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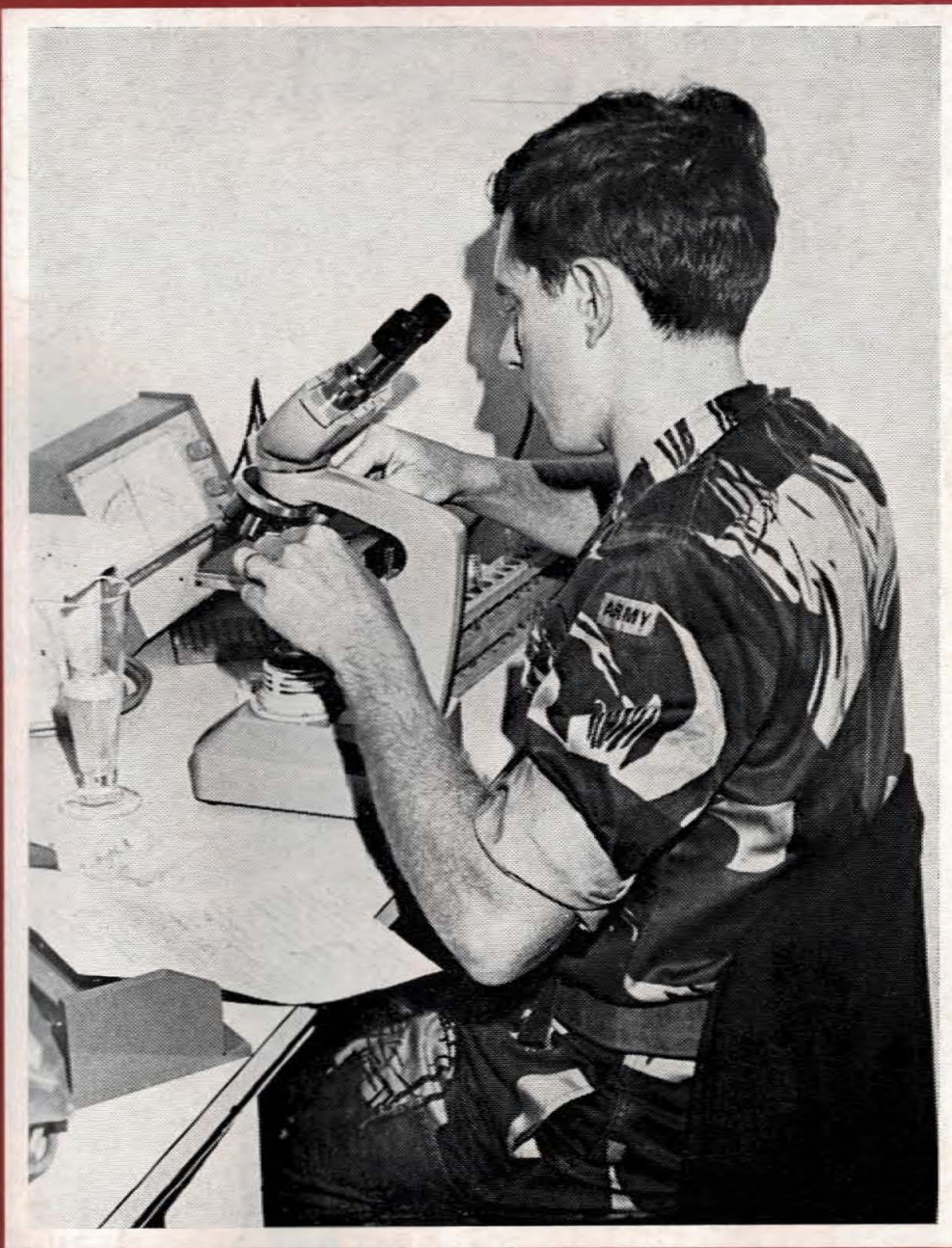
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# assegai

the magazine of the rhodesian army



Vol. 16, No. 11. 15th March, 1977



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# assegai

the magazine of the Rhodesian army

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## **Editorial**

With almost monotonous regularity, communiques report the deaths of terrorist recruits who are intercepted by Rhodesian Security Forces while being conducted out of the country by their terrorist press-gangs.

While it may be accepted that some of these terrorist recruits are fired with the belief that they are embarking upon a venture which will put the world to right, it is quite obvious that they have become the unwitting lackeys of the communist masters who control the terrorists. They are, however, blinded from this fact by the promise of personal gain and higher education; something which their mentors can neither guarantee nor provide.

The claim that the terrorists are espousing the cause of the African is patently false because the product of their machinations is the shocking waste of these young men. Further, and again indicative that the terrorists and their communist masters have not the slightest interest in the welfare of the African tribesman, is the fact that the deaths of these young men hit at the very basis of African society; the family. This of course should come as no great surprise because the extended family with its links of kinship and loyalty would be at odds with a totalitarian state.

That communism is set on destroying the traditional structure of the African, for its own ends, is further evident in the recent abductions of school children. Here again the terrorists seek the destruction of the traditional structure of society by excluding the rights and responsibilities of parents towards their children.

Contrary to the self-deluding attitude adopted by Western leaders, the children themselves are fully aware of terrorist intentions and want no truck with them. This is the evidence presented to the psychological operations teams operating in rural Matabeleland. As a result of the activities of these teams the school children have become aware of the role of the Security Forces, and regard them as their friends — which indeed they are.

While it may be early days for these meetings between the children and the Security Forces, the respect and understanding which flow from such contact provide a further base for the defeat of communist-terrorist objectives in both rural and urban Rhodesia.

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by  
GEOFFREY BOND

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# HOOTERVILLE HERALD

### EXPANSION AT THE SCHOOL

It has been a year of change at 'Hooters'. In turn the school has been surrounded (by a security fence); illuminated (by floodlights on the rugby fields and tennis courts); packed (by more students than it was ever thought possible); walled (seemingly endless miles of walls have meandered through the School's grounds); and cultivated (gardens have sprung up overnight).

The pace of expansion and development has been incredible and there are few windows in the School that can boast an unaltered view from that of this time last year. 'Little Boxes' could well become the theme tune of Hooters'. They are going up everywhere. During the past four months alone, nineteen new buildings have been erected. The security fence which arrived with the new Commandant only ten months ago and which was erected leaving plenty of space for expansion is already proving to be 'too tight a boundary.

To match the rate of building expansion courses have just been getting bigger and bigger. This year's Regular Cadet Course ('25(20)') is double the size of its predecessors and Intake 156 arrived over sixty strong. By this time Intake 157 arrives in mid-February, 'Hooters' will have a resident population large enough to compete with the nearby City.

### COURSES

Cadet Wing are busy with the new regular Cadet course and courses 26(155), 26(156) A, B, and C, 26(157) A and B, making a total of 140 cadets under training.

Tactical Wing has just finished running a Senior NCOs Tac course and has the AS POC and the Company Commanders course on the go at the moment.

Regimental Wing have recently completed an AS Mortar course, a platoon weapons course and

a drill and weapons course. They are busy at the moment with a TF Mortar course and a TF training course.

Major P. Daines has joined us again for a short stay while he runs the second training officers course. These courses are proving to be very valuable and enjoyable and the School is again reverberating with some of Major Daines' choicest phrases!

### ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES

To help counteract the recent invasion of students at the School we are pleased to welcome the following reinforcements: Capt Donald, Capt Wake, Capt Warton (RMO), C sgt Hosking, S sgt Flanagan, Sgt White, Sgt Larrett, and the new RWS: Mrs. Koster, Miss Erasmus, Mrs. Nesbit, Mrs. Tredoux and Miss Oatley. We wish you all a happy stay at the School.

We bid farewell to the following: Maj R. Griffiths and Sgt McKie, both on posting to new units. C sgt Robertson, Sgt Hill and RWS Mrs. Grieve have left us for civvie street. To you all we say thank you for your hard work at the School and the best of luck for the future.

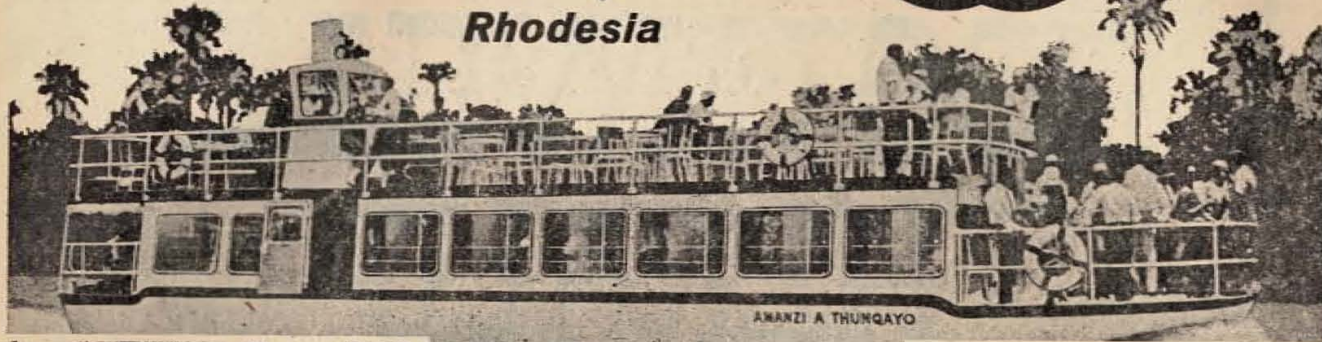
Congratulations to C sgt and Mrs. Thackwray on the birth of their son (another instructor for Regimental Wing!) and S sgt and Mrs. Pattinson on the birth of their daughter

### PASSING OUT PARADE AND BALL

Undoubtedly the highlight of the year is the Passing Out Parade and Commissioning Ball for the regular cadets. Details of the parade have already been covered in last month's Assegai. In accordance with the Commandant's instruction the rain held off until the parade was finished and then came down in buckets as the troops marched off.

The Commissioning Ball was a great success.

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**Express Motorways** provides a luxury coach service between Salisbury and Johannesburg (in conjunction with South African Railways) and provides charter vehicles for sports and social clubs both within and outside Rhodesia.



The group provide passenger services throughout the country. The companies involved are **Rhodesia Omnibus Company Limited**, Urban services in Bulawayo, Umtali and Gwelo. **Rhodesia Touring Company Limited**, Long Distance Services originating in the same towns. **Salisbury United Omnibus Company Limited**, Urban services in Salisbury and **United Bus Services Limited**, Long distance bus service originating from Salisbury and Que Que urban service.



