



## **Rhodesian Services Association Incorporated**

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## **June 2009 Newsletter**

**Please Note that all previous newsletters are available at**

**[www.rhodesianservices.org/Newsletters.htm](http://www.rhodesianservices.org/Newsletters.htm)**

Greetings,

This month we have a great sports section in Grunter's Good Oil. Grunter always gets positive comment and feedback, demonstrating the importance that sport had on our lives in Rhodesia. Whenever I open my precious copy of 'Rhodesian Sports Profiles 1907 - 1979' by Glen Byrom a shiver goes through me followed by a lot of vigorous blinking. We had some fine sports people in our country and it was a privilege to have met some of them and I hope that they will always be remembered and that Grunter's articles go some way to keeping this part of Rhodesian history alive. Many of our sportsmen and women were not given the chance to represent Rhodesia on an even playing field due to the sanctions place on us. But when they did, as demonstrated by the women's Olympic hockey team in 1980, they could match it with the best and win. I may be naïve and suffering from selective memory syndrome, but looking back I do not see the drugs and off field performances that take the headlines these days. If only the politics had not stood in our way – what might have been?

Since the beginning of this year we have experienced a phenomenal turnover through our CQ Store. Once again, a very big "thank you" to all who have supported us with your purchases. The CQ Store is probably our biggest source of income now and it is from that income we are able to develop our museum displays. We are endeavouring to make available new products in addition to sourcing, for later sale, cap badges, medals and ribbons. Some items such as medal ribbons, because of their rarity, will only be sold to the recipient or inheritor of the medal. While all medal ribbon can still be made by the original manufacturer in England, it is uneconomic for us to stock it, as there is a minimum quantity they will make which translates to many hundreds of dollars. So far we have only had the RGSM ribbon made.

It is most satisfying to get positive feedback like this recent one:

*"My package arrived today, and everything is absolutely perfect ... many thanks indeed!"*

*I will display my flag and wear my jersey/lapel badges with pride, look forward to doing more business with you folk.*

*Cheers*

*Steve Scott (Dubai)"*

There are a number of internet resources for people to locate other Rhodesians in their area. On the Rhodesia Services Association website we have had a Guest Book running for a number of years. I have recently added a Guest Map at <http://www.rhodesianservices.org/guest-map.htm> In it's current format it comes with advertising. If it is well used I will upgrade it to a professional version which will eliminate the advertising and allow some additional features.

Once you have clicked on the button on the link above and brought up the map I recommend that you click on the 'Link' button at the top of the map to get details of people's location. The map is quite small and where the pins are placed is somewhat imprecise. It appears that my pin is somewhere near Napier which is about six hours from Tauranga!

### **Off The Radar**

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

- **Peter Seaward** – Australia
- **William Ransom** – England
- **Robin Norton** – England

Hopefully someone can help with this request below looking for **Jim Hill**:

*“Hi Hugh,  
Recently I compiled a resume of the 37<sup>th</sup> anniversary of our regular officer cadet course and sent to all I had contact with. The course was Inf 25/(14) but try as I might, I can not find where Jim Hill is, or any contact details. He was commissioned into 1RAR but no one seems to know where he is or what has happened to him.*

*I would appreciate it if Jim or anyone knowing him would contact me.*

*Regards,  
Terry Griffin  
[terry.griffin@liblink.co.za](mailto:terry.griffin@liblink.co.za) “*

## **Mapai Revisited - Thirty Years After Op. Uric by ‘Afghan Stan’ aka Andrew ‘Stan’ Standish-White**

In last month’s newsletter we gave you one version of the successful search for the downed Puma. Without fear of repetition, this below is another version of those events.

*“Background:*

*It was a nut-bustlingly frigid Friday in December 2008, my day off PSD work in and around Kabul, Afghanistan. A precious slice of time, while the snow pelts down outside, to go through personal emails, load new data on the GPS, fix webbing, catch up on doss and sink a frostie or two.*

*I check this piece in Hugh Bomford's Rhodesian newsletter (he's been a Kiwi for years now) from Rick van Malsen, ex 1 Cdo., threatening to find the SAAF Puma helicopter shot down on Op Uric.*

*That morning twenty nine years ago I had been in the long flight of Pumas, about twelve in a row I think, heading in for the finale, the mother of all camp attacks, on the large, classically entrenched and thick with AA, base camp near Mapai, (between the rail line and the Limpopo river a few kms. to the south. We heard a big bang over the massive roar of the rotors and saw some black smoke up ahead. The formation immediately veered off violently, so I didn't get to see what had happened. Only once on the ground, as the Twice's radio mule for the day (there were at least two nets - he needed two A76 sets), did I hear that a chopper had been downed with an RPG 7. All on board were presumed dead.*

*So...here was the best chance to dot the i's for me. I immediately mailed Rick and was greatly surprised and impressed to get a response within an hour or so and better still, provisional inclusion onto his mission orbat!*

*The chances of me making any specific dates in Africa were minimal, but Fate works in strange ways and, only a week after my comms. with Rick, I sustained a back injury and was temporarily(?) binned from ‘Arsecrackerstan’ and therefore available for an Easter ‘09 expedition.*

*Unknown to me, the discovery of the site had been an avowed mission of Rick's since the day it occurred on 6<sup>th</sup> September 1979. He had been the officer charged with the most unpleasant duty of establishing exactly who had been on the aircraft and reporting back to Comops. Nine of the seventeen killed in the largest, by far, number of KIA in a single event in the war, were from his Commando. To add to his distress was the galling fact that due to expediencies of battle the dead had to be left where they lay. A bomb strike on the site was apparently not effective.*

*Rick's experience with Bob Manser's successful November '08 discovery of the Canberra shot down in January 1977 near Malvernia (present Chicualacuala A...there's a Chicualacuala B further east!) had convinced him that interest and co-operation he'd witnessed in Moz, from both civvies and authorities, would greatly facilitate location of the Puma crash site, and so it was. Over a period of 5 months Rick assembled a team, using members of Bob's Canberra party as the nucleus. Squadron members were Malcolm MacCrimmon from Manicaland and myself from Cape Town. Nearly two hundred emails were sent out globally as the planning picked up steam, information sourced and eye witness accounts obtained.*

*Another Puma had taken an RLI team in to inspect the wreck. They found the grisly remains of all on board. At least they confirmed that death had been swift. It's also rumoured that an arsenal was found in the close vicinity, from which some fine hardware was liberated and found it's way back into the Rhodesian fiscus (purse). All the collected intel. was sifted, cross-referenced and finally condensed to provide data most likely to be accurate on the*

crash site. Also, an introductory letter was composed in Portuguese explaining for any interested authority, in the best politically correct terms, that we were there to find and pray on the graves of fallen family.

