

DAWN



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Monthly Journal of Umkhonto we Sizwe

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COVER: Commander-in-Chief O.R. Tambo



Editorial Comment

NOTHING WILL CHANGE OUR RESOLVE

The maintenance of apartheid is giving the regime an incurable headache. Our present duty and obligation is to make it more impossible than ever before for the racist regime to maintain apartheid. Our offensive against the racist regime must be ten-fold in this year of the people's army, Umkhonto we Sizwe.

A recent edition of the SADF mouthpiece, *Paratus*, pointed out that soldier participation in the brutal suppression of protest and popular mass upsurge is nothing new in the history of South Africa. This soldier-police collaboration according to *Paratus* dates as far back as 1914 when the Rand Miners Strike was brutally suppressed. Included in the list is the cold-blooded massacre of the Namibian people in Bondswarts in 1921, as well as the 1922 miners strike, known as the Rand Revolt. The list goes on to include the Langa and Sharpeville massacres of March 21 1960.

This marathon of repression is set to assume unprecedented heights with the amendment of the 1984 Defence Act which extends police

powers to the army. The chairman of the Witwatersrand Lawyers for Human Rights, Barry Jany, observed that these measures are an open acknowledgement of a situation that is out of control by accepted law enforcement methods.

The amendment equips the army to seize property, detain people, break up meetings, invade people's homes as well as banning gatherings and meetings. Although rape and murder are deliberately omitted from the amendment, we know for a fact that they are part and parcel of these new measures.

The irony of it all is that these measures come with the racist pledge to remove the army and police from the townships and lift the state of emergency, which

has been reimposed as we go to press. Meanwhile the defence minister Magnus Malan has also announced that his troops are going to be withdrawn from the townships to return to the borders, while Le Grange is calling his police from the borders to return to the townships.

PARA-MILITARY

The South African Yearbook of 1979 designates the South African Police as a national para-military force. In the post Sharpeville period the SAP was used in counter-insurgency operations against Swapo in Namibia. In 1976 the para-military role of the police came out more openly when they besieged Soweto in camouflage uniforms, riding on hippo armoured troop carriers, armed with sub-machine guns. The operations were conducted in collaboration with the South African Air Force and other army units.

Whereas the 1957 Defence Act permits the channelling of SADF personnel to the SAP annually, clause three of an amendment to the Police Act of 1979 empowers the state president to deploy the SAP anywhere outside the borders of South Africa.

Not that there is much difference between a racist soldier and policeman. They are both trained in the art of killing and are armed to murder. Their firepower against unarmed and defenceless people has got the same effect. Even Malan confirmed this when he said the difference is only technical because both are trained

in counter-insurgency operations and urban warfare. On the other hand Le Grange revealed that his police do perform border duties which is principally army work.

As our people are determined that nothing will stop our forward march to victory, the minority regime is determined that nothing short of bloodshed will destroy apartheid. Commando units known as municipality police have been trained and deployed in Queenstown and Soweto. Vigilantes and assassination squads, the 'A Teams' have also joined forces with the racist army and police in an undeclared war of terror against our people.

No amount of terror, repression, police or army presence in our townships can change our resolve to fight for a democratic and non-racial South Africa. Years of peaceful struggles and protests have only taught us one lesson, that apartheid is violence and through violence it must be destroyed.

The call on us to multiply our offensive must be taken with the urgency it deserves. In carrying out this task we must improve our organisational skills and forms of combat. We must weave and build ourselves into a solid and powerful base of revolutionary armed activities. We must have clandestine units that will sustain and support our armed offensive against the regime. Throughout the country, in our townships, countryside and white areas the order is: attack, advance, give the enemy no quarter.

The count-down has started

Commander-in-Chief O R Tambo on the 10th Anniversary of the Soweto Uprising and the state of emergency.

On June 16 1976, as we all know, the children of Soweto, Mamelodi, Gugulethu and other areas rose united in response to a massacre unprecedented in its nature and scale. On the occasion of the 10th Anniversary of that uprising, the youth and students, the children, parents, teachers and other professionals; the workers in town and country, on the mines, in commerce, industry and the farms, the religious community, in fact the entire oppressed population together with democratic whites are bound together by the blood that covered the streets of Soweto, the blood that has since soaked the soil of our motherland in even bigger quantities.

On this truly historic occasion the nation will pay fitting tribute to the young heroes and martyrs, including eight year olds, who fell in that titanic battle against the forces of apartheid repression. And so the repression we experience today is not new. But as we can see today the sacrifices of those heroes and martyrs were not in vain. The declaration of yet another state of emergency, this time across the length and breadth of the country, means that the entire people of South Africa, Black and white, the oppressed and the oppressor, friend and foe alike, are focussing on the 10th Anniversary of the Soweto Uprising, South Africa Youth Day.

This means that the Botha regime has wittingly or unwittingly defined Monday June 16 1986 as the biggest national occasion since Soweto. It deserves to be

and we shall make sure that it is. The declaration of the state of emergency at this time means that the struggle has intensified and spread to every part of the country, uniting all our people against the apartheid system. It means the regime has been pushed to the limits of its repressive capabilities.

The state of emergency means, as Botha admits, that the ordinary laws of apartheid domination, the iron chains which have bound us hand, foot and mouth over the decades, have become inadequate to halt the mounting popular offensive against white minority rule and exploitation of our labour. The use of vigilantes and impis has failed to serve Botha's purposes. The regime has been forced by the relentless advance of the democratic forces in our country to come out from behind the vigilante

defence lines and undertake itself the task of defending the system. It is forced to take on the people's offensive. We stand face to face not with surrogates but with the racists themselves.

This helps to clear any confusion there may have been as to who we are fighting, what we are fighting and what we are fighting for. With the state of emergency the enemy is there for all to see. The lines are clearly drawn: the fighters for a non-racial, democratic and united South Africa on the one side and on the other the armed defenders of the apartheid crime. This is the struggle the ANC and the democratic movement is leading. It is the people united in action against baaskap, for baaskap is baaskap by any other name.

As the struggle has grown and reached unprecedented levels of intensity, the apartheid regime, faced with the irresistible advance of the masses, decided to hire black policemen, black vigilantes and black impis, to fight, murder and die in its defence. Hence the so-called Black-on-Black violence, an expression which is a distortion of reality. It is of course part of the apartheid survival strategy that the slave master should hire slaves to save him from the revolt of the enslaved. But this strategy, like all its predecessors, has failed. That is why Botha resorts to desperation of the state of emergency.

The stark reality of the South African situation is that the people are inexorably irresistibly rising

up from slavery. Victory is calling and we earnestly urge all our people to leave Botha to do his own thing, to defend the indefensible if he dare. Let us all rejoin the ranks and unite in action for freedom. Let us focus and concentrate our attack on the



Pres. O.R. Tambo

apartheid system and its structures. Let none defend this doomed system or its tottering structures. Our people must refuse to be used against their own interests, against



their own future, for the perpetuation of their own domination.

Apartheid must not be left to die a natural death when it is something like 70 years old or more. It must be destroyed now. Those who say it is dead have no reason to defend it, and our unity in action must make its mark on the 10th Anniversary of Soweto. Let June 16 1986 be the take-off to new heights of struggle for a new South Africa in this decade of liberation, the decade of the 80's. The time has come for a showdown with the forces of oppression, repression and exploitation.

Fighting with us are the peoples of the world. International pressures are being mobilised at this time as never before, precisely around the 10th Anniversary of the Soweto Uprising. We have had the report of the Group of Eminent Persons submitted on the 12th June. On June 16 one of the biggest world

conferences to deal with the South African situation and decide on appropriate measures in the form of sanctions is taking place in Paris. And this week the United Nations Security Council is meeting again to discuss and decide on the situation prevailing in South Africa.

A people determined to challenge the South African regime in all its strength, with all its states of emergency is a people that can only be rewarded with victory. And the 10th Anniversary of Soweto will see a challenge of this state of emergency in massive defiance, with Umkhonto we Sizwe and its units and detachments moving into action across the country. All this adds up to spell a new and unparalleled crisis for the Pretoria racist clique. The count-down has indeed started. We must sustain the momentum of our offensive for the destruction of the system and the creation of a new order in our country.

UNFORGETTABLE

JUNE 16

— Gadlula

1986 marks the 10th anniversary of June 16, the day hundreds of young South Africans were callously mowed down by the fascist police and army. To the world it was an astonishing act, to a South African it was a permanent reminder as to the brutal nature of the regime that has ruled our country by terror and the gun.

The events of that day and the background to them are known to most of us. It is therefore not the task of this article to retell the story of how outside a thousand hearts were punctured by the racist hordes.

The massacre on that unforgettable June 16 confirmed to us the correctness of the decision taken by our leaders to embark on armed struggle. It convinced all that to bring about the downfall of the regime armed struggle is indispensable.

In the ten years since June 16 1976 our struggle has attained unprecedented heights. The ranks of our army, Umkhonto we Sizwe, have been swollen by the young generation of fighters, the June 16 generation. Internationally the regime has never been so isolated. June 16 is now a day marked in almost all the countries of the world.

The comrades who had been in MK before us had to cope with a situation they had not envisaged — hundreds flocking to join MK in a very short space of time. These were veterans of this army, combatants who had been in MK since its formative years. Some had witnessed the heroic Wankie/Sipolilo

battles, that monumental landmark in the history of our army. They were soldiers of a quality. Their duty was to impart their knowledge and experience to these angry, impatient and zealous new fighters.

