

Tel: +27 (0)11 804 1634
Cell: +27 (0)82 881 0633
or +27 (0)82 389 2242
Fax: +27 (0)11 804 1666



REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION
PO Box 3598
Rivonia, 2128

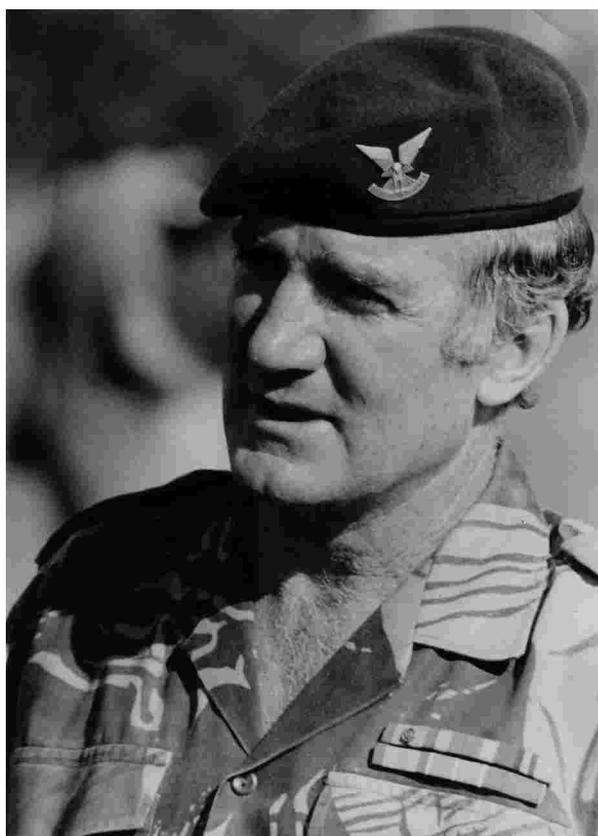
NEWSLETTER 3/2010

Many of our newsletters announce the death of one or more of our members and, whilst each and every individual is important to us and their family and friends, how does one actually start a newsletter which will record the loss of the Association's President, founding Commander of The Selous Scouts, first RSM of the Rhodesian Light Infantry and a member of the original Rhodesian SAS C Squadron? So, better to say nothing but to just place on record the full programme of his memorial held in Cape Town on 20th August 2010, along with the Tributes which say it all about this wonderful and great man who passed away on 9th August 2010, at his home in Simon's Town, after a very long struggle against cancer.

A Celebration of the Life of LIEUTENANT COLONEL RON REID-DALY CLM, DMM, MBE

22 September 1928 - 9 August 2010

**Founding Commanding Officer of the Selous Scouts
President of the Selous Scouts Regimental Association
Patron of the Rhodesian Light Infantry Regimental Association**



**Kelvin Grove Club, Newlands, Cape Town
20 August 2010**

'Mhoroyi Mose'

A Shona song of welcome

Sung by the Selous Scouts when the men received guests

'Greetings to all - how are you?

The Selous Scouts are here

We are the lion that bites.'

WELCOME

Tom Thomas, Chairman - Selous Scouts Association

Good Morning Ladies and Gentlemen.

While you were taking your seats you will have heard the song 'Mhoroyi Mose' which is the Selous Scouts welcome greeting. We are here to celebrate the life of, and pay tribute to, Lt Col Ron Reid-Daly and to share in the grief of his daughter, GLENDA, son DAVID, his two grandsons NICK and PATRICK and all his family and friends.

Whenever he was angry with himself he called himself RONALD FRANCIS (along with a few other choice words), but he was known more affectionately as THE BOSS, THE OLD MAN, ISHE and, most commonly, UNCLE RON.

There have and will be some questions as to today's venue and format, so it needs some explanation. Much of what you see here today was put together with UNCLE RON's approval and guidance. When he knew that he was terminally ill he was his usual pragmatic self and, together with some of his colleagues and loved ones, helped plan today's proceedings, including the setting of today's ceremony, the choice of speakers, as well as the songs and marches. So if you don't approve, you know who to blame!

The Selous Scouts, unlike other military regiments, did not have its own band, so marching at parades (including funerals) was always accompanied by the singing of the Regiment, the majority of whom were African soldiers. You will see that each song on today's sheet has a brief explanation. They are in Shona, so we don't expect you to sing along. The Scouts Choir here at the front will do that.

One of UNCLE RON's requests was for the 3 berets of the Regiments he served in - the SAS, the RLI and Selous Scouts - should be placed in that order on his coffin, which should be covered by a Rhodesian flag. It was, however, decided by the family that UNCLE RON's request for a private cremation should be carried out sooner rather than later, so this took place last week. So, as you can see, there is no coffin and his berets have been placed on a Rhodesian flag with his ashes.

UNCLE RON further requested that appropriate Selous Scouts songs were played along with the Regimental Marches of the RLI and SAS.