#### *Action Stations:*

Finally the scattered team started gathering. Neill Jackson, ex Support Cdo. and I flew into Harare the evening of Wednesday 8<sup>th</sup> April. We were kindly collected by Annie Colls and then drove along unlit streets, through dead traffic lights, to the suburbs where most have 'genny's' (generators) to kick in for the frequent power cuts and one has to be extra careful with water, because the municipality stopped providing it some months ago! So much for the new 'Unity Government'! Annie showed us a \$100 trillion note! Zim. currency had been abandoned as a joke over a month before we got there. Everyone uses greenbacks or Rand now.

The three of us drove south the next day. Everything still very green for mid April, and no sign of commercial farming anywhere. We met Rick & Val at the Rutenga turn-off as planned and on time. They had come through from Francistown, with a 'hobo' (huge amount) of kit and all the rats (rations) for our four day camp.

On down to Mabalahuta Main Camp in Gonarezhou - our old army camp spot. I still recognized the sausage trees where Cap'n Johnston had expertly blown away at the sausage fruit with his 9mm and the spot on the river bank where the sand-bagged, sunken pub had been. The very pozzie where 2 hardened D Sqn Recce dudes had drunk a couple of us innocent, lean young lads to the brink of death two days before return to 'Burg' for Christmas 1978. Nuanetsi was obviously an anti-revolutionary name, because the river is now called the Mawenzi.

The chalets are just south east and down river of Main Camp. Well situated and comfortable enough. We met the rest of the team there, 'Mac' and Jane MacCrimmon, Duff and Hazel Odendaal and their friend Sandy, Duff's son-in-law and daughter Garreth and Tracy, Kevin Jones from Durban with family Wendy and Garreth. All were in good humour and we all seemed to get on pretty much straight away. We were fortunately not much plagued by the legendary mosquitoes that could be heard ten minutes out, back in the day!

The next day, Easter Friday, was a rest day on which we did a game drive and noticed nearly all the game was 'skitsy' as hell from poaching. Quite a bit of smaller plains game but no buff, hippo, eland, sable and only one jumbo, who scuttled off into the jesse as soon as he heard our vehicle. Sad.

#### *Neill Jackson comments:*

'I notice the deliberate omission of those portions of the account pertaining to the skills garnered during your extensive pre-trip research into the works of the likes of Magellan, da Gama, Columbus, Diaz, et al. From this I can only assume that our Friday morning adventure on the so-called 'Circular Game Drive' where you navigated us, without spotting so much as a duiker I might add, out of the Camp's front gate, around the labourer's ablution block and back into camp via the back entrance an hour later, is to remain a secret between those who were unfortunate enough to be present in the car, and those (who shall remain nameless), recently emerged from a refreshing early-morning shower, wrapped in a not-quite-adequate National Parks hand towel, who witnessed our slight navigational faux pas. At least it was circular!

This also leads one to ponder whether your attempts at negotiating a shortcut back to Cape Town by navigating us left at Chikombedzi instead of right which, if it had not been for the alertness of your long-suffering driver after a mere 35 kilometres, would have taken us eventually back to Mabalauta (from whence we had recently departed), via Vila Salazar on the scenic route, are also to remain a matter discussed only between ourselves late at night in a dark alley, where after one of us is then duty bound to immediately kill the other. And they let you into The Squadron, for goodness' sake!

Rick did us an O-Group in the afternoon so that all were on the same page about what we wanted to do. We were going prepped to overnight at Madulo Pan (technically illegal) if we ran out of time at Mapai. He began to get choked up when talking about the dedication that was to be read out on the site. It was suddenly driven home to me that this whole exercise was not just for my personal amusement. It was about honouring those who died to leave us survivors a better place, to bring closure to grieving next of kin all these years later, to think about what good I've been to the world since then...

#### *Into the Russian Front:*

On Saturday 11<sup>th</sup> April, we rose at 04:30, had a brew then the seven men clambered into two vehicles and headed for the border, 50km away, at 0515.

We reached Sango (the old Vila Salazar) an hour later and then had to wait for the Africa-time customs dudes to open 45min late, at 06:45. Well used to the endemic lack of urgency in Afghan, this didn't phase me, but the hour it cost us pruned our mission options. While waiting we noticed signage on fenced area of about 40m square right next to the rail line, "Beware of Mines" with the international mine danger logo! Right there, in the middle of a busy border post, after all these years! Quite bizarre.

We met a young farm manager from Nuanetsi Ranch (the one stolen from Anglo American which now belongs to Willie Rautenbach. Funny that!) on his way down to look for rustled cattle.

At no stage did I see any 'Zimbabwe ashtrays', significant raising of eyebrows or any other sign that we were expected to grease palms. Most odd! Rick did hand out a small consideration and we were on our way into the hinterland.

The road down to Mapai, which goes all the way down to Vilanculos, remains mostly unchanged since thirty years ago. It is dotted with derelict, shot out colonial buildings. Not a wild animal to be seen anywhere. We stopped to inspect a wagon derailed by explosives in the war. Dennis Croukamp of Selousas claimed responsibility when I told him in Cape Town later.

There was some discomfort/dissatisfaction amongst the team that I could not remember exactly where I had laid any of my mines. I could not rid myself of the ridiculous notion I should be watching my arc, the road for anti-tracking signs, checking comms regularly with HQ. I had never been a tourist in this environment! C Squadron had lost Mo Taylor in an ambush the last time I was here.

Everywhere, used for fencing, chicken coops, out houses, tables and benches, were hundreds and hundreds of teak railway sleepers. Obviously they had been pulled up and replaced with the concrete ones. Did Ant White and Bassett Lowe, the furniture kings, not hear of these?!

Sao Jorge do Limpopo:

We finally completed the 140-ish clicks from camp to Mapai (Rail) by 10:30. We cased the sleepy hollow of J d L for a police station without initial success. Not surprising as there was no sign post and it was merely a broken down two room building that could have passed for a toilet. A young cop in civvies looked briefly at our letter and passed the buck on to the head of the FRELIMO party for the area, one Arlindo Penicela Baloi, also unable to speak English. He too studied the letter and passed the buck, saying we needed the Garrison Commandant's permission. We eventually tracked the Cmdt. down and were rewarded with permission, after our letter was read for the third time. While the bureaucracy was frustrating and time sapping, there was no diplomatically sound way around it, and none of those involved were hostile or unhelpful. Bear in mind also, that all this is happening in sign language and pidgin English.

Oh, hang on....., the buck was passed yet again when Cmdt. insisted we get the local headman's blessing first! This was no bad thing though, because the headman was said to know exactly where the site was.

