



ASSEGAI



**THE MAGAZINE OF THE
RHODESIAN ARMY**



IN THIS ISSUE:

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WHAT REALLY HAPPENED ?

VOLUME 15, No. 11 — 15 MARCH, 1976



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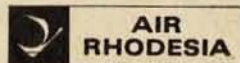
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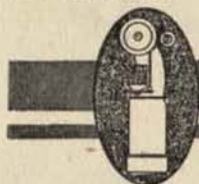


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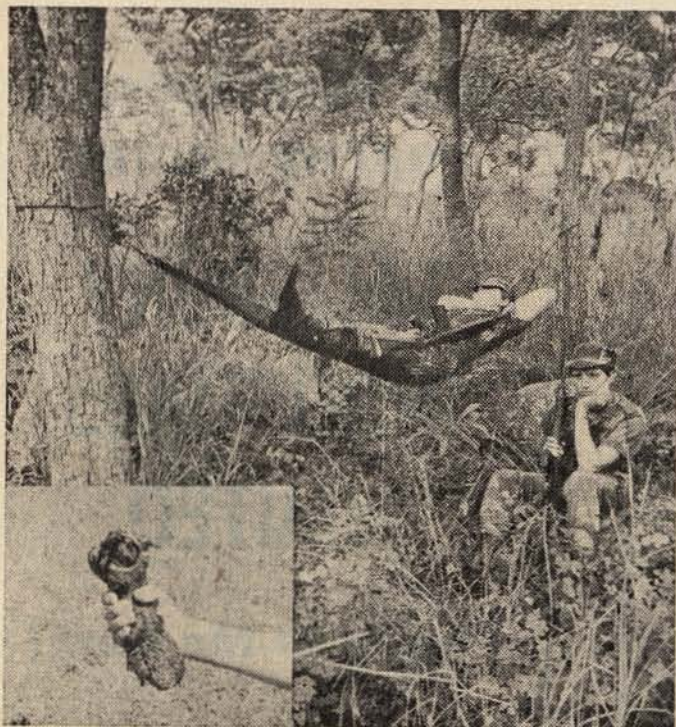
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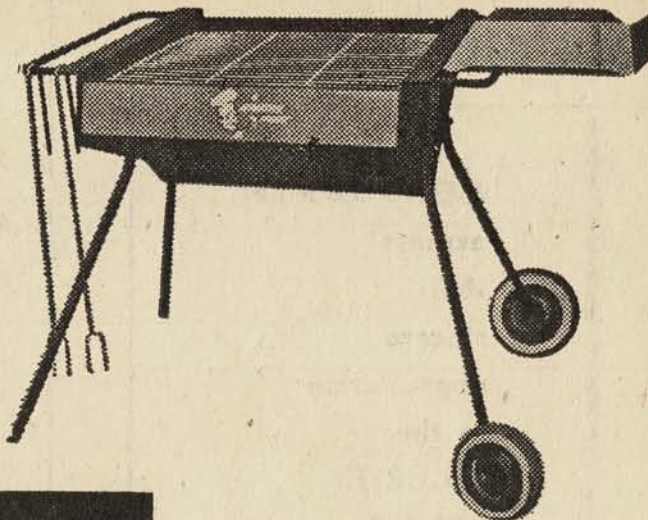


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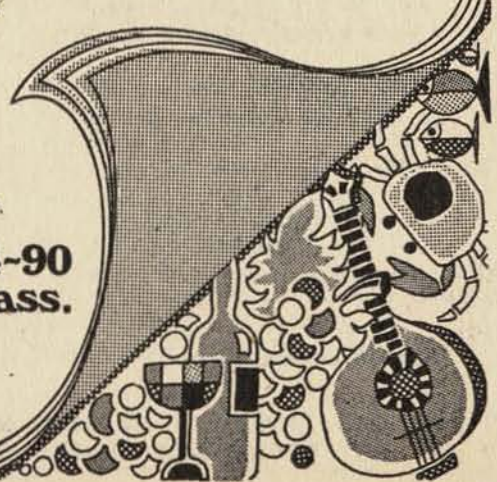
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EDITORIAL

There have been many complaints about the press for poor, and even twisted, reporting. It is the turn of "Assegai" to criticise the foreign press for quoting out of context and drawing the wrong conclusions.

After his speech at the School of Infantry (published in its entirety on page 15 of "Assegai") the Commander of the Army has been accused of being political. His speech made it clear that he had no political intention in warning extremists. His concern was the security of the country, "the maintenance of law and order and the atmosphere in which political stability can exist and political evolution for the benefit of all races take place". He was not speaking on behalf of any one group within the community nor was he threatening a last-ditch stand for white supremacy. It may seem repetitious to warn yet again that a psychological campaign is being waged against this country, but the warning must be constantly in our minds so that we know how to interpret the twisted news which emanates from the Disinformation Centre in Prague and from journals which would like Rhodesia to fall into the chaos of so much of Africa.

Much cannot be said openly about the terrorist war. It must be kept under covers so that terrorist headquarters cannot put accurate pins in maps in their ops rooms. But Rhodesians can rest assured that their Security Forces, the best anti-terrorist force in the world, are on top and will stay on top.

Let the foreign press twist speeches as they will, they cannot shake the confidence of Rhodesians as long as Rhodesians have confidence in their armed forces. The members of the Rhodesian Army know their Commander to be a fighting man, not a politician; they know that he will continue to lead them as a soldier.

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The Founding and Development of the British Army Air Corps

By

Brigadier (Retd.) JOHN R. PROBERT, C.Eng.,
F.I.Mech.E., F.R.Ae.S., M.B.I.M.,
M.N.Z.I.E., p.1.

Aviation, while appearing something rather foreign when applied to people in khaki uniforms (at least when viewed by servicemen in light blue uniforms), is not so, because, as you will probably remember, the Royal Flying Corps in World War One operated in khaki, with pilots from the Royal Engineers, Infantry, Royal Armoured Corps — in fact officers from all branches of the Army, and their aircraft were serviced by army tradesmen until the formation of the R.A.F. on the 1st April 1918.

Between the wars the only people in khaki who flew were those on secondment to Army Co-operation squadrons, but in 1941 a number of R.A.F. Air Observation Post squadrons were formed, their aircraft being manned by artillery officer pilots, although the squadrons were administered and supported technically by R.A.F. personnel. The Glider Pilot regiment was also formed at about this time. These A.O.P. units used the Auster and were responsible for artillery observation and reconnaissance such as was possible by remaining over our own front lines.

A number of army officers were seconded during the war from the army to the R.A.F. for fighter reconnaissance duties, and I was fortunate enough to be one of these.

By 1957 the R.A.F. had arrived at the conclusion that the A.O.P. squadrons were rather an encumbrance, particularly from the point of view of maintenance, as it was being increasingly difficult in the era of the Vulcan and Hunter to find Auster-trained tradesmen, and when a

suggestion was made by the Army Board (prompted by the Director of Land/Air Warfare) that the Army would be interested in taking over these squadrons, together with a number of light liaison squadrons which had also been formed from the Glider Pilot regiment, in order to form an Army Air Corps, there was little opposition from the R.A.F., although one or two grizzled Group Captains and Wing Commanders were heard to say that "this was the end, if they were passing over flying duties to pongos".

The light aircraft school at that time was based at R.A.F. Middle Wallop near Andover, Hampshire, and was commanded by an Army Lieutenant Colonel, although most of the flying instructors were R.A.F. and the few squadrons which existed were scattered as far afield as Malaya and Cyprus.

R.A.F. Middle Wallop was still very much a completely R.A.F. station, with several R.A.F. squadrons of fighter aircraft, plus a fighter plotter school. I was brought home from a nice easy Major's job in Kenya (the Mau Mau business having finished) and given a hanger at Middle Wallop, together with five R.E.M.E. Captains, all with previous R.A.F. engineering service, and told to get on with the job of setting up a training school and a technical services organisation for the new Army Servicing organisation.

We derived a number of new Army trades, which we set about training. There was to be an aircraft mechanic, to be converted from a R.E.M.E. vehicle mechanic, who would be responsible for air frames, engines, instruments, electrics and radio at the first line level, and for air frames and engines at second line.

We took R.E.M.E. Army instrument mechanics and telecommunications technicians and trained them in aircraft instruments and electrics, and radio. The supervisory trades were to be Artificers aircraft in the ranks of staff sergeant and warrant officer, and these were converted from Artificers vehicle and from the R.E.M.E. instruments and radio trades.

The first courses for aircraft mechanics were of eight weeks' duration, and you can well imagine that the first bad habit we had to break down in these erstwhile vehicle mechanics was to persuade them to drop their former methods of improvisation and instil into them the fact that a bent nail would no longer suffice in place of the correct split pin!

After a number of courses which were hastily rushed through (with a high failure rate) because the R.A.F. were agitating for their tradesmen to be relieved from the now Army-owned squadrons, I lengthened the course to

twelve weeks. The potential Artificers aircraft I sent off to undergo a course which I had designed, together with the R.A.F., as being suitable for their training, and this was carried out at R.A.F. Kirkham near Blackpool.

After a year things began to settle down a little and our servicing personnel were becoming more confident — although even the Auster, which was our universal aircraft at that time, appeared a frightening responsibility, but we had found that our new tradesmen, because they were not so specialised, were more economical than the R.A.F. tradesmen they replaced. I recall that we were able, because of this, to replace every five R.A.F. tradesmen in the A.O.P. squadrons with three Army tradesmen.

During this period we had also been able to acquire quite a large buy of de Havilland Beavers from Canada, and this aircraft proved most useful in the liaison role. Pilots (all officers) were serving on secondment from their regiments, usually on a three year tour, and considerable thought was given to the formation of a permanent cadre of officer pilots for a permanent career in Army Aviation before this was eventually approved. During this time the light blue beret and the eagle insignia were introduced as items of dress for all those serving with the Army Air Corps.

