



Rhodesian Services Association Incorporated

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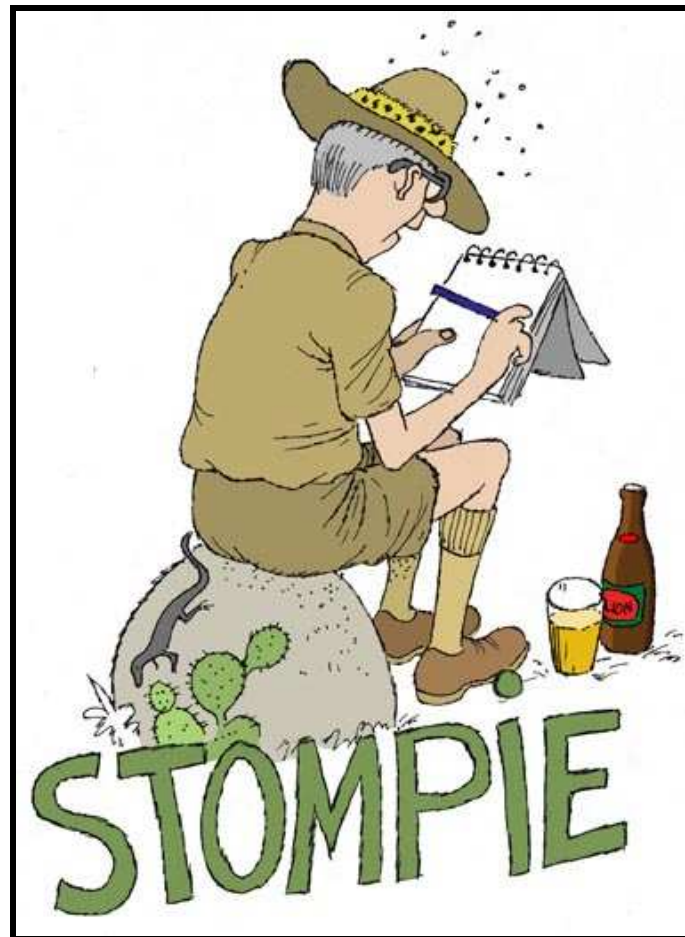
April 2009 Newsletter

Please Note that all previous newsletters are available at

www.rhodesianservices.org/Newsletters.htm

Greetings,

The level of support that we get for this newsletter never ceases to amaze me. Noted Rhodesian cartoonist, author, fire-fighter, banjo player and God knows what all else, Vic MacKenzie, has drawn this picture of Stompie for us.



I have reproduced it here in a fairly large size so that you can all appreciate the subtle details, such as the bottle of Lion Lager which was clearly Stompie's favoured tippie in the days when Lion was King and Castle was for those whose taste was less discerning, or even non existent, as was proven one night at 4 Indep Coy in 1976.....but that is another story and may well get published somewhere, with identities suitably concealed to avoid embarrassment, I hasten to add. The smaller animated version of the picture will, in future, appear on all Stompie's articles.

RHODESIA REGIMENT BOOK PROJECT

Alex Binda has elected to discontinue this project. Some of you have been sent correspondence with this news by Alex. It is not my policy, nor the publisher's (Chris Cocks of 30° South), to air confidential or sensitive correspondence in public. Neither Chris nor I wish to rehash recent events with regards to Alex - suffice to say that an irreconcilable rift has developed.

This project is bigger than one man and, although there will be a slight delay in proceedings, we are totally committed to seeing it through to a successful completion with a book that all Rhodesians can be proud of. I need to stress that the project is firmly on track and that it will NOT be dumped. I have not put in the time and effort to reach this point in order to now walk away from it. It is critical that this important piece of Rhodesian history is recorded for posterity.

I take this opportunity to thank you all for your overwhelming support and encourage you to continue submitting your material contributions. Please forward all photographs to me at hbomford@clear.net.nz Chris Cocks is receiving stories and anecdotes. Please forward them to him at info@30degreessouth.co.za

Thank you for your understanding; as you all know, I am very busy, but the job will be done. We move on.

Obituaries

Bernard Walsh 2nd March 1961 – 15th March 2009

Bernard grew up in Bulawayo. Went to school at Milton. Served in RLI 2 Commando.

Bernard graduated with a Law Degree from the University of South Africa in 1990 and went on to work in various prominent roles in Central Africa, including Senior Legal Advisor for Barclays Bank and Director and Corporate Secretary of a number of public listed companies.

He moved to New Zealand with his family in 2000 and has, since then, helped hundreds of people to successfully settle in New Zealand.

Bernard was one of New Zealand's leading specialist immigration lawyers and was Chairman of the New Zealand Association for Migration and Investment. Sincere condolences to his wife, family and many friends.

'Ilo the Pirate' was an institution in Rhodesia. I think he must have photographed almost everyone in the country. Very few people knew his real name. I was surprised to have the following passed to me recently:

"There will be a small Memorial Service for the late Ilo The Pirate (Battigelli) - photographer. Thursday 26th March, Italian Club, Quendon Road, 10.30am. Friends welcome.

Contact Michelle on mish@mweb.co.zw for any more info."

