



Soldiers of fortune: 'the thrill is greater than the money'



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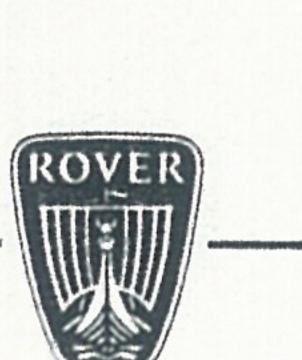
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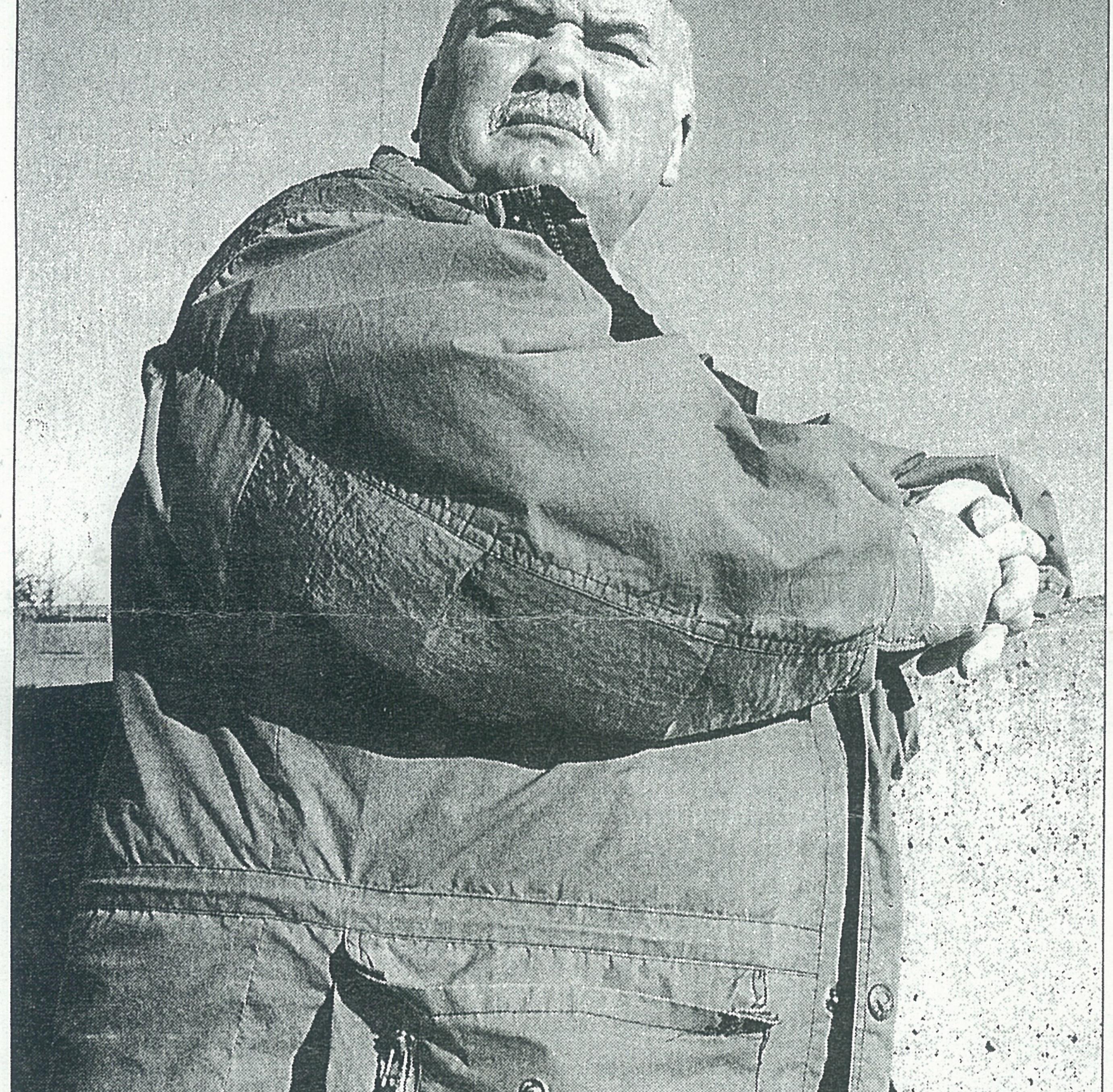