In May 1958, a decision was made to introduce helicopters into Army Aviation and the Sanders Roe Skeeter was selected to be the first type in service. This aircraft, which had a Gypsy Major fuel-injection engine, was a two-seater, rather demanding to fly, but useful for reconnaissance work. There was no automatic linkage of rotor and engine r.p.m. (such as now appears standard kit), and very close control was required of the throttle fitted to the collective lever in order to keep the engine and rotor r.p.m. co-ordinated and within the required limits for flight. Meantime, new squadrons had had been formed in various parts of the world, and the pilot-training wing of Army Aviation Centre Middle Wallop (which had now been passed over from the R.A.F. to the Army) had been completely revamped in order to provide both rotary and fixed-wing training.

A review of the aircraft-trades structure had also been necessary, and it was found that with the introduction of the new aircraft types and with the possibility of bringing into service yet another helicopter, the P.531, or "Scout" as it was later named (the Wasp for the Naval version), it was no longer possible to telescope the trade as it had been in the case of the earlier Auster. In consequence, the trade of Aircraft Technician (air frame and engine), the trades of Aircraft Technician (electrics and instru-

ments), the Aircraft Technician (radio), were introduced, together with supervisory trades of Aircraft Artificer (air frame and engine), and Aircraft Artificer (electrics, instruments and radio).

In the field, Army Aviation was winning its spurs, taking part in the BAOR and NATO exercises in Germany and providing squadrons in Malaya, Aden, Kenya, Cyprus, Hong Kong and U.K. These squadrons initially had both types of aircraft with both rotary-wing and fixed-wing flights, and many of the engineering and supply problems to support this diverse organisation, operating most of the time under field conditions, were quite complex.

About this time the Fleet Air Arm discovered that they had trained too many technical personnel for the carriers they had available for commissioning. I believe they were a carrier short! As on the engineering side of Army Aviation we were being hard pressed to turn out trained tradesmen in sufficient numbers to man the new squadrons, we approached the Navy and asked if they could help. They were delighted at being offered some interesting employment for their surplus personnel, and the first batch of some 100, mainly Petty Officers and Chief Petty Officers, soon joined for duty. These sailors caused quite a stir when they appeared on exercises in the middle of Central Germany as the locals had not been used to seeing sailors so far from the sea before!

The R.A.F. had also been assisting Army Aviation in its earlier formative years by the secondment of a number of senior technical personnel, but these had gradually been withdrawn owing to pressing commitments. Some experience had been gained on more advanced helicopters by the purchase of a number of Alouette IIs from France.

In 1959 the decision was taken to equip Army Aviation with the Scout helicopter designed by Sanders Roe and later produced by Westland Aircraft. This aircraft was a five-seater powered by a Blackburn Nimbus free-turbine engine.

The introduction of this type of helicopter represented a considerable challenge to both flying and maintenance personnel, as well as to the manufacturer who had not had to supply aircraft of this sophistication in such large numbers before. The aircraft had a metal-skinned fuselage, with metal main-rotor blades, and the introduction of the free-turbine type of engine was something completely new to both operators and maintenance personnel.

It had been decided to phase out the Auster 9 fixed wing aircraft when the Scout was introduced, still retaining the de Havilland Beaver in

certain liaison flights, but otherwise making Army Aviation a completely rotary-wing force.

Someone had a brainwave (or it may have been the direct consequence of the force of personality of Wing Commander Wallis) that the Wallis Benson autogyro might be of use to Army Aviation, and three of these machines were acquired for troop trials at Middle Wallop. I had the opportunity of getting in a few hours on these and found it an exhilarating (although not for brass monkeys!) experience, as one sat out fully exposed on the front of the machine, rather like the pictures one sees of Blériot making his Cross-Channel attempt. After starting the engine, the main rotor was first turned by hand and a single clutch brought in the belt drive for the McCullagh air-cooled engine. A pusher prop provided the forward motion and on reaching 200 rotor r.p.m., and taking off the brakes, you were off! It then handled like a fixed-wing machine attaining a top speed of 65 m.p.h. However, the idea of their use did not catch on and, after two were crashed, the third was returned, reluctantly by the devotees, to the Wallis Company.

Re-equipping with the Scout went on between 1961 and 1963, and by this time a decision was taken on the replacement of the Skeeter helicopter by the Sioux. This Bell Helicopter Company aircraft had seen extensive service with the United States Army and was picked as the best all-round two-seater reconnaissance helicopter available at that time.

A large order was placed and by 1964 Skeeters were being replaced by Sioux in the squadrons. Some re-organisation of Army Aviation generally took place at this time when unit flights were formed. These were flights of three or four aircraft attached to each major teeth arm unit of the Army. Each artillery regiment, armoured regiment, or infantry battalion would have its own helicopter flight of three or four aircraft flown by pilots of that particular arm of the service and serviced by R.E.M.E. tradesmen attached to the regiment. The Sioux were used in this role, whilst the Scout helicopters formed the flights at Brigade and Corps Headquarters.

I had the opportunity of seeing this organisation working in Borneo during the campaign there, and it seemed to work very well. However, financial restrictions prohibited implementing this policy fully throughout the Army, and in 1967 it was decided to regroup the aircraft on a squadron basis, as formerly.

Every theatre was to have an Army Air Corps Wing, each consisting of two or three squadrons. An interesting major defect 'brewed up' in the Sioux when it was discovered that the

tubular airframe and engine-mounting were developing internal corrosion (inside the sealed airframe tubes, which were coated with a non-corrosive element — linseed oil). Fortunately, this defect was detected before any engines actually became detached — or airframes folded up, but a massive non-destructive testing-programme (using X-ray equipment) was carried out and a large number of airframes and engine mountings either exchanged or put under regular inspection.

*Brig J. Probert,
Chief Executive
Officer,
Municipality
of Salisbury.*



(Courtesy:
Rhodesia Herald)

I had the distinction of leading a Joint Services/Ministry of Supply Team which went over to the United States to investigate the defect (and the re-supply position), and I must admit that we were shaken when visiting the Bell Helicopter Company at Fort Worth, Texas, to be told by their engineers "Oh, we have always had internal corrosion — but our U.S. Army aviators did not worry about it until holes appeared in the airframe!"

Incidentally, at that time (which was at the height of the Vietnam war) Bell were turning out a hundred helicopters a month of all types, including the Huey Cobra, the Huey and the Sioux.

In 1968, the British Government, in its desire to co-operate with the European Economic Community (i.e. the Common Market) and in particular with France, reached an agreement under which the British and French aircraft industries would combine in a joint Anglo-French helicopter programme. Under this pro-

gramme the French would design a light helicopter which would be built from components produced jointly, some of which would be made in France by Sud Aviation and in Britain by Westland Aircraft. This helicopter would have a French Artouste free-turbine engine and would be produced in large numbers for the British Army and the French Alat (Aviation Légère de l'Armée de Terre) with some for the Royal Navy and R.A.F. for training purposes, and it was to be called the Gazelle. On the British side the U.K. Aircraft Industry, under the Anglo-French helicopter programme, were to design and build from jointly-produced components, some made in Britain and some in France, a large eleven seater helicopter (named the Lynx) which would have twin BS.360 engines produced by Rolls-Royce Small Engines Division, and a semi-rigid rotor head. This aircraft was to be produced in fairly large numbers for British Army Aviation for the Royal Navy (for anti-submarine work) and for the French Navy.

It was interesting to note, on the many visits which I paid to France during my connections with this programme, how the wily French always seem to put it across the trusting British. This was demonstrated when the British signed the contract for a large number of Gazelle without ensuring that the French also signed for a large number of Lynx. I don't know whether the French have actually signed yet, but they hadn't when I left my appointment!

In 1972, when I went off to Germany, the Gazelle had run into considerable vibration problems and it was found necessary to move the main rotor mast in order to alleviate these. However, in late 1973, the first Gazelle were being issued to British Army Aviation units, where they replaced the Sioux.

The 'Scout', by this time a well-tried veteran (which had survived many interesting defects — including a major engine-defect which involved the disintegration of the free-turbine disc under vibration), continued in service. It is a beautiful helicopter to fly — but the major engine-defect mentioned greatly detracted from what would otherwise have been truly great British aircraft. A number of Army aircraft were lost in Malaya and Borneo due to this free-turbine disc failure and the Royal Navy also lost a number of Wasps (the Naval version) at sea. The investigation into this defect by the Rolls-Royce Team took several years of detailed research and the modification which finally cured it involved the fitment of a damper to the free-turbine disc and the re-design of the turbine-shaft.

The Lynx was brought successfully into service in 1973, and was seen at Farnborough at

that year, where it delighted the spectators by looping — something made possible by its semi-rigid rotor head.

As you can well imagine, the Army Air Corps have been well occupied during the troubles in Northern Ireland, where their services have proved invaluable. Participation in this campaign has thrown a very heavy load on both pilots and ground crew, and the campaign has not been without its inevitable casualties to Army Air Corps personnel.

In the British Army of the Rhine, vital elements of the 1st British Corps Defences are those concerned with anti-tank work, and here the Army Aviation has proved its capability of providing anti-tank defence in the shape of 'Scouts' fitted with guided missiles. These are extraordinarily-effective weapons and on exercise tank crews have found it extremely difficult to see and engage a 'Scout' helicopter at the hover.

As one of the original founder members of the British Army Air Corps organisation, it is a great source of pride to me that the "Teeny Weeny Airways" we launched in 1957 has grown into such a highly professional and efficient Arm of the Service which is now larger than the R.A.F. and Fleet Air Arm combined helicopter-fleets, and is second to none in its achievements in the air and its serviceability and safety record.

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Passing-Out Parade of Regular Officer Cadets — at the School of Infantry —



*The Officer Cadets march past the Reviewing Officer, Lt Genl G. P. Walls.
Lt Genl G. P. Walls, Commander of the Army,
(Army Photographer)*

*Lt Genl G. P. Walls, Commander of the Army,
presents the Sword of Honour, for showing the
most potential, to Officer Cadet G. D. B.
Murdoch, of Salisbury, at a commissioning parade
at the School of Infantry, Gwelo.
(Courtesy: Bulawayo Chronicle)*

On Friday, the 20th February, 1976, the eighteenth passing-out parade of Regular Officer Cadets was held at the School of Infantry.