So today's proceedings will start with the Regimental Song of the RLI - The Saints. Will you all please stand.

'The Saints'

Regimental March of the Rhodesian Light Infantry

As advised, the family have held a private creation, so please remain standing during the singing of BASA REDU RE SELOUSI which is the song of praise accompanying the Selous Scouts marching onto parade and was the official Regimental marching song of The Selous Scouts.



'Basa Redu Re Selousi'
An adapted Shona song of praise
Sung when the Selous Scouts marched onto Parade
The Selous Scouts Regimental March



*'Reid-Daly is our hero,
Strong is our hero,
Give us power and wisdom,
Give us plans and skills,
The day has come.'*

Please be seated while tributes to UNCLE RON are delivered.

TRIBUTES

<i>George Galbraith</i>	Chairman - SAS Regimental Association
<i>Ian Buttenshaw</i>	Chairman - RLI Regimental Association
<i>Pat Armstrong</i>	Last Commanding Officer - Selous Scouts
<i>Ant White</i>	Selous Scouts Officer - on behalf of David Reid-Daly



RON REID-DALY (by *George Galbraith*)

It is indeed an honour to be amongst friends in common purpose

Ron Reid-Daly was one of those leaders who inspired excellence, who inspired the smashing of personal frontiers - that point or line on the edge of ones' self-understanding, experience or self-belief.

We are all limited by the frontiers of our own self-belief - it's called a comfort zone or limit - venturing beyond that point opens one to risk, possibly even disaster.

Ron was that leader who conspired to break his subordinates' frontiers of self-belief, to achieve what they themselves could not conceive, to go beyond the limits of their so-called ability, to achieve the impossible. If he put his faith in you and risked so much in founding that belief, how could one possibly let him down? And so countless people performed beyond their frontiers and achieved the seemingly impossible because of him.

Ron Reid-Daly had raw leadership. He had chutzpah - one dictionary describes it as shameless audacity. I think that this described Ron's many excursions beyond frontiers and to his many objectives won or achieved. He was a remarkable man - not infallible (none of us are) - but remarkable nonetheless.

He was self-deprecating too - a charming trait in any leader. He knew no half-measures - a man who will be remembered by us, by military historians, by history. A warrior to the end.

For all his tough exterior, Ron had a humanity - a warmth - about him and perhaps this lent an important facet to his leadership.

He loved his dogs and had his favourites - but he enjoyed a wonderful relationship with them all. He took in all the waifs and strays - much to the delight of the local vets. He once decided that Kelly, one of his favourites, had to undergo some training but, at the first lesson things didn't go as planned. Kelly hated the training and when Ron was told to be firm and demand obedience, Kelly simply bit him. Ron decided that Kelly's feelings came first and didn't ever bother with the training again.

He had 'a thing' for the underdog who came from less than ideal circumstances and he turned

this into a strength, into success. Perhaps that typified the man - he saw potential where little evidence existed and brought out that potential; in many cases to the surprise of the dog, individual or team.

Ron believed in the power of 'Mother Nature'. He was in awe of the wonders and beauty that nature provided.

The Rhodesian SAS Association honours Ron today, as one of their own. His soldiering started in the jungles of Malaya in 1951, ironically also a Scouts formation - the forerunner to C Squadron SAS - and we never let him forget that.

Viscount the Lord John Slim, the President of the UK SAS Associations, requested that I represent him today, in his absence and as a mark of his respect and affection for Ron.

I am proud to have been Ron's friend. Lynn and I enjoyed his visits. Our family loved his stories, recounted over several glasses of red wine. We'll miss the laughter, his sense of humour.

I served with Ron in the RLI and, later, in Transkei. History will highlight his achievements and no less so in Transkei.

Pressed by President Kaizer Matanzima to stamp his mark on the TDF, which he ultimately acceded to on the third Transkeian delegations visit, the mission was to re-organise the TDF, establish an air wing and a special forces unit as well as to re-train the restructured army. Over a period of six years, through sheer charisma and leadership, plus the support of his hand picked team and some fine Transkeians, Ron achieved his objective, politics aside. This was a truly remarkable feat, under the circumstances.

As a mark of the esteem in which Ron was held by all members of the TDF, I was contacted by General Lusapo Bhengu (Rtd) who expressed the intention to lead a delegation to this Service today. In fact, we welcome Lieutenant General 'TT' Matanzima Chief of Operations in the SANDF, Major General Aaron Ntshinga (Rtd) as well as Major General Bhengu; all ex-TDF. Ron Reid-Daly would have been touched and I thank you for making the trip to attend this service.

I would also like to pay tribute to that wonderful lady, Jeannie, Ron's late wife and supporter through thick and thin; who had a strength and quality about her that we will never forget.

I would like to offer Glenda, her sons as well as David and Denise, our heartfelt condolences on the passing of this extraordinary Rhodesian, their father and grandfather.