Which they did. Our training centres were virgin lands. We had to tame the wilds and train at the same time. By the time we completed our basic training we were confident of our capability to play our role, the role of spearheading the military struggle. We were in all respects ready for the battles ahead. We were imbued with the fighting spirit of our trainers, the Cuban internationalists. We assimilated some of their slogans — the slogan: *Patria O' Muerte — Venceremo!* is our battle-cry.

Another detachment after the Luthuli Detachment was thus born — the June 16 Detachment. A detachment that was to produce the trail-blazers to go into the country armed to engage the enemy in the language it best understands — *lead for lead!*

It is the detachment that again was to sound the salvo of gunfire but now right in the bowels of apartheid. Solomon Mahlangu is today one of the heroes of our country, and a pride of our

army. And Monty Motloun. A comrade and colleague of Mahlangu who was captured by the racists and tortured to insanity. Thandi Modise, the first trained woman to be arrested in South Africa, belongs to the same detachment. It is comrades like these who have sown the seeds of people's war in our land. We are now a detachment with a tradition!

When the June 16 detachment graduated, Comrade Commander-in-Chief O.R. Tambo charged us with the task of upholding the defiant and fighting spirit of June 16. A galaxy of heroes from this detachment has been produced. Comrades

in our minds. Whom we pause and think of whenever we look back at the path traversed.

The June 16 detachment, the heirs of the fighting spirit of the Luthuli Detachment, that detachment that went into Rhodesia and forced Smith and Vorster to acknowledge the superior skills of MK, also went into Rhodesia. They gave a good account of themselves there. That is why to us the liberation of Zimbabwe is not just the independence of one among many African countries. The blood of the sons of pride of MK was spilt for the liberation of Zimbabwe, not only in 1967 but also in 1979.



Monty Motloun

who showed the enemy that it also bleeds. That when met on an equal footing it is no match for us.

We cannot, of course, count all the comrades of this heroic detachment who have perished in the course of the struggle. But to count a few would be representative of those not mentioned in this article, but who remain embedded



Bennet Salumane

We remember those who in their peaceful sleep were to be woken up by the rattle of gunfire in Matola — Motso Mokgabudi, Daniel Mololekisi, Levison Manakaza, and others. Even though the enemy had an advantage of surprise those who could lay their hands on weapons replied, forcing the enemy to leave some of its



Flashback: June 16 1976

dead behind. We remember those killed in the Maseru massacre — Gene, David, Pule and others.

We cannot forget Richard Zimba (Phiwe), Bennet Salumane (Zandi), George Ramudzuli (Jonas). We also remember with pride the outstanding commanders of this army who were members of this detachment — George Johnson, Lulamile Dantile and Richard Molokwane; also with pride we remember the Lion of Zola — Cornelius Oupa Tau (Marvin Gaye) who chose to blast himself with a hand grenade rather than surrender after he had run out of ammunition.

As we mark the 10th Anniversary of June 16, declared by the

Second National Consultative Conference of the ANC as South Africa Youth Day, our resolve must be to fight, fight and fight! The enemy must be given no respite. In this, the Year of MK, the duty of every soldier of MK is to ensure that we do all in our power to move from ungovernability to people's power. The clarion call to all combatants is: **Every combatant a patriot, every patriot a combatant!**

The enemy must never regain the initiative it has lost. The enemy is in disarray, the wranglings in the enemy camp are multiplying. Ours is to accelerate the pace to the seizure of power.

In our lifetime!

LONG LIVE JUNE 16!

LEARN with DAWN

You too Countryman, can be a Freedom Fighter

Reconnoissance

Reconnaissance is the act of collecting information about the movement of the enemy, its strength, deployment and its armament in preparation for a combat mission, and location of target. This is the main support action for any combat mission. In our growing people's war it is necessary that we master this art of collecting information about the enemy to support our combat actions.

In modern warfare sophisticated means of reconnaissance are used. e.g. planes using advanced photography equipment (Korean spy airliner) or satellites. Reconnaissance can be carried out by one person or a small unit, which are known as advanced parties attached to big combat units or simply reconnaissance.

The aim of reconnaissance is to collect information about the exact location of your target, how it is guarded, how many soldiers, and how they are armed. When and how they change duties and any other peculiar movement they make.

The purpose of this information will enable your combat units to carry out surprising, swift combat missions, or complete its missions without being detected. But the main purpose would be to carry out your mission successfully

without incurring any casualties, or ensure maximum material damage or to kill as much enemy soldiers as possible.

Some of the necessary instruments you may need, are a pen, a small notebook, compass, binoculars, handgloves etc. Reconnaissance of your target must be regular. It may take weeks or months to determine the pattern of activity around your target. It is necessary that on the day you carry out your mission you reconnoitre once more to make sure that there are no sudden changes of activity around your target.

During reconnaissance you must determine how you are going to approach and enter your target and your route of retreat. You must know the routes through which enemy re-inforcements can come and such routes must be avoided. It is necessary that during your reconnaissance mission your appearance and movements do not cause suspicion. They must blend with the area or environment. You can be a student, a worker, a postman, policeman. And most important you must have a cover story/legend which will co-incide with your appearance and presence. You must not be recognised.

Year of Mkhonto we Sizwe

THE PLAF

Guerrilla activity against the puppet government of South Vietnam began in the late fifties. Then the strength of the Vietnamese guerrillas stood at about 5,000 armed men, under the leadership of the NLF (National Liberation Front). The Vietnamese began to build up strength and influence in the rural areas until the early 1960's when, with the active strength of 40,000 men, they launched large-scale guerrilla actions against the unstable South Vietnamese government.

Commanding widespread support from the peasantry and the poor town dwellers, the well-trained and iron-disciplined PLAF fighters were able to mount a real challenge against the US-backed opponents. Over the next three years while the main battles were fought between the US forces and the regular North Vietnamese Army (NVA), which infiltrated into the South, the South Vietnamese increased their control over the countryside. When the puppet government of South Vietnam collapsed, 'Big Brother' USA came to its rescue. A bitter and one of history's longest wars ensued, culminating in the most humiliating defeat the US has ever suffered.

The PLAF was organised in a number of different ways, which in the military sense included companies and battalions. A main-line battalion could have strength of up to 600 men divided into three infantry companies, a heavy weapons company (mortars, anti-tank rocket-launchers and recoilless rifles) plus reconnaissance, engineer and signal units.

Reasonably well-armed by guerrilla standards, they were a formidable force. Their real strength lay in the combination of excellent organisation at almost all levels and the deeply held convictions of the individual fighters that enabled them to endure the most desperate deprivations.

The PLAF had no formal uniform, but many wore the black 'pyjama' outfits that were common amongst the peasantry of Indochina. This guerrilla wears a pith or sun helmet made of pressed paper covered by a layer of cloth. It was also popular with the NVA regulars.

The sandals are improvised from cut-up lorry tyres, the soles from the tread and the straps from the inner tube. Equipment consists of a cloth tube worn over the shoulder and said to be capable of holding a month's supply of rice.

Carried on the back would be a small pack made from canvas or thin poncho material, while on the captured US M56 web waist belt is attached a sheet of plastic-covered material, a canvas bag and, obscured by the left arm, a water bottle. Over the right shoulder is slung a mussette bag. Replacing the almost standard AK assault rifle is an anti-tank rocket launcher, either the Soviet RPG-7 or the Chinese made Type-56 copy.





25 YEARS

OF MK

ZAMBEZI TOOK A SHARE

by R.M.T. Ngqungwana.

The Zambezi flowed quietly, meandering towards the Indian Ocean, as we emerged from a gully. Looking straight across, the water was not visible. Only when you turned and looked across at an angle was it seen, a dim sparkle that seemed static. All around prevailed a dignified tranquility.

Far over the river could be seen dimly, the escarpment silhouetted against a dark horizon. A hippo gave out a cry, apparently sensing a presence that he deemed intrusive. Or it could have been a warning that the river had its own ways of unco-operation that we had to beware of; only we could not then know.

We retraced our steps so as to walk covered by a hillock and not be visible from the river or from across it. We walked eastwards, parallel with the river for a short distance.

As we emerged to an opening we were challenged by a muffled voice:

“Lizwe”?

“Lilo”, our scout answered.

A shadow rose up from the ground and leaned against a tree and beckoned. We moved forward slowly. We had arrived at “Point LOLO” — the point from which we would cross the river into Rhodesia, now Zimbabwe.

The first man to approach us was Boston Gagarin. He was recognisable only by his stature and his gait. Otherwise Boston was just indistinguishable from the darkness, being very dark himself and short into the bargain. A jovial little chappie who was a wizard in softball back in Kongwa, I do not remember ever seeing him sulky.

Boston was already in his swimming trunk. He was the leader of the “Frog Men”, as it were, of

the HQ Reconnaissance Group. Reccy was detailed to cross and lead us to Base One, roughly twenty-five kilometres from the river, from where we would be on our own devices.

For days before this night we had been carting materials from a point where our vehicles stopped. Now everything was ready. We were crossing and we were excited.

After consultation with DD the raft was dragged from under a bush to the river shore. The raft had been manufactured by the "Frog men." Six drums placed in twos' and planks nailed together and placed on top of the sheets and nails. On top of the planks was placed the load.

I was busy with the men, checking their personal equipment and haversacks, giving last instructions on order of movement and did not pay attention to the loading. It struck me that the loading was taking rather too long so I went to investigate and found, to my consternation, that everything we had was on that raft.

I remonstrated with the men but was informed that it had been DD's order to load everything. I went in search of him and found him together with ZAPU's Chief of Operations, both under a bush. DD remained adamant that all sixty-one boxes of ammunition should be on that first load.

"Comrade I disagree. We can't take everything we have in one load. There are sixty one boxes of ammunition, ten bags with guns (each bag containing eight guns) and a box of explosives. I cannot agree to that. What if the enemy appears when we are in the middle of the river? We won't be able to save the guns."