On parade for the Reviewing Officer, Lieutenant General G. P. Walls, OLM, MBE, were detachments from the Rhodesian Corps of Signals, 1st Bn The Rhodesian African Rifles, 2nd Bn The Rhodesian African Rifles, 1st Bn The Rhodesian Light Infantry, The Rhodesian Defence Unit, and the Rhodesian Army Services Corps. The Band of the Rhodesian African Rifles, under the Director of Music, Major K. R. MacDonald, DMM, LRAM, provided the music for the parade.

During the Parade, the Reviewing Officer presented the Comander of the Army's Award of a Sam Browne Belt for the highest academic achievement in the Order of Merit, and The Sword of Honour for the Cadet showing most potential. Both of these awards were won by Officer Cadet Murdoch, G.D.B.

The newly-commissioned officers marched off the parade under the command of 2 Lt Murdoch.



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(Army Photographer)

Not only is it traditional for the Army Commander to review the last Passing Out Parade of the four year cycle, because this is normally the last such parade during his tour of duty, but it is, perhaps, particularly appropriate that I should do so today, with the nation now moving

SPEECH BY THE COMMANDER OF THE ARMY

**LT GENL G. P. WALLS, OLM, MBE
AT THE PASSING-OUT PARADE
AT THE SCHOOL OF INFANTRY**

on to a war-footing. But I will come back to that theme in a moment.

First, I would like to remark on the importance of the occasion, not only for you young Rhodesians who have attained the great honour of being commissioned into the Rhodesian Army, when so many others fell by the wayside, but also because this parade symbolises the living quality of the Army, which is constantly refreshed, by the acquisition of well-trained and high-standard leaders of all ranks from its Training Establishments. There are no better-trained officers than those who have gone through the Officer Cadet course at this School of Infantry. Over the years a constant stream of young leaders has emerged, among them being your present Commandant, Lt Col George Lloyd, who was on the first ever course of this type, and the Director of Engineers, Lt Col Pelham, from the fourth course.

I am not going to give you a homily on how to behave as officers. For the past year you have had drummed into you what will be expected of you. I have no doubt you have also had drummed into you how inadequate and useless you are, and how little chance there is of reaching those required high standards. However, that is all part of the game, and you would not be taking the major part in the parade in your honour today if you had not satisfied us of your worthiness.

From here, you take your place in one of the most successful teams ever to represent its country. You will soon realise the value of what you have learned from your instructors, but the experience of your comrades in arms is a marvellous asset on which you will be able to rely. There will be times, however, when you need even more than knowledge and experience, and this is when I recommend you will only find your ultimate strength and confidence if you know how to call on God.

But, as we know, "Religion is not a question of horse-trading". The old saying, that God helps those who help themselves, was never more appropriate than it is for us in Rhodesia now. We have got to fight for what we have, and what we are. We are in the midst of two campaigns. One a series of actual or threatened incursions by terrorists in fair numbers, but not anything we cannot handle; and the second a war of nerves, originating overseas, aided and

abetted by panic merchants elsewhere, who would like to frighten us into believing we face overwhelming odds by quoting ridiculous figures and false stories. Both campaigns need dealing with as a united and co-ordinated nation.

There is a need for us, quietly and without fuss or panic, to prepare to defend our civilisation, on the basis that we are a nation at war. It doesn't mean that everybody has to drop what he or she is doing and rush to the "sharp end". It doesn't mean that we must neglect the daily running of our country and our lives — rather does it mean that we have to accept the call on our manpower and other resources for a greater, and more significant, military effort, at the same time maintaining essential commerce, industry and agriculture. But, most of all, it means the direction and co-ordination, in private life as well as public, of every bit of our strength and resources, towards the battle for our peace and freedom, and the attainment of our national aim, not for any particular sect or group of people, but for Rhodesians as a whole — all colours, tribes, ethnological and political groups.

For the enemy must be recognised for what they are, not what they claim to be, because achievement of a settlement has nothing whatsoever to do with their aims. The invaders owe no allegiance to identified, **Rhodesian** nationalist leaders — if they were successful, they could offer no alternative government. If they were successful, which they will **not** be, freedom for political negotiation and progress, would be irretrievably lost. (And, though I am not entitled, nor have I the inclination, to express my opinion on party or racial political matters, I am deeply concerned, and share a responsibility, for the maintenance of law and order and the atmosphere in which political stability can exist and political evolution for the benefit of all races take place).

So, we are going to fight. Our enemies had better understand this. We are no wishy-washy colonialists with no stake here. Black, White and Coloured, we came here from various parts of Africa and overseas, and we have together made this country what it is today. We will not be pushed around, or surrender to any Marxist-inspired land grab. What we have we hold. Anyway, Rhodesia can never abandon to fate, or the murderous ravages of the Communist and Terrorist partnership, the black Rhodesians who would be the worst victims if law and order were to be removed.

There are many aspects to a national effort, but I would like to mention three which are currently of particular importance.

We must beware of what might be termed "Trojan horses" in our midst. It is up to each

Rhodesian to think deeply and carefully, and assess for himself the motives and aims of those who criticise destructively and maliciously, or who offer extreme solutions to our problems. I stress, however, I have no quarrel with constructive criticism — the more we have of that the better.

Second, we must stop stupid rumours and gossip. They are the tools of modern warfare, which consists mainly, in this decade, of a psychological onslaught, and we would give easy victories to our enemies if we allowed alarm and despondency to spread through rumours. If terrorists attack an empty homestead, as they have done twice this year, they hope to frighten Rhodesians. It plays into their hands, therefore, to spread lies about their having ransacked dozens of farmhouses? Why not comment rather on their complete reluctance to attack Security Forces, and their even greater reluctance to fight effectively when we contact them. A recent example of the rumours designed to damage morale was the so far unverified reports about tanks landing at Beira and other horror stories on which our Minister has already commented. Even if tanks have arrived, or were to do so, is it not reasonable to accept that the Security Forces would have anticipated this possibility and planned and trained accordingly? In any case, if tanks had arrived it wouldn't be the end of the world for us. In fact, it suggests some exciting prospects for soldiers and airmen of the calibre of ours under the conditions in which we would be fighting them. Let us, like Britain before the threatened invasion in 1940, tighten our security as a national effort. I know people are anxious for news, and I concede that our Security Force communiqués are terse and to the point, but I assure you they are factual. We avoid propaganda, and we sometimes have to understate success to guarantee the conditions for further successes, but, though reverses are sometimes delayed until facts are established and follow-up operations are not prejudiced, we never hide or suppress the bad news.

Third, now is the time for every Rhodesian of every colour to volunteer, if he or she hasn't done so already, for some useful duty in the national effort. I won't enlarge on this now, but I am not thinking only of uniformed forces. People can still do their day-to-day jobs keeping the country going, but, through Civil Defence and other organisations, they can add to our overall strength and preparedness.

But, to return to you young officers who have such a proud role to play, I congratulate you on behalf of the Army, and welcome you to your Regiments and Corps. Good luck and good fighting. May your shadows never grow less.

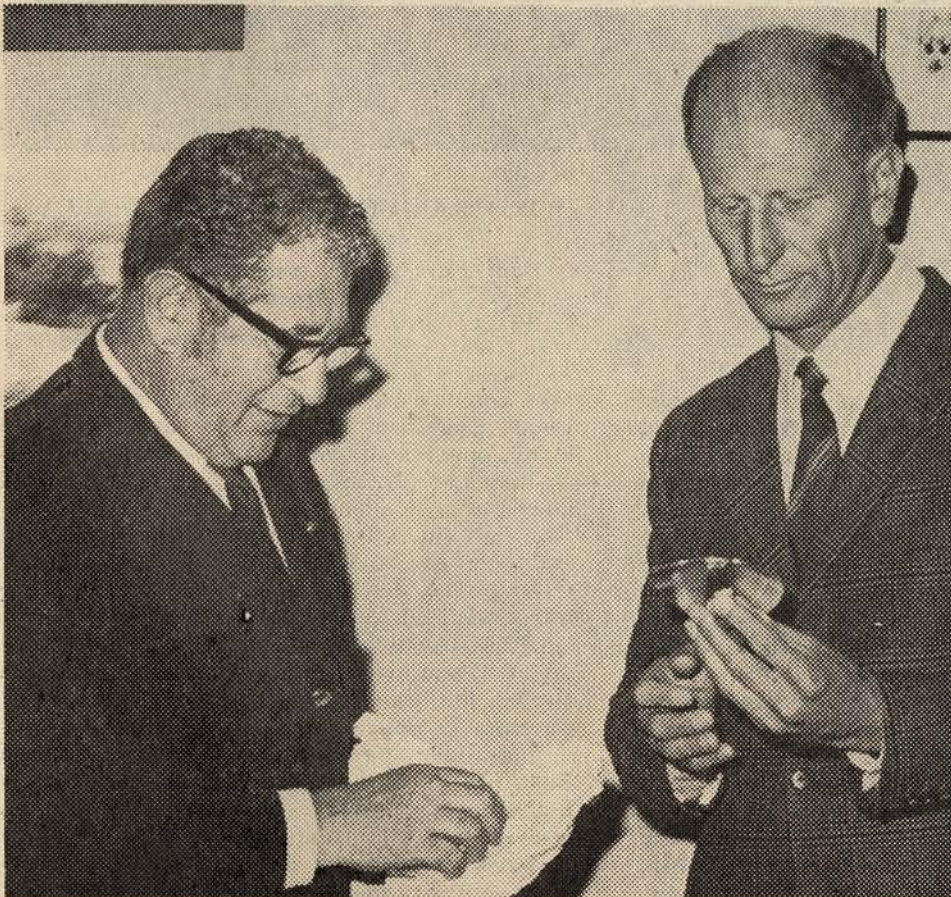
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Bush Telegraph

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Shields for schools



Old Bill of the Rhodesian Lion Shell-hole, Mr. Joe Barnett (left), handing a shield to the station commander, Brady Barracks, Maj David Locke, who received it on behalf of the Army's African schools.