I speak for a regiment of Rhodesian SAS soldiers, the SAS Regimental Association of Southern Africa and its members world-wide, as well as Viscount Slim when I join each of you and say; **WE WILL REMEMBER HIM**

'TATENDA CHAIZVO SHAMWARI.....ISHE'



TRIBUTE TO RON REID-DALY *(by Ian Buttenshaw)*

I am very honoured at being requested by Ron to speak at his Memorial Service, and I do so both on my own behalf and also as Chairman of the Global RLI Regimental Association of which Ron was our much revered and respected Patron.

Following Ron's SAS Tour in Malaya, there was no more doubt in his mind about his future, it was the Army for him. Thus, on his return from Malaya in 1953 he stayed on in the Staff Corps becoming an Instructor. He served at the School of Infantry in Gwelo from 1955 until 1961, where as always, he excelled and was rapidly promoted.

With the formation of the Rhodesian Light Infantry in February 1961, Ron was selected from among several others to become its first RSM. It was an inspired choice, his no nonsense, pragmatic and disciplinarian approach welded the Unit into a rock solid formation. He was also versatile and tireless as a Flanker in the Battalion Rugby Team, and the odd angry opponent often tangled with his fist!

He saw the RLI almost disappear at the Break up of Federation in 1964, but was on hand to see its rebirth as a Commando Battalion in 1965 under the leadership of the then Lt Colonel Peter Walls.

By this stage he was very much the 'Father Figure' of the Battalion and well respected by all Ranks. He oversaw the Presentation of Colours Parade on 19 June 1965, before being commissioned in August 1965 and becoming the Battalion Training Officer.

It was as RLI's Training Officer that I first came across 'Uncle Ron' in 1968, when I arrived fresh faced from the UK to join up. He was always hard but fair with us recruits and passed on to us his phenomenal knowledge of soldiering. He was already a 'Legend in his own life time', and was deeply respected by all recruits who passed through Training Troop. His hard, intense and thorough training served all who received it well in the war years to follow, and we can all be eternally grateful for it.

Ron's next and final move within the Battalion, was to take over as OC Support Group in November 1969. During his period as OC until his retirement in May 1973, he oversaw the expansion of the Group to include Tracking Troop as well as the Recce and Mortar Troops, which set in motion the road to it becoming a fully fledged Commando.

I worked for Uncle Ron as his 2IC in Support Group from 1972 to 1973, this unfortunately was his run down to retirement time, when none of us knew he was to 'un retire' and go on to even greater renown, which I will not dwell on here. He was a great commander to operate with, and sharing a tent with him during the early days of Op Hurricane was a great learning curve for me. He drove us all hard, and when I mentioned one night that a few of the Troopies had said he never went out on patrol, his comment, in his usual vernacular, was words to the effect of "right I'll show them". The next day he lead the concerned Troopies on a long and arduous patrol through the hills around Mount Darwin - the Troopies never mentioned the subject again!!

Ron was a great soldier, hard as nails, tough, innovative and with great man management. For any of us to have served with him during his long and illustrious career makes us truly fortunate. Not only was he a great soldier but a great Rhodesian patriot too. He will always be in our memories and the name Ron Reid-Daly will be talked about with reverence and respect for many years to come, whenever groups of Rhodesians particularly from the military, gather together.

I offer from both myself and all the global RLI Association members our most sincere and heartfelt condolences to all Ron's Family Members.

He will never be forgotten.



TRIBUTE TO RON REID-DALY *(by Pat Armstrong)*

As with George Galbraith and Ian Buttenshaw, the previous speakers, it is indeed a great privilege to be here today paying a tribute to Lt Col Ron Reid-Daly in front of his children, David and Glenda, his grandchildren, Nick and Patrick, his niece Tracy and so many other family and friends of this remarkable and if I may add, often controversial man.

You have heard from George and Ian about some of Ron's exploits in the early days of the SAS and the RLI. And how he was part of the great team that honed the RLI, which had initially consisted of what one ex 'troopie' of those times (later to be Lt Col Paul Wellburn) described as '*a varied, rough and colourful bunch of skates from Rhodesia and Joeys, ducktails and Poms from Cockney Land and Jocks from Glasgow*'. For Ron's part in transforming that 'motley crew' into one of the world's foremost anti-insurgent fighting forces, he was made an MBE.

I would like to continue by reading the citation for Ron's CLM (Military Division) award, dated 28th April 1976, which introduces some of his achievements as the commander of the Selous Scouts.