Barry Holt, who served in B Troop, C Squadron, Rhodesian SAS, passed away on the 19th of February 2009 in Harare as a result of cancer. For condolences and further details you can contact Barry's sister Janice by email on Janice@belvon.co.za

Off The Radar

The following people's addresses have gone dead. If you are in comms with them please ask them to contact me. Please remember to let me know if you are changing your email address.

Graham Radue writes:

"I had a couple of friends in the BSAP many years ago and wonder if you can throw any light on their present whereabouts :

Bill Mayo who lived next door to us in Umtali at one stage;

Keith Nortje who I was at school with in Umtali;

Barry Tiffin who I was at school with in Bulawayo."

Please email Graham at graham_radue@yahoo.com.au if you can help.

ANZAC Day 25th April 2009

After the March newsletter I received emails suggesting that I explain ANZAC to those new subscribers who may wonder why we do it. In the past I have written about what ANZAC Day commemorates for the people of New Zealand and Australia. I am not about to repeat that. You can access all our old newsletters going back to 2003 from the page <http://www.rhodesianservices.org/Newsletters.htm> to see what I have written before. I will endeavour to explain ANZAC from my own perspective.

The 25th April, ANZAC Day, in New Zealand is a far bigger affair than Armistice Day. I cannot speak for Australia because I have never been there on the 11th November. So from early on Rhodesians were drawn to ANZAC

Parades rather than Armistice Day commemorations. I went along with my Dad to the local parades in Katikati, a small town roughly the size of Marandellas. We were the only two Rhodesians and, of the ex servicemen and women, I was easily the youngest. I was treated like any other veteran. I liked that. I felt that I was recognised. The parades were a moving experience. We marched down the main road and the traffic was stopped by the Police to let us march. I felt the general respect of the public towards all of us. The last service that I had attended in what was by then Zimbabwe, was November 1980 at the cenotaph in Marandellas and we were told never to do that again by Mugabe's Government. So this was a unique feeling for me. I had never been on any public parades in Rhodesia, no freedom of city marches – none of that. As I marched I felt pride and in my head I honoured those I had served with.

I was unaware at that stage, what anyone else was doing in New Zealand.

Later I learned of the parade at Hobsonville in Auckland and went there. Sadly, my father never attended with me at Hobsonville – he would have loved it.

Hobsonville was a different story to Katikati. Here were 20 or more Rhodesians with a small contingent of nurses marching with a Rhodesian flag. To understand the emotions you have to be a Rhodesian and march down a street with the Green and White at the head of the squad, with people lining the streets clapping. For me the overriding emotion is one of recognition.

The word 'recognition' keeps coming up. For those readers who are not Rhodesians you will not understand what this word means to us. For the most part of my life our country strove to be recognised – for the world to accept us. We yearned for some country, some government to openly recognise us. They never did and we lost our country as a consequence. At the first RV, the CO of the Hauraki Regiment Lt Col John Dick made a speech to us. In that speech he said "we recognise you as soldiers....." At that point I, along with probably every other person lost focus because those words brought tears to our eyes. Someone had openly recognised us.

So in the Antipodes, on one day every year, we openly march with veterans, serving soldiers, sailors, the Police and millions of civilians. We march with pride and with our departed friends and family looking down on us and we know that at last we have been recognised. We all have our reasons to be there, I have tried to explain mine.

Australian Venues

Sydney:

Rhodesians Parade in Sydney Returned Services League. The Rhodesian contingent will join in Sydney's ANZAC DAY march. Rhodesians have been part of the march since 1980 and each year the number of servicemen and women has grown.

If you served in any of the various branches of the Army, Air Force, Police, Guard Force, Intaf, Women's Auxiliary or Nursing Service of Southern Rhodesia, Federation of Rhodesia, Rhodesia or you are a Rhodesian who served in the Armed Forces of another nation, we would like you to come and join us.

Dawn Service – Every year, we lay a wreath to the Rhodesians who fell in all wars. It is done in the presence of the Governor of NSW and is perhaps the most moving experience of Anzac Day. We meet at 04.15hrs in front of the sandwich kiosk in Martin Place. The service starts at 04.30hrs

March – Meet up at Hunter Street, between Pitt and George opposite The Grand Hotel at 10.30hrs. for step-off at around midday. Wear a jacket or dress with your medals on the left and those of any family member on your right.

Lunch – All Rhodesians and guests are welcome to join us afterwards for lunch at the Lowenbrau Keller, Argyle St (Corner Playfair Street), The Rocks, Sydney A donation of \$20 per person/couple is sought for future bookings and the Dawn Service Wreath. Timings for lunch from 1300 – 1430 hrs

Contacts – Ryk Dabrowski Ph: 02 9875 1209 Steve Taylor email: stevez@bigpond.net.au Bruce McGregor 0437 001 032 or email softkey@bigpond.com Robert Hilton email mukiwa@idx.com.au

Brisbane:

Contacts Clive Cooke email ozbiz@bigpond.net.au or mobile 0412 049 340 Tony Rogers email naartjie268@mail2me.com.au

