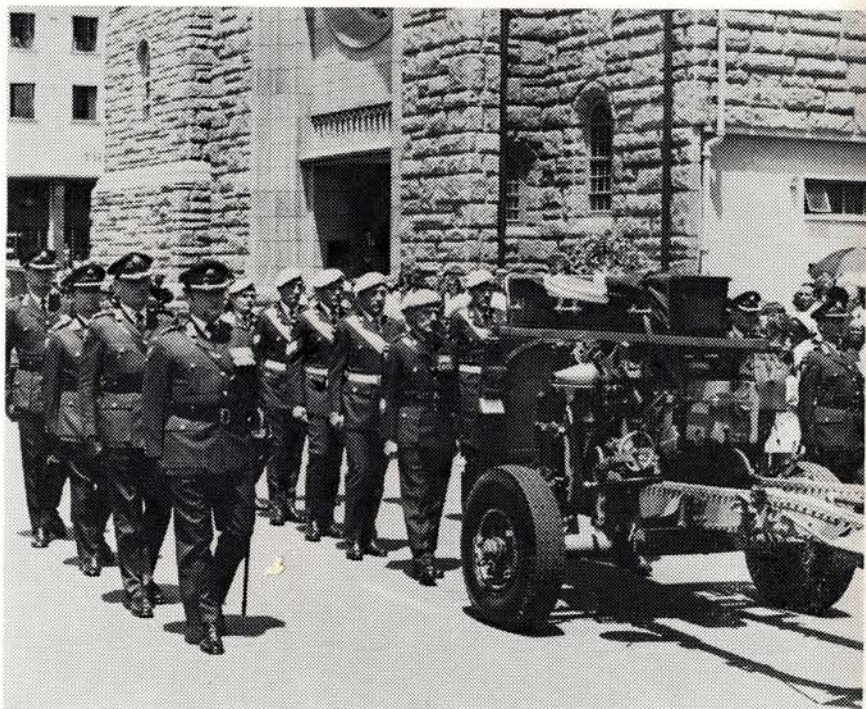
John Shaw's death causes a great gap not only in the structure of the Rhodesian Army but also in the hearts of its men. We salute his memory and offer our deepest sympathy to his wife and son.

HONOURS AND AWARDS:

Defence Cross for Distinguished Service.
Rhodesia General Service Medal.
Exemplary Service Medal.
Defence Medal.
General Service Medal (Clasp Malaya).
Mentioned in Dispatches.



The gun carriage carrying Maj Genl J. R. Shaw
(Courtesy: A. W. Gray)



Escort and bearers
(Courtesy: Army Photographer, Jim Tampin)

Born in Umtali and educated at St. George's College, Salisbury, David Parker attested into the Southern Rhodesia Staff Corps, and was posted to the RMA, Sandhurst, in 1955. He was commissioned in 1957. He held a variety of Staff and Regimental appointments and was one of the original members of the RLI on its formation in 1961.

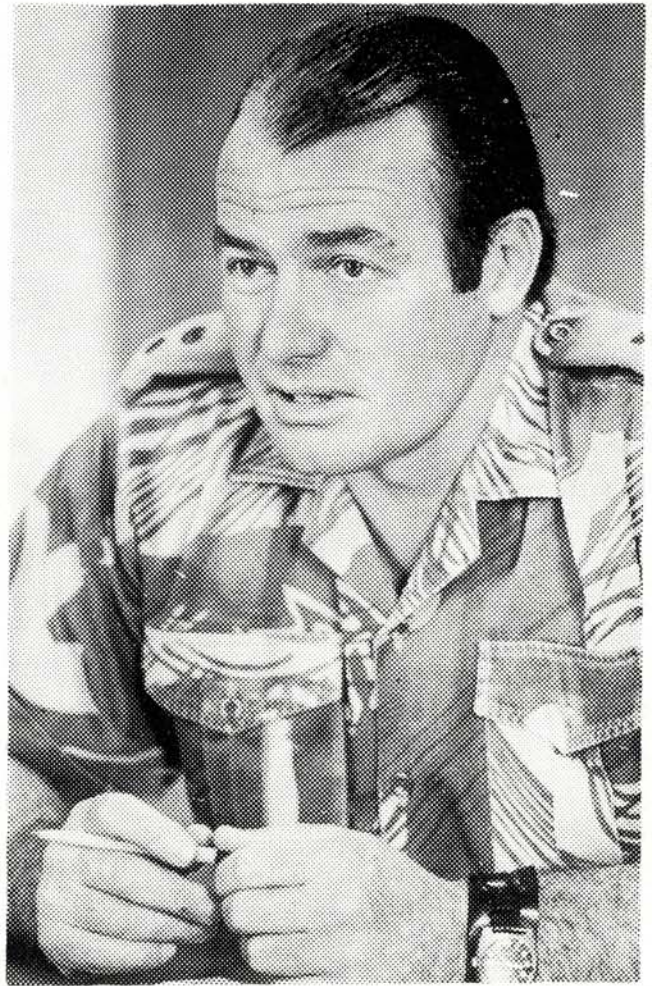
It was a happy day for David Parker himself, and for the RLI, when he returned once more to his parent regiment as Commanding Officer in May, 1974. He made his mark on the regiment, but even more he made his mark on the terrorist infiltrators in the north-east. The country as a whole owes him a great debt for his efforts for its safety.

Within 1 RLI David Parker was a man much loved by all ranks. He was known as a friendly approachable man, a man with a sense of humour at any time of day or night. He was known as "the King" in the Battalion not because of his absolute power but because a king is a man worthy of respect.

David Parker's appointment as Deputy Commander 3 Bde, in the rank of Colonel, came soon before his death. But he will always be remembered as the CO of 1 RLI during one of Rhodesia's most difficult times.

The Army expresses its deepest sympathy to his wife and daughters.

**COLONEL
DAVID GLADWELL PARKER, p.s.c. (S.A.)**



*Escort and bearers for Col. D. G. Parker
(Courtesy: Rhodesia Herald)*





(Above): The thirteen-gun salute being fired by three 25-pounder guns.