COMMANDER OF LEGION OF MERIT

*780592 Major Ronald Francis Reid-Daly DMM, MBE
Selous Scouts - GO 29.10.76 (Military Division - Combatant)*

Major Reid-Daly retired from the Regular Army on 31 December 1973, after twenty years' service. By the time operation Hurricane had developed and it was apparent that the requirement for trackers and other special operations was such that the existing ad hoc arrangements had to be placed on a more organized basis. An officer with special attributes was necessary to command this unit. Reid-Daly was persuaded to rejoin the Army and take command of the new organisation. This embryo was built up into an effective unit now known as the Selous Scouts, purely through the outstanding leadership of this officer. He has concentrated all his efforts into this Unit and has been on constant duty ever since. His flair for the unorthodox and his determination to defeat terrorism has installed a similar spirit in this multiracial unit. The actual role of the Unit, its method of operation, and the exploits of its members must of necessity remain top secret, but the operational successes are a direct reflection on Reid-Daly. It is indisputable that the activities of the Selous Scouts have been a major factor in Security Forces' successes against terrorists, if not the most important single factor. The Unit has suffered comparatively few casualties compared with the number of terrorists with whom they have made contact. One of the reasons is Reid-Daly's insistence on a high standard of training and his meticulous planning. He has had to make many operational decisions of great importance and the constant clash between the safety of his men and the national interest indicates the tremendous moral courage of this officer. The Selous Scouts of 1976, with its own barracks and its outstanding operational record, is a far cry from the nucleus of men of 1974. Reid-Daly has served Rhodesia with great distinction worthy of extraordinary recognition for his rank.

The Selous Scouts was ostensibly a "tracking" unit but its **real** function entailed operating covertly in a 'pseudo guerrilla' role among the insurgents, along the lines of the 'pseudo guerrilla' tactics used in the Kenya Mau Mau and the Malayan Campaigns, and others.

So important was the success of the new Selous Scouts unit to be, that Ron was supported at the highest level - to recruit the best men for the task from the ranks of established, mainly conventional Army fighting units. This made him unpopular with many of those in command positions in these units. This was exacerbated by the fact that the intended operations of the Selous Scouts needed to be top secret in order to succeed, and were therefore disguised under the smokescreen of being a "tracking" unit.

Nevertheless, under Ron Reid-Daly, the mixed-race Selous Scouts, consisting of European and African troops, rapidly made an enormous impact on the war. The concept of infiltrating into the insurgents' ranks as "pseudo guerrillas", his African troops (and some European troops with blackened faces, plus beards to disguise their European features), with captured and 'turned' insurgents - with the hazardous risks on being compromised - met with devastating success; and accounted for arguably up to 70% of all insurgent casualties. Ron expanded this pseudo concept with audacious, pre-emptive pseudo attacks on guerrilla bases deep into enemy territory, with enormous strategic success. His heavily outnumbered 'pseudo' troops, posing as the enemy, using enemy vehicles, uniforms and weapons, often without air support, caused huge enemy casualties, totally disproportionate to the relatively small number of troops deployed.

Sadly, and I don't intend going into detail here, Ron's extremely successful career was to end in controversy during 1979, resulting in him resigning from the Army, some 7 years after he had formed the Selous Scouts and led it to unparalleled success.

To quote Jerry Strong, Ron's specially chosen 2IC when he formed the Selous Scouts: "*He was not only the Commanding Officer of the Selous Scouts, he was the Selous Scouts*".

George Galbraith has expanded on Ron's time heading up the Transkeian Defence Force up until 1987.

Ron then finally retired, mainly to write more books and his memoirs and he spent many happy

years at his home in Simon's Town; until cancer, which has dogged him for a long time, reappeared. And he quietly 'slipped away' peacefully at home last Monday, having refused another agonizing spell of chemotherapy, bravely deciding to let nature take its course.

Ron has written 3 books, the best selling *Selous Scouts: Top Secret War* with author Peter Stiff, *Staying Alive: A Southern African Survival Handbook* and *Pamwe Chete: The Legend of the Selous Scouts*. He was in the throes of writing his memoirs when he died and it is hoped that Hannes Wessels, Ron's then co-author will complete this book, which will be a fascinating story about a remarkable man. It was Ron's wish that Hannes did this in the event of Ron's death before its completion. The book will not only be about Ron's life but it is intended to include stories from other people who touched his life. Such people have been asked to send their stories to Hannes, via Tom Thomas.

Ron was a fine soldier, whether as an instructor or a fighting soldier. He was courageous, worked himself 'to the bone' and took full responsibility for his decisions and actions and those of his men. He was a disciplinarian who didn't tolerate fools; or staff officers who did not have the execution of the war effort and the welfare of the troops uppermost in their minds.

Briefly moving on from the military, interestingly, apart from his legendary status as RSM of the RLI and CO of the Selous Scouts, he was a highly respected rugby player who played rugby at Provincial level. He was even more respected as a coach. He instilled in his players, the need to do the opposite of what their opponents expected, he was a master of deception and encouraged running rugby in favour of the kicking game. The flair for the unorthodox and the unexpected that Ron promoted in rugby, was also the cornerstone of his military tactical thinking, which was one of the secrets to Ron's operational successes in the Selous Scouts. Ian Macintosh, coach of Rhodesia, the Sharks and later the Springboks - and a current Springbok selector - once told me that if it wasn't for Ron's military commitments, he may have been appointed coach of Rhodesia in preference to Ian Mac. Coincidentally, I saw Mac at Johannesburg airport on my way here and he confirmed his previous message about Ron's coaching ability and the fact that he had played on the flank with Ron when Ron was the 8th man for the Midlands province.