So we're heading 'outta Dodge' with 'Mr Top Fred Arlindo', when he sees a portly chap, Solomone aka 'Mitchelin Man'. This guy speaks some English and good Shona we're getting somewhere eventually. 'Mitch' is roped into the team and we head off again for headman's loc., along a track leading directly east from the main road for about three kms. (Neill Jackson adds - interrupting Solomone in what appeared to be a one-man survey of all the rural restaurants of southern Mozambique. He doesn't think much of Ouma's Rusks, which was all he could find in Rick's bakkie!) We stop at a small village where local headman Araujo Chivite resides. Negotiations result in both he and an ancient sidekick climbing into the great blackness that Rick's Kingcab had become! He was now isolated with four locals and the six other team members were squashed into Mac's vehicle.

We then continued down the track which gradually turned south, to where we intersected the main Mapai - Machaila road about 3.7 kms from Mapai (Rail)

The target discovered:

There, only a few meters down the road, we stopped and were shown a small copse of trees which we were told was the crash site. We debussed and started sweeping the area. Almost immediately we found a partially burnt Rhodesian Security Force water bottle, and then started finding the unmistakable signs of an aircraft crash. FN cartridges exploded by heat, magazines half rusted away, a piece of aluminium airframe protruding from a large mound in the centre of an open area, the nose cone of a 60mm mortar bomb, all sorts of cables, levers and hydraulic hose sheaths near another smaller mound some 15m away. Gareth then found the complete metal frame of an FN rifle, severely rusted but still clearly recognizable. The breech block was rusted fully to the rear - perhaps blown back when the chambered round exploded? All the most interesting items were stockpiled for return to Prop Geldenhuys in Durban (and which have now gone to a Rhodesian display in a British museum).

Through our far from perfect translation system we were told that a lone rocketeer had brought down the chopper. We reckon that whatever unit was in the area was burrowing like demented moles or 'mobile swastika-ing' (running at speed) away at the sight of this worst nightmare, huge flight of bad news coming directly towards them at speed. Mr RPG man was extremely brave and also probably very lucky, since the aircraft were coming in very low and very fast. He likely aimed at one aircraft and hit the one behind by fluke. Afterwards, they told us, a tractor had pushed the bodies and some of the wreckage into two piles and covered them. I was glad to hear that they disputed the contemporary story that corpses had been paraded, (unlikely anyway due to the condition they were in). The smaller mound was probably the crew, as this would tie up with what the inspection team found on the day.

We had all been haphazardly shuffling around the site for some time when one of the team noticed a tree with a large splash of red paint on it. 'Ene lo, Solomone?' -> Portuguese -> Shona -> English (with poker face) 'Oh that's where all the bombs are. We don't go near there.' My anal sphincter tightened immediately and, judging by some of the expressions around me, I was not alone. This aircraft had had five engineers on board who must have had

some fiendish toys, certainly if Charlie Small had any thing to do with it. Phew - close one! The casual attitudes braced up immediately.

On comparing the actual and estimated grids, we had about a 700m variance. While that might not seem much, without accurate local knowledge in that landscape we never would have smelt that site.

Rick asked Araujo if we could erect one of the prefabricated crosses, complete with a base, that had come from Francistown with him. Top Fred immediately agreed and promptly got all the locals to clean up the site! Once the cross had been erected, a brief dedication was made, using the exact format Bob Manser had used at the other sites (including the two from Op Miracle at Chimoio), and the Roll of Honour read out. (Editor's note - see May Newsletter for full details).

Rick had thought of everything. We then had the 'Last Post' played on a tape recorder. Somehow that tinny, lonely sound, all these people assembled from far and wide, the sort of wild freedom of the place, it's quiet dignity...all combined to move me immensely and I was hard pressed to maintain the stiff upper lip, and was blinking furiously. We all stood in silence for a brief moment, each with his private reverie.

I remembered Gordon Fry, who had left our Intake 160 SAS recruit course for 'The Commando'. The ever cheerful Joe du Plooy, who had passed our selection, but subsequently chose to return to the Cdo. The brilliant, amusing and down-to-earth Capt Small, who had helped and advised us on so many demolition tasks. Leroy Duberly, who missed a Currie Cup match at Kings Park for this Op., and for whom the whole stadium, with players on the field, had observed a minutes' silence for him before kick off.

'And there, some forgotten corner of a foreign land will remain, forever, Rhodesia' All the while the Mozambique contingent maintained respectful poses and silence. This was both humbling and magnanimous of them, for us, a bunch of foreign mukiwas (white men), who they didn't know from Adam tramping all over their turf.

The solemn stuff complete, headman Araujo called Lydia, a local woman hoeing in a nearby field, and instructed her to organize a fence around the site, so that the war graves could be looked after properly in the future. To encourage diligence and future interest, each of our escorts and Lydia, were rewarded with a R100 note, a fine sum of money in them parts.

It was time to go. We squeezed back into the two vehicles and headed back, fulfilled, sad, pensive all at once.

#### Secondary missions:

After dropping Araujo back at his village, we returned to Mapai (Rail). Secondary tasks for the mission included checking out the old Mapai airfield and also the trench systems we had been unable to breach the day of the Puma crash. Arlindo and Solomone both accompanied us on this leg but lost-in-translation, diplomatic considerations and the team vote to return to Zim. that night, meant we missed the base camp recce. We did stop briefly at the old airfield. A cursory search did not reveal a shred of evidence of the Dakota shot down there in 1977. As with all the other crash sites, the high value of scrap means that all but a few traces have been removed.

A long, rugged drive took us down to the Mapai (River) village, which looked untouched since the Scouts visit in June 1977. More overgrown, roofless, shot up buildings and a mass grave for twenty five 'victims of Ian Smith's war'.

We went down to gaze briefly at the great grey-green greasy Limpopo river and then returned to Mapai (Rail). There we dropped off our two guides, after a team photo in front of the 'White Brothers' pub, then headed back to the border, stopping for a fine finger lunch on en route.



**L-R: Stan Standish-White, Rick van Malsen, Solomone (aka Mitchelin Man), Neill Jackson, 'Top Fred' Arlindo Penicela Baloi, Malcolm MacCrimmon, Duff Odendall.**

*The other most important task was to return to the site of the Donaldson, Warraker Canberra crash in order to place the second of our crosses there. Time was running short, so just before the border post, we dispensed with protocol and chucked a left (south) turn down a bush track and with an accurate GPS grid, drove direct to the site. I remember a glorious sweet, wild flower smell all around the site. After casing the joint and picking up bits and pieces, the cross was placed and the "Last Post" played. The mournful bugle sound in the quiet bush was particularly fitting as the sun drooped towards the horizon.*

*The race was then on to make the border before closing time at 18:00hrs. We made it with ten minutes to spare and got through without any problems. We stopped for frosties to toast our success just down the road on the Zim. side, then headed for camp. We got in at 20:00 hrs, having travelled 360 kms. in 15 hours. Mac and Rick had been absolute stars with all the driving.*

*We piled into the excellent fillet steaks that Rick and Val cooked up for us, did serious damage to the ethanol supplies and had many laughs with the ladies at the (often exaggerated) recollections of the trip, the original op. and many other topics. The whole expedition had gone exceedingly well, in large part due the van Malsens' input. I do not have enough superlatives for this couple. They are outstanding in all four arms of regimental admin; Personnel, Intelligence, Operations and Supply (that's S1 - 4 in Yank)! And personally - they are the best example of good Rhodie/Zimbies I can think of: efficient, generous, considerate, innovative, diplomatic, amusing, great fun.*

*I had thought initially that this whole mission may just be stirring up long forgotten unpleasantness which would upset next-of-kin. Quite the opposite is true, and we have been showered with praise and thanks which is all very humbling and certainly unexpected.*

*The end.*

*Stan S-W Cape Town  
26<sup>th</sup> May 2009."*

## **Regimental Rumours by 'Stompie'**

Greetings again,

The annual Pilgrimage for those of who reside south of the Bombay Hills, had to be recorded to preserve some of the finest humour available. I have assembled, what I believe to be, as close to what was admitted to have happened as possible.