Perth

Contact John Kirkman kirkmanaj@bigpond.com

New Zealand

Hobsonville RSA

10.00 Parade assembles at Hobsonville School
10.30 Fall in
10.40 March off

11.00 ETA at RSA
12.00 Service concludes
12.15 Rhodesian Service begins

At the conclusion of the Rhodesian service we adjourn to the RSA to socialise. We will be passing the hat around for donations

Everyone is welcome to attend. Contacts Paul Nes email paulnes@xtra.co.nz Hugh Bomford email hbomford@clear.net.nz or cell 027 545 8069

This year the wreath will be laid by Hilton Morgan. This is Hilton's background:

Born in Bulawayo 1930
Educated at Plumtree School
Married to Dot for 55 years
Father Fred Morgan - Springbok and Rhodesia Bisley team, 1920 Kings medal winner
Hilton was a Founder Member 9th & 10th Battalion Rhodesia Regiment - Midlands
Transferred to Police reserve - awarded Long Service Medal
Sport - Springbok and Rhodesia Hockey.
Rhodesian Sportsman of the year 1957

Please note that a number of us plan on being at the Hobsonville RSA on Friday the 24th in the evening and are keen to meet up with anyone who can also make it.

Gisborne

Would anyone who is planning to attend or who has attended ANZAC Day parades in the area please contact me urgently.

1980 Ceasefire - A Tale of Two Vehicles

This month 29 years ago saw the gifting of our wonderful country into the hands of our former enemy, whose description falls outside polite language. This handover was engineered in the main by the British, who will never be forgiven in my book. Anger at matters that were beyond the control of people like me is wasted energy now. There is nothing to be gained by being bitter - that is not to say that I will ever forgive or forget - but it is a waste of time grinding your teeth over. I have written this piece as I am sure all of you had, and probably still have, similar feelings. Some of you reading this were in the Monitoring Force (MF). Reading this piece you will understand how we felt, as do the occupants of any country that has foreign troops arrive in an effort to resolve internal issues. Arriving in Rhodesia I know that New Zealand troops recorded that they were very fearful of what they were coming to. It must have seemed like they had arrived in the Wild West with almost every man and woman armed and potentially dangerous. This is the way we had lived for a long time and we were used to it and saw no problem with bearing arms. Farmers like myself were never more than a few inches from a weapon at all times. Everywhere I went I had a firearm - anything from an FN to a .38.

What the MF probably did not fully realise before they arrived was that we were a disciplined force - the terrorists were not and continually breached the ceasefire without any effective reaction from the British and MF. The terrorists ran rings around the Peace Keepers and continued with their plan of intimidation and relentless disregard of the cease fire. Had we not been disciplined, the MF's fears would have been realised. Perhaps also, had we known the eventual outcome, we would not have been as tolerant as we were. We had all been built up by our internal security and intelligence people to expect a different outcome, one which we could live with. But that did not happen - they got it horribly wrong. This piece records two incidents, one of which was typical of the times and humorous and another whose details have only now been made public by former Rhodesian Air Force pilot turned author, 'Prop' Preller Geldenhuys to whom I am grateful for allowing me to take an excerpt from his book Nickel Cross. Nickel Cross can be purchased directly from Prop by emailing him at pey@lantic.net

These stories begin when the Commonwealth monitored cease fire was in place during the last days of our beloved Rhodesia. We were all living emotionally charged lives. Women were throwing 30 pieces of silver at Lord Soames (whose wife was likely busy grubbing it all up to go and buy another bottle of gin) and in my opinion 30 hand grenades would have been a better choice. At the time I felt extreme anger at the Monitoring Force (or Monitoring Farce as it was known) being in our country.

There were incidents of fights between Rhodesians and Brits as a result of offensive comments by the Brits. I personally witnessed a la de dah officer of the Blues and Royals get all aggravated when a black BSAP Constable brought him the wrong brand of beer that said officer had rudely demanded the Constable fetch for him from the canteen in the Marandellas Police Station. We put the officer straight that if he wanted his order to be correct he needed to be a bit more polite and to speak to the Constable in a language he could understand.

It was under this tense atmosphere that one night one of the MF Landrovers went AWOL from the JOC at Marandellas. Details are sketchy now but as I recall it was later found on the rugby field at the Marandellas Country Club. The culprit, whose name was Mike and used to prop the other side of the Marandellas scrum with me, was duly brought before the Magistrate. Before passing sentence the beak asked him if he had anything to say in his

defence. "Why did you do this Mr F?" to which the response was "Sorry your honour, but I could not find the keys to the Hercules"

Whether the Magistrate was amused or not is not recorded. The sentence was a fine, of which the full amount was duly collected off the very amused patrons of the Marandellas Hotel, favoured drinking hole of Mike.

The second story of the other stolen 'vehicle' came to my notice while reading 'Prop' Preller Geldenhuis's book Nickel Cross recently. This is reproduced below by kind permission of Prop:

"In the week leading up to the March 1980 elections, 1 Commando 1 RLI were manning the then Salisbury Fire Force operating out of New Sarum," Rick van Malsen explained to the author. He continued, "our task was fairly mundane and consisted of two, 40-minute sorties a day over Salisbury, dropping troops off at key points and then picking them up later, and with the aim of boosting flagging civilian morale more than anything else.