In preparing for this talk, I have asked many people what they consider to be Ron's most unique qualities. And more often than not, they mentioned his outstanding leadership ability and his charisma

I would now like to dwell briefly on some of these outstanding leadership qualities:

There are countless quotations on the subject of leadership. One simple and concise quotation that I find most appropriate here - is by General Eisenhower who, after holding possibly the top allied military leadership position towards the conclusion WW2, became the Supreme Allied Commander of NATO and then President of the USA.

Simply:

"Leadership is the art of getting someone else to do something you want done...because he wants to do it".

Soldiers followed Ron because they **wanted to** and they 'enjoyed the ride'. Following him and doing his bidding was always a privilege and an adventure. Although possibly dangerous, it was exciting and exhilarating and at all times there was good humour around. He had a great and wicked sense of humour and a hearty, piercing laugh as he threw back his head, which all who knew him will remember well! I can hear it as I speak!

There is no 'blueprint' for leaders. **'Real'** leaders bring to work; themselves, including their convictions, beliefs and values.

Ron had the unique ability to stamp his mould on his unit. And his people willingly, happily and unconditionally endorsed and adopted that mould. That is a great leader!

I would personally like to dwell for a moment on what I believe were some of Ron's leadership qualities:

- o **His Courage, Presence and Charisma.** (It is my view that these are pretty much the only leadership qualities that cannot be acquired or taught. *You either have 'em, or you don't!*)
Plus:
- o **His Authenticity,**
- o **His Servant Leadership style,**
- o **His Loyalty and his Teamwork** and;
- o **His Adaptability or Versatility.**

Starting with *Courage*... Ron feared no man. He loved a challenge. As a soldier he led from the front. In the time that I have known and worked with Ron, I have always known him as a man of courage. And courage is crucial for a good leader, whether in the context of war or otherwise.

Ron also had the courage of his convictions; to confront his many critics caused by his need to aggressively recruit men from other units in order to achieve the results mandated to him. He also withstood the criticism of 'empire building'; levelled at him by some. His greatest successes 'behind enemy lines', so to speak, entailed first acquiring a group of tough and aggressive fighting men, over and above his pseudo operators.

He **had** most of the leadership for such an outfit within his unit. So, not to further antagonise commanders in existing army units by seeking more men from their ranks, he found these soldiers from among the ranks of the Territorial Army and National Servicemen. All effectively civilians, they were a tough bunch of guys, who had passed the rigorous Selous scouts selection course and who were immensely proud to be Selous Scouts. These men were the 'part-time' core of Ron's audacious column operations, executed with such stunning success.

Moving on to *Presence*... there was something about Ron and his 'presence'. When **he** was around or walked into a room, one felt his presence. He had an air about him that is difficult to describe. And people liked to be in Ron's presence. To talk to him, to laugh with him, to seek his counsel, to listen to him and to his stories...

And the last of the natural qualities that Ron possessed, and which I believe can't be taught is *Charisma*... Ron's magnetism; his allure, his appeal. There are many people here today, especially those ex-soldiers who served with Ron, who will attest to this unique charisma, and an aura that he had - difficult to describe!

Authenticity. With Ron, what you saw is what you got... He did not 'beat about the bush'. He told it like it was, no matter who he was talking to or at what level. He did not exaggerate or pretend. He was the genuine article, with no affectations or distortions. No frills. No bullshit!

Whether he knew it or not - or would have necessarily admitted it, Ron was a *Servant Leader*. By that I mean ... he was devoted to his men and to the people in his 'team'. He cared about all his people. He looked after them when they were in trouble. He was their 'father confessor'. He loved them - he fiercely protected them and cared about their welfare at home and on operations. In the same vein, contrary to Ron's hard and tough exterior, those who knew him well will know that he was an emotional man; an old 'softy' with a heart of gold in fact. I experienced that more than once. I vividly remember - on his farewell parade to the Selous Scouts, the absolute love of his life ... in his *hard* and *tough, gruff* voice; on the parade ground, he shoved his prepared speech to his men into my hand, saying. "*Patrick ... I can't read this. I won't make it. Here ... you read it.*"

Loyalty. Once someone had proved himself to Ron to be a solid person and was accepted as a member of his team he would never let him or her down, no matter what the circumstances. But, equally ... watch out those who later spurned his support, or abused it, or betrayed it!

Teamwork. Ron was a great team player. I would like to give some examples.