Six shields were presented by the MOTHS at a ceremony at the Barracks on Tuesday.

They will be competed for in inter-school track and field events between the schools at Brady, Methuen and Llewellyn Barracks.

A silver cup for inter-school soccer was given by Mr. Mel Berzack on behalf of a Bulawayo sewing machine company.

*(Courtesy:
Bulawayo Chronicle)*



DEPOT RAR COMES TO BALLA BALLA

Maj Peter Morris watches recruits under instruction.

(Courtesy: Bulawayo Chronicle)

A transition from the cloistered academic atmosphere of a public school, to the sight and sounds of recruit-training, resulted recently from the move of the Depot RAR into St. Stephen's College, Balla Balla.

A new tradition will emerge from the same buildings as the recruits learn the art of modern warfare and absorb and inherit the regimental tradition and history of the RAR, of which the Regiment is justly proud. Many recruits are sons of ex-servicemen and serving soldiers. The RAR stands unique among modern armies because it has a huge waiting-list of potential recruits. Of 1 007 volunteers recently, only 260 were accepted after rigorous selection, giving some idea of the competition for places.

Many facilities exist for both recreation and training. The Commandant of the Depot, Maj Peter Morris, commenting on the facilities, said,

"We couldn't have found a better spot for the Depot. Conditions here are very similar to those in the operational area. We can have weapon-training and obstacle courses, rock-climbing and river-crossing on our door step." An Olympic-size pool will facilitate training in watermanship and help overcome the Africans' suspicion of water. "That should save many lives in the long term," says Major Morris.

The troops show great enthusiasm for athletics and soccer, and the tennis enthusiasts (under the watchful eye of RSM Manunure) turn out in immaculate Wimbledon whites.

The quiet life of the small village of Balla Balla will now hear the new sounds of the military in training — Regimental marches instead of school choirs, the crack and thump of automatic weapons instead of the bat cracking a ball in a game of cricket.

RHODOX ARMY WELDING COURSE

*Mr. Bryan Taylor,
Area Sales Manager
for Rhodox, presents
the award to the best
student on the
course, S/Sgt Van
Zyl, C. B.
(Army Photographer)*

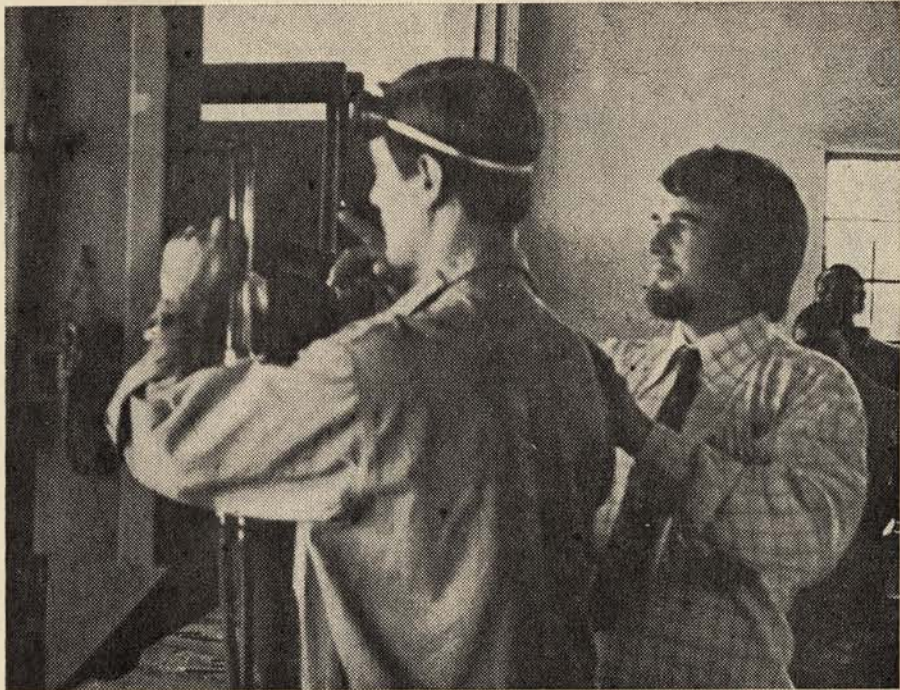


Below: Mr. Roger Grundon demonstrates welding skills. (Army Photographer)

During a recent call-up, Army Workshops was able to obtain the services of Mr. Roger Grundon — a highly-qualified welder and technical sales rep with Rhodesian Oxygen (Pvt.) Ltd. Full use was made of his expertise in arranging intensive basic welding courses of two-week duration. So far four courses have been run (three in Salisbury and one in Bulawayo) and already the benefits of these courses are being appreciated, not only in improved standards of welding, but also the great care shown to the welding-equipment available.

The main aim of the course was to give apprentices sound practical knowledge in the handling of welding-equipment, to impart sufficient knowledge and skills to enable them to qualify as welders in their dual-trade role, and to enable them to apply the theory and skills in their every-day tasks.

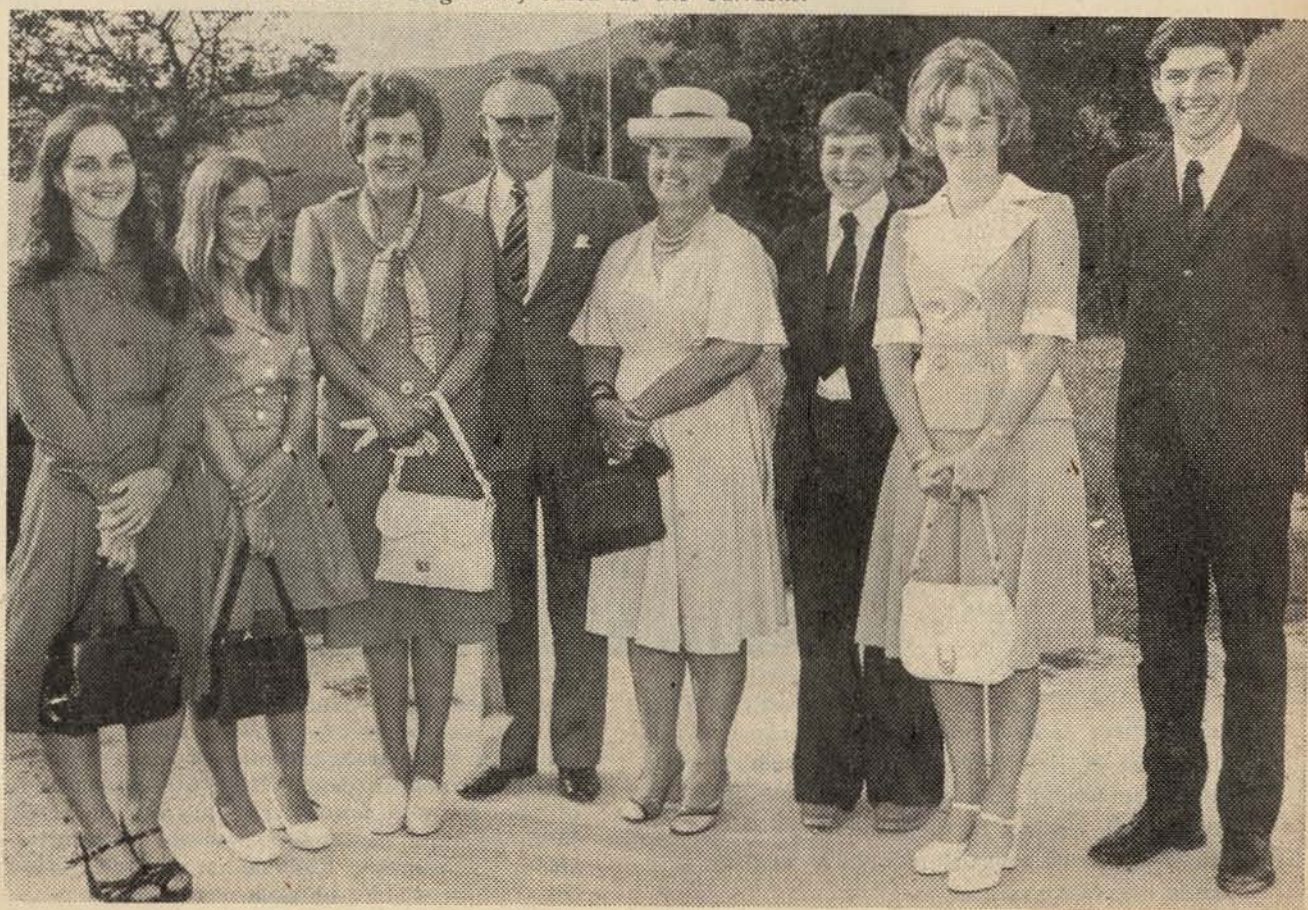
Both the Bulawayo and Salisbury branches of Rhodox helped in the smooth running of the courses in their areas by ensuring that additional equipment was made available for the duration of the courses, supplying films and technical literature, and arranging visits and demonstrations. In addition, Rhodox has awarded prizes for the best student on each course.