(Courtesy: Army Photographer, Jim Tampin)

(Below): The funeral procession moving from the Cathedral after the service.



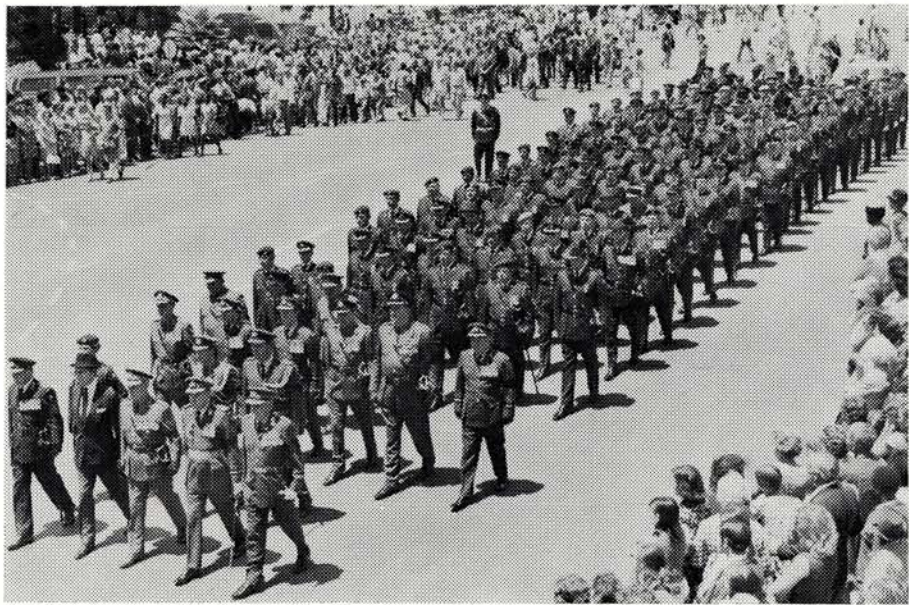
(Courtesy: A. J. Murdoch)



(Above): The gun carriage



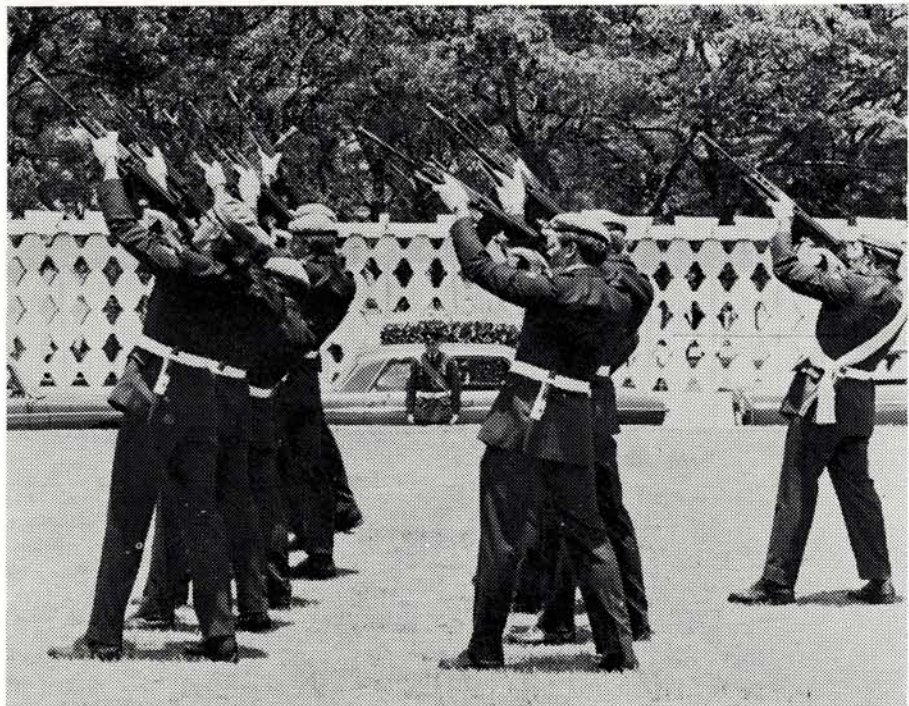
coaches going to Warren Hills
(Courtesy: A. W. Gray)



(Above): The Army Commander and Official Mourners following the gun carriages.

(Courtesy: A. J. Murdoch)

(Below): Members of "C" Squadron, S.A.S., firing party.



(Courtesy: Army Photographer, Jim Tampin)



(Above): The thirteen-gun salute being fired by three 25-pounder guns.

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(Below): The funeral procession moving from the Cathedral after the service.



(Courtesy: A. J. Murdoch)



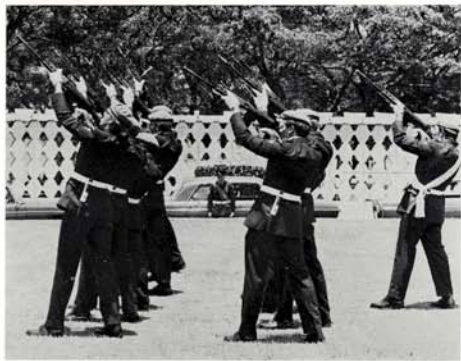
(Above): The gun carriages going to Warren Hills
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(Courtesy: A. J. Murdoch)

(Below): Members of "C" Squadron, S.A.S., firing party.



(Courtesy: Army Photographer, Jim Tampin)



*(Left): Army Commander,
Minister of Defence,
Commissioner of Police,
Commander of the Air Force,
and the South African
Military Adviser.*

(Courtesy: Rhodesia Herald)

*(Below): Corps of Signals Band
leading the funeral procession.*

(Courtesy: A. J. Murdoch)





The Army Commander and Minister of Defence attending the service for Captain Robertson.
(Courtesy: Rhodesia Herald)

CAPTAIN IAN ANDREW BRAMPTON ROBERTSON

A Bulawayo man and an old boy of Milton School, Ian Robertson was first commissioned during his National Service. After finishing his National Service he was a very keen TF officer with 2 RR. It was his keenness which led him to seek a commission in the Regular Army into which he was commissioned in June, 1972.