The BSA Police Special Branch. Ron realised more than most - the crucial importance of real-time, accurate military intelligence, correctly and promptly utilised, especially in such a unit where success or failure and lives **always** depended upon it. Hence the total integration into the Selous Scouts military establishment of the unit's Special Branch team, with amazing operational results; an unprecedented move in any Army, anywhere. The Special Branch was Ron's 'secret weapon'.

It was the same with his African soldiers. He was the 1st person to commission African officers.

There was no racial segregation or discrimination within the Selous Scouts, in which over 70% were Africans.

There is an irony here, in this still racially divided world. One of Ron's greatest legacies was his unbelievable ability to bring together people of different races, cultures and political persuasions and mould them as one. This he did with outstanding success, both within the Selous Scouts and later the Transkeian Defence Force.

And his appreciation and intimate knowledge of and cooperation with - the Air Force, an essential ingredient to success, is yet another example of his understanding of teamwork and its inevitable great results.

Versatility and Adaptability. From SAS soldier in Malaya, to achieving an A+ grading on a drill course in the hallowed domain of 'drill pigs' at Pirbright in the UK; to RSM, then Training Officer and then a Group Commander in the RLI; to Founder and Commanding Officer of a 'pseudo guerrilla' Regiment which - through his flair for the unconventional, his incredible powers of leadership and vision - achieved astonishing, unsurpassed operational successes. Need I say more!

Before I end... You know... in the last part of Ron's high-speed, exciting, committed and adrenalin-filled life, he struggled valiantly with cruel bouts of failing health - over many years. He has been dogged by mainly cancer-related problems for some time now. I remember at least two occasions when it was thought that this was the end.... Ron underwent many operations and many awful chemo therapy sessions and other debilitating treatments - but his courage, guts and determination, positive outlook, sense of humour and love of life - kept him going. I would like to especially mention over those dark days, other than his family - his great friend, former comrade and neighbour, Winston Hart and his wife, Felicity, for the amazing, uncomplaining support given to Ron, sometimes day and night - over long periods. Also, for all that they did for Ron - two other, devoted and committed friends and former comrades - among many, many others - especially, Dr Adrian Lombard and the incomparable and unique Tom Thomas.

Throughout his committed military life, Ron sacrificed much of the serene, comfortable family life which we are all meant to embrace. Despite this - he was a fine husband to Jeannie and father to Glenda and David, who were immensely proud of him and loved him as dearly as he did them.

And I guess he may be giving poor Jeannie a rocket right now - for leaving him so early to get on with life without her, after she had at last persuaded him to retire! But knowing Jeannie, she'll be giving as good as she gets!

And so ... to David, Glenda, Nick, Patrick, Tracy and the rest of Ron's family, we grieve for you at this sad time. And we thank you for sharing Uncle Ron with us.

May the great and remarkable man now rest in peace.



TRIBUTE TO RON REID-DALY *(by David Reid-Daly – Read by Ant White)*

Where does one start, well, here I sit at the foot of my Fathers bed where he lies motionless in a comatosed sleep. Classical music is playing in the background. It has been raining here today and as I write, there is a hint of sunlight slipping through, across the bay.

It has been hard to watch him over these past few days, suffer between bouts of restful sleep. This time alone with him has been reflective, as I have been able to walk between his bedroom and his study and remind myself of the man I knew as my father.

Dad, as I always called him, was an intensely private man, and whilst many would argue that we are the product of our childhood, I would guess that his army family had just as an important influence on his development, as did his junior boarding school days.

The RLI was home to many of us here today, but for Dad, it would not only form the basis of the family life that had been withheld from him in his youth, but equally it became his proving ground.

Not many people were aware of it, but my Dad had a huge lack in self confidence, but because the army glove was such a snug and comfortable fit, it gave him the reassuring glance he needed to step forward into the unknown.

Not having the luxury of an experienced mentor he decided that to get the best of his men would mean that he would have to become the standard of excellence that they could look up to as an example to follow.

Meticulously he described for himself a path that within a short time would pull the RLI together into a well oiled, articulate and menacing whole. His secret, he told me, was in cultivating the ability to quickly assess both the strengths and limitations of each man whether officer or not, and then carefully examine which presenting opportunity gave the best fit.

As much as he was feared by the members of the RLI, few I have ever met never spoke about him without a deep sense of affection.

Those RLI days were a special time and although as a military organization it was regimented in character, this was certainly not the case in spirit.

Peals of laughter were the order of the day, as were the endless variety of pranks that were pulled on victims, some unsuspecting and others knowing that some form of humorous retaliation was on the way. Dad had always said that his fitness prowess had much to do with how many times he had to leap over the bar counter at the officer's mess, to avoid a thunder flash that had been launched in his direction.

Like all things fundamental, I don't think the Scouts as they are known today, would ever have been able to build its reputation had my father not first been so much a part of the team that had built the structure and reputation of the RLI.

For the military is an organization that fundamentally owes its effectiveness to the quality of relationships that are formed within it.