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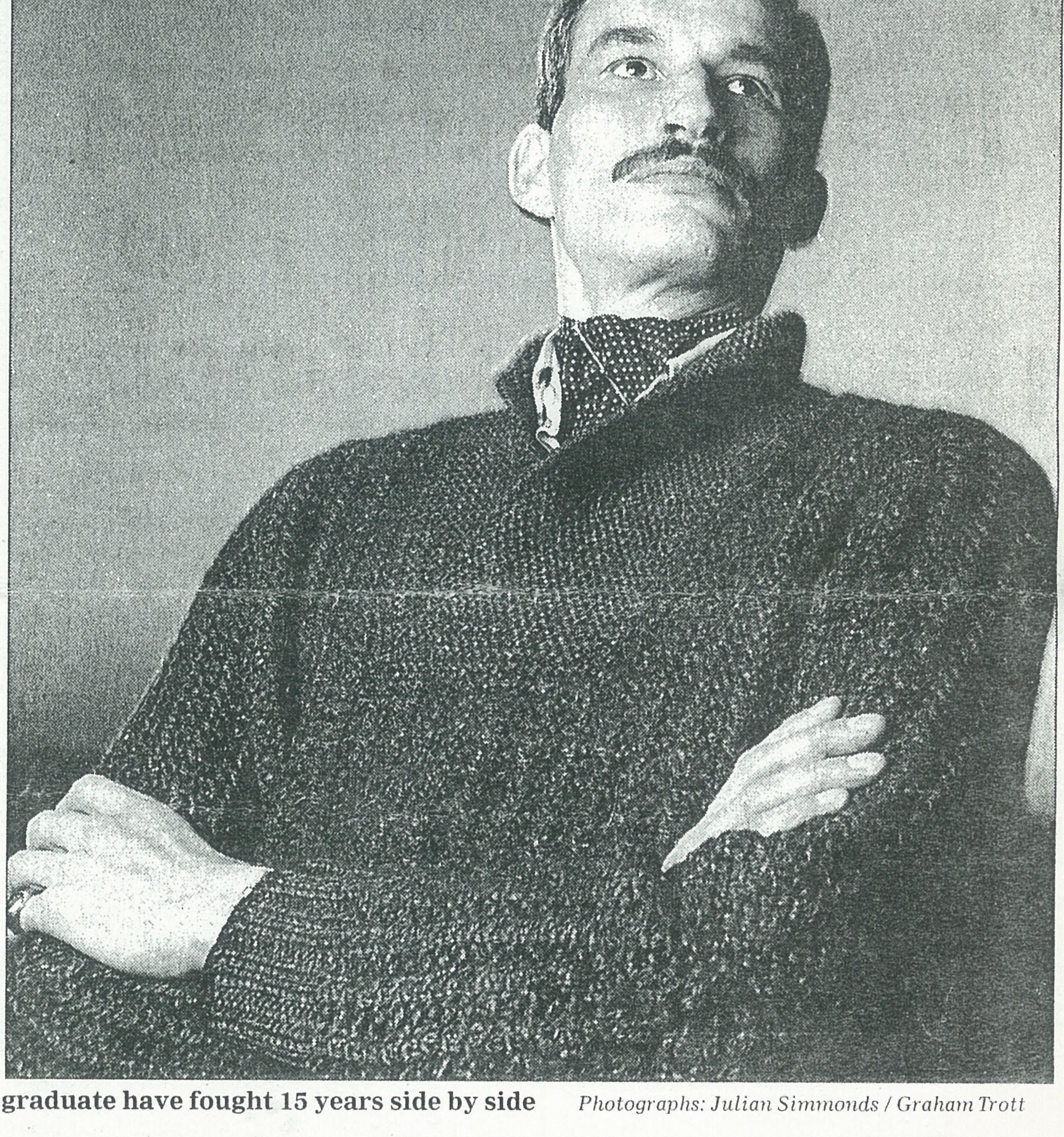
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in Bosnia is aid £100 a th the South ment said it st an alleged embers of its al forces to The fee was But as meryou, it's not lures them, ghting. y Campbell