It may be that for some of this tale you had to be there to appreciate it so I will give a little insight into the choice of Chimurenga names or nom de guerre or whatever face saving nick names that have been attached to this lot:

- Armourer – he was an armourer with the Rhodesian Armoured Car Regiment
- Bean Counter – on account of accounting ability
- Buffalo Bill – he spent a few years in 32 Battalion whose emblem was the buffalo
- Capt. Mannerling – as in 'Dad's Army' TV series

- Pilgrim – he was in the SAS
- Red Cap – he was a Military Policeman
- Sarel van der Merwe – named after the rally driver
- Steptoe – an avid collector and accumulator who shaves sometimes when there is an occasion as in TV series
- Son – direct descendant of Steptoe
- Two Pies – one is never enough for him

Journeys began from different locations on the Friday. The first challenge was for Capt. Mannering (more like Cpl. Mannering) to link up with the Armourer and the Red Cap at the Red Cap's residence. This went exceptionally well with timing to perfection - even Mannering was on time. The next RV was an eating establishment in Matamata where Two Pies was to join the convoy. Up to this point Two Pies had been informed of timings but owing to his luddite qualities and communication shortfalls it was uncertain if he had received the messages.

However all was well. Matamata was reached in the nick of time for Red Cap whose waste liquid receptacle had reached capacity - phew, what a relief! Brunch dispensed with it was into two cars and off to the Auckland Museum to meet up with Steptoe and Son as well as Buffalo Bill who had the recently arrived from Australia.

The museum visit went off reasonably well no one getting too lost. Dinosaurs looked over other dinosaurs and everyone marvelled at the size of the place.

The final RV was the Hobsonville Motel where the two Hamiltonians, the Bean Counter and Sarel van der Merwe were to be sharing digs.

Accommodation arrangements may raise an eyebrow or two so if you are of a nervous disposition or under eighteen please go on to the next article.

It is understood that initial arrangements were made by Mannering who organised a single unit capable of taking seven persons. Mannering decided to keep the bed numbers and size thereof to himself for fear of a mutiny or that he would draw a short straw. When it was seen that there would be at least nine the motel manager was consulted. Subsequently the booking was increased to two units with a total capacity of ten. The bedding arrangements are somewhat muffled but what I was told was that only family members occupied the same bed.

Following a hasty Committee meeting those responsible and upstanding citizens who oversee the running of our fine Association joined the rest of the hoi polloi across the road at the RSA. Steptoe had been working hard getting last minute medal orders mounted ready for the following day was on a liquid diet which may account for an incident that is described further on in this article (if you are still with me by then).

A good evening was had by all and some fared better than others so it would seem. It was really good to see so many turn out which made an excellent opportunity for relaxed conversation and making of new friends.

Saturday was brightened somewhat in the beginning when amongst Two Pies personal effects was observed a well used hair brush. Two of this motley crew have very little 'crowing glory'. Buffalo Bill sports the shiniest pate and Two Pies runs a close second so what use the hair brush is was a matter of hot debate at the expense of Two Pies' dignity.

Post parade formalities on Saturday saw the continuation of socialising at the RSA. Noted by an early exit was Steptoe who had 'come down with something' and needed to retire for a period of undisturbed chain sawing. He has subsequently reported that every time he goes to Hobsonville he gets sick - must be something to do with the liquid diet.

The Bean Counter and Sarel van der Merwe took early leave in full costume for a birthday party celebrating our President, Paul's, 'fifty - not out'. I understand that there is a photo of the pair on record (probably on Facebook) and maybe I will get hold of it one day!

As the locals drifted home in the afternoon the motley crew stumbled back to the motel.

The Hamilton pair's exit gave bed space for the Pilgrim who drove up from Tauranga on the Saturday. The Armourer and the Pilgrim decided that they would watch some Super 14 in their room in preference to the rubbish that Steptoe and Son were glued to next door so off they went followed a little later by Mannering. When Mannering got there he found the pair unable to turn the TV on. There was much pushing of knobs and cursing of modern technology. Mannering was on his way out of the door to go and see management when he noted that the room key had not been inserted in the holder thereby turning on the power supply to the room, something everyone was supposed to know! The less said about primitives from Africa the better I guess!

At some point in the evening an almighty crash was heard in the vicinity of the shower in the big unit. Buffalo Bill was first on the scene - quick reactions never fail a life time soldier, to find the Red Cap had slipped in the shower. Blame could have immediately been attributed to former RLI and DB regular, Two Pies causing this 'slip in the

shower' but it was not to be. A wet floor was the culprit and a severely bruised posterior was the only injury lasting injury in addition to a degree of embarrassment by the victim. This was most fortunate as the possible consequences were eye wateringly obvious when it was demonstrated how a misplaced foot stretched over a high lintel could have resulted in a higher octave Red Cap. I hope that by publishing this piece, Red Cap's better half will rest easy in the knowledge that the bruises on her dear beloved were not the result of anything malicious, nor the result of 'excessive indulgence'. Trust me – Stompie never lies.

The next medical emergency also involved Buffalo Bill who attended to Mannering's attempt at body piercing. The barefoot Mannering stepped onto a sewing needle belonging to Steptoe that had fallen (Mannering claims deliberately placed) on the floor. Thankfully for Mannering, Buffalo Bill's eyesight had not deteriorated to the extent of the rest of the inmates and the needle was removed. I understand that blood poisoning was averted and the Department Of Occupation and Health are not investigating either of these accidents.

There was much blame cast about concerning snoring and other nightly utterances, principally by Two Pies, who claims to be a light sleeper and always alert (as any RLI soldier should be). Reports are however, that Two Pies sleeps very soundly and not immune from a bit of snoring himself.

On Sunday our heroes departed their separate ways, all apparently keen to do it all again the next year. Surprisingly the motel has accepted their booking!

Until next month, go well and remember to keep the articles rolling in to [stompie@rhodesianservices.org](mailto:stompie@rhodesianservices.org)  
Cheers for now!  
Stompie.