"At last light each day the troops returned to their Cranborne barracks and then they re-positioned at first light the following day to take up the waiting game at Sarum. On the evening of 3rd March 1980, the CO of 1 RLI, Lt Col Charlie Aust, summoned all officers to a briefing at the Battalion HQ. In the briefing he stated that preliminary counts of the ballots had indicated a landslide victory for Mugabe and that all military options to prevent this had been scuppered! Fundamentally it was the end! We were then given our detailed tasks for the following day - the 4th March. Election result day.

"One Commando's task was to be at Sarum by first light on the 4th March, and to take off at 0845, so we were airborne and over Highfields High density suburb when the election results were announced at 0900 hours. The task of the Fire Force was to enforce law and order and to react to any "victory" celebrations by the way of looting, arson etc that the winning party and their supporters may have planned.

"Early on the morning of the 4th we arrived at Sarum, to find a very confused K-Car tech who couldn't find his K-Car! All of the Fire Force helicopters had been parked on the hard standing outside the hangars overnight, as was standard operating procedure and now it was nowhere! At first, it was thought that techs from another Squadron were responsible for taking and hiding it, as some sort of prank, but by 0830, a thorough search of the whole of Sarum had revealed nothing, and indeed the K-Car was still missing, together with my flying helmet which I had left in the aircraft.

"As our task had to continue, with or without a gunship, Ian Harvey the K-Car pilot commandeered a G-Car and off to war we went somewhat concerned as a K-Car in the wrong hands was a frightening thought!

"The sortie was a non-event excepting for about halfway through it 'Harvs' noticed a lone K-Car circling over the city centre. We were unable to establish comms with the stranger, and as Sarum Ops didn't know who it was either, 'Harvs' decided it was time to go and have a look! So here I was, sitting in a Perspex bubble, on the last day of the war, about to get involved in a potential air-to-air combat with a "dissident" - him armed with a 20 mm cannon and us with .303 Brownings!! To say I was unhappy was a major understatement! As we started to approach this "target" Sarum Ops came up and confirmed it was a legitimate K-Car covering an SAS operation and not the missing aircraft. Panic over, and with one very relieved Brown Job, we then returned to our task.

"By the end of the day we had still not found the missing aircraft, nor had it come to light anywhere else. It was however found, two days later, abandoned and undamaged on the side of the main Glendale - Centenary road.

"About a year later I met the pilot responsible, who told me the full story of when and how he had stolen it. The "thief" was a reserve pilot, who had retired from the Air Force, and was then a farmer in the Centenary area. All the farmers in the area had been called to a meeting on the evening of the 3rd March at the local Farmers Hall. There, some Special Branch idiot had got up on the stage, and told them that the war was over, that Mugabe had won, and that mayhem, revenge rape and pillage, such as had been seen in the Congo in the early 60's, was about to erupt throughout Rhodesia. The farmers, now thoroughly alarmed at these statements from someone "in the know," then tried to contact Salisbury to see what was happening there but were unable to get through on the phone. With 2000 bad guys sitting in an Assembly Point only 30 kms. down the road, they felt threatened and totally isolated from the main centres. They firmly believed it was now "everyman for himself" and isolated communities, such as theirs, would have to fight their own way into the main centres, and then join the rest of the populace in a mass exodus south. They also believed that the Rhodesian military machine would become totally splintered with a million calls for help and so decided to make suitable retreat plans of their own! As they had an active Air Force pilot in their midst, air support was central to all of the plans they conjured up that night. Initially, they thought the easiest thing would be to steal a Dak, load all the woman and children on board and fly them out to safety. The men would then form a convoy, and fight their way South via Salisbury. However, as there were too many pax (people) for the Dak, they opted for the next plan, which was to steal a K-Car and for this to ride "top cover" over "their" convoy heading south, refuelling from drums on the back of a truck.

"So later that night, the pilot and a friend drove to Salisbury. The pilot was dressed in his uniform so he had no problem getting into Sarum air base. Once inside the perimeter, he found the K-Car unguarded, fully fuelled up ready for the next day's operations. His main fear was that the noise and time it took for the start up might alert someone, so he just sat and waited until a heavy jet came into land at Salisbury International, then started up under cover of the noise of the big jet, and ducked off over the Sarum revetments.

"Initially the flight went fine. However in the darkness he became disorientated (lost in Army parlance!) and so landed on a high rock dome, (all done without a tech to assist) and waited for first light so he could see where he was. At first light, he then flew to the bottom end of his farm, and hid the K-Car in a grove of trees.

"As we all know, nothing really happened on the 4th March 1980 and all the fears of revenge and mass murder never occurred. The pilot, however, now had a problem - a stolen K-Car at the bottom end of his farm!

Two days later, he flew it out and parked it on the side of the road, where it could be found, and a friend then picked him up and returned him home.