Ian Robertson served first with 1 RLI. Then he was at Depot RR until June, 1975 when he was posted to 5 Indep Coy as its 2ic.

He was a keen sportsman, especially in tennis and Rugby football. He was particularly well known in Matabeleland Rugby circles for his work both as a referee and as manager of the Matabeleland under-20 XV.

Ian will be sadly missed by his many friends both in the Army and in Rugby circles.

We extend our deepest sympathy to his family.

CAPTAIN JOHN BOURCHER LAMB

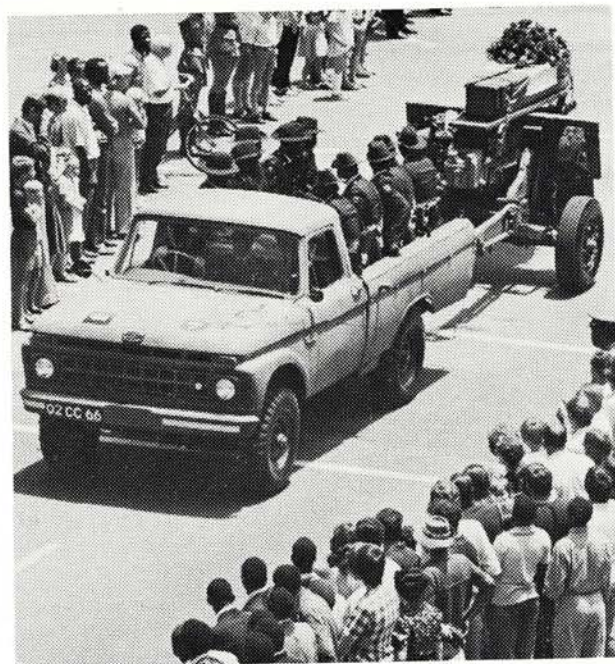
John Lamb attested into the Rhodesian Army in January, 1970, and was commissioned from the S Inf as a 2 Lt on the 19th February, 1971.

He was posted to 1 RAR, where he served with D Coy until his posting to HQ 3 Bde on the 27th January, 1975.

John Lamb had an infectious sense of humour and his engaging manner made him a popular person, both with the African soldiers and his fellow officers. He was a very competent sportsman and will be remembered for his contribution on and off the field. The loss of this fine officer can be gauged by the deep sense of shock experienced by both officers and men of the RAR.

To Tommy we extend our sincere condolences.

(Below): The gun carriage bearing the coffin of Captain Lamb. (Courtesy: A. W. Gray)



Distractions at Bindura:

A Television Saga, as Observed by a "Blue-Job"

In December the staff of the JOC at Bindura diverted their attentions from the war in the mountains and planned a magnificent medal parade. All the local dignitaries were to be there and an invitation had been sent to a television company to film the event.

The troops took their places smartly with all the military pride that goes with parades. The band played, marched and counter-marched, while the spectators mumbled and hummed their approval. The citations were read. Proud moments. Moving moments. A few snuffles could be heard from the spectators.

A muted rumble attracted the attention of the gathering and an incredulous gasp ran through their rows as a noisy car buzzed on to the parade square and slid to a halt! In true Keystone-Cops tradition, two men leapt out and began pulling tripods, and other paraphernalia out of their car! Draped with their equipment, they abandoned their metal steed and made off across the parade square, while a sharp-eyed policeman strode over to demand that they move their vehicle from the only exit for the President and his entourage! The Keystone comics frantically disentangled themselves from their load and searched their pockets for the car-keys. Eventually finding these, they reversed the car and left it parked in the main road—still blocking the parade! The policeman took over and sorted out their parking problem . . . !

The spectators turned their attention to the medal-recipients.

The cameraman hobbled across the parade ground, burdened with camera, aluminium box, tripod and sundry spare parts. In the left centre of the parade square he put down his box, opened the lid and took out a camera. The camera whirred and yards of film snaked across the ground!

A titter ran through the crowd.

Eventually the camera-man noticed the film lying over his shoulders and twitching at his feet. After a quick attempt to stuff the film back into the camera, he gave up and turned to his second camera, lifting it to his eye. His dark glasses got in the way and, camera in one

hand, he removed the specs with his other, vainly trying to find his left breast-pocket! The glasses slid through and fell on the grass at his feet!

An amused titter ran through the spectators!

Realising that the parade would pass him by, our favourite camera-man snapped off a few yards of film of the assembled platoons and then ran over to the centre of the parade, dragging his wooden tripod behind him. With his camera clutched under an arm, he made valiant efforts to extend a leg of the tripod, but found it a little difficult with a camera immobilising one arm. However, he extended the first leg and began to work on the second, camera still firmly gripped in his armpit! As the second leg stretched out, the first leg collapsed! Yet another titter ran through the crowd!

At last the camera-man put his camera down on the President's dais and snapped his tripod into place, right in front of the dais, not realising that it was in the path of the President's car. Then he placed his reserve camera on top of the tripod. It wouldn't fit!

Further titters ran through the crowd!

The General had his back to the camera-antics, but knew that some clown was performing by the way the troopies' eyes lit up and followed the show from side to side!

The National Anthem was played, and the star performer shambled across to where his beloved equipment lay on the ground, oblivious to the dignity and reverence of the parade and spectators alike! Seeing the President preparing to leave, he abandoned his gadgets and rushed to film the departure! The tripod was blocking the path of the cars, but the driver managed to miss it. A sigh of disappointment from the crowd!

The parade now began to march off, and our camera-comic shot off some more film, now having forgotten about his shiny box on the ground . . . ahead of the marching troops . . . a murmur of anticipation from the crowd.

The camera whirred . . . magnificent shots of troops advancing in line . . . ! His viewfinder did not take in the shiny box and yards of

film lying ahead of their route . . . The murmur from the spectators died . . . Would yards of spoilt celluloid film entangle themselves between the feet of the marching men . . . ?