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Air safaris, too are becoming increasingly popular. **R.U.A.C.**, Rhodesia United Air Carriers an associate company, supplies these and other air charter services.



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**Skyline Taxis**, in Bulawayo, offer a safe, speedy taxi service round the city and suburbs.

This year the theme was 'Around the World in Eighty Days' and the mess was suitably decorated with each room depicting a different country.

The sixty four diehards who stayed until daybreak all took part in the traditional march with the RAR band. Much to the amazement or early morning risers the ragged column of revellers made their way into town to the

Midlands Hotel where they received a friendly wave from the Presidential window and an inspection from the Army Commander who was suitably attired in early morning mufti. During the march two red jacketed officers were seen pushing each other down Main Street in a yellow dustbin and an investigating police car was promptly sent on its way by one of the lady marchers who happened to be a WPO!.

## SCHOOL OF INFANTRY SERVICE SHOOT



*Trophies for the School of Infantry Service Shoot. (Courtesy: Artlight Studio)*

Once again, preparations are under way for the annual Service Shoot. This shoot, hosted by the School of Infantry Rifle Club, is open to shottists from clubs throughout the country and is rapidly gaining prestige as one of the premier shoots on the annual shooting calendar. Last year, despite the decline in competitive shooting due to operational commitments, the shoot was a Gold Cross event (minimum of one hundred shottists) thereby emphasising its popularity.

Last year's competition saw the inauguration of the Irene Cumming Cup, awarded to the best individual shottists. This cup was presented personally by Mrs. Irene Cumming (95), widow of R. G. Cumming, who one the cup outright in 1910!

Last year's winner, Mr. John van den Bergh,

can justifiably be proud of being the first person in 66 years to compete for and win this magnificent trophy. In addition, John was awarded the Gold Cross and the substantial winner's prize money. The team Grand Aggregate was won by Brady Barracks who narrowly beat the Salisbury Air Force team.

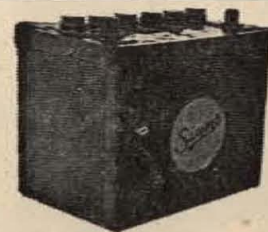
Since the last competition, the response towards presentation of trophies by various businesses and military organisations has been most rewarding and we have now achieved our aim of having a trophy for each event, individual and team. Our sincere thanks are extended to those who donated these trophies. We have also designed and had manufactured a unique 'miniature' to accompany the trophies and to present to individuals for certain events.

This year's competition will be held in Gwelo on Sunday 24th, April, and is expected

to attract a large entry. No efforts are being spared to ensure that the shoot is even better than last year and a Gold Cross event again seems probable (particularly as the prize money has been increased — last year \$250 was paid to individual and team winners!)

The photograph shows the floating trophies and miniature shields which will be presented at the April shoot. They are:

- Irene Cumming Cup  
— Best individual (centre of picture)
- G. P. Engela Cup  
— Individual Deliberate Events (presented by his widow, Mrs. Anna Engela).
- S Inf E/WOs' and Sgts' Mess Cup  
— Individual Rapid Events
- S Inf Officers' Mess Cup  
— Individual Snap Events
- Churchill Shellhole (Gatooma) Cup  
— Team Grand Aggregate
- Beverley Building Society Cup  
— Team Application Events
- Thornhill Cup  
— Team Rapid Events
- Central African Building Society Cup  
— Team Snap Events
- Commandant's Cup  
— Best Class II Shottists



When  
You Think  
Of Them, Think Of...

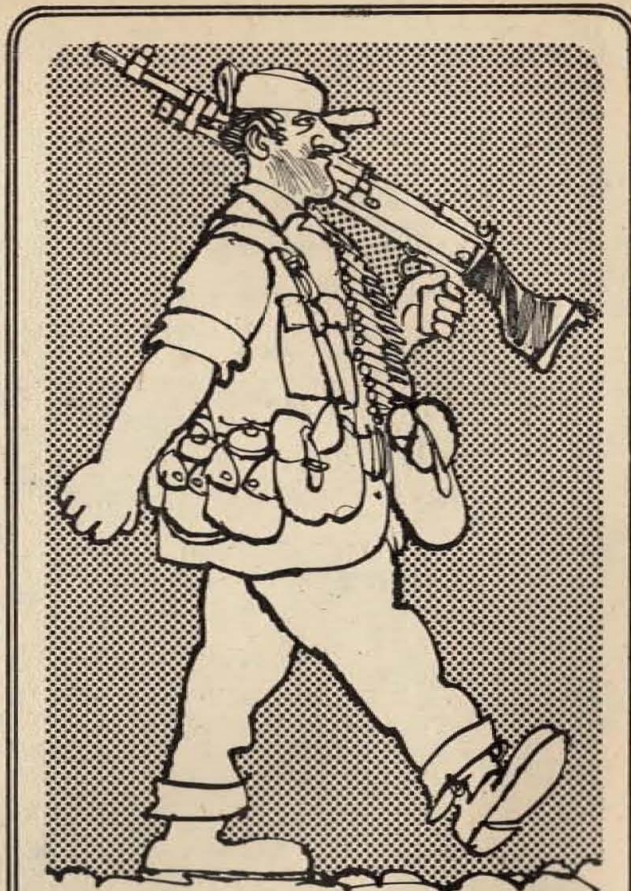
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Regimental

Nicknames:

**"THE BUFFS"**  
(ROYAL EAST KENT  
REGIMENT)

It is possibly a little known fact that the 3rd Regiment of Foot — The Buffs (Royal East Kent Regiment) — was originally a Dutch regiment, having been raised by London Guilds in 1572. By this reckoning they are second only to the Honourable Artillery Company in antiquity, but the 'Holland Regiment' did not enter the British Army until 1665. In this year Britain was at war with the Dutch and they tried to make the Regiment swear an oath of allegiance to themselves against England. But the 'Holland Regiment' were having none of this and in 1665 became the Third Regiment of Foot. They have been known as The Buffs for so long that people sometimes forget that they are the Royal East Kent Regiment.

It became known as 'The Buff Howards' and also 'Howard's Old Buffs' from the colour of its facings and Colonel Howard who commanded it from 1737 to 1749. Later they became the 'Old Buffs' to distinguish them from the 31st Foot (East Surrey Regiment), who were known as 'The Young Buffs'.

Due to their prowess at cracking the head of their enemies they became known as 'The Nutcrackers' and the speed with which they reformed after being routed at Albuera earned them the nickname 'The Resurrectionists'.

'Last night among his fellow roughs  
He jested, quaff'd and swore:  
A drunken private of the Buffs  
Who never looked before.  
Today beneath the fowman's frown,  
He stands in Elgin's place,  
Ambassador from Britain's crown,  
And type of all her race.'

\* \* \*



'Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed:  
Vain, those all-shattering guns;  
Unless proud England keep, untamed,  
The strong heart of her sons!  
So, let his name through Europe ring —  
A man of mean estate  
Who died, as firm as Sparta's King,  
Because his soul was great.'

A drunken private of the Buffs . . . there is no record of the Buffs being any more intemperate than any other regiment — drunkenness in the British Army was so widespread that it is impossible to single out any regiment for special mention — but the conduct of this particular 'drunken private of the Buffs' is recorded with pride in the annals of the Regiment.

The drunken private in question was Private Moyses, and by undisclosed methods he had attached himself to a column of native bearers who were carrying the rum supply of the Buffs during the advance on the Chinese Taku Forts in the 1860 campaign. Marvelling at his good fortune, Private Moyses refreshed himself liberally at every halt. This was not Moyses's first fall

from grace: he had previously been a member of the sergeants' mess.

Misfortune befell this party, and the 'rum train' and Private Moyse fell into the hands of the Tartars, but not before Moyse had made further substantial inroads on the rum supply. The captives were brought before a mandarin, who ordered them to kow tow. Moyse was having none of this — such was the potency of that particular brand of rum — and persisted in his refusal, declaring that he would rather die than bring disgrace upon his Regiment and his country. He was threatened with beheading if he persisted in his defiance, and replied with the 19th century equivalent of 'get stuffed.' It is doubtful if the mandarin understood this bizarre instruction, but it was taken as a refusal to kow tow, and Private Moyse, flushed with rum, regimental esprit de corps and patriotism, was beheaded with a single swipe of a Tartar's sword:

'And this, with eyes that would not shrink,  
With knee to man unbent  
Unflinching on its dreadful brink  
To his red grave he went . . . . .'

In 1961 they merged with the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment to form The Queen's Own Buffs, Royal Kent Regiment and this, in 1966, became part of the new, large Queen's Regiment.

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**LIZARD  
LINES**  
by  
"HISS"

The decision to utilise the manpower of Rhodesia to the full has meant that persons who would in more peaceful times have been excused on medical grounds have now to serve their stint in the forces.

This decision brought into existence that character known as 'S-Cat', a title which has recently been replaced by Category C or 'C-Cat'. Indeed the 'S-Cat' regards that title as an accolade and the majority carry out their duties, and more besides, as full members of the Army. They are essential cogs in the Army machine, but like all soldiers they have the ability to see the funny side of their service — 'Hiss' in his article 'Lizard Lines' has taken such a view of his military sojourn and has plans to write further tongue-in-cheek contributions.

Lizards, you see them everywhere. Not the darting tongue variety staring idiotically down the silent barrel of a motionless F.N. waiting in ambush. But they of the flappy shorts and knocked, white knees.

### KNOW THY ENEMY

They are easily spotted tip-toeing along the corridors of power in army-issue brothel-creepers, sidling close to the walls, their instincts of preservation unerringly forewarning them when to duck into the nearest open door at the first sickening thud of a mirror-polished parade boot. Their badge of membership, aside from their unique sartorial display, consists of a much-folded piece of biscuit-coloured newsprint, carried diligently from room to room and handed down to successive replacements. Walk around Army HQ any day and you yourself will be able to witness this pageant. Really, you wonder where

they are all coming from and where they are going to. There is a strong suspicion, widely held by 2nd Lieutenants upwards, that they themselves don't know. Even the C.S.M. daren't ask for fear of getting an answer that would leave Confucius confused.

### HOW THEY INFILTRATE

Membership of this elite fifth column is not easy to come by. The whole ghastly process usually begins on Day 1 of initial training. Nobody likes Day 1, least of all that hardy band of training officers and N.C.O.'s who wonder "Why, why, why — me?" it's a stomach-turning roundabout they seem unable to step off.

On this day, the lizards' constant source of succour in times of danger, the doctor, pronounces them S category, the nigh-on irreversible first step (no more than eighteen inches and don't stamp your foot or you'll put your knee out again!)