Understanding this, my Dad took great pains in carefully selecting the men that formed the Scouts. He not only respected the caliber of each of you, but he greatly admired you as well.

Many have said to me over the years that Dad was the embodiment of the Selous Scouts itself. But, even though his leadership an innovative style was par excellence, still the unit would never have been quite what it became, were it not for his selection of men like Shullie, Rob Warraker and Dale Collett to name but a few, and, as much as he was a leader to you all, he always felt it a privilege to have had you serve him as his men. He was thrilled to the bone by the unfailing qualities that you each gave him to work with.

When considering all the factors that came together to produce from him such a remarkable life, I am drawn to the realization that Rhodesia as a nation and a country had more influence on him, than anything else.

And, history should remember my father's contribution not just as the commander of the Selous Scouts, for his true value lies in the testimony that proof was made that the African and European mind could be made to exist and thrive in perfect harmony. Let it be said that the Scouts would have been like a Trojan horse without wheels were it not for the courageous African Soldiers there to move it forward into position.

Some lives come and go like wild leaves in autumn, and, then there are those that leave a residue for generations. I would like to think that my Dad's impact will be felt and not forgotten for a long time to come.

I will miss you DAD...



'Huyai Mose'

*A Shona funeral song. Sung at the funeral of Selous Scouts soldiers
(Sung during wreath laying)
Dedicated to the memory of 'those who have gone before'*

LAYING OF WREATHS

The SAS Association of Southern Africa
22 SAS and the UK SAS Association
The Rhodesian Light Infantry Association
The Selous Scouts Association
The Rhodesian Air Force Association
Followed by any other persons who may wish to lay wreaths

'Garayi Neni'

*'Stay with me all the days of my life;
The sun is setting on me
The happiness of this world is going;
You will remember me forever.'*

Translation of the beginning of a Shona song, sung upon the lowering of the coffin of a Selous Scouts soldier

LAST POST - One Minute Silence

REVEILLE - Trumpeter - Captain Len Taylor, MMM, JCD

THE LAMENT - 'Flowers in the Forest'
Piper - Captain Will Carter, JCD

'Marche des Parachutistes'
Regimental March of the SAS

That concludes today's proceedings Ladies and Gentlemen, please would you follow the family next door, where tea, drinks and snacks will be served. Your departure will be accompanied by the Selous Scouts song of praise when the Regiment marched off Parade.

'Nhasi Pano Tsangana'

*A Shona song of praise
Sung as the Selous Scouts marched off parade*



These poems appeared on the back of the Service Sheet:

You can shed tears that he has gone
Or you can smile because he has lived.
You can close your eyes and pray that he'll come back
Or you can open your eyes and see all he's left.
Your heart can be empty because you can't see him
Or you can be full of the love you shared.
You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.
You can remember him and only that he's gone
Or you can cherish his memory and let it live on.
You can cry and close your mind, be empty and
turn your back
Or you can do what he'd want:
smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

Rest in peace Uncle Ron

Anon

With thanks to Don Gregory and ORAFs for these words

Requiem For The Colonel

Chas Lotter

A slow, sad wind mourns your passing,
Winds its lonely notes around me
As I stand the last watch
By your grave.
The dry, brittle leaves stir, swirl slowly, round
Your last resting place.
Bare autumn trees quiver
In parodied grief
As if nature itself
Shares my loss.
The Colonel is gone.
And a corner of me
Which was filled
By his vibrant charisma
Is empty and dull and gray
And dead.

As you would expect, there were hundreds of messages of condolences and tributes to Uncle Ron. There were also many different obituaries in the various Rhodesian publications on the internet and in newspapers, so on behalf of the family and the association - a really big thank you to all those who contributed in their own way. Maybe a separate newsletter will be produced just to publish a selection of these articles and tributes.

To publish all the messages and tributes received would be impossible, so I have taken the liberty of publishing just one tribute to Uncle Ron, which was actually sent in a little while before he died - which is very fitting under the circumstances. This came from Dale Collett and there was an intention of reading it on Dale's behalf at the lunch gathering on the 21st, but (as predicted by Dale) emotions got the upper hand and it was not read out, so here it is:

THE SELOUS SCOUTS FORGE (9 July 2010)

Today was my birthday and I received many calls from all over the countryside and of course messages via email but one phone call stood out amongst all of them.

I am not going to mention his name. He said the most wonderful things about me, how I had inspired others, how he was proud of me, congratulating me on what I have achieved and yet I feel so humble and inadequate when you look at his wonderful family, how his sons have joined his business and he has always has time for others with just a kind word or open generosity.

I was just getting into my vehicle with his words deep in my mind and not letting go and they had quite an effect on me, I became quite emotional and got to do some deep thinking about all the implications of the call and I came to this conclusion after a couple of hours.

When we joined the Scouts we were usually taken by Ron Reid-Daly and placed in the forge until white hot. Then at just the right temperature we were beaten and moulded and then cooled under just the right conditions and if we were not right then we were heated up again and the process was repeated.