The tense atmosphere must have alerted the camera-man, and he rushed out to gather up the web-like yards of film, stuff them into the shiny box . . . to pile gadgets on top and move it rapidly out of the way of those booted feet! The crowd murmured again — disappointment!

With camera again tucked under his arm, our comic tried to carry off an armful of celluloid, shiny box and piled-up gadgets . . . Something fell . . . he attempted to make up his load again . . . His arm gripped his camera firmly to his body still . . . !

In the crowd the tension was high!

Once again gadgets fell from his untidy load, spectators became quite excited at the prospects . . . At last . . . the comic decided to take the chance and abandon his camera so as to be better able to remove his shiny box . . . A quick rush to the sidelines and back to his grounded camera, like a competitor in a potato race, and our actor retrieved his camera only feet ahead of the striding bandmen.

This time it was groans of disappointment which ran through the crowd . . . but it had been an entertaining parade!



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Bush Telegraph

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Is it any wonder that C sgt Steve Thompson, 1 RLI, has such a huge grin? Rumour has it that next Christmas every soldier will receive a glory bag and a betinselled dolly. (Editor offers his services in recruiting the 'dollies).

(Courtesy: Army Photographer)



Miss Rubin receives a bouquet from Lt Col Roome as an expression of gratitude.

(Courtesy: Army Photographer)

On Christmas Eve 3 OS Coy said "Thank you" to one of the back-room girls who, over the past three years, have roasted over 12 000 chickens for the boys who will be spending Christmas on the border. This year Miss Rubin has again made the ovens of her bakery available to the Army and 4 000 chickens were dispatched to the North East as part of the Christmas Dinner for the lads who were in the bush over Christmas. In the picture Lt Col J. Roome, CO of 3 Svcs Bn, presents Miss Rubin with a bouquet of flowers in appreciation of her help over the past three years.

At 4.15 on Wednesday, 31st December, a small ceremony took place at 3 OS Coy Depot. Maj Mike Harman made a presentation of a bottle of whisky and six glasses to Mr. I. G. Watts, of Aluminium Industries.

Over the past three years Mr. Watts' firm has donated enough aluminium foil to wrap four thousand half chickens. (Which, by our reckoning, makes two thousand whole chickens).

Our thanks to you, Mr. Watts — now we know why the chickens crossed the road — to make foils of themselves!

Happy revellers look on as Maj Harman presents some Christmas cheer to Mr. Watts.

(Courtesy: Army Photographer)



BLESS 'EM ALL

Bless not only 'em all, but bless also the people who were involved in raising and donating the absolutely magnificent sum of \$92 000 at the time of going to print. Money poured in from all over the country, from young and old, from individuals, firms, sports clubs and other organisations. There was even a case of fines'

being levied at a works' party for anyone who "talked shop" during the evening.

The Army thanks all of those involved in the "Bless 'Em All" Show, in the collecting of the money and particularly, of course, those who gave so generously. Donations ranged from \$1.00 to \$1 000. Remembering the widow's mite, we sincerely thank them all.



Mr. S. H. Webster of the D.M.B. had a bonus from the Army. When Col D. T. Hopkins went to thank him for the gift of 500 kg of cheese for the Army, he took along Miss Louise Williamson, RWS, who added a big hug to the official "thank you".

(Courtesy: Rhodesia Herald)



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DEPOT DIARY



"The Show must go on . . ."

—The Entertainers' Creed.

The month of December has certainly been hectic, with mounting openings, parades, functions, and coping with the paraphernalia of a show.

Firstly, we had the grand opening of the Spanish-style bar in the Sports Club. It was named "The Lion and Tusk" by the principal guest, Mr. George Katz of Rhodesia Breweries. Mr. Joss of the Old Mutual Assurance Society kindly donated a table and four easy-chairs for use by the troops in their leisure moments.

Secondly, the Annual Drumhead Service and Band Sunday were held on the 7th, with numerous civic dignitaries and the Army Commander present, and, for the first time, Chief Sigola was able to attend. The weather was overcast in the early morning, but the decision was made to hold the Service in the square, and the rain held off almost to the end of the last hymn.

Lastly, the "Bless 'Em All" Show was staged in Llewellyn Cinema. Rehearsals had taken place on Saturday afternoon, the 6th, with the main event being televised on the afternoon of Sunday the 7th. The Army Commander and the Adjutant-General were present, as were representatives from the Air Force and B.S.A.P. Indeed, a cross section of the Defence Forces was present with the 255 civilians who had contributed \$5.00 each for a seat to enjoy an excellent show. In the evening, the producer of "Bless 'Em All", Mr. Val Lunn, and the artists were entertained in the Officers' Mess.

This month our principal visitor has been the Chief of Staff. General Shaw had a look at training and saw the progress being made with the new dining-hall complex.

In sport, our cricketers have tried valiantly and the golfers now have the advantage of playing on a well-watered course — mainly due to the efforts of WO 2 Gregan who has supervised the laying of pipes to most fairways.

MARRIAGE.

It is a pleasure to note that WO 2 Ivan

Gregan married Cynthia at St. George's Chapel, Llewellyn, on Saturday, 16th December, 1975; Padre Wood officiated. It really goes without saying that all at Depot will wish this Llewellyn stalwart and his bride every happiness in the future.

A COY:

Intake 148, getting smaller all the time, with twenty-three members either AWOL or in DB, set off their classical-war exercise in high spirits and beautiful weather. By noon the rain had started and, by the time digging had started, four inches of rain had fallen. The high spirits had been well dampened.

The rain-softened earth was easy to dig, but bailing water with a shovel proved more difficult.

The drivers, with their newly-acquired licences, had a good deal of practice keeping the vehicles on the wet roads, and digging them out of the mud until all hours of the night.