As they saunter off to kit-up (well, it couldn't really be called marching could it?) the christening begins to the accompaniment of sibilant-like noises emanating from fellow-intake members chosen for A and B Coys. Lizards are instantly separated — not even allowed to mingle with former civilian friends — the first stage of the hardening-up process.

What unfolds next is possibly the most frightening aspect an experienced soldier has to face. They actually show the lizards how to read maps and fire rifles — but, of course, you know about that already don't you. It's — hark — is that the sound of a boot — lest my cover be blown that's all I can say. Next time 'How they are trained' followed by 'Counter Measures'.

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# The 10 most asked questions about the Army



## What's it like in the operational area?

Tough, tiring and often dangerous. But the training you get beforehand is so thorough that you're capable of dealing with any situation that might arise.

## How tough is basic training?

Again, very tough, especially the first six weeks. But if you're reasonably fit, you shouldn't have too much trouble keeping-up. If you're not, the training will get you into shape. You'll probably feel better than you've ever felt before and have an appetite like a horse.

## What about bull?

There is now no unnecessary spit and polish. Of course, outside the operational area, we expect you to look smart and presentable. However it's nothing you can't handle. Once you get into the swing of things, kit cleaning takes only a few minutes each day.

## And haircuts?

Over the past two or three years, the rules have relaxed to the point that you don't stick out like a sore thumb when you're wearing civvies but you still look smart in uniform.

## How strict is the Army?

There is discipline, there is drill. But it's all designed to help you work as an efficient member of a team. When you're relying on your friends, and they're relying on you, there's no room for slackness or sloppiness. Funny thing about Army discipline, we haven't come across a single individual who can say that it hasn't stood him in good stead later on in life.



## What about the time off?

There's plenty of free time, except when you're on ops. Usually, evenings and weekends are your own. And there's 49 days paid leave a year.

## Why is the Army still recruiting when there is such a wide-spread call-up?

The Army is an organisation that needs a nucleus of trained men to keep it at peak efficiency. The Army can't afford any gaps, so recruitment is an ongoing process to maintain the force the country needs. A team of professionals.

## Can I choose any Army job?

Yes, if you're good enough and if there's a vacancy. What we like to do is show you all our careers at a Recruitment Centre. This is a thorough process that helps us see where your talent lies. Together we'll spend some time in pinpointing the job you'll be a natural for.

## Do I commit myself by going to an Army Recruitment Office?

Far from it. The office is there as a recruitment point. It's also there to supply you with all the information you need to help you decide if the Army's for you. And just because you might want to join, doesn't mean to say that the Army will take you on automatically. The standards are high because the demands of soldiering are tough.

## Is there much travel?

It's possible that your role could call for you to be in Bulawayo one day and the north-east or Kariba the next. Variety is the keynote and you'll travel to remote parts of the country where it's quite an event to see a European. Any other questions?

Your nearest Army Recruitment Centre can give you the answers. Look in today. Write: The Recruiting Officer, Pvt. Bag 7720, Causeway or Tel. 707060 Salisbury.



# The Brigade of Gurkhas

by  
CAPTAIN MANN  
Rhodesian Army



*Gurkhas on a conducted tour of the Tower of London. The Yeoman Warder is not particularly tall and this indicates the generally short stature of the Gurkhas.*

The origins of the British Brigade of Gurkhas go back to the Nepal War of 1814-16. Blame for this war can be evenly divided between the two sides. The British made the mistake of underestimating their enemy, thinking that the Gurkhas were merely an under-equipped, undisciplined collection of hillmen. They were therefore considerably shaken when a force of 4 000 men with 20 guns failed to take a hill fort garrisoned by 600 Gurkhas.

Serving in this action was a young officer, Lieutenant Frederick Young, who subsequently raised an irregular force of doubtful military quality. Meeting a force of about 200 Gurkhas, they all ran away, leaving Young and his officers to face the enemy alone. They were captured and Young was asked 'Why did you not run

away too?' He replied, 'I have not come so far in order to run away, I came to stop.' The Gurkhas' commander said thoughtfully, 'We could serve under men like you.' During his imprisonment, Young learnt the language of his captors, Gurkhali, and after superior numbers and artillery had proved too much for Gurkha bravery, and the war was over, was put in charge of Gurkha prisoners. His opinion was sought as to what should be done with them and he said 'Let me release them and tell them they are free men and then I will ask them to volunteer in the Company's service'. As he said later 'I went in there one person and came out 3 000'.

This was the beginning of the Gurkha Brigade. Some of these men formed the Sirinoor Battalion of which Young, later to retire as a



general, was the first commandant. This battalion is now the 2nd King Edward VII's Own Gurkha Rifles (The Sirinoor Rifles), the senior regiment in the British Brigade of Gurkhas.

Nepal itself is about 500 miles from West to East, about 150 miles wide, situated on the frontiers of India and Tibet. There is a stretch of low-lying, very malarious jungle, known as the Terai, along the Indian border, but the rest of the country is mountainous, rising to the 20 000 to 29 000 peaks of the Himalaya. The Gurkhas therefore are hillmen, in the main peasant farmers, growing rice and other crops on their terraced hillsides. They are of Mongol origin,



*The massed pipe band of the Brigade of Gurkhas.*

with the Mongol fold over the eyelids, brown complexion, short (5' 4" to 5' 6"), extremely tough, with a good, if crude, sense of humour, and born soldiers.

In order to keep this article within reasonable length, the author proposes to avoid subsequent history, except where it is important in order to explain such an apparent anachronism as the present Brigade, or of general interest.

A very strong man indeed, Jang Bahadur Rana, emerged as prime minister at the age of 29, in 1846, having murdered an uncle or two who were in the way, and had admittedly tried to murder him. He visited England as the guest of Queen Victoria in 1850, and returned home convinced that friendship with England was vital to Nepal's future, and that he would offer as many of his Gurkhas as the Queen wished for her service.

During the Indian Mutiny of 1857 all Gurkha

units remained loyal. The Sirinoor Battalion after a long forced march linked up with the British 60th Rifles on the Ridge at Delhi, driving the mutineers back to the city walls. The British commanders, not unnaturally suspicious of 'native' troops at that time, looked on their arrival with some doubt, but after sixteen days of continuous fighting and charge after charge, the prayer of the hour was 'God send us more Gurkhas'. They need not have worried. Two battalions of the Nepalese Army were on the way, closely followed by Jang Bahadur with 10 000 men and General Dhir Shamsher with 3 000.

Back at Delhi, the Sirinoor Battalion had thrown back 26 attacks, losing eight out of nine officers and 327 out of 490 men, killed or wounded. They were delighted to learn that the King of Delhi had offered a reward of 10 rupees for every Gurkha head, which put them level with the British.

After the Mutiny was over, Jang Bahadur was awarded a knighthood, the return of a strip of the Terai ceded after the Nepal War, and his Army returned to Nepal with as much loot as they could find bullock carts to carry. The Sirinoor Battalion asked permission to wear the same uniform as the 60th, and to this day wear the red piping of that regiment on their collars.

The history of the Brigade for the rest of the century was of continuous fighting — on the North West Frontier, in the Afghan Wars and in Burma and Tibet.

When the First World War broke out Jang

Bahadur's son, Sir Charles Shamser, was prime minister (then an hereditary post) and placed the whole military sources of Nepal at the King Emperor's disposal; seven weeks afterwards the first Gurkha battalions were on their way to France.

They fought in France, Gallipoli and Palestine. At Gallipoli a young subaltern was so inspired by the bearing of the Gurkhas, particularly of the 1/6th, that he decided to join them. That subaltern was subsequently General Sir William Slim, commander of the Fourteenth Army in Burma, and later Field Marshal Lord Slim, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and in the author's humble but convinced opinion the best general of World War Two.

After the outbreak of the last war, in 1940, the British resident minister at Katmandu formally requested Sir Judha Shamsher, brother of Sir Chandra, for permission for Gurkhas to serve overseas. He replied briefly 'Of course' — briefly, because he had offered his country's services in 1938, and he was somewhat annoyed. There were now ten regiments of two battalions each in the Gurkha Brigade. Permission was requested for the raising of a third and fourth battalion for each regiment and a parachute battalion — 'Of course!' Fighting in the Desert, Italy, Syria, Malaya and Burma they won more V.C.'s than any other regiment in the British or Indian Armies. No Gurkha, forced to surrender at Singapore, joined the Japanese 'Indian National Army' whether persuaded by propaganda, starvation or torture. They went underground into the jungle or remained prisoners. One naik (corporal) left behind with malaria, near Ipoh, was ordered by his Subedar Major to stay where he was until the war ended. He did so, until he was discovered by a patrol of 1/10th Gurkhas in October, 1949, not having realised that the war had been over four years previously.

By the end of the war ten regiments of the Brigade had lost 10 000 dead, 15 000 wounded or prisoner, out of 100 000 who had come out of the hills to fight with their British comrades — a 25 per cent casualty rate.

In 1947, when India and Pakistan became independent, it was decided that six regiments should go to India and four to Britain. The four now in the British Brigade are mainly in the Gurkha Field Force in Hong Kong and the New Territories, with normally a battalion in the Strategic Reserve in the U.K. They are:

- 2nd King Edward VII's Own Goorka Rifles (The Sirinoor Rifles);
- 6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles;
- 7th Duke of Edinburgh's Own Gurkha Rifles;
- 10th Princess Mary's Own Gurkha Rifles.

The Indian Gurkhas (or Gorkhas as they now call them) also retain their old numbers,

although not their previous Royal titles. They have distinguished themselves on the Tibet border against the Chinese and also in the war with Pakistan.

The British Brigade was the backbone of the eleven years war against the communists in Malaya and in the 'Confrontation' with the Indonesians in Borneo. Its Strategic Reserve battalion was flown to Cyprus to protect the British base, when the Turks invaded in 1974. The last V.C. to be won in the British Army was by Lance Corporal Rambahadur Limbu of the 10th, in Borneo in November, 1965.

The author had the privilege of serving a three-year tour with the 2/6th. In June, 1962, being a member of the Officers' Association, he was invited to witness Her Majesty's presentation of pipe banners to the Pipe Majors of both battalions in the garden of Buckingham Palace. The 1st Battalion was then on the Strategic Reserve and paraded with their Pipes and Drums, and Military Band, and the 6th had just become "Queen Elizabeth's Own".

After the ceremony was over, the Battalion marched past, a few feet in front of the 'Old and Bold'. The drill, although on grass, and the turnout were of course impeccable.