## **Grunter's Good Oil**

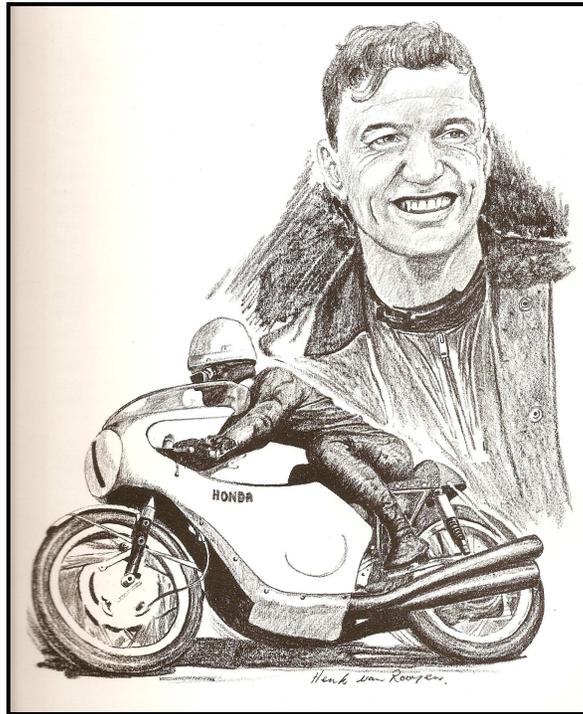
Greetings all.

This month I am going to start my breakdown on our Sporting Champions, starting with Motor Sport. I certainly don't profess to know a great deal about motor sport and I am expecting to be corrected by those with a better knowledge.

While growing up I remember my Dad often talking about the achievements of our motor-cycle champions. I have done a bit of research on our motor sport and came up with the following points of interest.

**Editor's Note:** We have reproduced the illustrations in this article from Glen Byrom's book 'Rhodesian Sports Profiles 1907 - 1979' published by Books of Zimbabwe in 1980 with kind permission from the publisher, May 2009. The drawings were the work of Henk van Rooyen. We are grateful to Books of Zimbabwe and acknowledge their continued support, please visit their website [www.booksofzimbabwe.com](http://www.booksofzimbabwe.com) for new and old books.

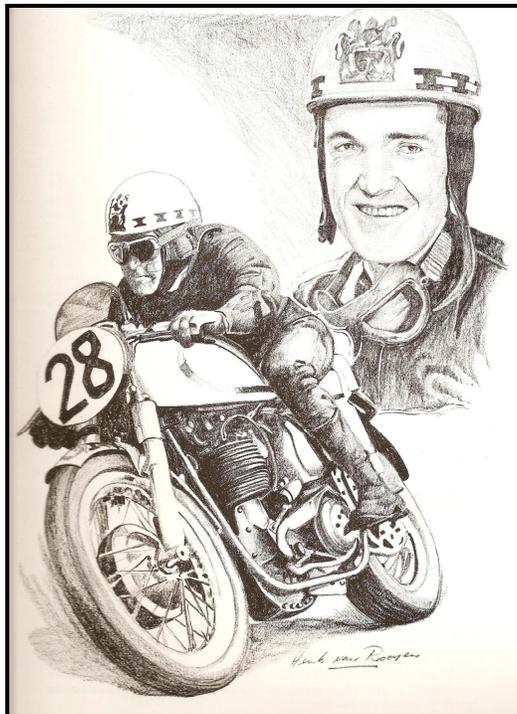
## Jim Redman



Jim Redman was born in the UK in 1931 before immigrating to Rhodesia.

Jim was an unbelievable six time World Champion. Four times as 350cc and twice as 250cc Champion. He also had six Isle of Man TT wins in his career. He won Rhodesian Sportsman of the Year in 1964

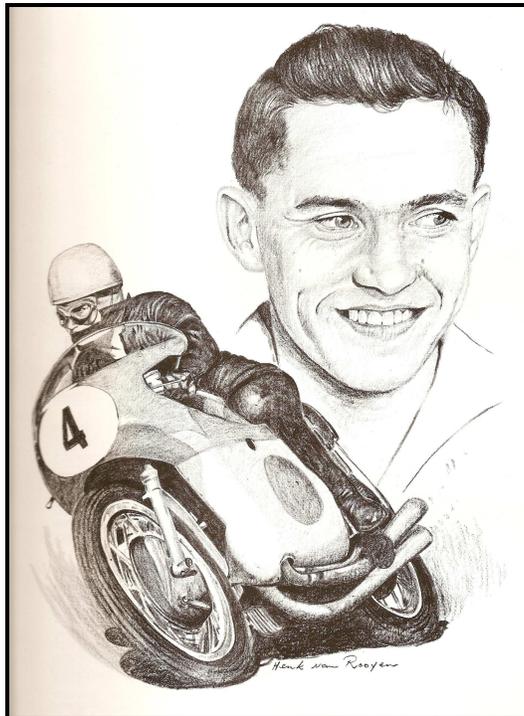
## Ray Amm



Ray Amm was born in Salisbury in 1928 and educated at Prince Edward School. He was tragically killed in Italy in 1955 at Imola.

During Ray's career he had two wins in the 500cc and 4 wins in 350cc Grand Prix races. In 1954 he finished the season 2<sup>nd</sup> overall in both the 500cc and 350cc Championship. He also had three Isle of Man TT wins to his name.

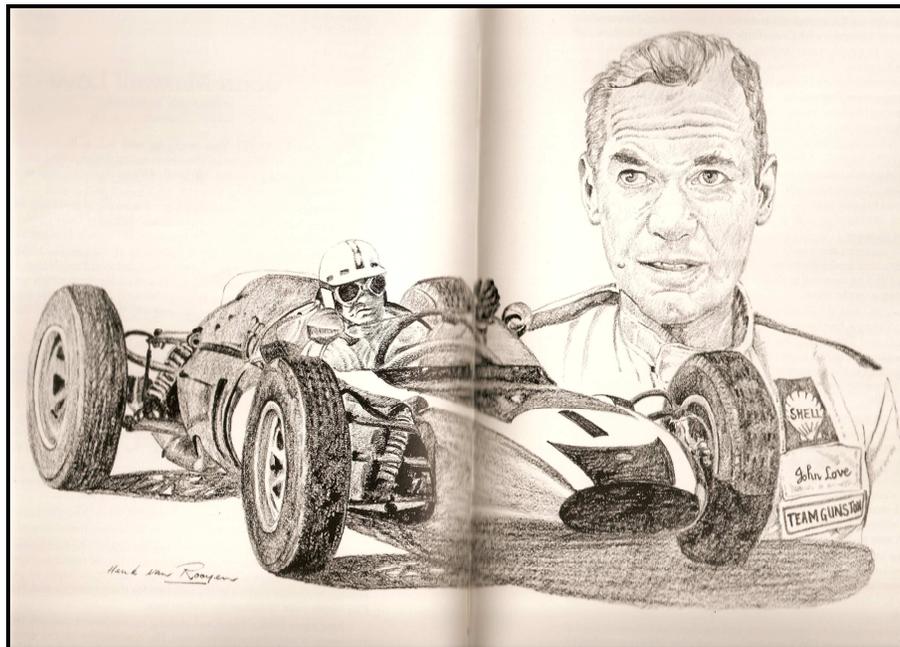
## Gary Hocking



Gary Hocking was born in Wales in 1937 but grew up in Rhodesia. He was killed in a motor vehicle accident in 1962 while practicing for the Natal Grand Prix. He had ironically given up motor cycle racing after the death of his close friend Tom Phillis.