He was unmoved. "Comrade

I have noticed that your problem is that you do not trust in the work of others. This place has been well reconnoitred. No enemy will appear".

I wanted to ask if the man had a working arrangement with the men in Salisbury, now Harare, but I was baulked by those words, "not trust in the work of others". Besides I had had some arguments with the man before, about some silly maps they gave me - they were surveyors maps printed in 1942. Out of the thirty-six of the Advance Group of the Sipolilo Company (which was part of the Luthuli Detachment) only seven of us were older than those maps. There were two of those maps,

The man was so cocksure that he even shouted over me, from where he was: "Right, carry on". Man, I even saw the echo of his words cutting across the river into Rhodesia. I saw it, I say, not heard it.

Without saying anything further I about turned and went to the shore. "Comrade Chief (the Cuba trained ZAPU men were exasperating about their "Chief" business) why don't you contact the other man that side and ask him not to start the fray while we are in the drink. It will not be fair, it will not be the fairness that the English are ever boastful of. I mean I can't imagine how I can fight and swim and carry all that load...."

"Vundle, shut up", I said.

A long thick rope was tied to the raft and the other end to a tree behind. It was pushed into the water. A few metres from the bank five men boarded the thing. Boston swam alongside, guiding the raft by muscle power.

We, behind, paid in the rope, slowly. We had to assist in controll-

ing the raft by not allowing it to move fast.

Whhoosh-whoosh-whhoosh, the thing moved in, slowly, out of visibility. It reached the middle of the river where now the current was strong and fast.

The things happened. Boston's voice pierced the tranquility from the middle of the river.

"Heee, Dontsa, Baphel' abantu, dontsa" (Pull, men are doomed, pull).

"Heyi, pull men, pull. Fast, pull", I urged.

With all the power we had we pulled back the raft. It was now heavier, as if the thing had submerged already. We pulled.

Guluva (David Sibiya) one of the frog men, came running from behind, holding a small boat aloft, above his head. When he reached the water he made a swift dive in which the boat landed on the water before his body fell into it. Guluva was nimble, acrobatic and fearless.

The strong rowings he had reached the raft; the third made him pass it. Then he dived out of the boat and swam eastwards, leaving the boat behind. It was only then that I noticed someone struggling in the water. It was Robert Moyo, a mature man from Gwanda, South of Bulawayo. Moyo had tied his boots by his laces and slung them over his shoulder. He was now being pushed by the current to Mozambique and beyond. Moyo had never swam in his life.

Guluva dragged him back and reached another one who was rolling in the water. Mlalazi, of our Group's Reconnaissance, had last swam when he was still a toddler. He was now roughly twenty-six. When Guluva reached the boat he had a man in each arm. He headed

them both into it and pushed it. I was wondering why he did not board the thing and paddle when I noticed that there was another man in the water, who also had difficulty staying square above the water-he kept on going down head first.

"Pull, men, pull," I urged. I was panicking. We tugged. Boston was busy swimming around the listing raft, pushing and helping the two men who had held on to the thing.

We pulled, breathing hard. It was just my luck to have chosen exactly men who had never made it their business to learn swimming. Like a fool I had not even tried to look for men who could swim, at least for the first crossing.

The small boat could carry only three men and so Guluva remained in the water, pushing the boat to the shore, slantwise against the current. I wondered why he did not cut straight. It was only the following morning when I noticed that there were boulders that he had been avoiding.

Slowly the raft approached; Boston was still busy, pushing the raft, encouraging the men not to despair.

We pulled. The thing was heavy. It reached the shore at last. We unloaded what had remained - one bag of guns. Later we discovered that this was the bag in which we had put the only tin we had of detonating capsules.

Guluva and his men reached the shore. The boy looked as if he had just gone for a short swim in a Municipality Swimming Pool, where the deepest point was seven feet.

We carried all into the bushes, boat and raft.

The current had prised loose one of the drums, and the raft had

capsised after the drum had swum away into the Indian Ocean.

All sixty-one boxes of ammunition (45,750 rounds) seventy-two guns, fifty kilograms of explosives, a few odds and ends like ropes, torches, picks, spades, saws, etc, went into the drink. They are still there for all I know.

The bag that had escaped the ditching was because it had held on a nail. The bag contained the old Italian Beretta rifles -you know, the lousy affair that kicks your collar-bone recoiling after every shot. AK's, Papashas, Checkoslovakian She's, Soviet DP's, Bazookas, SKS's, the lot, fell into the river.

This was on the 28th December 1967. We had to move back, away from the river. Fortunately the MK Commander-In-Chief and the ZAPU Chief-Of-Operations were around. We reported the disaster and I put in a word that I would linger no more near the river. We would cross the following night as I feared

to be discovered before we had crossed.

We had our personal arms and ammunition. The load we had lost had been destined for new recruits inside the country. So arms could be brought to us in the country later on.

The C-In-C did not voice objections and the Chief of Operations supported my stand. It was the Security Chief, DD, who attempted to raise objections. A red-eyed glare silenced him. Really the man had cheek. His argument was not based from a security point of view but that the whole Sipolilo operation was based on our recruiting, training and arming the new cadres. A few pungent words that were not complimentary silenced him. We crossed on the night of the 29th December, 1967 and were thirty kilometres inside the country- Rhodesia - by 06.00 hrs of the 30th when we camped.

DAWN Politixword No 3 - Answers

ACROSS

1. MANDELA
4. NR
6. FURLOUGH
7. M
8. NKOSI
11. END
14. MEIRING
16. NB
17. TNT
18. AFRO
19. NAIR

DOWN

1. MUFTI
2. DALINDYEBO
3. ARGUS
5. RPK
9. OVERT
10. UZI
12. ZUMA
13. UNTA
14. MNR
15. INN

RACIST MISINFORMATION

Recently Swapo (South West Africa People's Organisation) held a briefing during which they refuted Pretoria's campaign of misinformation to discredit Swapo and destabilise its ranks. Not surprisingly, this slanderous campaign was taken up by the western countries' media, for they are beneficiaries in Pretoria's illegal occupation of Namibia.

The racists' campaign clearly shows that the racist regime is scared of a Swapo that is strong and united. It surprises that the butchers of children and women in Namibia can all of a sudden be so much concerned about the violation of human rights in Swapo.

SPY RING EXPOSED

Swapo disclosed that its ranks had been infiltrated by South African agents - up to the level of the Central Committee. This revelation was made by two senior members of Swapo, the Secretary for Information and Publicity, Hidipo Hamutenya, and Ben Gurirab, the Secretary for International Relations. It was based on investigations which began in December 1984, culminating in the exposure of spies who were trained by the racist army in Namibia.

Interrogations recorded on video showed that some had willingly agreed to further the interests of the South African regime, while others were attracted by offerings of huge sums of money, and then found themselves pressurised for further collaboration.

A senior military officer in the People's Liberation Army of Namibia (PLAN) related how he passed on operations maps, details of armament deliveries, and times and places of Swapo meetings. He, like others, was instructed to assassinate senior Swapo leaders. Four members of the Central Committee were implicated in the network, including a hundred suspects.

Swapo officials, Gurirab and Hamute-

nya, stressed that although the existence of the network was viewed as serious, "It was a problem, not a crisis", they said. They stated that Swapo had dealt with similar problems before and that security has now been sharpened to prevent re-occurrence.

The policy of Swapo to those who were found guilty of involment in such activities was rehabilitation where possible, they said. But the policy does not apply to those who voluntarily choose to work for the racist regime, they added, emphasising: "We are not a charity organisation, we are a revolutionary movement."

PURPOSE

The purpose of the campaign then was to discredit Swapo both internally and abroad and to attempt to force a subsequently weakened movement into the Multi-Party Conference and proceed with the implementation of the United Nations Security Council Resolution 435 on racists' terms.

The campaign brought together supporters of the regime inside and outside Namibia. Families of those detained in the spy network were encouraged to accuse Swapo of human rights violation in the refugee settlements and the squandering of funds by its leaders. Allegations were also made of children stolen from the country-side to fight in the ranks of Plan. Other accusations went further to allege that refugee camps were turned into concentration camps.

The 'evidence' was then detailed in letters sent to the Secretary General of

the United Nations and other key politicians in western Europe, particularly members of the 'contact group'. Right wing groups and politicians were sponsored on 'fact finding missions' in Namibia where they were presented with some of the 'evidence'.

PROPAGANDA NETWORK

In order to grasp fully the coordinated nature of this propaganda exercise against Swapo, it is necessary to trace the links of the racists' propaganda network abroad and those who were involved in the infiltration.

In June 1980 South Africa established offices in major western capitals to promote its solution of the Namibian independence question aiming to avoid the internationally accepted independence plan, the UN Resolution 435. The offices were intended to promote Pretoria's created internal parties as an alternative to Swapo.

These puppet parties were initially brought together under the banner of the Democratic Turnhalle Alliance (DTA) but soon crumbled in the face of squabbles and differences among the puppets themselves. Nevertheless, the image-building offices abroad continued with their work mainly in four 'contact group' capitals - London, Bonn, Paris and Washington.

With the demise of the DTA and the subsequent promotion of the new 'internal solution' in the form of the Multi-Party Conference, Pretoria sought a new image abroad for its new client administration. A former South African employee of Pretoria's office of foreign affairs, Sean Cleary, was appointed to be in charge of the foreign propaganda network. Having once been South Africa's military attache in Washington and a consul in Los Angeles, he was well suited for the job.

Cleary established a company called Transcontinental Consultancy in Wind-

hoek. Its task was to coordinate 'foreign consultancy operations' on behalf of the interim government. One of this first missions was to re-organise the London based propaganda network.