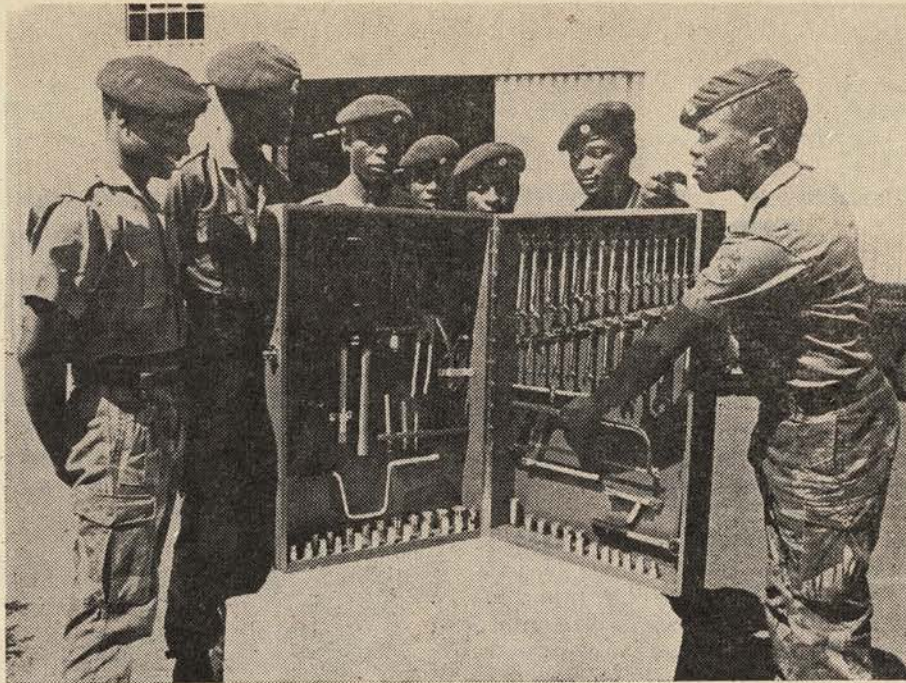
We now have a record for Intake 148 — three days without an AWOL. Ann Griffiths has now given up passing her time in A Coy (dis)orderly room to be a lady of leisure at home. Lin Ramshaw is to take office on the 2nd January, 1976, so once again we will have problems keeping the younger members of the staff away from the Orderly Room.

Sorry, the record for no AWOL was incorrect. Another AWOL today!

On 18th December, 1975, 3 Workshops Coy received the gift of a complete vehicle-mechanic's tool kit, presented by Mr. S. Tator, owner of Stanley's Body Works.

This kit will be used in the Training Centre by the instructor, and includes a wide range of the most modern and efficient tools.

In the picture is Lance Corporal Gideon (instructor of the first African soldiers' vehicle-mechanics course to be run at the Technical Training Centre, 3 Workshops Company, KG VI) with the recruits undergoing training.



L Cpl Gideon and recruits examine the mechanic's tool kit presented by Mr. S. Tator

B COY — THE LURKERS

The entire company has been involved in a "Berserk Lurk" since our last literary masterpiece. Quite why, none of us knows for sure, but rumour has it that the "weed-smoking-semi-sassenach-gnome" has had something to do with it. In fact, this illustrious establishment has not been quite the same since he arrived. Even that master of barrack rhetoric, the illustrious "Bones", has been affected. He has been seen at least four times in puttees, and even snide remarks like "Chek Sea Cottage, ek se" or "When's the Tankard Colour?" have had no effect.

Bob Lines has left us and returned to Rhodox and longer hair. We quite enjoyed having him; in fact the whole period was quite a gas! In his place we have received the dreaded "Woody" Williams, of dreadful-laugh fame, who has been lurking on the MAG ever since (quite like old times).

Capt Tony Wells has finally joined us from lurking on leave (and exams). We were quite surprised to see his Tsetse Fly LZ had not been painted blue — like most other things around here. (You're very welcome, Tony).

Regrettably, three members of Intake D2 have caught the lurking disease — in spite of warnings in our last edition. Like most aspirants to lurking, they failed miserably in their first attempt. Being in town without a pass is, in itself, a relatively-commendable attempt at

lurking. Getting caught is, of course, a serious matter as it shows a deplorable lack of professionalism and the dedicated approach to lurking required in B Coy.

Even more reprehensible was the fact that they were not wearing their "L" Plates (denoting a Learner Lurker). This grave omission regrettably led to seven days' being given up to more arduous entertainment than any lurk yet envisaged. We trust their next attempt will be of a better standard.

Several members of Intake 149 have also caught the insidious disease but, without exception, have failed their tests and paid various penalties in both cash and kind — "kind" taking the form of pleasant, after-hours recreation as devised by the Guard Room, and "cash" that of swelling the Treasury coffers. Who knows, we may yet be able to ensure that no ten-percent surcharge occurs next year; provided 149 keep it up that is!

And so, to those dilettante who are cultured enough to read (and enjoy?) our monthly contribution to their literary edification, we bid "adieu". May you have had a splendid Christmas Lurkey and may the New Year portend some successful lurking.

NEXT YEAR MORE EXCITING NEWS FROM "THE LURKERS".

C COY:

After the usual farewell celebrations, Intake 147 left us on the 5th December, 1975, for 3 and

5 (Indep) Coys at Inyanga and Umtali — a good-spirited bunch they were too. We wish them all good fortune.

The next Intake (150) does not arrive until the 8th January, 1976, so, incredibly, we shall be operating a 100% closed shop for 7-10 days.

At the moment outgoing and incoming OCs are handing and taking over to the usual accompaniment of welcomes and farewells. The departing OC confidently predicts that his relief, Major Peter Mincher, and C Coy will together prosper, and increase (about twofold, if estimates of the strength of Intake 150 are to be believed!).

Leave is now imminent. Enough said.

HQ COY:

Some reflections on the D2 and 149 HQ Company Intakes:

"You're not on your mother's b.... yacht; stand up straight!" Thus the hue and cry of Colour Sergeants in various shades of apoplexy welcomed the shuffling groups of D2 and 149 intakes to Llewellyn Barracks one morning early in November. After being graded as "only fit for HQ Coy", we trudged up there between seemingly-endless rubber hedges; even these seemed to have lost their bounce and were cropped short, as though warning us of our fate at the hands of the Barracks' Barber whose trademark (the cheese-grater cut) we bore back to the barrack-room. There we were instructed in assembling the basic ingredients of the well-known Llewellyn locker-pack which, when completed, bears some resemblance to a Frankensteinian fruit cake; in addition to these were the bedpack sandwiches which, no matter how much they were chewed, still remained unpalatable to our Corporals.