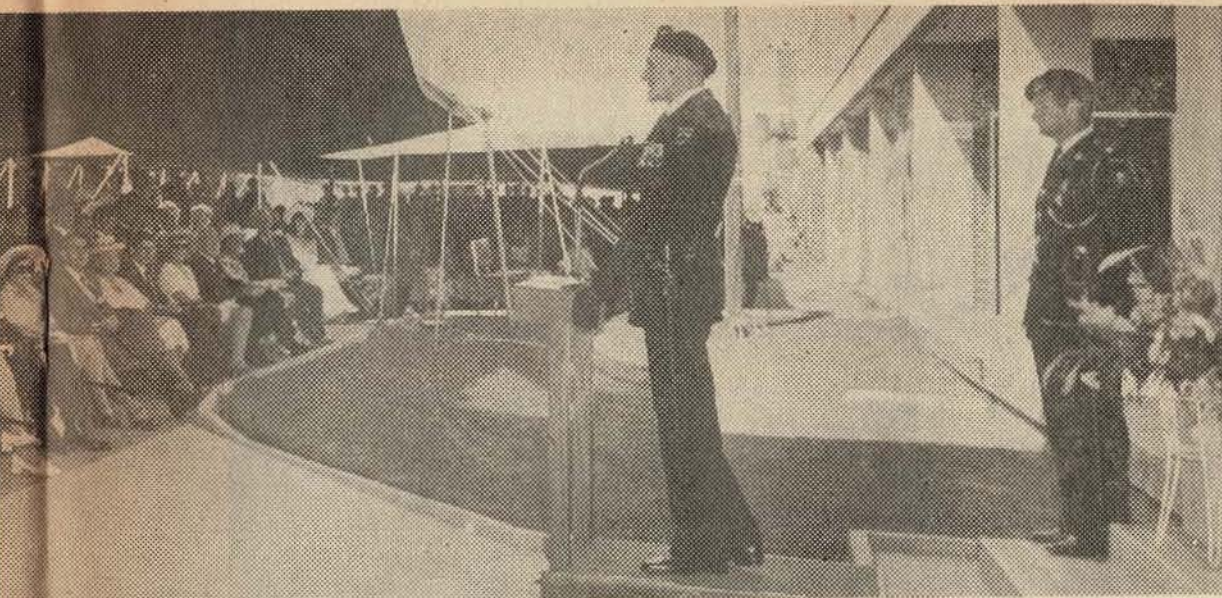




Above: Senator Lt Col A. J. W. McLeod addresses the large gathering of guests and parents of serving men. Behind him is Maj Tom Douglas, Officer Commanding 5 (Independent) Company, The Rhodesia Regiment, based at the barracks.

Opening of A





(Courtesy: Umtali Post)

Addams Barracks



Addams Barracks, Umtali, were opened on the 7th February by Senator Lt Col A. J. W. MacLeod. Among the many guests were the Commander of the Army, the Mayor, representatives of the BSAP and Air Force, and the families of the late Maj "Doomps" Addams and the late Capt I. A. B. Robertson.

In his speech the Senator said that whilst we did not know what the new masters of Moçambique were going to do we should prepare and be ready for the worst situation. "What we have, we hold," continued the Senator, "and with God's help will continue to hold for the benefit of all our people. The picture in the outside world to-day is one of disunity, but our strength lies in the fact that we are a united people. And, while we are all entitled to our personal political views, capitulation or handover is just not part of our Rhodesian make-up. The goal remains constant, the good of Rhodesia."

The Senator pointed out that Addams Barracks had been named in memory of an Odzi man, Maj "Doomps" Addams, Rhodesia Regiment, who had been killed in action during a successful engagement with terrorists in the operational area on the 14th August, 1974.

In complimenting Mrs. Veryan Addams on being the staunch wife of a good soldier, the Senator added a word for all Army wives. "A soldier will always fight better knowing that he has the encouragement and backing of his wife in his honourable calling."



Left: Mr. J. B. Robertson is flanked by his wife (left) and Mrs. Veryan Addams. The children are, from left: Jill Addams (20), who is serving in the Rhodesia Women's Service in Salisbury; sister Paula (14), who attends Umtali Girls' High School; brother Gordon (16), who is at Umtali Boys' High School; Valerie Robertson, and Rodd Addams (22), a student at Gwebi Agricultural College.

The Robertson family is from Bulawayo and the Addams family is from Odzi.

Mrs. Addams and Mr. Robertson said afterwards that they were very proud of the tributes paid to the two men.

(Courtesy: Umtali Post)



Above: Senator Lt Col A. J. W. McLeod addresses the large gathering of guests and parents of serving men. Behind him is Maj Tom Douglas, Officer Commanding 5 (Independent) Company, The Rhodesia Regiment, based at the barracks.

Opening of Addams Barracks

(Courtesy: Umtali Post)



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Lt Col A. H. G. Munro, DMM, at 1 Bde as part of his farewell tour on being promoted colonel and posted to JPS from his appointment as Director of Signals.



OUR CORPORAL KNOWS EVERYTHING



RED TABS

"Hey, corp," asks the recruit, "why is that ohn wearing little red patches on his lapels?"

"You 'orrible little man. That 'ohn', as you call him is a brigadier and those little red patches are properly called 'gorget patches'. Those are left-over from the days when soldiers wore armour. You see, when armour disappeared, because muskets were able to make it look like a colander, the custom was kept of officers' wearing a crescent-shaped piece of armour hanging around their necks on a chain. This was called a gorget because it protected the throat — and, if you know anything, you know that the gorge is the throat; so when you gorge yourself in the canteen it means that you're pushing the graze down your gorge. Officers went on wearing gorgets until 1830. They used to be gilt or silver to match the buttons on their uniforms and they had the regiment's number

and the king's arms engraved on them. Then, when everyone started wearing a khaki uniform in the Boer War, you couldn't tell generals from anybody else, so colonels and above started wearing red tabs so that you would know who they were and give them proper compliments and not get into trouble . . . as you are now if you don't stop hanging around here asking me silly questions when you should be cleaning your rifle."

"Oh, my gun's clean, corporal!"

"Your wh . . . your what is clean?"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

Assegai — February 76, page 36. Leaping in where angels fear to tread! I was startled to read the request for "Pen Friend" immediately following the article on security. Was this a "gimmick"?

In the last "show" it was conclusively proved that "Pen Friends" were part and parcel of German and Japanese intelligence, and inestimable help for D Day landing area was obtained from snapshots and postcards of the French coast exchanged by pre-war pen friends and handed in to Planning Staff after a big publicity drive and request for such material.

Yours faithfully,

Perry.

It's a Women's World—in some places

The year of the Woman did not pass unnoticed in Rhodesia. It marked the formation of the Rhodesia Woman's Service in August. But Rhodesia was not the only country to introduce women into the Army last year; Belgium formed its V.C.F. (Volontaires de carrière féminines). Neither Rhodesia nor Belgium was an innovator in this respect. Women have gone to war throughout the ages, but an Army career is still barred to women in some countries — Ireland, for example.

One wonders, on the other hand, what roles will be open to women in the British Army since sex-discrimination became illegal.

LES V.C.F.

Like Rhodesia, Belgium has no recruiting problems. Two thousand applications were made for the first hundred vacancies. The engagement is for two years and is open to girls between the ages of eighteen and thirty. They may be married or single, but it is stipulated that they may not be pregnant at the time of attestation. (They are allowed fourteen weeks' maternity leave when necessary, but the necessity should not be sought too early in their military careers.)

The employment offered is all non-combatant, ranging through driver, radio-telegraphist, telecommunications-operator, radio-operator, medic, clerk in a combatant unit, mechanic.

The first six weeks of V.C.F. service are spent in basic military training, including drill, small-arms training, army organisation and regulations. After basic training the girls go on to two or three months of training in their specialisation. This training is exactly the same as that given to men and the girls are trained side by side with the men. Some girls destined to become driver-mechanics learn to drive armoured cars in order to become instructors on simulators.

After thirty months a V.C.F. can be promoted to corporal. At present that is the highest rank possible for girls, but promotion to commissioned rank is envisaged for the future. So there will be good career-prospects for Belgian girls when the VCF reach the projected 5 000 in 1980.

NOT ALWAYS VOLUNTARY

Not all girl soldiers are volunteers, however. Girls in Israel have to undertake twenty months of compulsory military service on reaching the age of eighteen. They then become members of the reserve until the age of thirty-four or until they become mothers, whichever is the earlier, when their commitment ends.

CHEN, the Israeli women's corps, has three main functions:



VCF uniform — remarkably like the RWS uniform.

(Blackman)

1. The integration of women into the general security efforts of the state, whilst training them for self-defence.
2. The performance of administrative and professional army tasks, thus freeing the maximum number of men for active service.
3. The combination of security duties with educational activities by spreading educational and cultural values, particularly among immigrants and in outlying settlements.

RESTRICTED TO NURSING

The only army career open to a girl in Ireland is nursing. Only one woman has ever been commissioned in the Irish Army. She was Comdt (Retd) Brigid Lyons Thornton. From the women's lib point of view, the Irish Army made a good start; as a doctor, Comdt Thornton was in at the founding of the Army Medical Services. But there it ended.

Whether or not the coming of the RWS has improved recruiting in the Rhodesian Army is not yet clear; Comdt Thornton, writing in the November, 1975, issue of "An Cosantoir" may have a point on the value of women in the army.

"... I feel that their advent into the Army would spell the end of those bleak and drab barrack interiors, more suited to the Eighteenth than the Twentieth Century. Also their presence on the squares and in the messes might well assist

in producing an overwhelming male response in the next recruiting drive."

ON BECOMING AN RWS

By
Mrs. E. E. WHITTINGHAM

I don't think the Army was ready for us . . . in the middle management or WO group anyway. We had fewer problems with the commissioned officers and the sergeants and below.

As a group, the WOs were not sure whether to shout at us or to treat us as ordinary human beings. Some compromised by shouting first and then lapsing into semi-audible rumblings; others shouted, looked sheepish, and thereafter were very nice to us. Some of the more rugged characters appeared to be quite horrified by the idea of women in Army uniform and under Army discipline, and merely went various shades of puce and said little or nothing.

The officers, in general, were most polite and, despite some initial uncertainty about how to deal with those of us who had been doing the same job previously as civilians, soon established a reasonable working-relationship.

The sergeants and other ranks took the innovation in their stride and, probably because we ourselves are of a very nebulous rank, accepted us at face value.

Our induction as uniformed members of the Army was a rather traumatic experience for most of us. The square-bashing, brief though it was, shattered the egos of some of the toughest among us. It reduced us to human beings with two left legs and a fear of moving in the wrong direction.