When the parade was over, a senior officer standing on his right said to him, "Which battalion were you?" "2nd, Sir." "Where were you?" "Only in Malaya, sir." "I was 2nd too— Gallipoli and Salonika. You know those boys are so like their fathers I could have put names to them. Come to think of it, it must be their grandfathers!"

This sums up one of the qualities of the Brigade — fathers, often of senior rank, have sons serving as riflemen in the same battalion. There is a continuity of a family tradition of regimental service, which gives a man pride in his regiment.

To sum up, the words of Professor R. L. Turner, sometime captain in 3rd Queen Alexandra's Own, in his preface to his "Dictionary of the Nepali Language" best describe the Gurkha soldier:-

"As I write these last words my thoughts turn to you who were my comrades, the stubborn and indomitable peasants of Nepal. Once more I hear the laughter with which you greeted every hardship. Once more I see you in your bivouac or about your fires, on forced march or in the trenches, now shivering with wet or cold, now scorched by a pitiless and burning sun. Uncomplaining you endure hunger and thirst and wounds, and at last your unwavering lines disappear into the smoke and wrath of battle".

"Bravest of the brave, most generous of the generous, never had country more faithful friends than you."



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Born at Dublin on 13 August 1922 he was never far removed from the military influence as his father was a regular soldier serving with the Royal Scots. At the age of fifteen (and one month) he enlisted into the Seaforth Highlanders as a 'boy soldier' and served with the Regiment from 1937 to 1961. During his British Army service he was stationed in China prior to the outbreak of the Second World War and this was followed by war service in Malaya and Burma. Mr. Armstrong was among the troops who assisted in extricating the Burma Army in the face of the Japanese advance in 1942.

Mr. Armstrong represented the Seaforths at hockey and tennis. Being a Scot he is naturally addicted to the game of golf but prefers to remain somewhat reticent concerning his prowess at the sport.

In November 1965 Mr. Armstrong joined the Rhodesian Army with the rank of colour sergeant and was posted to Depot, The Rhodesia Regiment. In September 1968 he was promoted Warrant Officer Class Two and on his posting to Army Headquarters in 1975 was promoted Warrant Officer Class One.

In the course of his service Mr. Armstrong was awarded the Rhodesian General Service Medal, the Exemplary Service Medal, the 1939-1945 Star, the Burma Star, the Defence Medal and the War Medal.

**RETIREMENT:**

WARRANT OFFICER CLASS I  
WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

After a military career spanning some forty years Mr. Armstrong, who since September 1975 has been the Senior Warrant Officer (Administration) at Army Headquarters, is to retire on 13 August 1977.

(Below):

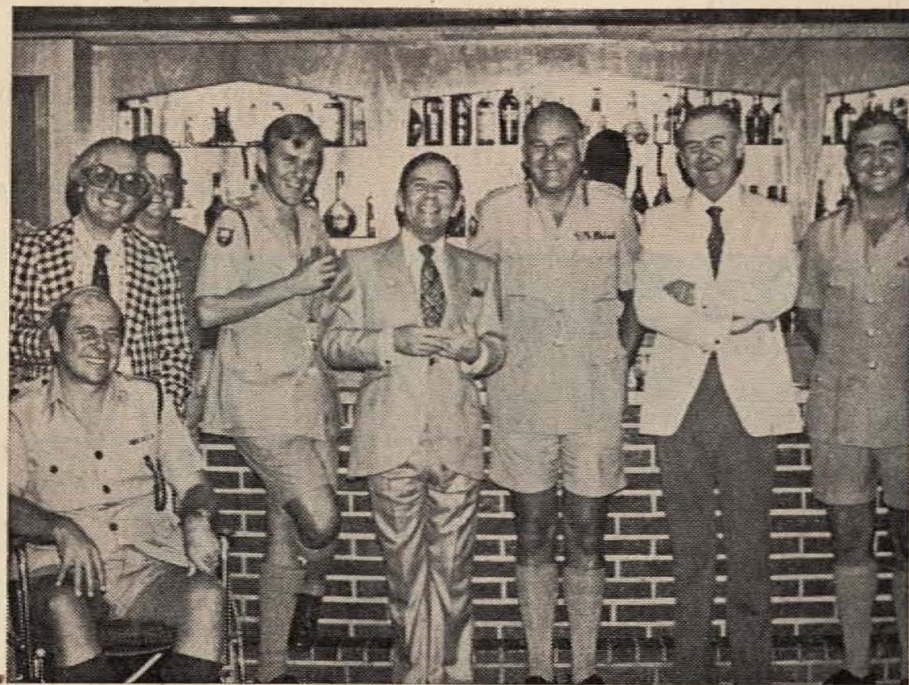
Miss Renee van Heerden, Mrs. Shirley Ledeboer, WO1 Armstrong, Mrs. Julie Roome and Miss 'Stam' Pavlou.

(Courtesy: Army Photographer)





"Right, Sir, make me an offer!" Norman Wisdom talks with the Army Commander. (Courtesy: Army Photographer)



The pre-lunch scene (Left to Right): Maj Jon Stokes, Kenny Cantor, Maj Chris Archer, Maj Henton Jaaback, Norman Wisdom, Lt Genl Peter Walls, Vicomte Jacques d'Orthez, and Maj Genl John Hickman. (Courtesy: Army Photographer)

# Wisdom with Mirth at the Army Commander's Luncheon

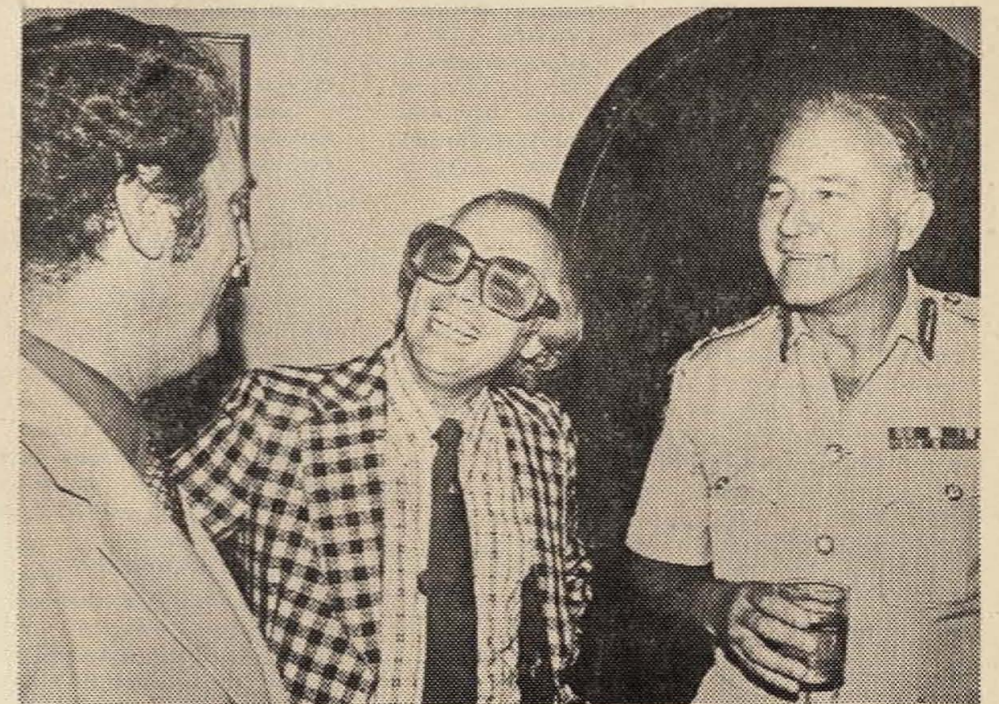
On Monday 7 March the Army Commander held a small luncheon party in the Officers Mess KG VI Barracks.

The Guests were Vicomte Jacques d'Orthez, husband of Miss Moira Lister, who is currently appearing in Salisbury, Norman Wisdom who is also appearing in Salisbury, Kenny Cantor who has recently come back to Rhodesia from Down Under, and our own funny man, Eric Edwoods.

From all accounts the luncheon was a great success, with the guests keeping their hosts in stitches. If laughter is supposed to be an aid to digestion, then this was one of the best digested lunches eaten in Salisbury for a long time.



"Just wait until my domestic Sea Gull hears this one!" Brigadier Derry MacIntyre shares a joke with Kenny Cantor. (Courtesy: Army Photographer)



Eric Edwoods, Kenny Cantor and Lt General Peter Walls share a joke before lunch in the Mess. (Courtesy: Rhodesia Herald)

# Army Golf

By Capt R. Jones, Rhodesian Army

A few years ago the Army used to play an annual competition at Norton Golf Club. In those days, players were allowed to tee up on some of the fairways and preferred lies were the rule on the remainder. With the passage of time the course has gradually improved, until today all the course is well grassed, the greens are in good condition and pegs are no longer necessary.

Capt Doug Norman recently suggested that the Army take a team out to try its luck again. A game was duly arranged for 20th February, 1977. Players were invited to take their wives/girlfriends to make a day of it. A Lions Fete, scheduled for the same day, assured everyone of plenty of entertainment.

The game was played in the morning in fine sunny weather. Maj Frank Hayes was heard to complain, that having taken weeks to develop his web feet, he was now having trouble balancing on dry ground. The Army unfortunately lost the game by 5 points. Overall scores were: Army — 217 points, Norton — 222. Maj Lin Combrink won a very nice copper wall plaque for being closest to the pin on the short 9th par 3 and S sgt Dusty Evans swept the board by taking a prize in a side contest for chipping and also walked away with a bottle of champers for winning a shooting competition (air rifles). Some locals were heard to mutter remarks about professionals taking over!

The players order of play and scores were:

WO2 Dippenaar	} 33 points
S sgt Evans	
Maj Lambert	} 42 points
Maj Combrink	
Maj Hayes	} 37 points
WO2 Wilson	
Maj Clarke	} 30 points
Capt Jones	
WO2 Hope	} 30 points
WO1 Armstrong	
Maj Burford	} 24 points
Maj Copeland	
WO2 Howden	} 21 points
Capt Norman	

The Army winning pair managed and ably led by Maj Doug Lambert, dressed in the latest golf/soccer fashion (designer unknown) — lost by 1 point to the winners to take runners up prize. Maj Doug swears that they were foiled by lack of local knowledge. This is doubtful, as Maj Ross Clarke, having been dutifully informed by the opposition of the layout and whereabouts of the Out-of Bounds areas, promptly and with monotonous regularity, put his ball into these areas. An enraged Kiwi on the course is a sight to be remembered.