"It didn't take CID, police etc very long to work out who had stolen the aircraft, and the pilot was picked up and placed in Centenary jail, where, from all accounts he was treated like visiting Royalty!! From Centenary he was taken to Air Force Headquarters where the Commander of the Air Force interviewed him. Because of the sensitivities of the time, the Air Force declined to prosecute but did ask him to resign his Commission, which he gladly did!

Rick van Malsen never did get his flying helmet back! Air Force recovered it from the K-Car, but told him that as he no longer had a need for it, they were keeping it!

Regimental Rumours by 'Stompie'

Hi Everyone,

This month's article is an oldie but a goodie, sent in by Mac Mackintosh - thanks Mac. It's about old war veterans outlining good reasons why guys over 60 should be drafted into the services to track down terrorists. Read on, and enjoy.....

I am over 60 and the Armed Forces think I'm too old to track down terrorists. You can't be older than 42 to join the military. They've got the whole thing ass-backwards. Instead of sending 18-year olds off to fight, they ought to take us old guys. You shouldn't be able to join a military unit until you're at least 35, for the following reasons:

- For starters, researchers say 18-year-olds think about sex every 10 seconds. Old guys only think about sex a couple of times a day, leaving us more than 28,000 additional seconds per day to concentrate on the enemy.
- Young guys haven't lived long enough to be cranky, and a cranky soldier is a dangerous soldier. 'My back hurts! I can't sleep, I'm tired and hungry'. We are impatient and maybe letting us kill some asshole that desperately deserves it will make us feel better and shut us up for a while.
- An 18-year-old doesn't even like to get up before 10 a.m. Old guys always get up early to pee so what the hell? Besides, like I said, 'I'm tired and can't sleep and since I'm already up, I may as well be up killing some fanatical son-of-a-bitch....
- If captured, we couldn't spill the beans because we'd forget where we put them. In fact, name, rank, and serial number would be a real brainteaser.
- Boot camp would be easier for old guys. We're used to getting screamed and yelled at and we're used to soft food. We've also developed an appreciation for guns. We've been using them for years as an excuse to get out of the house, away from the screaming and yelling.
- They could lighten up on the obstacle course however. I've been in combat and didn't see a single 20-foot wall with rope hanging over the side, nor did I ever do any push-ups after completing basic training. Actually, the running part is kind of a waste of energy, too - I've never seen anyone outrun a bullet.
- An 18-year-old has the whole world ahead of him. He's still learning to shave, to start up a conversation with a pretty girl. He still hasn't figured out that a baseball cap has a brim to shade his eyes, not the back of his head.

Let us old guys track down those dirty rotten coward terrorists. The last thing an enemy would want to see is a couple of million pissed off old farts with attitudes and automatic weapons who know that their best years are already behind them.

Then - how about recruiting Women over 50 ...with PMS ??!!! You think men have attitudes!!!

Until next month, go well and remember to keep the articles rolling in to stompie@rhodesianservices.org
Cheers for now!



Grunter's Good Oil

Greetings all

As I write we are into week seven of the Super Rugby. At the time of writing I am pleased to say that the Bulls and the Sharks are sitting pretty at the top of the table. The Sharks have an amazing six matches still to play at home

and should be in a good position to press for a home semi-final come the business end of the tournament. The Bulls had a good away win against the Hurricanes last week but it remains to be seen how well they finish their tour part of the season. Traditionally the Bulls are not a good side away from their beloved 'Fortress Loftus', but in recent times there have been some promising signs that they are gaining in confidence. I hope my team, the Stormers, are able to trip up a few teams on the way which will help both the Sharks and the Bulls.

It is amazing how we are all drawn to both Rugby and Cricket, young or old, male or female. While everyone may pursue and excel in other sports, everyone has a common bonding in Rugby and Cricket.

This got me thinking about my memories of rugby at home. Just picturing the scenes in my mind I could almost smell the Police Grounds on a Saturday. I know it would have been the same at Hartsfield. Who can ever forget the mild winter afternoons watching rugby as a kid. With all the seats sold out the kids used to sit on blankets just behind the ropes on the touchline, up to about five deep. Schoolboy rugby curtain raisers used to start as early as 10.00am with hundreds of schoolboys in best dress singing their war cries and throwing their bashers up after a try. I remember Prince Edward (PE) used to get to throw their bashers up a lot more often than other schools. This was followed by a Rhodesia U20 game or similar as the main curtain raiser. Do you remember the "Fush" schoolboys selling programmes under the eagle eye of Mike Whiley. I wonder who the poor Chompkin man was who always came onto the field advertising Willard's Chips. He never made it to the 25 yard line before he was tackled. I can clearly recall the mass rugby matches of about 30 kids aside being played behind the main grandstand. We couldn't wait until the main game to end and one could always find a team to join behind the stands. These matches went on long into the night with numbers slowly dwindling as our parents started making for home after a few ales with mates after the game.

Who remembers how great you were after "scoring" a piece of dry ice off one of the ice-cream boys. Keeping it in your hat and listening to it sing when you pressed a coin into it. Drinking Bengal Juice or having an ice cream sold by Washington from the Dairyboard. Happy days indeed that we were privileged to be part of. I would love to hear your memories.