He dismissed Sir Trevor Hughes, who was Harold Wilson's press secretary during the Rhodesian independence negotiations. Trevor Hughes previously headed the Namibian Information Service (NIS) on its inception in 1980. Besides the dissemination of propaganda material to policy makers such as MP's, church leaders, etc., NIS also established the 'All Party Namibian Group'. This group was headed by a pro-South Africa MP, Nicholas Winterton, and was responsible for organising tours and visits to Namibia by 'sympathetic public figures'.

Cleary then established a successor to the Namibian Information Service. Called the Strategy Network International (SNI), it set up a 'Namibian office' and promoted itself as an official representative of the transitional government. Cleary employed two former executive officers of the Namibian Information Service, Stephen Govier and Captain Patrick Watson. The former was a Westminster city councillor for three years while the latter the son of former British military attache to Washington.

In Bonn Cleary's network functioned under the name of 'Namibian Information Office' with Volker Steltz Communication and Marketing. In Paris SNI operates under the name 'L Association des Amis Sud Ouest Africaine', while in Washington a legal firm, Shipley and Smoak, is performing the task. It has already arranged a trip for Charles Lichenstein, a former US assistant ambassador to the United Nations.

THE CONNECTION

The coordination of the spy network and the propaganda campaign against Swapo is directed from the Bonn office. At the beginning of 1985 several articles on the maltreatment of Namibians in

Swapo settlements appeared in West German newspapers. The author of these articles was Willy Lutzenkirchen, a close associate of the Bonn Namibian Information Office.

The same Willy on a visit to Southern Africa returned with interviews which he alleged proved Swapo administered refugee camps as concentration camps and prisons. In fact the allegations were made by the same people who wrote to the UN Secretary General, mentioned earlier on. These articles first appeared on 17 April, titled 'Behind the scenes' in an FRG paper *Mannheimer Morgen*, and three days later in the *Windhoek Observer*.

UN INVESTIGATIONS

In the spring of 1985 a United Nations delegation investigated the situation and produced a full report which refuted these allegations. In the Bundestag (parliament) such allegations were raised and the Federal government stated time and again that they were not aware of any evidence to support these allegations. A Greens Party MP from FRG also visited the settlements and refuted the allegations in a press conference on her return.

An ARD television crew visiting the settlements also found no evidence. The President of Swapo, Sam Nujoma, in a press conference, also made a call to all interested parties to visit Swapo settlements and see for themselves that the allegations were completely unfounded.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY FOR HUMAN RIGHTS

A right wing organisation for human rights, the International Society for Human Rights established in the 70's,

which previously concerned itself with human rights in socialist countries, but then turned its focus to Namibia and Nicaragua, has also joined this chorus against Swapo. The ISHR wing in West Germany enjoys the active collaboration of a certain Rev. Ndabazinhle Musa who was a publicity secretary of the 'Anti Terrorist Group' of the war-torn Rhodesia of the 70's. This organisation was formed by Ian Smith to mobilise against the liberation movements.

The Frankfurt wing of the ISHR published a 56 page report on the allegations, calling on Swapo to state its position clearly with regard to the issue of human rights. The articles were signed by the FRG Willy Lutzenkirchen and John Ziegler, the director of the ISHR. The Rhodesian Musa contributed to the document.

The London wing of the ISHR has recently joined the campaign by organising the Namibian Human Rights Conference in March this year. The conference included key note speakers Dr Hans Zeidler, Jeane Kirkpatrick and David Atkinson (president of the British wing of the ISHR). The same people were invited to attend the annual General Meeting of the 'Namibian Information Office' in Bonn, March this year.

Further investigations will no doubt expose many more willing collaborators with the illegal occupation of Namibia. It is necessary that supporters and our people in Southern Africa know the truth behind the current spate of activities behind 'defending human rights in Namibia', which is nothing more than assisting the apartheid regime to maintain its colonial rule in Namibia.



the fallen speaks

When sounds of death overwhelm my soul
Shed me no tears
Bury my heart not in anguish
For if for freedom I have lived
And for freedom I have died
What then is there to mourn

Say me no prayers and sing me no hymns
Give me neither honour nor glory
But the resonant battle-cry
Of warriors in the frontline
Advancing amidst bullets and shrapnel
Amidst flashes of lightning and roars of thunder
To where the fruits of liberty
Impatiently await our victory

Like all for justice hoped to live
Like all for democracy I longed to last
Yet if the price for both be life
No doubt I meant to die

Therefore take this spear and thrust it forward
To ascertain I told no lies
When in your ranks I said
Victory or death-We shall win

Mandla Sibeko



THE BAMBATHA REBELLION

.- M. Nkomonde

Karl Marx wrote:

"The proletariat was created by breaking up the bands of feudal retainers and the forcible expropriation of the people from the soil; this 'free' proletariat could not possibly be absorbed by the nascent manufacturers as fast as it was thrown upon the world. On the other hand, these men, suddenly dragged from their wonted mode of life, could not possibly adapt themselves to the discipline of their new condition."

(Capital, Vol I P. 734. Moscow. 1950.)

These words, written with respect to Britain in the 1600s, could be applied very aptly to South Africa in the late 1800s and all of this century. The chief means the racist rulers found of 'forcibly expropriating the people from the soil' were the poll tax and the hut tax. The imposition of these laws in the then British Colony of Natal in 1905 sparked off one of the greatest peasant revolts in our country, usually known by the name of its principal leader, Bambatha, chief of the Zondi clan.

One of the unintended side effects of the Anglo-Boer War (1899 - 1902) was the closing down of the gold mines. When the mines were reopened, the Mining Companies found it virtually impossible to attract African workers back. As a result, in 1903 large numbers of Chinese labourers were recruited from Southern China, through contractors operating from the British colony of Hong Kong.

The importation of the Chinese labourers was regarded as a temporary measure. The labour needs of the mines had to be filled mainly with African labour, all the rulers needed was the legal device to ensure that it was available. Consequently, in September 1905 the Colonial Administration in Natal imposed a Poll Tax (I Rafu yamaKhanda) on all African adult males.

Opposition to the new law affected practically every region of Natal. The people had recently suffered badly as a result of cattle diseases and they were further impoverished by rising prices. Each chieftaincy that was informed about the new law complained bitterly that the people could not afford it.

The Poll Tax law said that each chief should report to the offices of the resident magistrate with his followers to pay the tax in January 1906. All over the Natal Colony the African people protested. When January finally rolled around some areas reluctantly paid the tax. In others there were instances of vocal protest. In others the community was split in two, with one section agreeing to pay the tax, while another resorted to passive resistance. The first signs of open resistance took this form. On February 7th 1906, Chief Mveli of the Fungi clan, residing in the Mgeni District, took his followers to the resident magistrate to pay the Poll Tax. Amongst them was a small group, composed mainly of members of a separatist African sect, IBandla Lika Mosi, who refused to pay the tax and refused to proceed to the magistrate's offices. When Mveli reported this to the magistrate, the latter sent out

a Party of mounted police to investigate the group of resisters.

After a heated argument with the resisters the police returned to report to the magistrate. The following day, 8th February, a second detachment of police descended on the separatists and attempted to arrest Mjongo, their leader. This provocation led to a skirmish during which two of the police were killed and the rest driven off. In response to this minor incident the Natal Colonial authorities declared a state of emergency on February 9th 1906.

Troops were sent into the Mgeni district. In a brutal show of force the troops flogged, shot and hanged any African who appeared to oppose the imposition of the Poll Tax or was not sufficiently servile in their presence. They burned down homesteads; they seized livestock and their lynch-law courts handed down stiff sentences ranging from beatings to death by firing squads. After a month of such terror, the Natal authorities felt they had beaten the African population into submission and demobilised their forces.

Chief Bambatha, like many of the other Natal chiefs, was willing to pay the Poll Tax even in the face of the poverty of his clan. When the appointed day, 22nd February, arrived he left home with the intention of leading his followers to the magistrate's office. He found however that the majority were determined not to pay. Rather than break ranks with his clansmen, he allowed 97, who were prepared to pay the Poll Tax to proceed to the magistrate's office, while he remained at home with the rest. To placate the magistrate he sent an apology pleading ill-health.

After waiting for Bambatha to report with the rest of his clan for 17 days, the magistrate at Greytown sent out a detachment of police to arrest Bambatha, whom he was sure was involved in passive resistance to the Poll Tax. News of the magistrate's plan reached Bambatha

ahead of the police and he fled to Zululand to avoid arrest. He took with him his wife and family and sought refuge for them at the homestead of the Zulu king, Dinizulu. Piqued by Bambatha's flight, the magistrate ordered him deposed and appointed his uncle, Magwababa, chief in his place.

Bambatha returned to the Greytown area in April, accompanied by Chakijana kaGezindaba to find that the Natal Colonial government had virtually declared war on him. Deciding that attack was his best form of defence, he captured the puppet, Magwababa, on 2nd April. A Patrol, sent out to arrest him was ambushed on 4th April. After one more skirmish with the Natal police, he retreated with his followers into the mountain forests in Nkandla. News of the fighting spread among the other Natal clans like wild fire. As the excitement spread, so did the alarm of the colonial authorities. Anxious to stamp out the rebellion, the Natal government stepped up its repressive measures. Rather than having the desired effect, repression drove more clans into open rebellion. At the end of April Chief S'gananda and his Ncube clan joined Bambatha in the Nkandla forests. In May, Chief Mehlokazulu and his Qungebe clan also rebelled. As the ranks of the rebels swelled, so their self-confidence increased.