Notwithstanding the result, it was a very enjoyable day which it is hoped will be repeated in the not too distant future. Anyone who so desires may visit the Club and will be made most welcome by the Captain, and have the pleasure of playing on an interesting and testing course.

## RETIREMENT:

### LIEUTENANT COLONEL JOHN DAVIDSON, MB, ChB

Lieutenant Colonel John Davidson, more generally known as 'Jock' Davidson, retires from the Army on 27 April 1977. On 21 February a farewell party was held at the Medical Directorate before Lieutenant Colonel Davidson commenced leave pending his retirement.

Lieutenant Colonel Davidson was born at Kimberley and trained for a medical career at the University of the Witwatersrand where he obtained the degree of MB ChB.

Joining the Federal Army in 1956 it was natural that the combination of his medical qualifications and three years' service with the South African Air Force should lead to postings to the Air Force Stations of New Sarum and Thornhill. From mid-1959 Lt Col Davidson returned to the Army serving at Depot, The Rhodesia Regiment, and from 1968 in the Salisbury area. In June 1968 he was promoted Lieutenant Colonel and in December 1975 he was appointed Assistant Director of Medical Services.

In the course of his service Lieutenant Colonel Davidson was awarded the Rhodesian General Service Medal, the Africa Service Medal and the War Medal 1939-1945.

## RLI GET-TOGETHER

As a result of the enormous success of the get-together of serving and ex-members of the RLI on 1 February 1977 it is intended to make this a regular event. All serving ERE and ex-members who wish to meet old friends and talk about old times are asked to meet at the Round Bar in Le Coq D'Or on the last Friday in each month from 1700 hours onwards.



# DEPOT DIARY

## THE THANKSGIVING OF THE PROFESSIONAL

"I have never ceased to give thanks that life, whatever else it might have in store for me, has brought me not as a mere traveller but as a soldier into this world. Wherever we go we often encounter hostility. The eyes that meet ours are often sullen with a consciousness of grievance and hurt. Even the salesman, the porters and the others who cheat us and harry us, resent us. But none of it bothers us. It is not we, but they who are the newcomers, the interlopers, the transients. We know it and they know it. We belong to that which is older than any nation. We are the Greeks the Romans the Moguls, the Tartans, the Argans and the Dravidians. We go back to the beginning of history. We are the soldiery".

Charlton Ogburn.

## A COY (THE WORKERS)

Intake 154 are now just another past chapter in the annals of A Company's history and when last heard of were happily hunting "ghandangas" somewhere in the Operational area. There is no doubt in our minds that soon ears will be buzzing to the sound of 154's Tango Alpha Echo (Terr annihilation exercise). Cheerio and Good Luck guys — it was good to have you here!

Hot on their heels followed Intake 157 who already are showing some semblance of what promises to be another good bunch of soldiers. However there is still a long haul ahead guys, so 'stiff upper lip and tally-ho chaps!'

On Friday 4 February there was panic stations as a contingent of 'blues' from Air Force Intake 94 arrived at DRR and rumour was rife that they had come to take over. Hopes of DRR being re-located in the Republic of Enkeldoorn, however, were short lived as it was established that they just couldn't take the pace at New Sarum any longer and had opted for a 'skaive' at DRR. I am happy to report that they are all now lustily singing '..... but

I'll be a brown job until I die, got four months to go at old DRR!'

Induction day always has its lighter moments and one very confused newcomer raised a giggle when asked to give reasons why he wished to be considered for the 'Intelligence Corps', retorted, "Well I've always been very interested in catering". So at last the well-kept secret is out!

Welcome to Sgt Rodriques, Cpls Maddison, Dickson, L Cpls Hootan, McClelland and Petric, Afonseca and farewell to Sgt Ian Rose who leaves the Regular Army, Cpls Hall and Anders of Intake 146 who are being stood down (at last!). Thank you one and all for your loyalty and hard work.

And last but not least to WO2 Stan Hornby, our erstwhile CSM, who has been the A/RSM at Depot for some time, and who leaves for Bamba Zonki where he takes up the position of WO1 at 1RR on 18 April 1977. Congratulations Stan and best wishes for the future.

And finally, to WO2 John de la Rue and Sgt Dick Delany, who leave to attend a Potential Officers Course at Gwelo — best of luck and keep the banners flying!

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BARBER McCORMACK 1024/A/77

# SPOT ON!

A new campaign is being waged in the tribal trust lands in Matabeleland to win the hearts and minds of thousands of African school-children.

It is hoped that this exercise will cut down the number of abductions in an area where more than 1 000 school children have been taken by terrorists since August, and that this campaign will also strengthen the understanding between the security forces and the children.

Small specialised teams headed by men trained in psychological action have begun the task of visiting hundreds of schools throughout the Tribal Trustlands.

A member of one team said: "We can't expect to achieve miracles. There are many problems, some of which we are unlikely to overcome, but something must be done to curtail the abduction rate. Even if we achieve some small success the exercise will have been worthwhile".

His team is responsible for more than 80 schools and the exercise is expected to take a minimum of 15 weeks. It is aimed at school-children up to Grade Seven, but special emphasis is placed on older children who are more likely candidates for abduction.

While it is too early to gauge the success of the operation it is felt that it is vitally important to show that the teams are genuine in trying to make friends and prevent the children being abducted.

Schoolteachers have been receptive to the campaign and one headmaster of a school with 220 pupils said: "We certainly welcome these visits. I think it is good that these teams should try and help our children overcome what is a natural fear of a man with a gun. On many occasions children have been frightened to come to school because of security force presence in the area".

Asked how he thought his children would

react to an abduction attempt after an earlier visit by the army team, he said. "We will only know when it happens. But it doesn't do any harm for the children to have the other side of the picture when the terrorists come with their lies of better education".

The team has devised a new greeting for use between the security forces and the local population. It is a thumbs-up sign with the accompanying cry 'spot on.' Already it is proving popular, particularly among the young.

The team follows an identical routine at each of the schools. The school is 'cleared' by armed escorts who then mount guard on the perimeter fences as the team moves in.

Children in Grades Five, Six and Seven write essays on subjects such as abductions, terrorism and the security forces. Prizes are awarded to each grade winner.

One child wrote: "When a terrorist tries to take me I can hide under my desk. When he says I will kill you, I can go with him because I do not want to die. But when I reach the forest, I can hide myself in the grass".

A trained medic administers to the needs of both teachers and children.

The 'lesson' ends with the school being addressed by an African sergeant. He briefs the children on the functions of the Army and what assistance it can provide to the local population, terrorism and the fate of those who become terrorists.

The majority of teachers in the schools visited felt that it was time that the children were made aware of the actions of the terrorists.

The present 'hearts and minds' work in rural Matabeleland follows closely upon the opening of a similar operation in Bulawayo. In both the rural and urban operations Bulawayo firms have provided prizes in the form of cash and gifts for essay competitions organised by the teams

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## Health Laboratory

The University of Rhodesia has recently recognised the Army Health Laboratory and accorded it the status of a subsidiary training laboratory specialising in Parasitology.

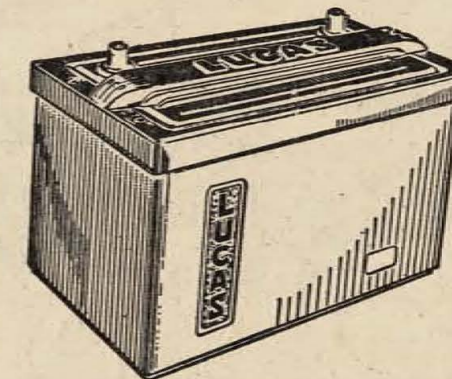
The professional recognition of this establishment as a Medical Diagnostic and Training Laboratory provides benefits to both the Army and the country's medical services. This is evident in the matter of the technical staff who, whether civilian, regular army or RWS, have at least 'O' level with passes in English, Mathematics and two relevant science subjects may register as trainee medical technologists and train for the Diploma in Medical Technology — a world-recognised qualification. This means that such people will be training for a future career that will stand them in good stead even if they decide to leave the army. Such training will enable them, on qualifying, to work in Government and Hospital Diagnostic Laboratories, in Private Pathology Laboratories, and in Veterinary Laboratories. As the laboratory is as yet only equipped to be a subsidiary training lab., staff will be able to do their Parasitology training here and will, by exchange with other recognised laboratories, (a system already in operation) be able to complete their training in Bacteriology, Haematology and Blood Transfusion, Clinical Chemistry and Histology. As the lab. develops, so more studies will be able to be completed in the Army Lab. until, one hopes, it will reach the state of full training laboratory in all subjects.

Of course this recognition of the Army Health Laboratory will also provide benefits for the Medical Technology profession. With Rhodesia's present man-power problems the main benefit to members of the Medical Technology Profession will be that if registered trainee medical technologists can be assigned to the Army Health

Laboratory, their work (of benefit to the Army) can be recognised as part of their training for the Dip. Med. Tech. This is in essence the ideal situation whereby the student meets his national service commitments; the army staff its laboratory with trained territorial and national service staff; the students do not suffer in civilian life being unable to continue their professional training and finally the country's medical services do not suffer (i.e. a national essential service) as adequate trained medical technologists will continue to be trained to meet the laboratory staffing needs of the country.

Professor J. M. Goldsmid, (Professor of Microbiology at the University of Rhodesia) who is also a major in the Rh AMC, has been actively involved with the Army Health Laboratory for some time and recently had this to say: "I feel that I must warmly commend my entire laboratory staff on the effort they have put into the developing of the Army Health Laboratory, enabling us to reach our goal of recognition in such a short time. I am very proud indeed to be associated with my technical staff in this field, be they regular, RWS, civilian staff or National Servicemen. Their dedication, enthusiasm, hard work and encouragement have played a not insignificant role in achieving this coveted recognition".

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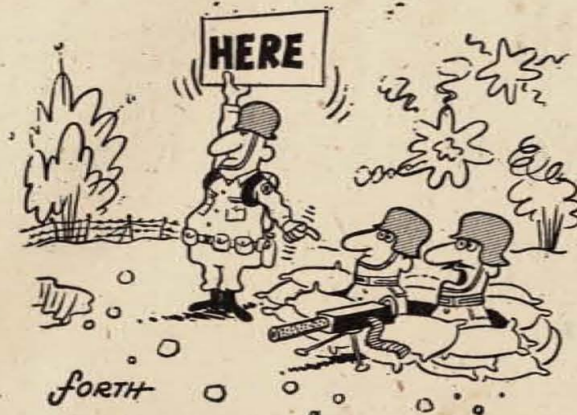
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## CAPTION COMPETITION

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Entries to  
"The Editor"  
1st April, 1977



### LAST MONTH'S WINNER:

770227 KLOPPENBURG, J. A. (MRS.) R.W.S.  
"Okay youz guys, I'm gonna make you an  
offer you can't refuse".

## WOMEN'S WORLD

VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE, BUT . . .