Gary had 19 Grand Prix victories and two World Championships, one in the 350cc and one in the MotoGP class. He also had two Isle of Man TT wins. He won Rhodesian Sportsman of the Year in 1959.

## John Love



John Love was born in Rhodesia in 1924 and died in 2005.

John drove in ten Formula One Prix and had a podium finish in one of them. He won the South African Formula One 16 times. He won Rhodesian Sportsman of the Year in 1968.

Other notable motor racing names where:

- Clive Puzey – Formula One
- Sam Tingle – Formula One
- Bob Bentley - Rally Driver.

I welcome any corrections or additions. Please email me at [fourstreams@clear.net.nz](mailto:fourstreams@clear.net.nz)

'Till next month,  
Cheers,  
Grunter

## What's On In New Zealand?

### Hobsonville RSA

Wolf and Alison Huckle are arranging social evenings on the 3<sup>rd</sup> Saturday of every month. The next gathering is on **Saturday 20<sup>th</sup> June** at 18:00hrs. Everyone with a Rhodesian or Zimbabwean connection is welcome to attend. Stay for a very reasonably priced meal or just drop in to say "hello". Email Wolf and Alison for more details and to get on their mailing list at [whucke@xtra.co.nz](mailto:whucke@xtra.co.nz)

### Tauranga

The Garrison Club run by the Hauraki Association is open every Friday from 16:00 hrs and welcomes visitors. On most 2<sup>nd</sup> Fridays of every month we put on a meal and show a movie. Email me at [hbomford@clear.net.nz](mailto:hbomford@clear.net.nz) to get on that mailing list. We have people coming through from Whakatane, Rotorua and Waihi so if you live out of the immediate area please contact me as you may be able to share transport.

On **Friday 12<sup>th</sup> June** we will be showing exerts from the 'Rhodesia Remembered' and 'Counter-Strike from the Sky' DVDs. Please note the early start time of 18:00 for the beginning of the show.

### Classic Flyers, Mount Maunganui D-Day – 6<sup>th</sup> and 7<sup>th</sup> June 2009 – **this is next weekend!**

Classic Flyers are once again opening their doors and hosting a raft of activities including re-enactments and flying displays. A number of us will be putting up some sales tables as well as additional displays from our museum collection. The three sales tables will include:

- Rhodesian Services Assn CQ Store items – rugby jerseys, t-shirts, flags and the like from <http://www.rhodesianservices.org/The%20Shop.htm>
- Books for Africa – plenty of items from <http://www.rhodesianservices.org/Books.htm>
- Khukuri Imports Ltd – full range of stocks from <http://www.khukuriimports.co.nz/>

Gates open 10am – 4pm both days. See you there.

### October RV

To be held over **Labour weekend 23<sup>rd</sup>, 24<sup>th</sup>, 25<sup>th</sup> October 2009**. We will be using the same venues as previously (the Garrison Club in Tauranga and the Classic Flyers Museum, Mount Maunganui). Certain changes will be in place this year. Friday night will be for socialising at the Garrison Club with food available. We will not be showing movies, but we will probably have some applicable music playing. Saturday will have the traditional golf tournament in the morning, followed by the RV in the afternoon and evening. On Sunday we will be hiring the conference facility for the AGM (or 'De-Brief' as we call it) at Classic Flyers, so the weather will not be a factor.

If you will be attending the RV, please book your accommodation early to avoid disappointment. More details will be made available through this newsletter closer to the time.

## CQ Store visit [www.rhodesianservices.org/The%20Shop.htm](http://www.rhodesianservices.org/The%20Shop.htm) to see what is in store for you

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.

Currently we have good stocks of our replica Rhodesian Rugby jersey in all sizes long and short sleeve, get yours before we have to restock to avoid delay. Those of you outside of Australasia should start thinking of what you need for Armistice Day parades in November – medals, berets etc.

Please remember to give us adequate time to assemble your order and ship it. Medals for example generally have to be engraved and then mounted. This takes a couple of weeks under normal circumstances and longer if someone in the chain is off sick or something.

Recently we have supplied a number of replica medals to help members put together their forebear's group which has been lost or broken up over the years. We have built up a number of sources over the years so if you want replacement items please ask and we will see what we can do for you.

## CQ STORE INVENTORY

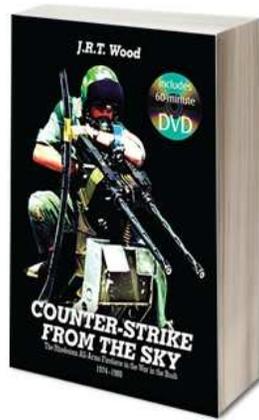
ITEMS EXCLUDING POSTAGE	PRICE in NZ\$
4RR Hackles	\$17.50
'Bumper' Stickers, Rhodesia/NZ or Australia flags; Rhodesian flag; Rhodesian Services Assn Lion & Tusk	\$3 each or 2 for \$5
Bullion wire blazer pocket badge – Rhodesia Regiment	\$100
Business Card Holder – stainless steel with Lion & Tusk engraved	\$20
Berets	\$50
Lion & Tusk Baseball Caps	\$25
Lion & Tusk Beanies green, black or other (even pink!) on request	\$22
Lion & Tusk Dog Tags	\$30
Lion & Tusk Polar Fleece jackets – long sleeved in green, black, navy	\$65
Lion & Tusk Polo shirts - black or green	\$38
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	\$40
Regimental ties – Rhodesia Regiment	\$40
Regimental ties – Rhodesian African Rifles	\$40
Regimental ties – SAS (badged SAS only)	\$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 copy (silver plate bronze) full size medal with ribbon	\$100
Rhodesian General Service Medal full size medal copy (solid silver) with ribbon	\$125
Rhodesian General Service Medal ribbon – full size	\$10/length
Rhodesian General Service Medal miniature (solid silver) with ribbon	\$40
Rhodesian General Service Medal ribbon - miniature	\$10/length
Rhodesian replica rugby jerseys – short or long sleeve	\$110
Rhodesian flag 3' x 5' (900mm x 1500mm) ready to fly	\$40
Rhodesian Flag, embroidered 110mm x 50mm	\$20
Rhodesian Flag Lapel Pin	\$10
Unofficial Rhodesian Combat Infantry Badge	\$22.50
Various medal ribbons – please inquire	POA
Various full size & miniature medals – please inquire	POA
Various small embroidered badges (RLI, BSAP & Nyasaland Police)	\$5
Zimbabwe Independence Medal copy - full size 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](http://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.