Military law, the functions of the Army and the rank-structure gave us a few headaches, but eventually it all sorted itself out, even though some of us, had we known beforehand what we were expected to learn, might have had some reservations about joining the service. In the event, the subjects and the examinations were not as fearsome as they had appeared at first.

As a group, we women recruits were a very mixed lot and our figures varied from the skinny to the portly. The mind boggles at the problems of fitting uniforms to the variety of bodies we presented to the Quartermaster's staff. Our first issue of camouflage shirt and trousers gave some of us very definite problems with the unaccustomed fly-buttons on the trousers. Everything, however, turned out satisfactorily and we look forward to the eventual issue of our Number One dress.

I think we all now feel that we have benefited by the initial training, even the fearsome square-bashing, and that we can between us make a positive contribution to the running of the Army.

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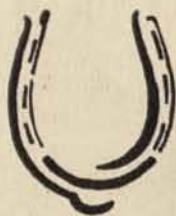
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"From the Horse's Mouth" MOUNTED INFANTRY UNIT NEWS

"Fort Rawhide" was honoured last month by a Presidential visit. Mrs. Walker, National President of the South Africa - Rhodesia Association, up from Johannesburg, was renewing her acquaintance with the Mounted Infantry. Along with "Mr. Friends of Rhodesia", Bob Connell, Mr. Jack Howman, former Minister of Defence, and a very attractive visitor from England, Miss Walker, she toured the Mounted Infantry Barracks at Inkomo.

Amongst the items of interest on display was Rhodesia's new secret weapon — the only camouflaged mealie-grinder in the world. The mill, only one of the many generous gifts given to the unit by SARA and the Friends of Rhodesia Trust, was mounted on a trailer and powered by a Land-Rover engine. The construction of the contraption was kindly carried out by Army Workshops who put the finishing touches to it by adding a coat of camouflage. The mill, incidentally, is used to turn hay into chaff which is used as part of the horses' feed.

Other parts of the camp which the visitors found interesting were the farrier's shop and the tack-room. Both were filled with the visible signs of the generosity which both SARA and Friends of Rhodesia have lavished upon the unit.

On behalf of the unit, a big "Thank you" to SARA and Friends of Rhodesia Trust.

The OC explaining the make-up of a saddle.
L. to R.:
OC MIU,
Capt Tony Stevens,
Mr. Bob Connell,
Mrs. Walker,
Miss Walker
and
Mr. Howman.
(Army
Photographer)



*Rhodesia's
"secret weapon" —
a camouflaged
chaff mill.
(Army Photographer)*



*Below: Saying hallo to the OC's charger, Bruno. Bruno is a champion American Saddle Stallion who was presented to the unit last year by Mr. Du Plessis of Chipinga. Left to right: Mrs. Walker, Miss Walker, Cpl Early, OC MIU and Bruno.
(Army Photographer)*



Formation of the Security Forces' Christian Fellowship

By

Maj A. K. E. SAUNDERS

"The Captain is primarily responsible for the supervision of religion in ships and establishments, and it is the duty of all officers to set an example in the matter of Worship and Christian Leadership."

Queen's Regulations and
Admiralty Instructions, Art 1301.

The Commissioner of Police, together with the Commanders of the Army and Air Force, has kindly consented to the formation of a Security Forces Christian Fellowship (SFCF). This comes at a time in the history of our country when we need God's guidance and Christian Leadership in every sphere. The Fellowship is based on the aims, ideals and objectives of the Officers' Christian Union, as found in the British Armed Services, but enlarged to include all Rhodesians who have, or have had, a Service commitment.

CHARACTER AND MEMBERSHIP

The fellowship is fully interdenominational and membership is open to all serving members, male and female, Territorial Force personnel, Reservists and retired members of the Rhodesian or other Armies. The basis of membership of the Fellowship is prayer and any eligible person who believes in prayer to God through Our Lord Jesus Christ and is willing to pray for the spiritual welfare of the Services, will be welcomed as a member.

AIMS AND OBJECTIVES

The primary aim of the Fellowship is to help members of the Services to receive Christ into their own lives within the teaching of Scripture and secondly to encourage Christian leadership within the Services. As a country, we are threatened by communism which is an ideology backed up by force, but what communism fears most is a stronger "ideology" (Christianity) lived out by men and women who are not afraid to witness to the reality of Christ in their own lives. Communism does not change people, it merely oppresses them, but Christ changes people's lives and liberates them from the condemnation which is reserved for those outside of Christ. Com-

munism therefore has much to fear from christianity because it can and ultimately will destroy communism.

Specific aims for members will be to stimulate prayer, encourage Bible study and research, to emphasise their responsibility in the Services and their obligation to advance the cause of Christ. The fellowship will therefore seek to achieve its aims during its monthly meetings by the use of prayer, Bible study, lectures and films.

MANAGEMENT

The management of the Fellowship will be in the hands of an elected General Committee of members of the Services participating.

FINANCE

The Fellowship will be financed by voluntary contributions, there being no obligatory subscription. As in all organisations of this nature, in the matter of finance it is considered a privilege to help.

PATRONAGE

Once the Fellowship is firmly established it is hoped to invite a prominent person to become patron of the SFCF.

The inaugural meeting is to be held on Tuesday 16th March 1976. It is intended to meet monthly on the third Tuesday evening of the month at the Dr Kennedy Grant Hall of the Presbyterian Church, Jameson Avenue, Salisbury, at 7.30 p.m. Tea and general fellowship will follow each meeting to enable people to get to know one another.

Anyone wanting further information should contact any of the following:

ARMY (HQ)

Lt Col J. L. Redfern
Lt Col the Rev N. Wood
Maj A. K. E. Saunders.

AIR FORCE (HQ)

Sqn Ldr R. Dyer
Sqn Ldr M. Hoffmeyer
Sqn Ldr E. Stevenson.

BSA POLICE (HQ)

Ast Comm D. G. Bennison, D.M.M.
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STOVES, WATCHES, CYCLES, LADIES GENTS AND CHILDRENS
CLOTHING**

It's Trad, Dad

By

MAJ THE REV J. McP. FALL



One of the most infuriating things about following in Father's Footsteps (Assegai, January 1976) is the fact that the Old Man so often tells you, "You can't do that, son; it doesn't work." Well, when I say that he often says it, maybe he doesn't bear down on it all that much, but when you come up with a real lalalooza of an idea, somehow or other it so often turns out that it has been tried before, and it didn't work. Which, as I say, can be pretty infuriating.

On the other hand, of course, this can save you quite a lot of grief. Especially in soldiering. It's perfectly true that you only learn by your mistakes, but, in this job, a mistake is apt to be fatal. So, even if it has a tendency to frustrate you, the knowledge that your real beaut of an idea is strictly a no-no, because someone else has already user-trialled it, can be useful.

After all, who in his right senses ever tries to work out anything from first principles? Only the biggest-headed ones, who cannot or will not take advice. Whether it's bee-keeping or boat-building or boxing, only a right mug would ignore other people's experience and knowledge, and go it alone. Sure, a fellow might be able to improve on the old methods, but life is too short to do all the ground-work already covered; by the time you'd managed to get up to date on what other people already knew, you'd be too old to get around to any improvements.

There are, and it seems there have always been, enthusiasts who come up with ideas that they want to sell to other people. It often happens that not only are they blessed with a

Beautiful Idea, but they are blessed with the gift of the gab, which enables them to put it over to their less-volubly-endowed fellows. To them, The Idea is magnificent; and, by their honesty, sincerity and enthusiasm, they convince a lot of other people of the magnificence of The Idea.

People like that do not often take kindly to some elderly citizen's telling them that their idea, though beautiful, won't work. Nor, as a rule, do the people who have just been converted to belief in The Idea. It doesn't matter whether The Idea is a phony stock issue, a petrol-economiser or a method of meditation; the new converts, who really believe in The Idea, bitterly resent anyone's throwing cold water on it.

Which, when you come to think of it, is quite possibly why what is known as 'The Generation Gap' exists — or, at least, part of the reason. To have the older generation continually telling the younger generation that their pet schemes just won't work is likely to create something of a gap.

You see, one of the troubles with Tradition ('that which is handed on', remember?) is that it so often leaves out the explanations. It often says, 'Thou shalt . . .' or even, 'Thou shalt NOT . . .', but it doesn't always say WHY thou shalt or shalt not. One reason for this is simply that it would take too long to explain all the reasons why. Also, in all fairness, the reasons are sometimes forgotten, even when the traditional command or prohibition is remembered. What is more, sometimes people don't even wait to hear whether there is a reason or not, but switch off as soon as they hear something they don't much like.

In my job, I not infrequently find myself in a somewhat fuddy-duddy position. Someone comes up with a peachy idea, and all I do is to look down my nose and say, 'Yes, well, that's an interesting idea, BUT . . .' Which is very apt to provoke appeals to get with it, and stop being a square, come out of the Dark Ages and join the Now Generation, and so on. So why don't I get with it, stop being a square, etcetera? Mostly because the peachy scheme has a marked resemblance to another, equally peachy, scheme which was tried out ten years, a hundred years or a thousand years ago, and didn't work then, either. Do I mean to suggest that any idea

which the Now Generation has could possibly have been tried before ?!!! Yup, that's exactly what I do mean to suggest. It's kind of difficult to come up with anything that's never been tried before. As the rather gloomy writer of the book of Ecclesiastes remarked, "What has happened will happen again, and what has been done will be done again, and there is nothing new under the sun. Is there anything of which one can say, 'Look, this is new'? No, it has already existed, long ago before our time." (Ecc 1:9,10 NEB).

This is something we have to live with, I'm afraid. Religion, which as you all know, is my bag, is pretty trad. Handed on, from father to son, from generation to generation. Stuck to, because it works, and it meets the felt needs. Not very with it, not ever-so-very-modern. Not **different**. Just the one thing which kept our ancestors going. Like food, or sex (neither of which are particularly new, either). Or science or soldiering. Just trad, Dad.