Somewhere, someplace in the deep murky past somebody (who had time to daydream) penned "Ode to a Skylark". Well! maybe he was a 'blue job' but then he obviously wasn't an RWS — that's a bit of a lark and generally the sky is overcast to cloudy with the only ode being odious!

Ever since my arrival in the 'Hub' I have had this overwhelming pity for anyone on their first visit to the warren. I was horrified; all the glamour was shut out when the gate clanged shut and I was plonked into the place I least wanted to go. I have since discovered that this is army policy — it's good for morale — though whose I am not quite sure; that point is open to debate. No one in their right mind would want or volunteer for a place — albeit a small place aside — those corridors of power. There's many a bump involved — you just try crossing to the opposite office — mind you, traffic lights would be ineffectual 'cause they would pall in the brilliance of so many Sunrays.

My introduction to propaganda stickers was quite dramatic to say the least; I have dreadful teeth (among other things) and one of the officers has the nickname of 'Big Ears' — he hears too many things he shouldn't — well, there was I almost horizontal in the Dentist chair with a mouth full of 'instruments, metal' and there, in a strategic place, was 'Big Ears is a Terrorist' — gulp — I mean have you ever had the dubious pleasure of partly swallowing a probe?

That wasn't the end of drama for me. I went on a day trip to the back of beyond — in the back of an RL — my back was beyond help — the darn driver looked for every pothole in the road. I have this sneaking suspicion he enjoyed women falling all over him, only problem was — the WO 2 in the back was doing the enjoying of. My eyes were opened that day to quite a few things, namely:—

\*I'd be US on a bush trip — we were DOA at the site — after a very effective ambush (well at least it was noisy).

\*The rat packs are for rats (mind you bad workmen always blame their tools).

\*Officers always move in style — the sort of style is of course the question (often wonder how their wives put up with them).

\*Females on a jungle run would start a riot.

\*The boys in the bush are admired, enormously admired — they ought to be given an extra medal — EU (endurance unlimited)!!

To elaborate, by lunch time the HQ girls had decided to pool their resources. What an experience, Engrs, Svcs, Q and Cordon Bleu with Engrs offering to make the tea, for which we were gasping. After collecting the utensils which had been rationed — can you see two people eating with one fork when they are both starving — we found our niche in the rocks. It was noted that the ration packs were put together after much afore thought; they had taken the tags off the tea bags. Engrs proceeded with 'op drought break' and everything went into the billycan, diets went by the board as milk, sugar and tea were thrown into the boiling water. Oh, the bliss of that first cup of tea — blast — blue air all over the place — Engrs had done it again, even in the tropical heat of steamy jungles salted tea is NOT appreciated! Dear Cordon Bleu was laughing so hard that she started slopping our precious food all over the place so we dived to her rescue and mixed it all up together — it did taste better drowned in curry.

Oh, the embarrassment of having to beg two tea bags from the superior race. On top of that one of them was a 'blue job' which was even worse. In true fashion they wouldn't part with a darn thing until they had the full story, humiliation, pathos — just plain horrors (funny how them manage to get fresh tomatoes and cold beers in their ration packs, sickening, isn't it?).

After the fiasco of a 'jungle run' we were given a demonstration of terr weapons which was most impressive, but the chap who was briefing us just had to show us how a hand grenade worked — so we were duly warned about effects of shock waves on our ear drums, lungs, etc. A rock was pointed out to us for protection, so we hid behind it; as much as was possible. Dramatically he tossed the lethal grenade, talking all the time. When the dust cleared we were permitted to observe the damage done to surrounding bush, etc., etc. Fine, but there not two feet away from the small crater was a yellow and black bush spider very busily repairing its damaged web. It just didn't figure — by all intents and purposes he should have been dead (suffocated or something) you know 'plastered'. Extremely puzzled I pointed this enigma out to the Demonstrator. A deathly hush, a nonplussed face, then a glow of triumph "well, don't worry about him, he'll never be the same again". The question arises in my mind, 'Sure, but then will we?'



By John Hammond and  
Mrs Connie Radford

Firstly our thanks to those who have helped with furnishings for the Grey Scouts Mess and to those who have sent materials for the Women's groups in the protected villages. Both of these need further support and the demand for materials, wool, needles and toys for the villages is almost insatiable. Please deliver to Co-ord-a-nation officers or to Miss Wilson, Ministry of Internal Affairs, Earl Grey Buildings.

Work on the Tsanga Lodge roof has been completed. The generous response to the appeal for funds for this project is to be applauded. We are now trying to raise funds for Co-ord-a-nation itself. The administration of the office does need funds for telephones, stationery, postage and the like, and any spare dollars floating around will be very welcome indeed.

#### GREYS SCOUTS MESS

We've had a lovely bundle of curtains and

cushion covers from Mrs. Doey Kileff of Mount Pleasant for the Greys Scouts Mess at 10 Montagu Avenue. The grass needs cutting very badly and we wonder if anyone could spare a gardener with a slasher for a day. The chaps themselves don't really feel like cutting grass on their leave — especially when they have been out in the bush for some weeks. The house itself is beginning to look very nice and Mrs. Salter is doing wonders with everything that has been donated — they do need sheets, pillows and pillowcases very badly.

#### CAKE RUN

Our loaf cakes and biscuits going out to the canteens and messes in the bush are proving very popular so please don't stop them coming. We are sending to small outposts where there are just a few men stationed, and they really appreciate the home-made biscuits, etc.

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# Vietnam Myths and Military Realities

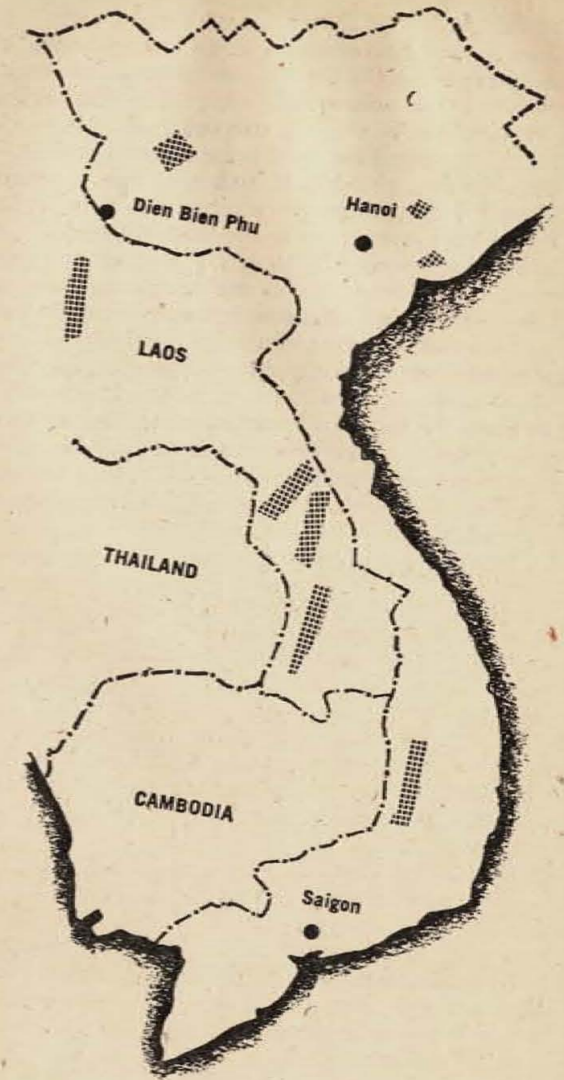
By General Fred C. Weyand and Lieutenant  
Colonel Harry G. Summers Jr.

We Americans are notorious for our lack of historical perception. It has been alleged, and it may be true, that a year is about the limit of our perspective . . . beyond that memories begin to dim and myths begin to grow. It has been more than a year since the fall of Saigon. It has also been 4 years since the American military withdrawal from Vietnam, 9 years since Tet-68, 13 years since the Gulf of Tonkin incident. This year's high school graduates were toddlers when American soldiers first began to fight and die in Vietnam. New voters in this year's Presidential elections were in the fifth grade during Tet-68. It is no wonder that realities of Vietnam are beginning to fade and myths are taking over.

Some myths are benign — for years our national character was strengthened by myths of American invincibility and American purity of action — but other myths are malignant. They eat away at our moral fibre. Unfortunately, that is the case with the myths about Vietnam.

In the public perception Vietnam has become, not so much a country, but a code word, a symbol to our doubts, frustrations, and concerns . . . a major factor in the current malaise in American society, a malaise caused in no small part by our loss of faith in our institutions, particularly a loss of faith in the ability of these institutions to do what they are supposed to do.

The mythology over Vietnam feeds on the fact that the United States did not win. And the American psyche demands winners — there is almost a religious fervour to our fascination with winning. Perhaps this is a side effect of our Puritan ethic, lingering belief in the medieval "trial by combat" where God always intervened



to insure that morality, truth, and right were victorious in any contest . . . and conversely where the loser was by definition immoral, false and wrong.

#### Dangers of the Myth

The root of the Vietnam mythology is that the war was illegal, immoral and unjust. From this root grew the second myth that the United States was unable to win and was forced to withdraw because of defeats on the battlefield. These then brought forth the poisoned fruit that the failure of conventional arms in Vietnam proves that conventional arms are not worth their cost since they cannot be relied on to protect American interests or gain American objectives.

It is this latter myth — that conventional arms are without value — that is the most dangerous to the future of mankind. It reinforces the American tendency towards isolationism, toward



withdrawal from the problems of the world. At least part of this tendency stems from a feeling of helplessness, a feeling of inability to influence events at an acceptable cost. This feeling becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy when it translates into opposition to defense spending based on the mistaken belief that such spending is money wasted since military power is unable to influence events and is meaningless in today's world. It is a threat to world peace. It can increase the likelihood of war since it may encourage aggressors to challenge American interests, with challenges not sufficiently critical to warrant nuclear response, secure in the knowledge that conventional arms will not be used. It can therefore increase the danger of nuclear war, since at some point in time American interests will be sufficiently eroded that a response — even a nuclear response — will be the only alternative to surrender.