Participants and non-participants

A great number of deeply felt national grievances fuelled the rebellion. The African people had been stripped of their sovereignty in the wars of 1879 - 1884. By the time the Anglo-Boer war broke out not a single independent African kingdom existed within the borders of South Africa. With the loss of independence had followed the loss of their best agricultural lands, the imposition of various taxes designed to force them to work in the colonial economy, and in Natal, a system of forced labour - isibalo - which empowered the magistrates to draft African males for road building and even to assist

in harvesting sugar cane, without payment. The Easy Coast fever epidemic of 1903 had reduced the remaining cattle in the hands of the African peasants and the imposition of the Poll Tax was the straw that finally broke the camels back.

However, the African community of 1906 was one very different from that of 1879. A great number of Africans had turned their backs on the traditional style of life and had adopted new ways. Others had become embroiled in the structures of the colonial regime, as interpreters, clerks and as puppet chiefs and headmen. A small group had acquired western education and become professionals.



S'gananda

Bambatha and the leaders of the rebellion were vaguely aware of these changes, but could not adapt themselves sufficiently to their implications. Since a number of the resisters were Christians, place was found for separatist ministers in the rituals of the rebellion, but the revolt depended mostly on traditional symbols to mobilise support. To give the revolt the stamp of legitimacy, Bambatha borrowed the traditional Zulu battle-cry; adopted the standard of the house of Shaka; gave the impression that he was acting in the name of Dinizulu and em-

ployed the traditional Shaka military tactics in battle.

The Natal Colonial authorities cleverly exploited these shortcomings. They incited the puppet chiefs to search the countryside, mount patrols and smoke out potential rebels with the slander that if Bambatha succeeded in restoring the independence of the Zulu people, they would all be slaughtered for having collaborated with the colonialists. They waged a vicious propaganda campaign amongst the Christian Africans, portraying Bambatha as an agent of evil, un-Godly element and an enemy of the Church. By these means they either forced some chiefs to actively assist the authorities or at least withhold their support from Bambatha.

The gravest weakness of the revolt was its military tactics. S'gananda, Bambatha, Chakijana and Mehlokazulu were schooled in the classical battle tactics of the Zulu army, developed by Shaka a century earlier. They all seemed unable to devise new tactics to take account of the new environment in which they were fighting. In small scale operations the death defying courage of the fighters won them easy victories. But in circumstances where the colonialists could skilfully deploy their superior firepower, the massed ranks of the Ox-bow formation were no match.

This was precisely what occurred on June 10th, at the Mome Gorge. The Natal colonial troops, assisted by African puppet soldiers, were able to force Bambatha and his army into battle by careful encirclement. Forced to fight on terrain of the enemy's choosing, Bambatha and his commanders tried to break out of the encirclement in a classical mass assault. The maxim guns of the Natal troops decimated the fighters. Bambatha himself was killed in the fighting and his head was severed from his body as trophy by the 'civilised' White troopers. S'gananda and Chakijana

were both taken prisoner. The defeat of the main rebel force at Mome gorge did not however spell the end of armed resistance. On 18th June Chiefs Meseni and Ndlovu kaThimuni raised the standard of revolt in the Maphumulo district. Intermittent fighting continued in the district until mid-September. As in the Mgeni districts, the Natal military authorities unleashed a reign of floggings, shootings and hangings on the districts. Some 1,500 Africans lost their lives during this last phase of the revolt. When the final death toll was taken, the total numbers killed numbered 3,000. Entire districts had lost all their livestock in the mass confiscations and thousands had been rendered homeless. By 1907 the magistrates in all of Natal were collecting the Poll Tax without signs of protest.

Results and Prospects

The Bambatha Rebellion was the first major peasant revolt of the 20th century, occasioned like all the others that were to follow it, by the resistance of the African rural population to the measures designed to press them into capitalist economy. The revolt was utterly and ruthlessly crushed by the colonial authorities. One cannot escape the conclusion that this was intended as an object lesson

for all Africans in South Africa, to impress upon them the unassailability of power wielded by the colonial regime. The crushing of the uprising also achieved the underlying economic objectives of the Poll Tax law. Labour recruitment for the mines more than doubled in the next four years and the Chinese indentured labourers, with the exception of the few who decided to settle in South Africa, could be sent back to Southern China in 1909. The rural areas of Natal, shorn of their livestock and much of the male population after 1906, drifted into the quagmire of rural poverty and economic regression. The political lessons of the revolt were quickly absorbed by the people. They learnt that it was necessary, under the changing circumstances of the 20th century, to find new means of confronting their oppressors. Modern political ideas, strategies and tactics, adequate to the demands of the day had to be devised. However, the tradition of armed resistance to oppression, of responding to the repressive violence of the rulers with the revolutionary violence of the oppressed, lived on in the memories of our people. The tradition has been revived today by Umkhonto we Sizwe, the peoples army at a time when the international and national balance of forces makes the prospects of success greater.



**Forward to a
People's Government**

HAND GRENADES

Hand grenades came into use as early as the the 16th century. Initially they were employed in besieging and defending fortresses. Apart from being heavy and bulky, they were far from safe in handling due to imperfect detonators.

It took almost a century to develop and produce a more or less reliable detonator, to reduce the size of the grenade itself and make it more convenient for combat use. And even then only strong, specially selected and trained soldiers could throw such grenades. These were called grenadiers. Several more centuries passed before the soldier got a reliable and handy missile.

Today the troops are armed with different types of hand grenades. They are classified, according to the combat purpose, as fragmentation and special. Fragmentation grenades are used to destroy enemy personnel in close combat (when repulsing an attack, in trenches, shelters, inhabited localities, woods, etc.). They are subdivided into offensive and defensive and weigh from 300 to 700g. Producing a tremendous amount of splinters (up to 3000) they inflict damage upon enemy personnel within a radius of up to 200m.

Special hand grenades are classed into anti-tank, incendiary, smoke and others. Anti-tank high-explosive grenades have a light body filled with a powerful explosive charge, and a rather long handle. They are bigger than fragmentation grenades, much heavier (1 - 1, 2kg) and provided instantaneous detonators.

During the Second World War new types of anti-tank hand grenades, hollow-charge grenades, came into being. High explosive grenades can pierce 20mm of armour while hollow-charge ones more than 70mm. The hollow-charge hand grenade can be effectively used against the regime's hippos, casspirs and buffels.



F-1 hand grenade

We have seen how effective a grenade can be in the recent battles against the enemy. In fact it is becoming a feature of our struggle, representing growth from stone throwing. Last year alone, according to enemy reports, there were 23 grenade attacks in our country.

Themba Mayoli, a heroic combatant of MK, armed with a pistol and a hand grenade, outmanouvered a force of seven armed boer police. They confronted him at the corner of NY.1. and NY. 117, near the Gugulethu police station. When they advanced towards him, arms in hand, he hurled a grenade at them, backed the explosion with pistol fire and, while the boers were flung into confusion, he broke contact safely. Another daring combatant walked straight to a parked buffel in Gugulethu, lobbed a grenade into its open hood and injured four boer soldiers.

Mainly our army, Umkhonto we Sizwe, is equipped with Soviet-made grenades: the RGD-5 and RG-42 offensive hand grenades, the F-1 defensive grenade and the RKG-3 hollow-charge hand grenade. The RGD-5, RG-42 and F-1 are provided with a modified standard detonator

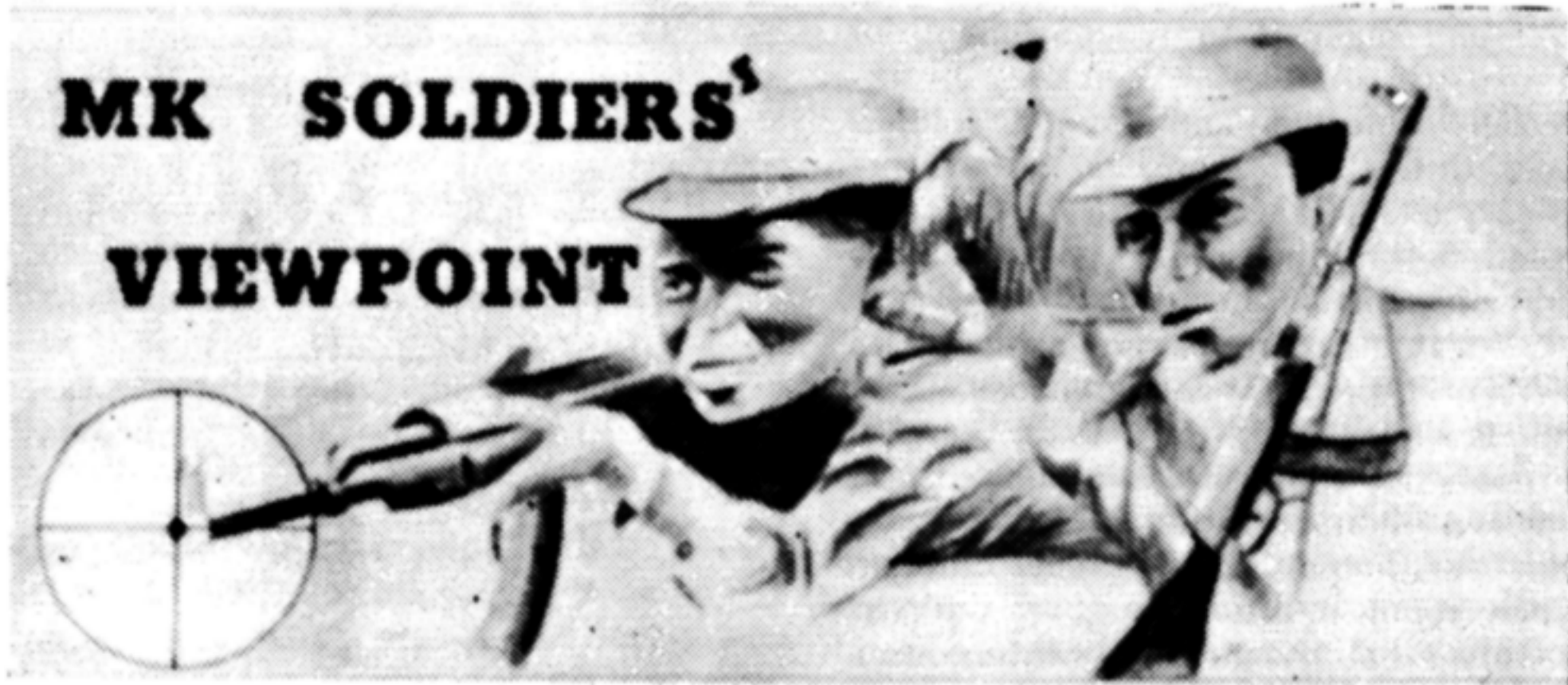
(UZRGM). Its primer is ignited as soon as the soldier opens his palm, and the grenade bursts 3, 2 - 4, 2 seconds after throwing. Fragmentation grenades go off without fail even when getting into mud, snow, water or sand.