In the meantime some of us learnt how to march, salute, hold our weapons and not to say "Hallo, Major!" when visiting the OC's office. Our vocabulary was expanded to include a selection of richly-meaningful monosyllabic words, too.

Some of us volunteered (either actively or passively) to prepare a sketch for the RTV "Bless 'Em All" Show; those who did were soon to learn that in the Army volunteering for one thing will in all probability lead to another: in this case a floorshow for the D1 farewell party was called for, and Sergeant Major Banham's good nature was taxed somewhat in seeing his image being gently included; he is to be commended for curling up on the floor in such a convincing display of mirth. This performance led to others by the trouped clowns now known as the "HQ Tackie Trampers" — first of all at Brady Barracks, then in the RTV Studio, again in the Officers' Mess (what a party that was) and, finally, in front of the

cameras at the "Bless 'Em All" Show.

By this stage, Sergeant Major Banham had, regrettably, taken his exit cue from HQ Coy and was last seen heading for the pastoral atmosphere of Balla Balla where he is to recuperate.

In the meantime, however, the remainder of our intake had not been idle; the HQ Coy garden had been transformed by some industrious Lizards into what looked like a grenade-site. This deception was not to last long, though, for, within a couple of weeks, the new fishpond (shaped rather like a ruptured spleen, with space allowed for a stomach pump) had been completed.

After some weeks, we went off for the scheduled bush-exercise in the Matopos; apart from waiting for the rain to stop, we spent most of the time being issued with, or preparing, or eating the exciting (and occasionally explosive) contents of our rat-packs. On the return journey, Sergeant Dickens narrowly missed being swept away by the flood, so we did have a small mercy to be thankful for!

The Christmas season, of course, caught up the Company in a welter of festive activities, the climax of which was undoubtedly the HQ Coy Christmas Party, held this year in the Llewellyn Sports Club. The music, food and drink, and the very cheerful atmosphere all contributed to what turned out to be a colourful and thoroughly-enjoyable evening. At the party Major Cameron-Davies, OC HQ Coy, was presented with a wrist-watch as a token of recognition for his services to the Company.

SADDLE CLUB NEWS:

On the 6th December, 1975 history was made at Llewellyn Barracks! The cricketers can't do it; the Rugby boys can't do it — but we did — WE BEAT THE SPRINGBOKS!

In an International Gymkhana, South Africa vs. Rhodesia, both the Rhodesia Senior and Junior teams came out on top. The events were all armed and the Springboks proved to be a great crowd, and a tremendous time was had by all.

We were particularly proud of our Juniors (all pint-sized compared with the Springbok riders) and in fact our team consisted of one team member and three reserves! They rode against two South African teams, a boys' and a girls' — and pipped them both. Llewellyn was particularly proud of young Michael van Blerk who was runner-up Best Man at Arms Junior. This means his personal score bettered that of any of the other riders bar his team mate, Peter Mostert of Macheke, who took the Trophy by only one point! Well done, Michael, and keep it up.



RhMP

FLYING

SQUAD

With the ever-increasing commitment of the Rhodesian Army on our borders, the load on every man has increased tremendously. Not only man-power has been affected, however. Machinery and transport have been grossly over-taxed. It is for this reason that the army has had to find equipment suited to the extra burdens placed upon it.

The look of delight on WO 1 Parnham's face was not for any member of his staff or outgoing prisoner, but for the eight new Yamaha 400 c.c. trial-bikes of which the Military Police had just taken delivery. Here at last was a bike that looked capable of doing the rough stuff — no town or city streets for this beauty; it was built for the bush.

But now a problem! How was he going to familiarise his staff with this new monster?

Enter Eddie Payne, a TF member of RhASC 1 Bde, and currently Bulawayo's top speedway rider.

Yes, he could show them how to ride the bikes.

Yes, he could think up a familiarisation course.

And so began one of the RhMP's most unusual and popular courses.

Permission to use the local motorcycle club's scramble, dirt and trials courses soon changed smug "I know how to ride" looks to ones of sheer horror. The cry became "Geronimo."

After basic refining on motorcycling, the trainees were taken out and shown how to "do it in the dirt." Sand and gravel, jumps and dips, riverbeds and "ngomos" — they tried them all. Bodies ached and everybody got to know the name of that Indian. Ron James, Matabeleland's scrambles ace, also TF, joined Eddie, and everybody knew that they both were completely mad. How could anybody do this for fun? For sure, you could ride straight through the bush; no roads, no paths, nothing. Just



(Above): The "Squad" with WO 1 Parnham and Instructor.

(Below): A "Flyer" in action.

"wag-en-bietjies", long grass and drunken trees.

Nevertheless, one week later the story was different. "Hell, I enjoyed that!" "Sir, can't we have another week?" and so on.

Mr. Parnham was happy. His motorcycles were capable and the men had learned to ride them. (That and a lot more!). He needn't have worried too much; P. J.'s knee was healing, Rudman would make it to box in South Africa after all, and Sgt Pretorius could whitewash his plaster cast for staff parade.

Yes, he had enjoyed that course . . . Now how could he persuade the DMP, Lt Reith, to try for some beach buggies?

Returning to the more serious side of things, the Yamaha has, in the initial stages, proved itself to be a first-rate machine. It is equally at home on tarmac or dirt surfaces, but in the latter its true colours come to light.

The dirt holds no fear for it; there is enough power to tackle anything that the Services might

bring to it. The design is such that all vital parts are set high and out of harm's way. Tyres are more suited to the dirt, and servicing the machine is both simple and easy.

Only two problems have come to light from the past training-courses. The first is not a machine-fault but purely one of rider-ability. At the start of each course not one person was able to use as much as 25% of the machine's potential. After the one week's comprehensive schooling, starting almost from scratch, most trainees could now use up to 50% — the rest will come with time and practice.