### Myths and Realities

In order to demonstrate the fallacy of the myth that conventional arms are without value, it is first necessary to dispel the false perceptions upon which this myth is based. First, that the Vietnam war was illegal, immoral . . . the cruellest war in the history of mankind. Second, that the Vietnam war was a failure, a defeat . . . the United States was unable to win and was forced to withdraw because of defeats on the battlefield.

*Myth:* "The Vietnam war was illegal, immoral . . . The cruellest war in the history of mankind".  
*Reality:* "Several years ago, in a New York Times review of a long series of books on the morality of the Vietnam war, Neil Sheehan closed with the comment that, sad to say, none of the books would have been written if the United States would have won. There is, then, as we have seen, this impulse that our not winning is prima facie evidence that we were in the wrong. This is not a new phenomenon. Since the victor usually writes the official history, legality and morality normally have been on the side of the winner. For example, Tory perceptions of our own Revolutionary War could hardly jibe with our own".

While at this late date arguments over the legality and morality of the Vietnam war are fruitless, there are, nevertheless, lessons to be learned from such arguments. These arguments point out a peculiar contradiction in the American character — the contradiction between our idealism that propels us to combat evil and promote freedom and democracy, and our anti-militarism and isolations that severely limit the means to achieve our idealistic ends.

It can be argued that such contradictions are a useful corrective — built-in checks and balances, as it were — that prevent over-

involvement on one hand, or complete withdrawal from the world on the other.

This may be true, but it certainly complicates American foreign policy. It complicates the military posture necessary to support that foreign policy in peacetime and it plays havoc with the military actions necessary when diplomacy fails. In the bitter and divisive public debate on Vietnam, the American people lost sight of the fact that we got involved in Vietnam for all the right reasons. It was **idealism, not militarism**, that motivated our initial impulses. Not idealism in the narrow or critical sense, but our deep-seated desire to support freedom and democracy in the world . . . the heartfelt convictions of most Americans that communism was demeaning to man's human dignity and should be resisted, particularly where force and coercion were the instruments of Communist expansionism. These ideals have weakened in recent years, but in the 1950's and early 1960's they were strong and dynamic moral impulses . . . impulses to be proud of.

Once involved, however, American idealism ran into two obstacles. The first was that the democracy we supported in Vietnam was less than perfect. A curious double standard emerged, where we held South Vietnam to high and exacting ideals, while we forgot that our own democracy was far from perfect. We forgot that our own democracy had taken centuries to develop. The stock answer to "How do we get democracy in South Vietnam?" should have been "Declare a Magna Carta and wait 700 years," but Americans are also impatient. We demanded democracy now, and we couldn't have it, we withdrew our support. We lost sight of the fact that the alternative to democracy — imperfect as it was — was Communist totalitarianism. Where once we protested any restrictions on American newsmen by Saigon Government, now all foreign newsmen are expelled and the press has become an instrument of the state. Where once we protested arbitrary justice by the South Vietnamese, now we take comfort in the fact that "Only a few top leaders have been executed." The Vietnamese knew what the real choices were. As a North Vietnamese soldier told Neil Davis of the "New Yorker," "A lot of us hoped the South would win, because it would have brought about more freedom and reform in both countries." "More freedom." Those are the operative words. In Saigon, even right before the fall, one could buy Time and Newsweek, Stars and Stripes, all kinds of foreign newspapers, and a host of Vietnamese newspapers — sometimes censored, sometimes not, but still remarkably free and outspoken — on the streets. There were dozens of foreign correspondents broadcasting their press and television coverage to the world. The

Catholic and Buddhist opposition groups were active — not besieged in their own churches as today. There were active labour unions in South Vietnam. There were opposition political groups who openly expressed their frustrations. Yes, there was corruption. Yes, democracy and freedom in South Vietnam were less than perfect. But the corruption in the South was corruption of the pocketbook, not of the soul. Ultimate corruption is total control over man's life, over man's mind, over every facet of man's existence. As Solzhenitsyn has so vividly pointed out, this, not the humanitarian utopia they espouse, is the reality of communism. We knew that when we first got involved. But we forgot.

The second obstacle was our own idealism, our attempts to build a democracy in Vietnam were challenged by armed force. This challenge required either that we reply in kind or surrender our ideals. We chose to make a stand and, in doing so, human lives were sacrificed. This was in itself abhorrent and brought to the fore all our latent anti-militarism. This was exacerbated by television coverage of the war, coverage that brought the conflict directly into American living rooms. Unfortunately, this television coverage was confined to one side. Only occasional propaganda films came from the other side, since in a Communist society, television, like all the other media, exists only to serve the state. The viewer, then, was left with the impression that all of the horrors of war were being committed by our side alone. Logically, of course, this was completely one sided and misrepresentative, but logic had little to do with the case. By its very nature, television strikes at the viewer's emotions rather than his intellect.

Our tendency to see the Vietnam war as "the cruellest war in the history of mankind" revealed more about our imperfect sense of history than it did the war itself. Recall, for example, the agonizing over the phrase, "We had to destroy the town in order to save it." You would have thought that someone would have recalled the instructions General Washington received from the Continental Congress in 1776, "that a successful attack may be made on the (British) troops in Boston . . . in any manner General Washington may think expedient, notwithstanding the town and the property in it may thereby be destroyed."

The first obstacle is not so much the Army's problem as it is a problem of American attitudes. Paraphrasing Marx (Groucho, not Karl), we just won't have anything to do with any country that would have someone like us for a friend. We hold ourselves and our allies to standards of perfection. Yet, we hold our adversaries to quite another standard. We see only the surface calm, not the terrible price for the apparent

calm. We once commented admiringly that "Mussolini made the trains run on time" and overlooked the atrocities of facism. We can return from the Soviet Union and say "I have been to the future and it works" when the "future" was the ruthless execution of millions of Russian kulaks. We can marvel at the cleanliness, the order, the lack of crime in Communist China, and fail to see the millions who perished to achieve that law and order. Compared to totalitarian dictatorships, democracy is sloppy, inefficient, and imperfect. It was Saigon, not Hanoi, that had political demonstrations, open charges of misgovernment, public disclosures of wrongdoing. It was Saigon that washed its dirty linen in public. But that does not make Hanoi better. It just means that North Vietnam, like their Soviet and Chinese brothers, did not oppress dissenters — they totally eliminated them. We must not only see the end, we must also assess the price paid to attain that end.

For the Army there is a lesson in the second obstacle. As military professionals we must speak out, we must counsel our political leaders and alert the American public that there is no such thing as a "splendid little war." There is no such thing as a war fought on the cheap. War is death and destruction.

The American way of war is particularly violent, deadly and dreadful. We believe in using "things" — artillery, bombs, massive firepower — in order to conserve our soldiers lives. The enemy, on the other hand, made up for his lack of "things" by expending men instead of machines, and he suffered enormous casualties. The Army saw this happen in Korea, and we should have made the realities of war obvious to the American people before they witnessed it on their television screens. The Army must make the price of involvement clear before we get involved, so that America can weigh the probable costs of involvement against the dangers of non-involvement . . . for there are worse things than war.

*Myth:* "The Vietnam war was a failure, a defeat. The United States was unable to win and was forced to withdraw because of defeats on the battlefield."

*Reality:* "The first problem with this myth is that it pictures Vietnam as an end result, it fails to place Vietnam in perspective. Vietnam was not so much a "war" as a campaign in the unending competition between democracy and communism. Like Korea before it, Vietnam was a testing ground in this competition."

Korea was a test of whether the Communists could use open naked aggression to spread their doctrine. President Truman read this challenge for what it was, and America responded to the

challenge. In his analysis of the Korean war, T. R. Fehrenbach commented "The Communist powers, notably Soviet Russia, would remember . . . After Korea, overt, brutal armed aggression, which had produced so violent — and unexpected — a counteraction from the West, would be avoided. Now the emphasis would be infiltration, subversion, and insurgency to gain Communist ends in the fringe areas; the trick was never again, as with the South Korean invasion, to give the West a clear moral issue."

Vietnam then was a test of whether this new tactic, "Wars of National Liberation," would be effective in spreading their control. We knew that when we got involved, yet, as our involvement deepened, Vietnam became an end in itself. In the aftermath of the collapse of South Vietnam, we lost sight of the fact that it was a test. And we particularly lost sight of the fact that it was the Communists — not the United States — who failed that test. Soviet-style "War of National Liberation" were not "the wave of the future." There were not "one, two, three, many Vietnams" as the Communists had predicted. The Vietnam war — even though the Communists ultimately prevailed — proved that such wars were too expensive, much too "iffy" to be used as instruments of national policy. As Mao Tse-tung had found earlier in China, conventional war was still necessary to gain final victory. South Vietnam, for example was ultimately defeated by a conventional military attack more allied to Hitler's blitzkrieg into Poland than to any guerrilla war effort.

The point to remember is that this competition will continue. The United States may have lost a "campaign," but the "war" is far from over. There will be new tests, new tactics. Angola may well have been a case in point. Here we saw, not unconventional warfare, but instead Soviet use of arms aid and assistance and use of surrogate Cuban troops to gain their ends. Our failure to put Vietnam in perspective, to see it as a test, also caused us to miss the significance of Angola. As Secretary of State Kissinger told the Senate in January 1976, "Angola represents the first time . . . that the United States has failed to respond to Soviet military moves outside their immediate orbit . . . Thus, to claim that Angola is not an important country or that the United States has no important interests there begs the principal question . . . our deeper concern for global stability."

Vietnam may be over. Angola may be over. But the testing, the challenges will continue. And we must have the means — and the will — to respond to these challenges.

The second problem with this myth is that the American Army was *not* defeated on the battlefield in Vietnam. The American Army

withdrew from Vietnam — as it entered Vietnam — in response to the wishes of the American people. Although there was no de jure declaration of war, there certainly was de facto declaration. For example, as late as March 1967, two and one half years after Tonkin Gulf, a year after the beginning of the massive American troop buildup, a four and a half billion dollar Supplementary Defense Appropriation Act — an explicit statement of support for fighting in Vietnam if there ever was one — passed the United States Senate by a vote of 89 to 2. It was the termination of this support from the elected representatives of the people — not enemy pressure — that prompted the American military withdrawal. This responsiveness to the will of the people should have enhanced, not diminished, the Army's image.

The argument over American military "defeat" misses the essential point. The North Vietnamese were not fighting the United States Army. They were fighting the United States. When an American Army officer, in Hanoi on the eve of Saigon's fall, reminded his North Vietnamese counterpart that "You must remember. You never defeated the United States Army on the field of battle," the North Vietnamese reply was "That may be true, but it is also irrelevant." His remarks point out a significant shortcoming. The American public and even, at times, the military tend to think of war only in its military dimension, forgetting that there are other dimensions — political, economic, psychological — and that the outcome of a war may depend as much or more on the other dimensions as it does on the military dimension.