The KRG-3 is designed to fight



MK SOLDIERS'

VIEWPOINT



TALKS ABOUT TALKS

Commercial newspapers have of late gone on an advertising campaign of a soft spoken and moderate Mr Tambo and a peaceful ANC. It may seem they are talking about a different ANC and not the terrorist organisation of the recent past. Yet we remain the same ANC guided by revolutionary nationalism, the same ANC of the Freedom Charter and Umkhonto we Sizwe. We are the same ANC which is committed to an alliance with the South African Communist Party and the South African Congress of Trade Unions.

With this campaign there have been wild suggestions of putting the ANC on the same par with quislings, who are branded the spokes people of apartheid, the Gatshas and Matanzimas. This idea came out more clearly in the Financial Mail of February which featured

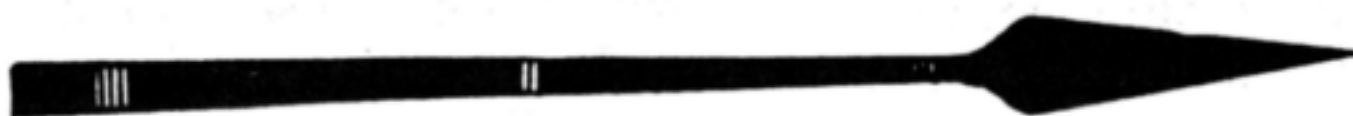
Gatsha Buthelezi as the man of the year. It goes to the extent of suggesting that our President, Oliver Tambo and Nelson Mandela, were considered for the denigrating title, 'herpes of the year' in the oppression and exploitation of our people.

Apartheid newsmen have gone

tanks and other armoured targets (self-propelled guns, armoured personnel carriers, armoured cars, etc.) It can also be successfully used to demolish strong obstacles and field shelters.

The RKG-3 hollow-charge grenade

explodes immediately after hitting the target or solid obstacle. After exploding the grenade's hollow cone nonverges the gases produced into a narrow stream which can pierce the armour of a modern tank, kill its crew or ignite the fuel.



to the extent of rumouring that there are talks between the ANC and the racist regime. It has become clear that this campaign is part of the imperialist manoeuvres and designs to make us lose sight of our strategic goal, the seizure of power.

'GOOD BOY NATIONALIST'

Emphasising our position against racist suggestions that we must drop armed struggle and sever our relations with the South African Communist Party and the Soviet people, President Oliver Tambo noted: "That is not the ANC. They will find that kind of ANC in their Gatsha's and Matanzimas." With this he noted that there is a consistent campaign to change the ANC, undermine its unity and strength and turn it into a 'good boy nationalist' organisation that will secure and safeguard imperialist interests.

This campaign against our organisation does not mean that there are no genuine voices calling for talks, nor does it mean that we should be cynical of any talk about talks. This calls for proper analysis of the voices in this melodious orchestra of talks. While

the same issue has thrown the white parliament into an uproar unprecedented, it has at the same time opened a chapter of seemingly endless journeys to ANC offices to 'talk with the ANC'.

This does not mean or suggest that we have changed into something more acceptable or tolerable. The mounting resistance by our people inside South Africa and the growing stature of the movement internationality has compelled representatives of the ruling circles to defy apartheid law and order and meet with the ANC. We have won this position through struggle, with the blood of the martyrs who have sacrificed their all for a free, democratic and non-racial South Africa.

We have reached a stage where the strategic initiative has shifted into our hands. The New Year Message of the NEC observed: "We have through struggle and sacrifice moulded ourselves into a powerful force", and we cannot be wished away. It is because of this strength that there has been all these speculations about ongoing talks between the ANC and the racist regime. There has never been such talks, nor has the basis for such talks ever existed. However,

this does not mean that as an organisation we hold any position against talks. Our position is clear. The basis for talks is the complete dismantling of apartheid and the release of all political prisoners.

As an organisation committed to the revolutionary transformation of our country we have held discussions with various political groups and individuals. None of these groups hold any power to negotiate over the future of South Africa.

The past eighteen months of intense political confrontation with the racist regime, resulting in the killing and maiming of thousands of our people leaves no doubt as to the brutal nature of the apartheid regime. More than seven months of a state of emergency have done nothing to solve apartheid's problems. Instead apartheid is sinking deeper into a political and economic crisis. On the other hand, with every passing day we are advancing steadily towards victory.

Conditions which once guaranteed the super exploitation of a servile Black working class are fast disappearing. The false sense of security of the Afrikaner laager is fast disintegrating. It has dawned on racist supporters that apartheid does not mean death to its victims only but to its supporters as well. Apartheid has proved incapable of containing the mass revolutionary tide sweeping South Africa.

Therefore faced with the exodus of foreign capital and the worsening economic situation, the business

community was the first to venture into the 'heroism' of defying the racist government to meet and discuss with the ANC. None of the representatives of the bourgeoisie would like the land to be returned to the people. None would like to see the mines, banks and other major industries nationalised. These are some of the guarantees in the Freedom Charter that ensure that our freedom will bring political and economic independence.

As the Freedom Charter is not negotiable, these positions cannot be negotiable. These positions we cannot compromise, not because of our alliance with the South African Communist Party, nor because of our fraternal relations with the socialist community, especially the Soviet Union. As our Army Commissar, Chris Hani, once noted:

"You do not need to be a communist to know that we shall win genuine and true liberation when the land belongs to those who work it and all our people share in the country's wealth".

At the same time we shall not drop armed struggle. We cannot surrender to the racist regime. We have been told in the clearest of terms that it is treasonable to be peaceful.

In this Year of the People's Army we are called upon to attack the enemy, to advance and give it no quarter. This is a call to bring nearer the moment of decision. The strategic initiative has shifted into our hands.

The Fate of a Man

(AN EXCERPT FROM THE NOVEL BY THE FAMOUS SOVIET WRITER.

Mikhail Sholokhov.

"But I didn't get even a year's fighting done. I was wounded twice, but only slightly both times. Once in the arm, the second time in the leg. The first was a bullet from an aircraft, the second a chunk of shrapnel. The Germans holed my lorry, top and sides, but I was lucky, mate, at first. Yes, I was lucky all the time, until I was unlucky... I got taken prisoner at Lozovenki in the May of forty-two. It was an awkward set-up.

"The Germans were attacking hard and one of our 122-mm howitzer batteries had nearly run out of ammo. We loaded up my lorry full of shells, I worked on the job myself till my shirt was sticking to my back. We had to get a move on, because they were closing in on us; on the left we could hear the rumble of tanks, and firing on the right and in front, and things didn't look too great.

"Can you get through Sokolov?" asks the commander of our company. He need never have asked. Was I going to sit twiddling my thumbs while my mates were getting killed? 'What are you talking about! I told him, I've got to get through, and that's that.' Get cracking then,' he says, 'and step on it!

"And step on it I did. Never driven like that before in my life! I knew I wasn't carrying a load of spuds, I knew I had to be careful with the stuff I'd got aboard, but how could I be, when the lads were fighting out there empty-handed, when the whole road was under artillery fire. I did about six kilometres and got pretty near the place, I'd have to turn off the road to get to the hollow where the battery was stationed and then what did I see? Strike me, if it wasn't our infantry running back across the field on both sides of the road with shells bursting among them.

"What was I to do? I couldn't turn back could I? So I gave her all she'd got. There was only about a kilometre to go to the battery, I had already turned off the road, but I never reached them, mate. Must have been a long-range gun landed a heavy one near the lorry. I never heard the bang or anything, just something burst inside my head, and I don't remember any more. How I stayed alive, and how long I lay there by the ditch, I've got no idea. I opened my eyes, but I couldn't get up; my head kept jerking and I was shaking as if I had a fever.

"When I came to myself and had a look round, my heart felt as if someone had got a pair of pliers around it. The shells I'd been carrying were lying about all round me. Not far away was my lorry, all buckled up with its wheels in the air. And the fighting? The fighting was going on behind me. Yes, behind me!

"When I realised that, and I'm not ashamed to say it, my legs just caved in under me and I fell as if I'd been pole-axed, because I realised I was cut off behind the enemy lines, or to put it point-blank, I was already a prisoner of the fascists. That's war for you.