Fuel consumption is the only major drawback. From a 9 litre tank, only a range of 160 km can be gained. This limits the versatility of the machine in as much as it is restricted to an operating radius of 80 km. Beyond this, a way of carrying extra fuel must be devised, for it is a large-capacity, two-stroke engine and it is accepted that they are thirsty workers. Two-strokes need oil and this is stored separately in a one-quart tank, and no pre-mixing is required. It has to be watched constantly, but a tank of oil stands good for over 200 km.

All in all, the Yamaha 400 has shown itself to be a robust machine and has taken its first trials very well. Once again time and trial will be the judge.

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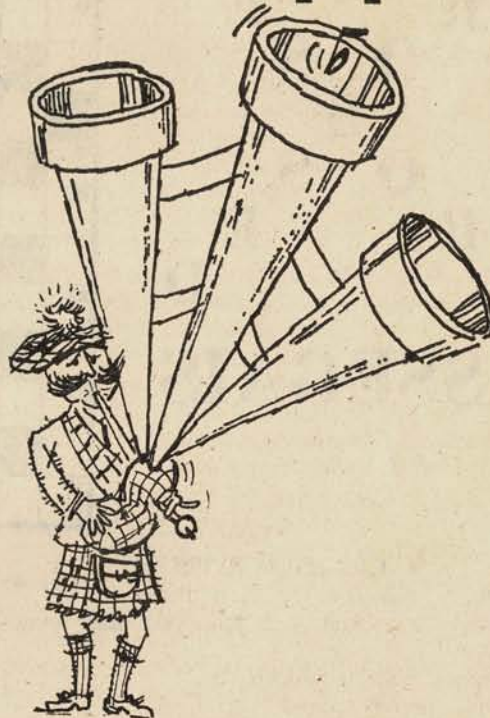
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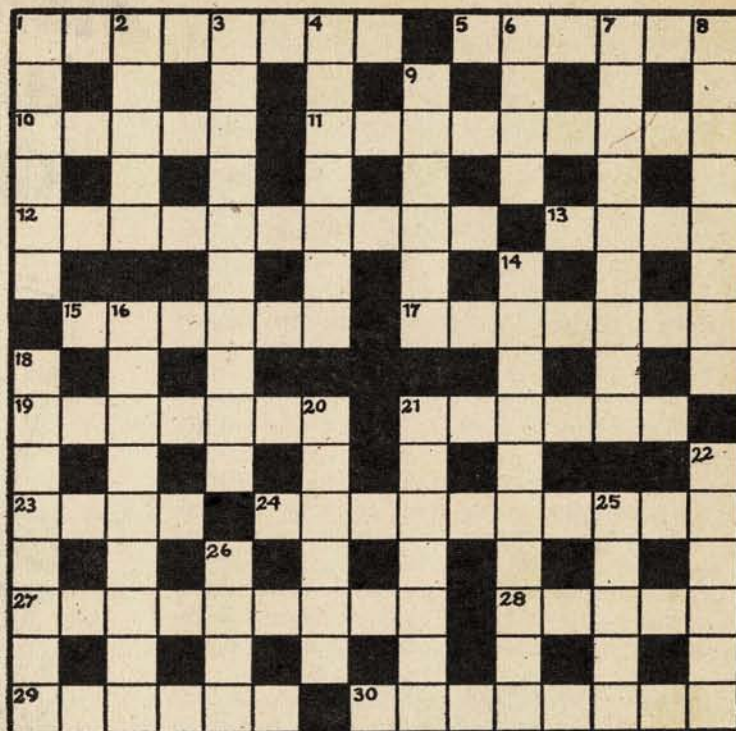


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ASSEGAIS



CLUES ACROSS

1. Happy rod for the Red Baron? (8).
5. Israel lost some, but Rhodesia has several (6).
10. Depart for a privilege (5).
11. No expense spared (2, 3, 4).
12. Applies to a sober driver, often with loyalty added (10).
13. Discard the outhouse (4).
15. Possible location for 13 (6).
17. A lack of depth in Marshal Lowe (7).
19. Now tell if you are feeling seedy (3, 4).
21. I. H. Mash must be a Scottish name (6).
23. Remove the skin we hear and ring the bells (4).
24. Usable for four seasons (3, 7).
27. Rot carted in reverse by one who takes away (9).
28. A girl in a swell entourage (5).
29. Often made of parchment, sometimes illuminated (6).
30. For soldiers with 20 or more (8).

CLUES DOWN

1. Caesar amongst his friends (6).
2. Required for 30 across (5).
3. Oriental medicinal instruments, but a hazard to shipping in Britain (3, 7).
4. A 19th Century male pig? (7).
6. Painter with questions may illuminate (4).
7. One may do so with explosives for whale nostrils (4, 5).

8. What the weary striker does? (4, 4).
9. Take time in aches to make pigments (6).
14. What the seasick passenger longs for (4, 6).
16. Tram rates revised for drawing teacher (3, 6).
18. Revolve helpers says Spooner for card player's call (2, 6).
20. Controversial young lady of fiction (6).
21. Expression of complete agreement (3, 4).
22. Ancient women in dacron especially (6).
25. Greeting from Hades with love (5).
26. Call for frozen rain (4).

Solution to December Crossed Assegais:

CLUES ACROSS: 1. Elephant; 5. Sapper; 10. Arson; 11. Water rats; 12. East is East; 13. Gene; 15. Archie; 17. Sea mist; 19. Ratings; 21. Hidden; 23. Pain; 24. Put the shot; 27. Valentino; 28. Olive; 29. Rarity; 30. Asbestos.

CLUES DOWN: 1. Erases; 2. Eases; 3. Hand in hand; 4. Nowhere; 6. Afro; 7. Peace pipe; 8. Respects; 9. Stasis; 14. Saddle sores; 16. Rat killer; 18. Trip over; 20. Stupid; 21. Hot dogs; 22. Stress; 25. Hoist; 26. Unit.