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DEPOT DIARY



*I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
straining upon the start.*

King Henry V: Shakespeare.

The quotation from Shakespeare sums up the lads of Intake 151. Not all were like greyhounds, but at least they made the effort to appear at Llewellyn Barracks to do their bit, and now that they are a few weeks into training, their keenness and willingness to make a go of training is evident. May they continue to 'strain upon the start' and have the grit to win the race.

It was Depot's pleasure on Thursday, 5 February 1976, to welcome Brigadier H. Barnard, DCD, as our new Brigade Commander. He visited all elements at Llewellyn and was given lunch by the Officers.

We welcome to the fold Lieutenants Barry Taylor and Charles Farndell, and say goodbye to 2Lt John Rowland after his short spell with us as a TF Officer.

An event which we are happy to record is the birth of a daughter on 21 February 1976 to Sue and Hugh Rowley.

A COY:

Welcome to the following members on temporary attachment for the double Intake — WO2 Basil Rushforth, WO2 Pete van Breda, C Sgt Henry Howell, Sgts Ian Ralph, Phil Webb, Dave Heathcote, Andries de Beer and Cpl D. I. Howat. We hope their stay will be a pleasant one. Depot has also been inundated by a bevy of RWS and we welcome to the Company Mrs. I. Kay.

Farewell to Capt Tony Hine, our former 2IC, and best wishes for a happy stay with 2 RAR, and finally a warm welcome to Lt Charlie Farndell and congratulations on receiving his commission.

Congratulations to Cpl Ian Rose and his wife Claire on the birth of a wee bonny lassie on 10 February 1976 and to Sgt Dick Delany and RWS Dawn Kipps on their wedding on 6 March 1976. Dick, who is the Rhodesian Army's own version of the illustrious, most-decorated American war-hero, Audie Murphy, suggested, during the CO's conference, dealing amongst other things with the correct approach to the RWS, that he would insist on the correct military usages at all times and that any RWS addressing

him would be required to assume the traditional posture (i.e. the position of attention). Take heed, Dawn! Their wedding is unique in that this will be a first between a Regular NCO and a member of the RWS. Good luck and our best wishes for the future!

After a long break of three days between Intakes, Intake 151 swept into the barracks like a breath of fresh air and we wish them a happy and rewarding stay.

Rfn Thompson volunteered for military training on condition he could go to SAS. When he was told that the next selection course would only be in two weeks' time, he decided to start training by walking from Llewellyn to Johannesburg. On his arrival in the Golden City, he decided that "enough was enough" and consequently flew back to Bulawayo by kind courtesy of Mr. Thompson (Snr) — just in time for the Saturday inspection and a \$10 fine by the OC. We sincerely hope that SAS will reimburse him.

The general opinion amongst the guys is that the food is great and meal times are always looked forward to with mouth-watering anticipation.

Rfn de Meyer is now able to tell the difference between a Corporal and a Sergeant (well, at least some of the time) and Rfn Harris has been discharged from hospital after a successful operation to re-locate his nose between his eyes and "cake-hole".

B COY — THE LURKERS:

Those lurking without leave surprised many, least of all the acting OC and CSM. We actually had only three for a relatively long period (by our standards) and feel it is worth recording in the 'Intake 149 Book of Records'. Other legitimate lurkers are the OC, Maj Dumpy, and our Training Officer Lt Ian Gillespie, who are away on courses.

The five-day exercise in the Khami area was not everyone's cup of tea. Some felt that PE tests every morning at 0500 hours were for the birds. The fifty percent who obtained 'A' gradings were rather pleased with themselves, to say the least. After all, they managed to secure a little longer lurk in bed, while the less fortunate rose early every morning, in the hope that they too might join the élite . . . eventually.

During the Khami exercise, some were not all

that confident in their compasses, and subsequently learned the hard way. Bleary-eyed through lack of sleep and many extra miles of trudging, some stragglers arrived a day late, and, of course, there was the odd meal which had been missed.

Before departing for his course at Hootersville, the OC, who incidentally is the "Coy Soothsayer", said that Intake 149 would be leaving shortly for a Clasical War exercise (HAPPY HOOKER) and would be indulging in some 'Mud-Lurking'. He certainly contributed to the realism of the exercise, and knowing him, we think that he must have submitted his requisition for rain some two months before the exercise. The rainfall figure for the Midlands area must be above their average for this time of the year.

Just before the convoy left for the exercise, the centre seat of the OC's Land-Rover disappeared. A quick inspection of other vehicles soon confirmed that it was in the CSM's ammunition vehicle—never realised he was that short!

During the Mud-Lurk, the wit and jokes flowed freely. The weed-smoker, who, as some know, is more approachable when he is indulging in his foul-smelling weed,

one night kept insisting that he be permitted to tell his jokes before he forgot them. The weed, besides keeping mosquitoes at bay during the late evening, would appear to enhance a strain of amnesia. Possibly our SMO may find this interesting.

The second contingent of the RWS arrived at DRR and we now have a new lurker—Miss Quinlan, welcome to B Coy and we hope you like working with us! The approval of the staff could not go without a comment, as both

the acting OC and CSM have noticed that less lurking occurs in the staff room and the Coy Orderly Room has fast become a popular haunt . . . as if it wasn't before!!!

C COY:

The highlight of any Intake is surely the CO's Inspection, and the C Coy motto (If it moves Salute it—If it stands still Paint it) was very apt last week. The inspection went off well, and we were proud of our CQMS, Sgt Ian

Ferreira, who received a first-class inspection-report. Our thanks also to 7 Pl and 12 Pl who were rated best Platoons in each section of the inspection. After the inspection, the Intake was granted its first weekend-pass. The sight of the Mums and girl friends with tears in their eyes, welcoming their sons and boy friends, was a sight for sore eyes. There were hundreds of them!

We welcome to the Company RWS Miss Elaine Smith. Since her arrival, the staff seem to have abandoned the staff room and keep taking tea-breaks in the Company Office to see her—the CSM has done a mean trick in putting the office Out of Bounds to the staff—shame, chaps!

Capt Ron Burows has left the Company for the LT Wing to replace the OC, Maj G. T. Cook. We hope that Capt Burrows will enjoy his new appointment. Although he is leaving the Company, we shall not be losing him altogether, as he will be with us for all of 2nd phase training.

Maj Peter Mincher remains at the "College of Knowledge" until April. Meanwhile the Chair is being ably manned by Capt Garry Scott.





1 RAR VIGNETTES



"A" COMPANY — SIMBA

Our January notes omitted the fact that the Company held a very successful Christmas Party on Saturday, 10th January. It was a very noisy but enjoyable evening, although we have decided that the Company singing needs more practice! We took the opportunity of saying an official farewell to Lt Ed Fouche, BCR, and Lt Dick Trafford, and welcomed Maj Paul Wellburn and 2Lt Keiran Elliott. Maj Sandy Ward, OBE, was also due to attend his farewell but unfortunately was on leave. Nobody is quite sure what time the party finished — enough to say that there were a lot of pained expressions when we started firing on the range on Sunday morning.

Whilst we were field-firing at Khodwayo, the CSM proved to the whole company that he is as fit as ever. Whilst supervising grenade-throwing with Keiran Elliott, he took great pains to explain that the thrower must try and get plenty of height when throwing the grenade.

This was duly noted by all the students and throwing began. One newly-joined soldier took the instructions rather too literally and threw his WP grenade straight up in the air! Imagine the horrified looks!! CSM Dzokesayi is very proud of the fact that he beat Keiran Elliott by at least 10 yards over a distance of 100 yards. It is not recorded what the CSM said to the unhappy soldier after he had got his breath back!

One section of 3 Platoon distinguished itself in the Dead-and-Alive Shoot. One of the targets was clearly visible at 50 yards whilst the remainder were all well concealed. After engaging the targets, the section found that it had hit all the hidden targets but not the visible one. It sounds impossible but it's true!

We deployed back to Op Hurricane on January 24th. It was quite a novel but welcome change after our eight months in Matabeleland (shhh! — you know where!).

The Company was very sorry to learn that Maj Paul Wellburn was to leave after only three months with us. He has gone on to higher things in the shape of BM of 3 Brigade.

We were all sorry to see him go and wish him luck in his new appointment. In his place we welcome Maj Mike Ainslie; we hope he enjoys his stay with us. Actually, it is rumoured that the 2IC is getting a bit worried as he has

had four OCs in less than a year. Could it be the wrong after-shave?

Finally we must apologise to OC 'C' Company for our little story in the last Edition. On further investigation, it was discovered that the story had been highly exaggerated. Please don't shoot the author — he tries his best!

B COMPANY CHENJERA

Catching some dry paper before it floats away has given us an opportunity to scratch out a few notes on what has been a fairly-interesting time since our last contribution.

After our period at "Home" we set off for the "front line" and proceeded, amongst other things, in trying to train the HQ element in breaking and pitching camp in as short a time as possible. Apart from fatigue, the only things which seem to suffer were our fresh rations and a damp feeling after a slip in the river.

We must extend our welcome to Lt Ed Fouche, BCR, who has come in to replace Capt Rob Ford. We hope your stay with us will be profitable and enjoyable. To Rob we say cheers, sorry to see you go (if we see you) and maybe the grass is greener on the other side. Also to 2Lt Nick Palmer, cheers; pity you could not be here to see the cobra in the Officers' Mess tent, knowing how you enjoy snakes.

We must also welcome Sgt Timothy who comes to join us, as well as Pte Chinyani Thompson and all the recruits.

Lastly, we must say farewell to all those who have left us and hope your gains are more than our loss.

FOOTNOTE

The grapevine has it that we will soon be flush with officers, with Lt L. Dyck (complete with monocle) coming for a month, and a brand new Officer 2Lt Fulton (initials not yet known) coming to take over as junior subbie in the Coy.

Welcome to both, and don't forget to pay landing-fees.