"So I lay there and soon I heard the tanks rumbling. Four medium German tanks went by me at full speed in the direction I'd come from. What do you think that felt like? Then came the tractors hauling the guns, and a mobile kitchen, then the infantry, not many of them, not more than a company all told. I'd squint up at them out of the corner of my eyes and then I'd press my face into the earth again; it made me sick to look at them, sicker than I can say.

"When I thought they'd all gone past, I lifted my head, and there were six submachine-guns marching along about a hundred paces away. And as I looked, they turned off the road and came straight towards me, all six of them, without saying a word. Well, I thought, this is it. So I got into a sitting position - I didn't want to die lying down - and then I stood up.

"One of them stopped a few paces away from me and jerked his gun off his shoulder. And funny how a man's made, but at that moment I didn't feel any panic, not even a shiver in my heart. I just looked at him and thought: It's going to be a short burst. I wonder where he'll place it? At my head or across my chest? As if it mattered a damn to me what part of my body he made his holes in.

"Young fellow he was, pretty well built, dark-haired, but his lips were thin as thread, and his eyes had a nasty glint in them. That one won't think twice about shooting me down, I thought. And sure enough, up goes his gun. I looked him straight in the eye and didn't say anything. But another one, a corporal or something, he was older, almost elderly to look at - shouted something, then pushed the other fellow aside and came up to me. He babbled something in his own language and bent my right elbow. Feeling my muscle he was. 'O-o-oh!' he said, and pointed along the road to where the sun was setting, as much

as to say: 'Off you go, you mule, and work for our Reich.' Thrifty type he was, the son-of-a-bitch!

"But the dark-haired one had got his eye on my boots and they looked like a good sturdy pair. He motioned to me to take them off. I sat down on the ground, took off my boots and handed them to him. Fairly snatched them out of my hands, he did. So I unwound my footcloths and held them out to him, too, looking up at him from the ground.

"He shouted and swore, and up went his gun again. But the others just roared with laughter. Then they marched off. The dark haired one looked at me two or three times before he got to the road, and his eyes glittered like a wolf-cub's with fury. Anyone would think I'd taken his boots instead of him taking mine.

"Well, mate, I didn't know what to do with myself. I went on to the road, let out the longest and hottest Voronezh cuss I could think of, and stepped westward - a prisoner! But I wasn't much good for walking by that time - a kilometre an hour was all I could do, not more. It was like being drunk. You'd try to go straight and something would just push you from one side of the road to the other. I went on for a bit and then a column of our chaps, from the same division as I'd been in, caught up with me. There were about ten German submachine-gunners guarding them.

"The one at the front of the column came up to me and, without saying a word, just bashed me on the head with his gun. If I'd gone down, he'd have stitched me to the ground with a burst, but our chaps caught me as I fell and hustled me into the middle of the column and half carried me along for a while. And when I came to, one of them

whispered: 'Don't fall down for God's sake! Keep going while you've got any strength left, or they'll kill you!' And though I had mightily little strength left, I managed to keep going.

"At sunset the Germans strengthened their guard. They brought up another twenty submachine-gunners in a lorry, and drove us on at a quicker pace. The badly wounded ones that couldn't keep with the rest were shot down in the road. Two tried to make a break for it, but they forgot that on a moonlit night you can be seen a mile away out in the open; of course, they got it too.



At midnight we came to a village that was half burned down. They herded us into a church with a smashed dome. We had to spend the night on the stone floor without scrap of straw. No one had a greatcoat, so there wasn't anything to lie on. Some of the boys didn't even have tunics, just cotton undershirts. They were mostly NCOs. They had taken off their tunics so they couldn't be told from the rank and file. And the men from the gun crews hadn't got tunics either, they had been taken prisoner half-naked, as they were while working at the guns.

"That night it poured with rain and we all got wet to the skin. Part of the roof had been smashed by a heavy shell or a bomb and the rest of it was ripped up by shrapnel; there wasn't a dry spot even at the altar. Yes, we stood around the night in that church, like sheep in a dark pen. In the middle of the night I felt someone touch my arm and ask: 'Are you wounded, comrade?' Why do you ask, mate?' I says, 'I'm a doctor. Perhaps I can help you in some way?' I told him my left shoulder made a creaking noise and was swollen and gave me terrible pain. And he says firmly: 'Take off your tunic and undershirt.' I took everything off and he started feeling about with his thin fingers round my shoulder.

"And did it hurt! I gritted my teeth and I says to him: 'You must be a vet, not a doctor. Why do you press just where it hurts, you heartless devil?' But he kept on probing about, and he says to me, angry like: 'Your job's to keep quiet. I won't have you talking to me like that. Brace yourself, it's going to hurt you properly now.' And then he gave my arm such a wrench that I saw stars.

"When I got my senses back I asked him: 'What are you doing, you rotten fascist? My arm's broken to bits and you give it a pull like that.' I heard him chuckle, then he said: 'I thought you'd hit out with your right while I was doing it, but you are a good tempered chap, it seems. Your arm wasn't broken, it was out of joint and I've put it back in its socket. Well, feeling any better?'

"And sure enough, I could feel the pain going out of me. I thanked him so he'd know I meant it, and he went on in the darkness, asking quietly: 'Anybody wounded?' There was a real doctor for you. Even shut up like that, in pitch darkness, he went on doing his great work.

"It was a restless night. They wouldn't let us out even to relieve ourselves. The guard commander had told us that, when he drove us into the church in pairs. And as luck would have it, one of the christians among us wanted to go bad. He kept on holding it up and at last he burst into tears. I can't pollute a holy place!' he says. 'I'm a believer, I'm a christian.

What shall I do lads? And you know the kind of chaps we were. Some laughed, others swore, and still others started teasing him with all sorts of advice.

"Cheered us all up, he did, but it turned out bad in the end. He started bashing on the door and asking to be let out. And he got his answer. A fascist gave a long burst through the door with his submachine gun. It killed the christian and three more with him, and another was so badly wounded he died by morning.

"We pulled the dead into a corner, then sat down quiet and thought to ourselves, this isn't a very cheerful start. And presently we started whispering to each other, asking each other where we came from and how we'd got taken prisoner. The chaps who'd been in the same platoon or the same company started calling quietly to each other in the darkness. And next to me I heard two voices talking.

"One of them says: 'Tomorrow, if they form us up before they take us on farther and call out for the communists, commissars, and Jews, you needn't try and hide yourself, platoon commander. You won't get away with it. You think just because you've taken off your tunic you'll pass for a ranker? It won't work! I'm not going to suffer because of you. I'll be the first to point you out. I know you're a communist. I remember how you tried to get me to join the party. Now you're going to answer for it.'

"That was the one sitting nearest to me, on the left, and on the other side of him, a young voice answers. 'I always suspected you were a rotten type, Kryzhnev, specially when you refused to join the party, pretending you were illiterate. But I never thought you'd turn out to be a traitor. You went to school until you were fourteen, didn't you?'

"And the other one answers in a casual sort of way: 'Yes, I did. So what? They were quiet for a long time, and the platoon commander - I could tell him by his voice - says softly: 'Don't give me away, comrade Kryzhnov.' And the other one laughed quietly. 'You've left your comrades behind on the other side of the line,' he says. 'I'm no comrade of yours, so don't plead with me. I'm going to point you out all the same. I believe in looking after my own skin first.'

"They stopped talking after that, but the vileness of what I'd heard had given me the shivers. 'No' I thought, 'I won't let you betray your commander, you son-of-a-bitch. You won't walk out of this church on your own two feet, they'll drag you by your legs!' Then it began to get light and I could see a fellow with a big fleshy face lying on his back with his hands behind his head, and

beside him a little snub-nosed lad, in only an undershirt, sitting with his arms round his knees and looking very pale. 'That kid won't be able to handle this great fat gelding,' I thought. 'I'll have to finish him off myself.'

"I touched the lad's arm and asked him in a whisper: 'You a platoon commander?' He didn't say anything, just nodded. 'That one over there wants to give you away?' I pointed to the fellow lying on his back. He nodded again. 'All right,' I said, 'hold his legs so he won't kick! And quick about it!' And I jumped on that fellow and locked my fingers round his throat. He didn't even have time to shout. I held him under me for a few minutes, then eased off a bit. That was one traitor less. His tongue was hanging out!

"But I felt rotten afterwards and I wanted to wash my hands something terrible, as if it wasn't a man I'd killed but some crawling snake. It was the first time I had killed anyone in my life, and the man I had killed was one of our own. Our own? No, he wasn't. He was worse than the enemy, he was a traitor. I got up and said to the platoon commander: 'Let's go away from this spot, comrade, the church is a big place.'

"In the morning, just as that Kryzhnev had said, we were all formed up outside the church with a ring of submachine-gunners covering us, and three SS officers started picking out the ones among us they thought were dangerous. They asked who were communists, who were officers, who were commissars, but they didn't find any. And they didn't find anybody who was swine enough to give them away either, because nearly half of us were communists, and there were a lot of officers, too, and commissars. They only took four, out of over two hundred men. One Jew and three Russians from the rank and file. The Russians landed in trouble because they were all dark and had curly hair. The SS men just came up to them and said: 'Jude?' The one they asked would say he was Russian, but they wouldn't even listen. 'Step out!' and that was that.

"They shot the poor devils and drove us on further. The platoon commander who'd helped me strangle that traitor kept by me right as far as Poznan. The first day of the march he'd edge up to me every now and then and press my hand as we went along. At Poznan we got separated. It happened like this.

"You see, mate, ever since the day I was captured I'd been thinking of escaping. But I wanted to make sure of it. All the way to Poznań, where they put us in a proper camp, I never got the right kind of chance. But in the Poznan camp it looked as if I'd got what I wanted. At the end of May they sent us to a little wood near the camp to dig graves

for the prisoners that had died - a lot of our chaps died at that time from dysentery.