A prize of \$4,00 will be awarded for the first all-correct entry opened by the Editor on the 5th February, 1976. All entries to Crossed Assegais, Army HQ P.B. 7720, Causeway.

The winner of December's Crossed Assegais was WO 2 Loots, L.C. HQ 1 Bde, P.O. Box 698, Bulawayo.



RAR VIGNETTES



C COY:

It may seem strange that we have already had our Christmas at the time of writing these notes, but we decided that, as we were due back in the "Jungle" before the 25th December, we would celebrate before we left. So it was that the mombie was slaughtered and the beer flowed on the 10th December, 1975.

Christmas should, of course, be a happy event, but ours this year had a twinge of sadness, for, as well as celebrating, we had to say goodbye to an old stalwart of the Company, CSM Pfupa, DMM. After 23 years of being a soldier, thirteen of them as CSM, he deserved a better-than-average presentation we thought and he received a bicycle, complete with "L" plates and a provisional licence — camp area only.

We also said farewell to Eroll Mann, another friend who served the Company both as a platoon commander and 2ic. Eroll and Bidy, Good Luck at "Dee pot RAR". Farewell to Cpl Petro, Company Chef. We couldn't stop him leaving after twelve years with us, as it was promotion, but we are sad to see such an old friend leave us. Let us hope his successor can keep up the standard.

Of the future, well, we visualise the following, purely-imaginary conversation, typifying the future:

"Hello, 3; this is 0. You are to nominate for the following vacancies; 1 WO 1; 3 WO 2; 5 Sgts; 12 Cpls and 20 L/Cpls. They are to be posted from you last week.

3 Roger, but I haven't got them.

0 Rubbish. Always moaning. What about those ten recruits you're getting tomorrow?"

A happy Christmas and New Year — CHAUYA CHAUYA or CHOW.

D COY:

The big news is the promotion and posting of RSM Wurayayi and the upcoming marriage of Maj Noble. Best of luck to both.

All of D Coy will miss RSM Wurayayi. The new RSM of 2 RAR has served faithfully with D Coy for 18 years. Many RAR soldiers have benefited from their contacts with "the long one" over the years. He is gone from the Coy, but not forgotten.

10th Platoon has added two new pets to its zoo. The wife of the Platoon's OC may not be too happy about the addition of a monkey and tortoise to the already-large animal population of the household.

D Coy is already looking forward to winning the Champion-Coy award during Regimental week.

Munhu wose we D Company acha resikirwa na va RSM Wurayayi. Avo vava RSM mutsva we 2 RAR vakashanda zvakakosha ne D Coy kwe makore gumi ne masere. Masoja mazhinji ve boka re 1 RAR vakave ne rubastiro kubva pakushanda pamwe navo ne mukuita basa pavakarwisa pose mubasaravo "Murefu iye" Akabva mu D Coy, asi hahazokanganikwa.

E (CHAMPION) COMPANY— CHAMUKA INYAMA

As a feverish hand frantically pens this late submission, the rain continues, drumming ceaselessly on the canvas. Soldiers fortunate enough to be spared patrol duties huddle miserably in their bivouacs, drawing comfort from the knowledge that we must be almost halfway through the rainy season.

It is Christmas Eve, traditionally a time of peace on earth and goodwill to all men. For some it is hard to reconcile mud with such sentiments. And yet there is relative peace, and goodwill there is in abundance. Never before have soldiers serving their country over Christmas been so lavishly showered with Christmas cheer. The greatest boost to morale stems from the knowledge that it is not only our families who think of us at Christmas time. We pay tribute to the many who spare no effort to prepare and forward the Christmas cheer every year and more especially this year. Tomorrow will be a memorable Christmas.

Now to matters of less consequence. Like everyone else in the Battalion we are reeling from the effects of the ceaseless comings and goings. To all you who have left us, we wish you all the best in your new posts, and, to the few who have joined us, we hope your brollies are serviceable.

We would particularly like to record the posting of Major Terry Hammond who left in September to take up his appointment at the School of Infantry. The Company is indebted

to him for his unstinting efforts on its behalf. We wish him and his family all the very best for the future. Lieutenant Paul Hopcroft also leaves us, doubling the life-expectancy of the glassware and crockery as he goes. He too takes with him our grateful thanks and best wishes in his appointment in 2 RAR.

As a Company we are now approaching the end of our operational tour and reaching the climax of our civil-affairs programme in which we have been engaged for the last three months. It has been a deployment with a difference, in which patience and perseverance have been the only ways to combat the frustrations. Full credit must be given to every soldier in the Company for his versatility in adapting to this facet of our anti-terrorist operations. We look forward to our re-training period as a time when we need think only of pure soldiering.

We extend Season's Greetings to all those who have served with and alongside us in 1975.

HQ COY: (MOYO UMWE CHETE)

We start these notes on a deeply sad tone, and with regret record two deaths within the Company. Firstly, 640142 WO 2 Runyowa Saino of the Signals Platoon who was killed whilst at home on leave. Secondly, 643811 Pte Zakariya Gude who died in a traffic accident. To the bereaved families all ranks extend their deepest sympathy.

With the preparations for the Passing-Out Parade of the latest batch of recruits from Depot RAR, HQ Company has been involved in the general whirl of activities. The recruits, by the way, are an impressive-looking bunch, and bring to mind Wellington's famous saying, "I don't know what they will do to the enemy, but, by God, they frighten me!"

This, plus Christmas functions, has made for a busy month.

We organised the African Children's Party and, thanks to the stalwart work of a few European wives and energetic Coy HQ Staff, the 1260 children involved all had a splendid time.

There is a lot of new faces around following recent promotions and postings-lists and the main change in the Company was our Chief Clerk, WO 2 Nelomwe, now WO 1 and ORQMS — a well-deserved promotion. He has been replaced by WO 2 Italia Dube. Sgt Benias left us on promotion to C Sgt, and his place has been ably filled by Sgt Muvimi on promotion from A Coy. Sgt Muvimi was our OC's clerk in that Company, so at least he knows how the Major likes things done.

To all ranks of HQ Company and their families we send best wishes for a happy, prosperous, and peaceful New Year.

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