**Counter Strike from the Sky - The Rhodesian All-Arms Fireforce in the War in the Bush 1974–1980** by J.R.T. Wood with Chris Cocks. NZ\$75.00 includes an 90 minute (approx) DVD. Postage is in addition.



My stock has arrived and I have watched the DVD and I am halfway through the book. It is an excellent package and great value. Richard has written a very readable and informative book.

The DVD is exceptional and my wife, Diana, found it extremely interesting. The DVD has interviews with:

Dr JRT Wood (author and historian)  
Lieutenant-Colonel Brian Robinson OLM, MLM (OC C Squadron, SAS)  
Major Grahame Wilson GCV, SCR, BCR (C Squadron, SAS)  
Major Nigel Henson MLM (OC Support Commando, 1 RLI)  
Captain Peter Stanton (Special Branch and Selous Scouts)  
Lieutenant Alan Thrush BCR (A Company, 2 RAR)  
Sergeant Gordon 'Beaver' Shaw (Rhodesian Air Force)  
Sergeant George Dempster (MA2 Medic, 1 RLI)  
Chris Cocks (3 Commando, 1 RLI)

## **The Global Forked Stick**

### **Roan Antelope Music**

*"Dear Friends, Rhodies and Countrymen*

*Whether you have been to Africa or not or wherever you live in the world, you will never match the magic of the African bush – her sounds, sights and smells! What better way to live or re-live the magic than to hear some sounds, campfire stories and songs to take you back.*

*This month Roan Antelope Music are offering any one of the "Tales of the Game Rangers" series CD's for a hugely reduced rate. (Vol 1, 2, 3, or 4) you can even order Vol.1, 2, 3 or the whole set of 4 for the same unit price each.*

*While Tongorora tells his informative and entertaining campfire tales you can hear the background sounds of Africa. The tinker barbets, weavers, frogs, doves, hornbills, and crickets.*

*In addition on Vol 1 you also hear leopard, fish eagle, baboon, croc swimming, lion, hyena eating, jackal, rooster, impala rutting, cheetah, wildebeest, and tribal sounds.*

*On Vol 2: honey guide, go-away bird, vervet monkeys, rhino, zebra, fruit-bat, hippo, giant bush baby, emerald spotted wood dove, giant eagle owl, hunting dog and hyena.*

*On Vol 3: elephant, plover, croc eggs hatching, hadeda ibis, hunting dogs, side striped jackal, hyena, fish eagle, hammerkop, mole-snake, leopard and ostrich.*

*And Vol 4: kudu, zebra, trumpeter hornbill, yellow billed hornbill, grey hornbill, red billed hornbill, ground hornbill, hippo, Egyptian geese, rhino, warthog, lionesses, vultures, hyena, black backed jackal, black crow, tree frog, bush-buck, elephant, buffalo, lion.*

*Each CD has 6 bush songs by John Edmond.*

*"Tales of the Game Rangers" series are a joy to listen to and wonderfully educational for children and adults alike.*

*Gwen Seger wrote "The road from Johannesburg to Cape Town was made much shorter with the joy of having "Tales of the Game Rangers" in the car".*

*Billy Donovan, Canada said "As a child I had Tales of the Game Rangers tapes and as an adult I now have them on CD and never tire of listening to them"*

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Special starts 1 June – 30 June 2009, in time for school holidays and that UK summer break

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Or email: [info@johnedmond.co.za](mailto:info@johnedmond.co.za) with your details, C/card, name, postal address and phone number  
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NOTE: Price per unit is any one of the CD series or order all 4 x amount quoted “

### **‘Lost in Libya’**

In our March 2009 newsletter we advised that there would be a special ANZAC Day screening of the documentary ‘Lost In Libya’ based on LRDG historian and author, Brendan O’Carroll’s recent journey there where sites of battles involving New Zealanders were found and recorded. In the November 2008 issue of this newsletter we covered Brendan’s journey with special reference to the Rhodesian base that they found right at the end of their travels.

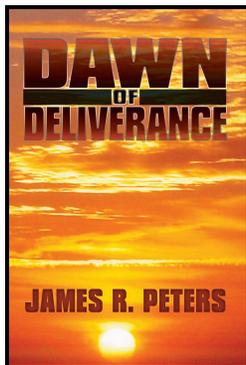
Please note: You can view all our newsletters on line at <http://www.rhodesianservices.org/Newsletters.htm>

This documentary is now available on DVD. I did not see the original screening (which had very good reviews) and at the time of writing this I am awaiting delivery of my order of the DVD so I cannot comment first hand. I do understand that the finding of the Rhodesian base was done after the cameras had been packed away and there was only still pictures taken, some of which were in the November 2008 newsletter. The DVD is advertised as having ‘additional features’.

To order direct from the producers, Pacific Screen, email [ivars@pacificscreen.com](mailto:ivars@pacificscreen.com) Those of you in New Zealand or Australia can visit the local online trade site [www.trademe.co.nz](http://www.trademe.co.nz) where you will find these DVDs for sale as well. Search on the seller’s name “pacificbeacon”.

The price is \$40 plus \$5 for shipping within New Zealand.

### **Dawn of Deliverance by James R Peters**



The story is powerful, fast paced and inspired by the experiences of the author. You will live the challenges of the war of terror in Rhodesia/Zimbabwe. Empathize with Jamie’s wife while he is in the forefront of the battle. You will learn why winning the hearts and minds of the people are so important. Understand how the world’s most brutal dictator, Robert Mugabe, came into power. Your heart will pound, you will cry as you read about the terrorist atrocities, you will sigh with relief and the ending will inspire you.

Terrorists of Robert Mugabe’s Zimbabwe African National Union have seized control of the Honde Valley, and the Prime Minister is in a quandary. The war is escalating on three fronts and the situation in the Honde Valley has deteriorated. Is it possible to make one last-ditch effort to regain the Honde, or should he simply rewrite the borders and concede the Honde to Mugabe?

In James R. Peters’ new book Dawn of Deliverance, we learn the story of Jamie Ross, a District Commissioner, who accepts an assignment to win back the Honde. Jamie sets out a strategy to win the hearts and minds of the people by relocating them into seven protected villages. Meanwhile, terrorist leader Josiah Makoni is taken from his village, indoctrinated as a Marxist guerilla, and then orchestrates brutal attacks against tribal leaders, white farmers and finally the massacre of 12 missionaries at Elim Mission School. With the occupation of the first of the protected villages Josiah realizes that to retain control of the Honde and its vital access routes he must first kill Jamie Ross and destroy his spirit. But, God apparently has another plan.