Too much heat or the incorrect cooling and tempering resulted in us becoming hard and brittle and under pressure we would break and shatter. The opposite could also occur even though we might have been the right shape we would be still soft and malleable and we would bend under pressure. Therefore the instructors at the Selous Scouts Forge under the critical eye of the Master Blacksmith Ron Reid-Daly had to know exactly what they were doing with the different metals they had to work with.

Once we were tempered just right we were polished and sharpened with great care ready to be used in life's battles and more.

Once we were together we supported each other, knowing that each and every member would be ready when called, we would stand by each other acknowledging our comrades as equals. Because we were so finely moulded with very few flaws we were confident in ourselves and in our fellow soldiers.

I therefore believe that we made the unit, because we acknowledged the support from above, we acknowledged the support from our fellow comrades and we gave support to those below. The Reid-Daly Effect from this forge was felt by all and it permeated the entire unit.

Ron Reid-Daly could never have done it on his own, and we would never have done it without him, we had to be moulded each to his own and then as a troop and finally as a regiment. We all did it, no one man can claim it was his influence.

It might sound strange but we should be proud, we were moulded by the finest there were to change and influence our lives. Today, many years later, I can make a call and the men and women would come in just the same way that I would to go to them in their time of need.

If you think I did anything special as the caller thinks, then you are ignoring the fact of the mighty influence many people have had in my life and I am proud to say that most of it was beaten into shape from the Selous Scouts Forge under the caring, watchful eye of the Chief Blacksmith, Ron Reid-Daly.

Dale Collett SCR

Of course, major events like these are not a 'walk in the park' from an arrangement and organization point of view, and you will know, that given the 'subject' of the event we had no choice but to 'get it right'. And whilst there are a number of people who contributed in many a way, both big and small (and it would be unwise to publish a list for fear of missing out somebody, they were all very important - and the important thing is, THEY know who they are); but it needs to be placed on record the huge input made by **Pat Armstrong**. Without his impeccable organizational and guidance skills at work, this task would have been a lot harder to achieve and would not have been nearly as professionally produced. During the 'process' I remember Pat saying to me 'Tom, we had better make this one perfect, RON and the SAS will be watching us closely!'. Well, those who were there will probably agree that it would have made 'The Old Man' very proud, and it's a big thanks to Pat for that.

True to form, when such a large collection of ex-Rhodesians gather, the bar hours at the Club had to be extended and the 'wake' went on (for some) into the early hours of Saturday at various venues around Cape Town.

When your Committee was made aware of Uncle Ron's failing health, it was decided to put plans for an AGM and Dinner on hold. With Uncle Ron passing away, it was known that there would be a larger gathering of ex-Scouts at his funeral, so it was then decided to hold a luncheon the following day. So on Saturday 21st, a 'Selous Scouts' lunch was held also at the same Club. A total of 84 attended this amazing gathering; some had not seen each other in about 30 years. Well, the ceremony for Uncle Ron went off perfectly, but we nearly came unstuck with our lunch. This was caused by the fact that we had booked a room to take a maximum of 60 (6 x 10 tables) obviously under-estimating the drawing power of this important event. When our booking for lunch reached 64, the Club agreed to increase it to 70 (7 x 10). Then, as we saw numbers growing, they agreed to increase to 77 (7 x 11), so how they managed to fit in the extra 7 remains a feat of note. Given the fact that we had a lunch were 20 heads were not actually initially catered for it can be said that yet another successful op was accomplished. For the record, the 84 consisted of 66 Scouts, plus 9 guests and 9 partners. This easily compares to the numbers we regularly receive for our AGM's.

Whilst getting to Cape Town takes a really big effort, for those residing in Jo'burg/Pretoria, Natal, Limpopo, Plettenberg Bay and Mpumalanga, special mention needs to be made of those who came from even further afield, most for just the weekend. There were a total of 10 from Zimbabwe and 1 from Zambia - whose names will not be published here. Then there was **Mike Borlace**, **BG Bresler**, **Paul French**, **Pat Mavros** **Chris Myers** and **Chris Rennick** from the **UK**. **Andy Kockott** from **Botswana** and **Ant White** from **Mozambique**. **Wally Insch** and **Gary Roper** from **Australia**, **Ralph Hayes** from the **USA**, **Stew Hammond** from **Albania** and **Noel Robey** from **Indonesia**.

After the lunch, most of the group then 'retired' to a pub in Fish Hoek and this bunch of 'old bullets and bulletts' proceeded to amaze the local Cape youth with their drinking, joking and general camaraderie.

All in all, a fitting send-off to our **Favourite Uncle**, may he rest in peace.

We won't detract from the theme of this newsletter with any other issues or subject matter but rather produce another newsletter shortly.

Pamwe Chete

Tom Thomas

7 September 2010