Double act: Peter MacAleese (left) from Glasgow and Roy Kaulback, a Cambridge graduate have fought 15 years side by side

The tough and the toff

Christy Campbell talks to two men from

HEY are comrades in ridgeback. Their backarms. As self-styled grounds and style could not "professional opera- be more different. But they tional soldiers" they have been united more than have blazed a bloody trail once in pursuing the profesthrough Africa and central sion of arms wherever there America for 15 years. When is fighting and someone to they admit to being "merce- pay them. Both have enlisted naries", they say they are inforeign armies — and both among the best in the world. have been involved in opera-If these two men are dogs tions with more shadowy

of war, Peter MacAleese, the paymasters. hard-man who fought his way The tough and the toff have out of the Glasgow slums, is a more than once found the bulldog. His friend Roy Kaul- military class system back, an aristocratic Cam- reversed, Mr MacAleese

bridge graduate, is a barking orders at the man

different cultures united by the lure of war with the languid vowels splendid old soldier sporting honed at Gordonstoun, who a monocle, worked at a desk played cricket for the Pitt surrounded by a dazzling

east end. "I had two ways of he would say 'that hill is full escape, go to England or join of Germans, how would you the Army," he says in his just make your attack?'." published life story No Mean Soldier. "I chose the latter."

Both men bridle at the tag "mercenary". But the last time they went into action together was not for Queen and Country. It was in the — "they said I should be put jungles of Colombia in 1988 in cage in peace and brought to mount an attack on a "com- out in war - I couldn't face munist guerrilla headquar- the prospect of 22 boring ters". It was a front for the years in the Army," he said in cocaine wars. The mission collapsed in shambles.

Not for the want of planning by Mr Kaulback, 41, who was intelligence officer for the operation. Last week he was pacing the carpets of his parent's comfortable house in Lincolnshire, talkdreaming of future ones.

Gangling legs in cavalry twill stretched to fiercely burnished brown shoes as he puffed on a roll-up. Two alsa- divisions," says Mr Kaul- ment of action, not the mon- about one last mission, one tians bound in, to be calmed back. "The Z-team are the ey," he explained. by soft words in an African fantasists. Teenagers, Army When he was first shot at, would find it hard to turn it

club at Cambridge by bowl- array of campaign medals. ing champagne bottles. "Father taught me the mili-"Mac" spent his youth tary art," said the son. "As a banging heads in Glasgow's young boy out duck hunting

> A career in the British Army was over before it began. Mr Kaulback admits he has a certain problem with authority.

Mr MacAleese is the same London last week. There were more than a few punchups in the pubs of Hereford, the garrison town of the SAS which he joined aged 19.

Both men are united in their toughness and intelligence, with a self-confessed adrenalin-fuelled rage to ing of past adventures and fight. "It's what's in here that counts," said Mr Kaulback, banging his forehead.

dialect. They sat. His father, a rejects, or soft Americans in Rhodesia, he laughed as down," he said.

with bulging muscles and spreading waistlines. They want something to brag about at the bar.

the footsoldiers — Afghans, be killed," he said. "Stab with tough as hell and good in a fight, but need organising.

"And then there's us.

"Us," he says are simply a group of men who are the the scars of someone who has best in the business. Most are been at the receiving end. British. They talk to each Blue eyes twinkled in his other discreetly when the boxer's face as explained his call comes. They also know motivation in London last when the "funny people" at week. "I'm a staunch Catho-MI6 are taking an interest. lic," he said "the only people

when MacAleese led a second off were the nuns at school. mission to Colombia, osten- But it would be bullshit to sibly to assassinate Pablo Es- say I've always been moral. cobar, the drugs baron. That Asking me about killing operation, too, ended in disas- someone is like asking a ter with the helicopter pilot bricklayer how he lays bricks cut in half in a crash and Mac — it's what I do." crawling out of the jungle He is at a low point he conwith a smashed leg.

Mr MacAleese, "that's illegal. money has gone — "not that I But when a few old friends ever made much, that wasn't meet to discuss a potential the point." There are no pencontract, that's different." Mr sions or welfare funds for old Kaulback was working mercenaries. uncomfortably as a landscape The rage to fight is fading. gardener in London when Ma- "Look at me — the tabloids cAleese phoned him to pro- say I'm a monster. If I went pose the first Colombian back into action I would have So what makes a modern "rumble". He was instantly to mount a machine-gun on mercenary? "There are three energised. "It's the excite- my Zimmer frame." What

bullets cracked and dust flew up around him. What about killing? He described close quarter fighting. "There are "Then there's the B-team, no scruples when it's kill or Tajiks, Wahabbis, Paki- two fingers at the eyes, stanis, Ukrainians — they're clutch at the windpipe, kick low to bring him down then jump until something breaks and the blood comes out."

Mr MacAleese, 51, bears They became interested I was ever really frightened

fesses, working as a security "We cannot advertise," says guard. He's divorced and the

last lucrative adventure? "I

Rove of the fantaev brigade