About the Author:

James R. "Jim" "Hamish" Peters is a third-generation Rhodesian (Zimbabwean) who served 23 years with the Ministry of Internal Affairs, and 11 years as a District Commissioner in that country. He was actively involved in the terrorist war that ultimately placed Robert Mugabe in power. For his leadership and courage in bringing peace to the Honde Valley he was honoured as a Member of the Legion of Merit (MLM). He lives with his wife, Sallie, in Columbia, S.C. where he is a strategic consultant and author ( [www.jimpetersstrategist.com](http://www.jimpetersstrategist.com) )

Book availability:

[www.Amazon.com](http://www.Amazon.com) ; [www.Barnesandnoble.com](http://www.Barnesandnoble.com) ; [www.BooksAMillion.com](http://www.BooksAMillion.com) ; [www.iUniverse.com](http://www.iUniverse.com)

### **'Forces of Destiny' by Keith Nell**

Keith Nell is busy writing a book based on his experience with C Sqn. SAS. He has sent me this introduction below and has asked that people contact him if they have information or material that can help him. His email address is [keithnell@hotmail.com](mailto:keithnell@hotmail.com)

*"In the 'Forces of Destiny', there is the force of circumstances and the force that compelled certain persons to be involved. When these forces coincided, there was no choice but to walk the walk to wherever it took us. Afterwards, it was realized that nothing happened by fluke and that 'Forces of Destiny' played a greater part in our lives than we knew.*

*In the quest to locate the Viscount Gang, success came through a series of amazing circumstances that occurred with perfect timing in sequential order and through people who mysteriously became involved. If the clock could be turned back, nobody would have chosen the same persons to locate the nation's most hated terrorist gang when the might of the Rhodesian Army was on call. Only in retrospect could it be seen that this was no coincidence. To omit these acknowledgements would surely be cheating on 'Destiny' and I am not brave enough for that.*

#### *Introduction:*

*There cannot possibly be a greater anxiety than being in an aircraft and knowing that it is going to crash. Sitting helpless in the seat with only a thin safety belt between life and death, terrified passengers hurtle forward in their doomed plane at a few hundred miles an hour toward an unknown place where fate awaits them. Absolutely nothing can be done to prevent this. Their only option is to sit and wait for disaster to happen.*

*But that which awaited the civilian passengers and crew on Air Rhodesia's Flight RH 825 flying between Kariba and Salisbury in 1978 defied any horror that they could have foreseen. All aboard were holidaymakers enjoying the flight home when a SAM 7 missile slammed into the starboard wing and exploded with an almighty bang. With flames streaking aft from the badly damaged wing, it was plain to see that the stricken plane was about to fall apart.*

*On the ground nearby, another terrorist group watched the doomed aircraft spiralling down toward earth. Even from a distance, the rumbling noise of the plane crash landing in the bush was loud and clear, followed by a huge explosion. With communist rhetoric echoing in their minds about the white people who had stolen their land, they hurriedly fixed bayonets to their AK47's and ran toward the rising plume of smoke.*

*When the SAS parachuted into the crash site the following morning, a grizzly scene awaited them. Inside the smoking wreckage of the aircraft were the burned bodies of most passengers and crew, many still strapped in their seats. Nearby the wreckage lay bodies of women, children and babies who survived the crash landing, only to be bayoneted, bludgeoned and shot to death after leaving the wreckage. Out of fifty six souls onboard, eighteen survived the crash. Only eight escaped from being butchered to tell the tale.*

*Six months later, a second Viscount passenger aircraft turned into a fireball in the sky when it too, was struck by a heat seeking missile and plummeted into a rocky mountain ravine below. All fifty nine onboard perished.*

*This book does not just give a dramatic account of the last minutes onboard the doomed aircraft but sets out the realities of the fragile lifestyles of white and black people living in a war torn country plagued by brutality, murder and butchery. It tells of the ethnic hardships affecting a young black boy and of how he grows up in African culture in this remote rural area of the Urungwe Province where the Viscount Gang reigned and is forcefully recruited to join a terrorist group to fight the revolutionary war. A parallel is drawn with a white boy who grows up under different hardships in European society to eventually become a SAS soldier and is thrown into the scenario for which both his specialised training and personality were ideally suited. It sketches the personalities of these two former enemies who from vastly different backgrounds and reasoning, become united in secret operations where the Viscount tragedies occurred.*

*The circumstances which brings them together starts with a mutiny at a covert retraining camp holding one hundred heavily armed terrorists who were either captured or who had become tired of the war. They are also supporters of a popular black Prime Minister then heading the coalition government.*

*Rhodesia's crack airborne unit, 'Fire Force' is put on standby to eliminate the disgruntled mutineers in case they defect and return to fighting the war. However, the Prime Minister cannot be seen to tolerate his supporters being shot and the continuity of the coalition government is under serious threat. The SAS soldier is sent to 'Camp Mutiny' to restore order and although the crisis is averted, his positive influence requires ongoing involvement to*

control and retrain the mutineers. Disciplinary problems arise in converting gung-ho terrorists into highly trained undercover operatives, whose purpose is to locate and assassinate their former comrades, especially those responsible for the Viscount disasters.

Severe logistical shortages restrict the entire project, but through ingenuity and daring for which the SAS are renowned, supplies are 'acquired', including large quantities of ammunition from unsuspecting police stations at night. Secret operations commence in the Urungwe Province and after various endeavours and a number of clashes, the SAS man becomes the first to know the whereabouts of the Nation's most wanted Viscount Gang. A bad cop who is a terrorist supporter is already on the way to warn the gang and the race is on to reach them before they vanish and shoot down more civilian planes. Failure to eliminate the group would never be forgiven. Trembling with excitement and with no time to spare, he reaches out to his parent unit, the SAS.

Undoubtedly, the elimination of the Viscount Gang put an end to further missile attacks on civilian aircraft before the end of the war - achieved through intervention by the 'Forces of Destiny'."

#### **Alf Hutchinson poetry**

Alf Hutchinson served in the 5<sup>th</sup> Battalion Rhodesia Regiment. Some of his work can be found on this link <http://iwvpa.net/hutchinsonas/index.php> When the page opens click on the poem title to read it.

#### **And finally.....Rhodesian chocky bars made in Argentina!**

I had heard of these and when I was sent a photo of a box of them recently I did some research. It appears that a company in Argentina called Terrabusi produces a Kit Kat type bar which is called Rhodesia.

Many of you, especially those at Hobsonville who commented on my sales pitch for Rhodesian Lapel Pins, will not be surprised that my thoughts immediately ran to a new product for our CQ Store! I did actually send them an email but sadly no response. Perhaps one of our Argentine based readers can offer assistance?



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.**

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