Till next month.
 Regards Grunter
 Email fourstreams@clear.net.nz

CQ Store visit www.rhodesianservices.org/The%20Shop.htm to see what is in store for you

For the month of March our sales were booming. Thank you. Your support is very welcome and enables us to develop our museum displays.

We have new stocks of the replica Rhodesian Rugby jerseys to hand. These are the most accurate replicas available. There are others on the market, however their stripes are wrong and so is the embroidered badge. Our jerseys are made in New Zealand, not Asia.

Our most recent project is enamelled Rhodesian Flag lapel pins. These will hopefully be on hand by ANZAC Day. They will be \$10 each plus any postage.

Below is a list of our stock. Please give our CQ Store consideration when buying a present for someone in your family. We do ask that you order early in case we do not have your size in stock and also to allow for shipping time if the destination is outside New Zealand.

CQ STORE INVENTORY

ITEMS EXCLUDING POSTAGE	PRICE in NZ\$
4RR Hackles	\$17.50
'Bumper' Stickers, Rhodesia/NZ or Australia flags; Rhodesian flag; Rhodesian Services Assn Lion & Tusk	\$3 each or 2 for \$5
Bullion wire blazer pocket badge – Rhodesia Regiment	\$100
Business Card Holder – stainless steel with Lion & Tusk engraved	\$20
Berets	\$50
Lion & Tusk Baseball Caps	\$23
Lion & Tusk Beanies green, black or other (even pink!) on request	\$20
Lion & Tusk Dog Tags 'silver' or 'gold'	\$30
Lion & Tusk Polar Fleece jackets – long sleeved in green, black, navy	\$60

Lion & Tusk Polo shirts - black or green	\$36.50
Lion & Tusk T-shirts - black or green	\$30
Lion & Tusk Women's v-neck stretch shirts - black	\$30
Name badge – resin coated	15
Number plate surrounds – 4 styles to choose from	\$12
Pocket Insert Medal Holder	\$15
Regimental Cap Badges – RLI, Intaf, RAR, RDR, BSAP, Grey's Scouts, RRR, RR, Service Corps, Staff Corps, RWS, DRR and more	Priced from \$20 – inquire for details
Regimental ties – Rhodesian Light Infantry	\$35
Regimental ties – Rhodesia Regiment	\$40
Regimental ties – Rhodesian African Rifles	\$40
Regimental ties – SAS	\$55
Rhodesian Army Recruitment poster copy “Be a man among men”	\$25
Rhodesian Army Recruitment poster copy “Terrorism Stops Here!”	\$50
Rhodesian General Service Medal full size medal copy with ribbon	\$100
Rhodesian General Service Medal full size medal copy (solid silver) with ribbon	\$125
Rhodesian General Service Medal full size ribbon	\$10/length
Rhodesian General Service Medal miniature (solid silver) with ribbon	\$40
Rhodesian General Service Medal miniature ribbon	\$10/length
Rhodesian replica rugby jerseys – short or long sleeve	\$110
Rhodesian flag 3' x 5' (900mm x 1500mm) ready to fly	\$35
Rhodesian Flag, embroidered 110mm x 50mm	\$20
Unofficial Rhodesian Combat Infantry Badge	\$22.50
Various medal ribbons – please inquire	POA
Various small embroidered badges (RLI, BSAP & Nyasaland Police)	\$5
Zimbabwe Independence Medal full size copy with ribbon	\$50
Zimbabwe Independence Medal full size ribbon	\$10/length
Zimbabwe Independence Medal miniature with ribbon	\$35
Zimbabwe Independence Medal miniature ribbon	\$10/length
'Zippo' type lighter – “Rhodesia 1890 – 1980” with Lion & Tusk	\$25

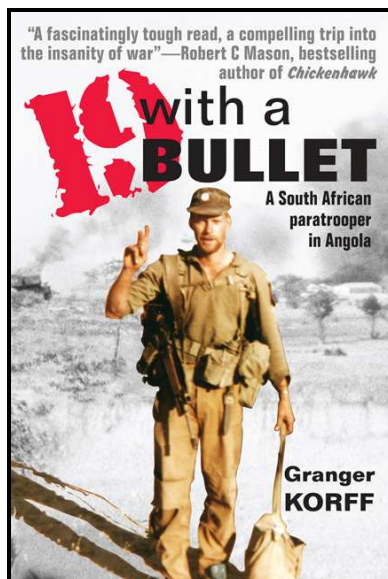
Watch this space for new items coming on stream in the future

Books for Africa

I again remind you that all the books and audio visual disks that I stock and sell are listed at www.rhodesianservices.org/Books.htm These sales are my own hobby and income from sales is directed to me and not the Rhodesian Services Association. However, the Association does benefit indirectly from these sales.