HEADQUARTER COMPANY 1 RAR

Here at Rear we seem to be coming apart at the seams! The OC went to bed with suspected malaria, the Company Second in Command has been having horrid things done to him by dentists, and staggers in looking pale, and spitting blood on to our nice tidy barracks. The Adjutant suddenly claimed to have gone deaf, and walked around for a couple of days with

cotton wool in his ears, refusing to answer the telephone (A likely tale!).

The Administrative Officer goes down from time to time with a mysterious illness which we term "Bechuanaland Tummy".

The MTO is on leave, the Director of Music is on a diet, and all of us are on call. Thank goodness our soldiers look healthy enough!

To the horror of a lot of people, we now have a series of parades followed by drill at regular intervals. A lot of unfamiliar faces have been appearing, and our new RSM is losing his voice.

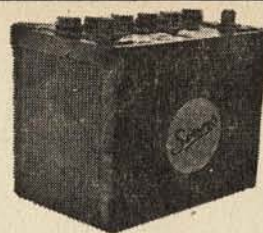
An encouraging number of good old soldiers are re-enlisting, and in the last couple of weeks we have welcomed back ex-Sergeant Goliad Zita, and ex-Corporal Mangena Todd. It is good to have sound NCOs with their experience back with us to pass their knowledge on to our young soldiers.

Which reminds one of the story from the First World War. In 1918 in France, a General on a rare visit near the front line went up to an older-looking soldier and said, "Well, my man, and where did you start this war?". The terrified private replied, "Sir, it wasn't me that started it!"

On that happy note, we send best wishes to all serving and ex-members of the Rhodesian African Rifles.

KILL 94109 L/cpl Breadner, E.

The bush is thick, the foliage green,
Within it lie things yet unseen.
A broken twig, some trampled grass,
Men along this track did pass.
There is no wind, the air is still,
With pounding blood my senses fill.
Leaves move, a small bush sways,
Tension with my judgement plays.
Onward, closer, still I tread.
Buzzing fills my aching head.
The A.K. heavy within my hands,
Wet in sweat and grey with sands.
Softly, forward still I go,
Filled with fear at what I know.
A thousand eyes behind each patch
Of grey and green that will not match.
Then the sudden staccato burst!
My mind is numb, I die of thirst.
Bodies quiver and shake in pain,
As head erupts in sunlit stain.
I fall and feel a clouding grey.
Night replaces my sunny day.
And, as I lie within my death,
Life departs in convulsing breath.
All my doubts have been confirmed,
Rhodesia stands, as I have learned.
Thus, my name is placed on lists,
As one of those called 'Terrorists'.



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A MATTER OF SIMPLE ACCOUNTING

By
"DAYGLO"

I cost about 4 cents. I am carried around so that aircraft can identify my owner on the ground. To be more correct I should say, my temporary owner. He only signs for me on a temporary-loan basis and returns me to his CQMS when I am no longer required. Sounds quite simple? You must be kidding! In fact I'm not just a pretty little round, orange face. I am a dangerous enemy to even the most steely-eyed of the front-line soldiers, the laziest of company CQ's and the fattest of 'Jam Stealers'. Impossible, you say. Read on.

The Army purchases my comrades-in-arms and myself (millions of us dangerous little orange men) from a civilian supplier. A funny little man in Q Branch enters me on some master ledger or other which is kept by that department. I then get issued from that ledger on a 1033 (of which all sorts of copies are made out and sent to all sorts of people who put them in all sorts of files) to a unit QM. That QM enters me on his ledger at the QM Stores, then promptly makes out another 1033 (which is again sent all over the place in various copies). One of these copies goes to a company CQ. I get struck off the QM's ledger, collected by the CQMS and entered on to the latter's ledger. Each time this happens, I am being counted along with my comrades, remember. I mentioned my owner earlier on. Well, we have not reached him yet. Have patience!

To continue — the CQMS must now count us all and distribute us amongst the various platoons. We are issued out on a 1033, of course, (all sorts of copies, etc. You know the story) struck off the CQ's distribution ledger and entered onto the platoon sergeant's platoon store ledger. We're nearly there—stand by. With a whisk of his hand, the platoon sergeant then signs me out to my temporary owner (on a 1033

of course) — let's call him Pte Van Schalkwyk or Chalkie for short. It's now only a matter of 'hurry up and wait' and Chalkie and I will be hunting for terrorists together. That wasn't so bad was it? Quite simple in fact. Merely a matter of knowing your Q accounting!

Let us continue, because dear old Chalkie (the thorn in the side of Q Branch) does the inevitable. In utter defiance of accounting regulations and with complete disregard for my personal wellbeing and safety, Chalkie, who is surprised by a ter ambush, takes cover, leaving his hat behind on a thorn bush — with me attached.

Disaster, financial disaster! I am lost forever. At all costs to pieces of paper, 1033s, ledger entries, P1954s, writing equipment and man hours, Chalkie must be made to pay. He won't get away with this! So — no problem, Chalkie pays. Not that easy. I'm not a pushover you know. Back to that idle old CQ. He must look up my vocabulary number (which is listed in a big book) then make out a P1954 (in all sorts of copies which go — etc., etc.). Anyway, Chalkie signs this P1954, so does his OC, and a few other chaps do as well. I think one of these copies goes to APAR, or somewhere like that, where a pay boffin uses the information thereon to feed into a computer. The end result is that 4 cents are deducted from Chalkie's pay. I told you we'd get him! I now have to be replaced. Simple, another one of my type is issued to Chalkie's Unit QM who enters it on a ledger using the 1033, issues it on another 1033 to the CQ, first striking me off the master ledger, the CQ then . . . and finally Chalkie signs for another one. Phew!

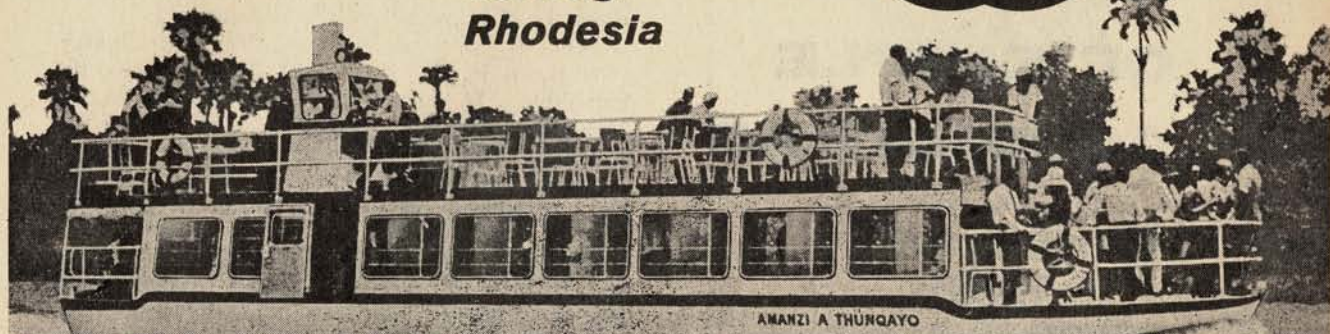
You see I told you in the beginning that I was a formidable foe, didn't I? You know, believe it or not, I grew quite fond of the miserable old QM, the lazy CQ and old absent-minded Chalkie during my travels from the civilian source to the Op area. I noticed that they did a fair job and had quite a lot of troubles of their own without me to burden them as well. So I've changed my mind somewhat. QMG, please don't make me an accountable item. I waste a hell of a lot of time and money. Certainly more than 4 cents-worth.

LEAP YEAR PROBLEMS SOLVED

The following is the text of a signal received by Fmn HQ from a well-known training establishment in the Midlands:

"For Seagull from Sunray. I am weary of 1976 and find it a strain. I am giving it away tomorrow. Req. permission to commence 1977 with effect 2359B Jan."

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What Really Happened



Assegai will be featuring a series of photographs, such as the one on this page. Readers are invited to submit suitable captions. A prize of \$4,00 will be awarded to the reader submitting the most humorous caption. All entries to the Assistant Editor, Army HQ, Private Bag 7720, Causeway, by the 26th March 1976.

?

The solution to January Crossed Assegais:

CLUES ACROSS.—1. Joystick; 5. Tribes; 10. Leave; 11. At any cost; 12. Unswerving; 13. Shed; 15. Garden; 17. Shallow; 19. Not well; 21. Hamish; 23. Peal 24. All weather; 27. Detractor; 28. Ellen; 29. Scroll; 30. Pensions.

CLUES DOWN.—1. Julius; 2. Years; 3. The needles; 4. Chauvin; 6. Rays; 7. Blow holes; 8. Sits down; 9. Paints; 14. Calm waters; 16. Art master; 18. In spades; 20. Lolita; 21. How true; 22. Crones; 25. Hello; 26. Hail.

The winner of January's Crossed Assegais was Mr. A. I. Jenkin, Ministry of Defence, Private Bag 7713, Causeway, Salisbury.

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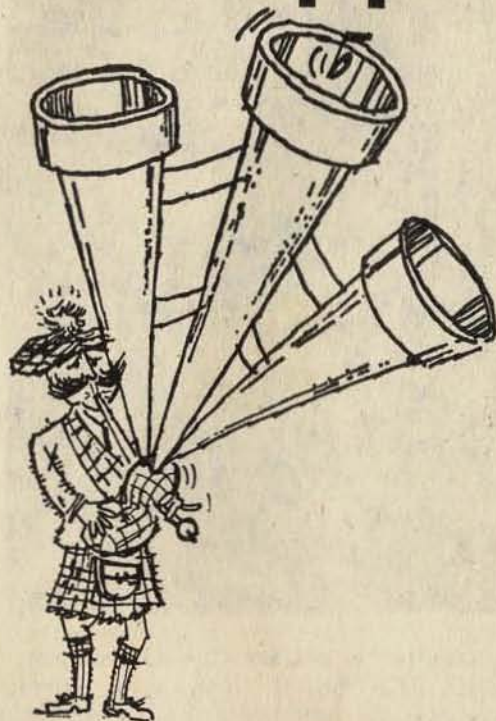
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