The Communist Tet offensive of 1968 is probably the classic in point. The military claimed Tet-68 as a military victory for the United States — massive losses were inflicted on the Communists, Communist forces were quickly dislodged from all the positions they had seized, the decimation of the Viet Cong cadre who surfaced and led the attacks severely limited subsequent guerrilla activity, and the refusal of the South Vietnamese people to rise and join the Viet Cong, as the Communists had believed and predicted, indicated the failure of the revolutionary effect.

Yet, by the same token, Tet-68 proved to be a psychological defeat for the United States. After all our assurances of imminent victory, the Communists demonstrated their ability to mount a massive assault. Since reporting was confined to only our side, the American people could not see the havoc wrought on the enemy. They became convinced we were in a bottomless pit, that the war was unwinnable. Tet-68 represented the major turning point of American support for the war.

But another not so obvious point even better illustrates the multi-dimensional aspects of war. Applying the test of cui bono (for whose benefit) it can be seen that the real losers of Tet-68 were the South Vietnamese Communists (the Viet Cong or PRG) who surfaced, led the attacks, and were destroyed in the process. From Tet-68 on, the control of the war in the South passed to the North Vietnamese. Just as the Russians eliminated their Polish competitors by instigating the Warsaw Uprising, the North Vietnamese eliminated their southern competitors with Tet-68. They thereby insured that the eventual outcome of the war would be a South Vietnam dominated and controlled, not by South Vietnamese Communists, but by the North Vietnamese . . . an outcome that we can see taking place today.

Finally, it can be argued that the Vietnam war was not so much a repudiation of conventional tactics as reaffirmation of those tactics. We became so fascinated by what was new and unique about "Wars of National Liberation," that we failed to appreciate that many of the old principles still applied. Guerrilla war or no it was still necessary to isolate the battlefield, it was still necessary to cut enemy lines of supply and communication, it was still necessary to deny the enemy sanctuaries, it was still necessary to carry the war to the enemy's homeland. Caesar knew all of this when he went into Gaul. There was as much old in the war in Vietnam as there was new. General Giap's account of his final campaign to seize Saigon, for example, had more to do with Guderian's panzer tactics than it did with the tactics of guerrilla war.

As we stated earlier, the major military error was the failure to communicate to the civilian decision makers the capabilities and limitations of American military power. There are certain tasks the American military can accomplish on behalf of another nation. They can defeat enemy forces on the battlefield. They can blockade the enemy's coast. They can cut lines of supply and communications. They can carry the war to the enemy on land, sea, and air. These tasks require political decisions before they can be implemented, but they are within the military's capabilities.

But there are also fundamental limitations on American military power. Critics notwithstanding, Americans are not imperialists, and the Congress and the American people will not permit their military to take total control of another nation's political, economic, and social institutions in order to completely orchestrate the war. While the United States attempted to influence these institutions in South Vietnam, the ultimate control remained with the South Vietnamese from the war's inception to the bitter end.

The failure to communicate these capabilities and limitations resulted in the military being called upon to perform political, economic, and social tasks beyond its capability while at the same time it was limited in its authority to accomplish those military tasks for which it was capable.

Another military error was our failure to communicate to the American people the harsh realities of war. Although it might sound paradoxical to civilians, the most "humane" way to fight a war is by the violent and overwhelming use of military force. Attempts to use force sparingly, to hold back, to gradually put pressure on the enemy, serves only to prolong the war and to ultimately increase casualties and suffering.

Further, the military failed to impress on our civilian leaders that wars — even limited wars — have serious consequences for the nations involved. As Fehrenbach pointed out in his study of the repercussions of the Korean war, "Every time a nation or a people commits its sons to combat, it inevitably commits its full prestige, its hopes for the future, and the continuance of its way of life." As we found to our sorrow, this remains true today.

It can probably be said that our fear of becoming involved in a land war in Asia led to our gradual response to the war in Vietnam, and ironically led to the very thing we feared — involvement in a prolonged land war in Asia. It can be said that our attempts to fight a war on the cheap, to have both guns and butter, to avoid mobilization ultimately had precisely the opposite result and ended with the far greater financial and societal costs than an initial total commitment would have cost.

We should have learned from our Korean war experience the difficulties of fighting other than a World War II-type great moral crusade. We should have been prepared for the difficulties of fighting a limited war. We should have learned from the French experience the critical role of public opinion. But we are not a historical people — we had to learn it the hard way. And we did.

*Myth:* "Conventional arms are not worth the cost, they cannot protect American interests or gain American objectives."

*Reality:* "This myth is the fruit of a poisoned tree. It grows out of two previous fallacies. It is potentially the most dangerous myth of all, since it can cripple American foreign policy, which depends on an undergirding of military strength. It can be self-fulfilling, since it can discourage spending on conventional forces and weaken the United States to the point where its conventional arms cannot protect American interests or gain American objectives. It can also raise the danger of nuclear war, since conventional arms provide the only alternative

between surrender and nuclear war."

The reality is that conventional arms, far from being worthless, have played, and continue to play, an essential role in American security. Consider where the United States had not been challenged. It had not been challenged in precisely those areas — Western Europe and Northeast Asia — where we have made a firm and unmistakable commitment by stationing conventional forces.

This firm and unmistakable commitment is particularly important today. Consider that in the era of confrontation the boundaries between the Free World and the Communist world were relatively firmly fixed. Although we were champions of liberty and freedom, we did not interfere in either Hungary or Czechoslovakia when those peoples rose against their Soviet oppressors. It can be argued that one of the reasons the Soviet backed down on Cuba was that Cuba was within our boundary." Now, however, these boundaries are not so firmly fixed. Not being fixed they can only be determined by probing, by testing and reaction from the other side. This is the real danger of Angola. Was it a probe? Was it a test to determine the new American boundary?" "If so, our failure to respond to this test can have serious long-term repercussions."

Angola raises another interesting point. Many of the same American critics who hold that conventional military force is of little value raised objections to American involvement in Angola on the grounds that the Communist forces were too well armed, were too militarily powerful and therefore any American involvement was too risky, too dangerous. It would appear rather obvious that if military power had value to the other side, it would also have value for the United States . . . but, obvious or not, this point appears to have been overlooked.

Perhaps it is overlooked because of inherent American anti-militarism. As a people, we abhor "gunboat diplomacy." We like to think that there are better ways of projecting our influence. Psychological power — "The American Example" — was a particular favourite until we began to lose faith in ourselves. Economic power is also often discussed in this context. The world's prime supplier of food grains, the world's technologic leader, the United States has potentially powerful economic weapons at its disposal. The reality, however, is that we are loath to use either food or technology as weapons. Even in the face of economic attacks from the oil-producing nations, we have, in effect, practiced unilateral economic disarmament.

American worldwide interests demand an active foreign policy, and an active foreign policy must be based on national power. By limiting the use of psychological power, limiting the use

of economic power, we have increased the importance of military power. Therefore, it is essential that military power be kept in consonance with American foreign policy objectives.

#### AMERICAN MILITARY REALITIES

If the myths of Vietnam do not give an accurate portrayal of our Vietnam involvement, what then are the realities?

First and most obvious is the fact that the Vietnam war happened. Ignoring it, putting it out of our minds will not work. It will not go away.

The second reality is not so obvious. All the discussion over American idealism, anti-militarism, isolationism; all the agonizing over American impatience, over American lack of historical perspective prove only one thing . . . that Americans are Americans. These seeming contradictions in our national character make us what we are. There is no use complaining about these traits; instead, we must build our foreign policy and its supporting military policy on these facts of life. When we disregard this reality and build our policies on something we are not, such policies will not endure.

Third, Vietnam was a reaffirmation of the peculiar relationship between the American Army and the American people. The American Army really is a people's Army in the sense that it belongs to the American people who take a jealous and proprietary interest in its involvement. When the Army is committed the American people are committed, when the American people lose their commitment it is futile to try to keep the Army committed. In the final analysis, the American Army is not so much an arm of the Executive Branch as it is an arm of the American people. The Army, therefore, cannot be committed lightly. It can only be committed when there is a consensus among the American people that the vital interests of such critical importance are involved that the commitment of the Army is warranted. This means that these interests must be carefully and completely explained to the American people in terms they understand, in terms they agree with.

The fourth reality is that the war is not something conducted solely by the military. There is no such thing as warfare limited to the military dimension alone, a point obscured by our own terminology. Vietnam was classified as a "limited war." What this meant was that the foreign policy goals — the ends — the United States wanted to achieve in Vietnam were limited. But "limited war" was interpreted by many people as meaning that the means to achieve that end were limited to military factors alone. This is a dangerous fallacy. All wars are "total wars" in a sense that they have polit-

ical, economic and psychological dimensions that may be equally as important as the military dimension. Because of the peculiarities of our national character, the capability of the American military to deal with these other dimensions is severely limited. There are certain things — political involvement, for example, or manipulation of the media in order to shape public attitudes — that the American people believe are just not proper military roles. War — and even rivalry and competition — requires a coordinated and orchestrated national effort, with the military concentrating on military tasks, while other agencies of the Federal Government take on the political, economic and psychological tasks.

The final reality is that while the phrase "Cold War" has fallen into disuse and disfavour, the rivalry and competition between the United States (and its allies) and the Soviet Union (and its allies) still continues. While there may be some relaxation of tension, there is no end to this competition in sight. Korea was a campaign in that competition, Vietnam was another campaign. Angola may well have been a third campaign. The likelihood is that there will be other campaigns, if not between the principals, at least between the allies of these principals. As long as American military power is strong

enough, direct challenges to American survival or to American freedom of action will probably not be made. But we can count on the fact that our boundaries will be probed, our responses will be tested. If we fail to respond we can anticipate a constant slicing away, each slice not significant in itself, until our very existence is threatened.

The American people must understand these realities.

The Army exists to serve them, to serve their interests.

There is a direct relationship between their freedom and democracy and the maintenance of adequate military power.

There is a direct relationship between their economic well-being and their support of adequate military power.

Their well-being is inexorably tied up with the well-being of our allies — even our imperfect allies — and both are dependent on military power.

Only when Vietnam is put in proper perspective and the realities of our involvement are understood will the malignant myths that are eating away at our moral fibre be excised and America regain her full strength to deal with the problems that lie ahead.

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