New titles recently arrived in stock:

19 With A Bullet - A South African paratrooper in Angola by Granger Korff \$50 plus postage. It is soft back

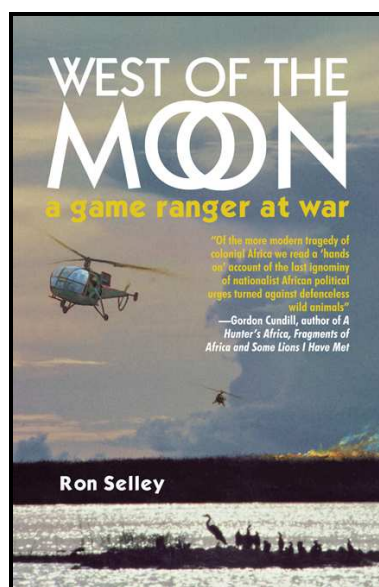


A fast-moving, action-packed account of Granger Korff's two years of service during 1980/81 with 1 Parachute Battalion at the height of the South African war in South West Africa (Namibia) and Angola. Apart from the 'standard' counter-insurgency activities of Fireforce operations, ambushing and patrols, to contact and destroy SWAPO guerrillas, he was involved in several massive South African Defence Force (SADF) conventional cross-border operations, such as Protea, Daisy and Carnation, into Angola to take on FAPLA (Angolan MPLA troops) and their Cuban and Soviet allies.

Having grown up as an East Rand rebel street-fighter, Korff's military 'career' is marred with controversy. He is always in trouble - going AWOL on the eve of battle in order to get to the front; facing a court martial for beating up, and reducing to tears, a sergeant-major in front of the troops; fist-fighting with Drug Squad agents; arrested at gunpoint after the gruelling seven-week, 700km Recce selection endurance march are just some of the colourful anecdotes that lace this account of service in the SADF.

Granger Korff was born in 1960 and grew up in the mining town of Benoni. In 1985 he travelled to the USA on a four-month boxing/vacation walkabout where he haunted the mean streets of Los Angeles, scrapping and boxing to survive. Ike Turner and Mickey Rourke were his drinking buddies and he almost became Jake LaMotta's ('The Raging Bull') son-in-law. Twenty-four years later, Granger still lives in LA, where he runs a small plumbing business.

West Of The Moon - Early Zululand and a game ranger at war in Rhodesia by Ron Selley \$50 plus postage. It is soft back



From colonial northern Zululand to guerrilla warfare in the Gona rhe Zhou of Rhodesia - this book covers a vast panorama of southern Africa. It is a sweeping canvas that evokes a bygone era of the 1940s' colonial Natal through to the cruel intensity of the 'Bush War' that ravaged Rhodesia in the 1970s. The book is in two distinct parts. Part 1 chronicles the author's earlier years of an idyllic childhood spent roaming and hunting among the empty, rolling hills of northern Zululand; of the inaccessible St Lucia waterway; the nostalgia of yellow fever trees; of building railway bridges into the wild interior; of colonial scallywags and native witchcraft; of sugar estates and poaching; of shipwrecks and the sweaty cantinas and backstreets of Lourenço Marques - a time that slipped away.

Part 2 recounts the author's move north across the Limpopo where his love of adventure, hunting and the bushveld lead him to Rhodesia. He becomes a game ranger, dealing with 'problem animals' in the farming areas and the escalating terrorist war in the Gona rhe Zhou National Park in the beleaguered south-eastern Lowveld of the country. Trying to care for an environment and the animals that depend upon it, while the people around commit barbaric acts in the name of political ideology, brutally awakens the author to the reality of the disintegration of an organized colonial subcontinent.

Ron Selley was born in 1947 and grew up in Zululand. He became fluent in Zulu, Afrikaans and French. In 1975, with his thirst for adventure and an overriding love of the bush, he moved to Rhodesia, where he joined the Department of National Parks & Wildlife as a game ranger, operating in the Lomagundi, the Zambezi Valley and the Gona rhe Zhou during the height of the Rhodesian Bush War. He returned to South Africa in 1979, hunted professionally for a period and joined KwaZulu Nature Conservation, in charge of the Kosi Lake system and Northern Beach areas. He now lives at Lambert's Bay on the west coast of South Africa, running a variety of businesses - boat-charter, ship painting and cleaning services. He enjoys black-powder hunting, is an avid collector of World War II trucks and tanks, owns two Rolls Royces, which are in daily use, and is the station commander of National Sea Rescue Station 24A.

The Global Forked Stick

Raiding Support Regiment 1943 - 1945

Please respond to this request below if you can assist:

"Hello,

I am researching my late father's British military service with the Raiding Support Regiment formed 1943 to 45. This group was formed from British, South African and reportedly Rhodesian volunteers.

They were formed to assist Tito and other partisans in the Balkans., They, along with other British forces like SBS, LRDG, Commandos and US Special Operation Groups, raided individually or collaboratively the Yugoslavian main land, the Dalmatian islands, Greece and Albania in an effort to hold and disrupt Axis troops in those areas. I am therefore wondering if any of your older vets were part of this regiment and I am particularly interested in any one who landed on Vis Tito's partisan island HQ early 1944. My father did and I believe he was with "C" Troop light anti aircraft 0.5 Browning heavy machine guns. This unit's CO was either SA or Rhodesian and there were approximately 30 to 35 volunteers from these countries throughout the regiment.

There is not a great deal in formal records and the same can be said for published works. If you should have any RSR veteran/s who may be interested in sharing their exploits I would be delighted to hear from them, if for no other reason than to preserve their story because sadly, as time passes, the opportunity to do so diminishes, as do their numbers. I feel that this special group is living up to its remit of remaining in the shadows and will not be remembered as they should be.

Thank you for any assistance and if you cannot could you suggest who in your opinion would be most appropriate to contact.

Stay well,

Joe Everett"

Email joe.ev@ntlworld.com

Information request re 14th Army

I hope that someone may be able to assist with this request from Rob:

"Good morning.

Having just read the newsletter article on the 14th Army I wondered if you would be kind enough to publish this photograph in your next newsletter.



Possibly someone may be able to assist in identifying the soldiers in the photograph above which is of my father (with glasses) and his friends who served with him in Burma. I would appreciate any help on service record details of my father who served in Burma with 14th Army.

He attended Chaplin School in Gwelo, where the family lived.

These are his medals:

The last medal was for service with the Special Constabulary. He spoke very little of service in Burma but I recall him mentioning he left from Mombasa by ship.

He returned from the war to live in and work in Que Que, where he was later to die from cancer and was buried.

(He was an active member of the MOTHS in Que Que)

The Japanese swords and one flag were brought back by him, together with a sheet of 14th Army badges, with names of men who served alongside him and where they came from. I donated this to the MOTHS Museum in Durban Central.

Kind Regards
Rob Rob Bresler Rob.Bresler@sappi.com www.sappi.com

Book Signing

Thursday 16th July at the Midland Air Museum, Coventry from 18.00 - 21.30hrs. You can meet Brigadier-General Dick Lord SAAF (Rtd) and Group Captain Peter "PB" Petter-Bowyer RhAF (Rtd)

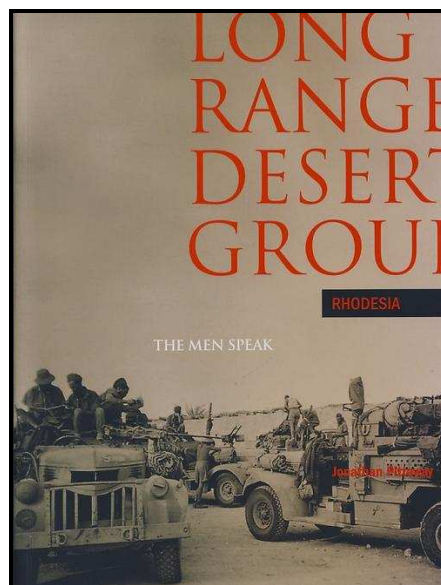
You will hear combat experiences first hand and be able to buy signed copies of 'From Fledgling to Eagle, Vlamgat, Winds of Destruction' and the newly commissioned RhAF Alouette & SAAF Mirage Squadron prints.

You can tour and sit in aircraft cockpits – Canberra, Hunter, Buccaneer and more.

Entry by ticket only, numbers limited. Contact steve@30degreessouth.co.uk or visit www.30degreessouth.co.uk

LRDG Rhodesia by Jonathan Pittaway

Jonathan has reprinted this book with a quantity of alterations. You can visit his website to see the other titles that he is working on at www.dandy.co.za or email him at agencies@iafrica.com



Roan Antelope Music

John and Teresa visited Natal for a music concert tour. At the Shamwari club in Hillcrest John sang standard Troopie Songs and a lovely variety from his new Country CD. The show with a difference was the Wildlife Concert where John Edmond was the guest artist at the launch of a book called "Hokoyo – Silent Spoor and Parting Blades" written by Julie Ann M. Edwards. It was a fitting concert for John as the book is about the illegal plunder of African wildlife, particularly elephant and rhino. As many may recall Julie rode a bicycle through Europe and down

the continent of Africa to make a statement, show her passion and bravery and raise awareness for the conservation of all wildlife. In her words, the title of a previous book "Extinction is forever".

On the show John sang songs from "Wild and Beautiful and Free" like "Chipimbiri" (about relocation of the black rhino to Ghona rhe Zou reserve). "Noah the Phantom Ranger" (about Rupert Fothergill who saved thousands of drowning animals from the rising lake Kariba) "Coal Mine in Paradise" (John Edmond and John Varty's protest about proposed coal mining in the Kruger Park) "Save the Mountain Zebra" (about the creation of the Mountain Zebra National Park in Cradock) and many more songs impacting the need for the protection of our wildlife heritage - all on the same wavelength as Julie Ann. For more information on this amazing lady and how to buy her new book, visit her website www.plainsofafrica.com or email: jame@plainsofafrica.com

Hence the April Special is our title "Wild and Beautiful and Free" by John Edmond. Order from www.johnedmond.co.za

Rhodesian African Rifles

Calling all those who served in the Rhodesian African Rifles as a regular or during National Service. Please email David Heppenstall on d.heppenstall@virgin.net as he wants to send you an RAR Association circular.

Until next time - go well.

Cheers
Hugh

This newsletter is compiled by Hugh Bomford, Secretary of the Rhodesian Services Association. It contains many personal views and comments which may not always be the views of the Association or Committee.

If for any reason you would like to be removed from the mailing list, please send an email to hbomford@clear.net.nz with the word 'remove' in the subject line or body.