And while I was digging away at that Poznan clay I had a look around and I noticed that two of our guards had sat down to have a bite; the third was dozing in the sun. So I put down my shovel and went off quietly behind a bush. Then I ran for it, keeping straight towards the sunrise.

"They couldn't have noticed me very quick, those guards. Where I found the strength, skinny as I was, to cover nearly forty kilometres in one day, I don't know myself. But nothing came of my effort. On the fourth day, when I was a long way from that damned camp, they caught me. There were bloodhounds on my track, and they caught up with me in a field of unreaped oats.

"My heart missed a beat because the dogs kept coming nearer. I lay flat and covered my head with my arms, so they wouldn't bite my face. Well, they came up and it only took them a minute to tear all my rags off me. I was left in nothing but what I was born in. They dragged me about in the oats, just did what they liked with me, and in the end a big dog got his forepaws on my chest and started making for my throat, but he didn't bite straightaway.

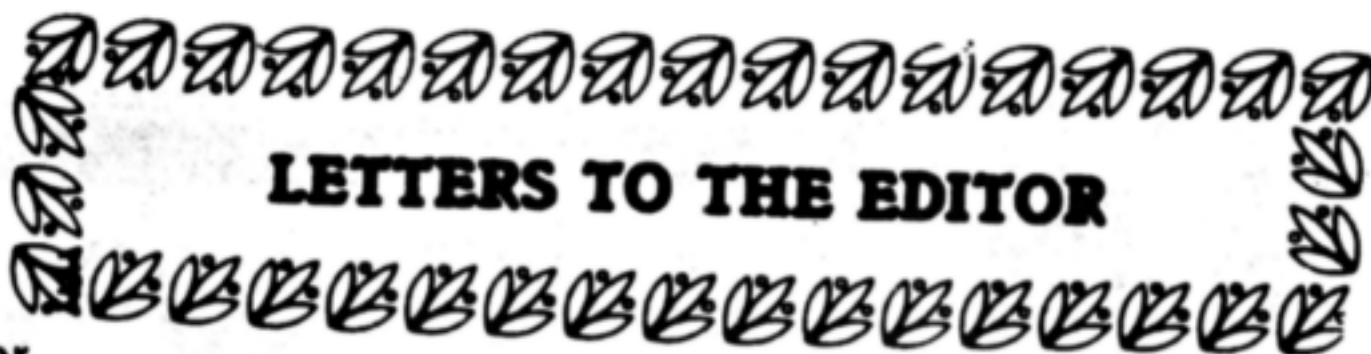
"Two Germans came up on motor-bikes. First they beat me up good and proper, then they set the dogs on me. The flesh just came off me in chunks. They took me back to camp, naked and bloody as I was. I got a month in solitary for trying to escape, but I was still alive. Yes, I managed to keep alive somehow.

"The way they herded us about in those two years I was a prisoner! I reckon I covered half of Germany. I was in Saxony, at a silicate plant, in the Ruhr, hauling coal in a mine. I sweated away with a shovel in Bavaria, I had a spell in Thuringen, and the devil only knows what German soil I didn't have to tread.

"There's plenty of different scenery out there, but the way they shot and bashed our lads was the same all over. And those damned bastards lammed into us like no man ever beat an animal. Punching us, kicking us, beating us with rubber truncheons, with any lump of iron they happened to have handy, not to mention their rifle butts and sticks.

"They beat you up just because you were a Russian, because you were still alive in the world, just because you worked for them. And they'd beat you for giving them a wrong look, taking a wrong step, for not turning round the way they wanted.

"And everywhere we went they fed us the same - a hundred and fifty grams of ersatz bread made half of sawdust, and a thin swill of swedes. But you had to work, and not say a word, and the work we did would have been a lot too much for a cart-horse, I reckon.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Comrade Editor

It is clear that our revolution is passing through a decisive phase. The ANC has emerged as a decisive force in that situation. The people have accepted our leadership, they have endorsed our views, and daily they chant our slogans.

The need for our organisation to consistently educate the masses of our people about our policies, the strategy and tactics of our revolution, to be a consistent organiser and inspirer of our people can never be neglected at this stage of our revolution. The role of our propaganda becomes very crucial at this stage.

Yet it is with sadness that we record the disappearance of DAWN from this theatre. What happened to our army's journal? How can it disappear from the scene just when we are stressing the need to transform our resistance into a real people's war?

Comrade Editor, I write this letter with due consideration of maybe production problems you are experiencing, yet I cannot help pointing out that you have resigned one of the important tasks of our revolution by stopping to publish DAWN. It is the only organ which has been charged with the task of teaching our people military tactics as well as weaponry; of which we all know that in the past the enemy has taken all possible measures to deny us this knowledge. This gap has not been filled, and will not be until DAWN reappears to take its proper place.

There might be problems involved, but I singularly believe that no amount of problems are insurmountable when we direct our energies towards solving them.

'MK Cadre'

Comrade 'MK CADRE'

Thank you for your letter which indicates that our soldiers care. Your letter was an encouragement, it strengthened us.

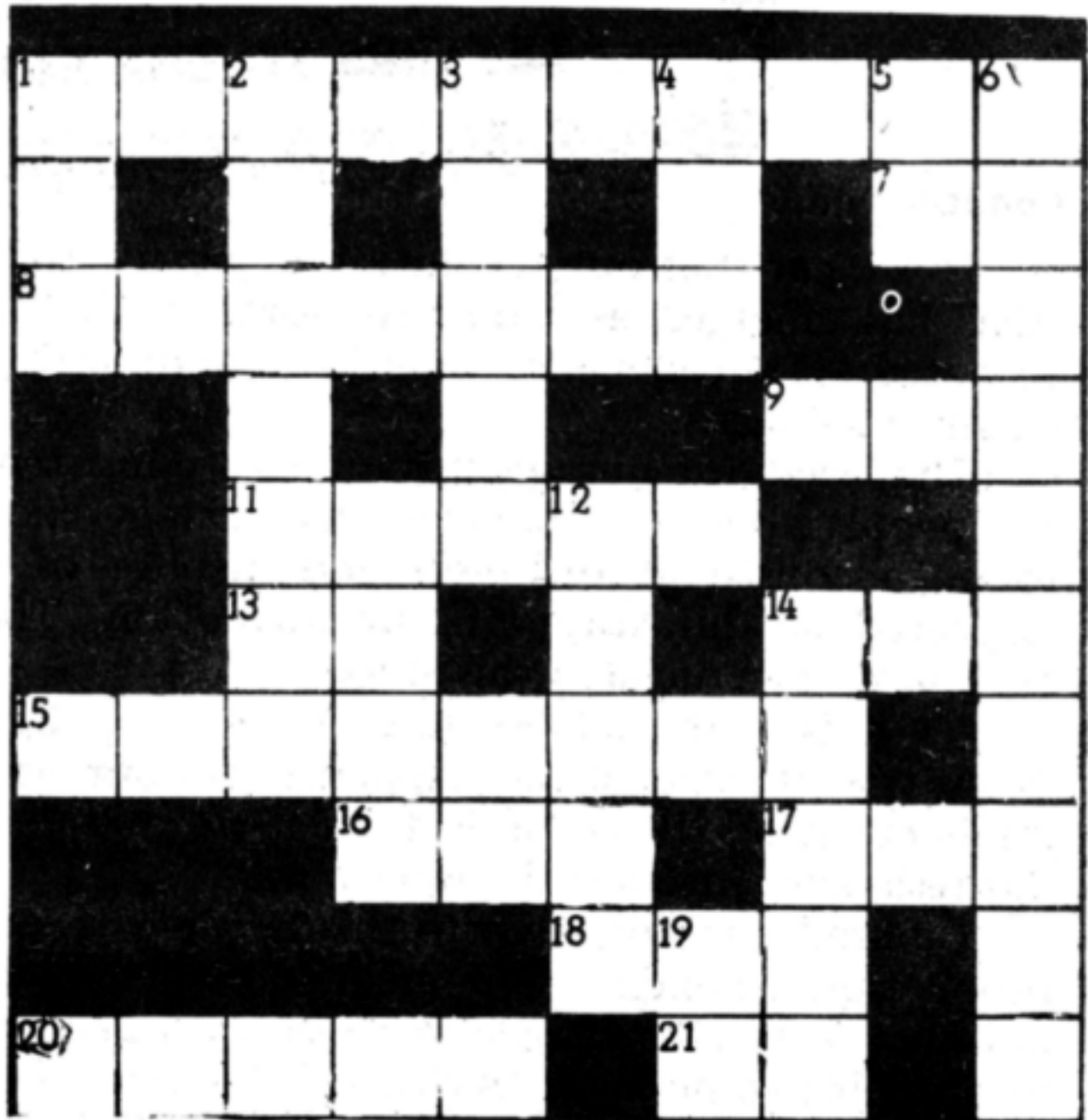
We are aware of the immense responsibility on our shoulders to resume the publication of DAWN, which was never in any way stopped but was going through a period of further growth and catching up with its responsibilities. We should have really appreciated an article accompanying your letter. It would have been a contribution, however small, to the resumption of publication.

Comrade 'MK Cadre' we are aware that there is no way we can satisfy you and all our soldiers except by making sure that you regularly have your copy of DAWN in your hands. We shall redouble our efforts towards that goal.

Editor.



politiXword



ACROSS

1. Northern Transvaal UDF President recently murdered by the racist police
7. Commander-in-Chief of MK
8. Famous play by Shakespeare
9. To fall back
13. The unit of measurement for casting off copy (in printing)
14. Soviet snipers' rifle
15. Rank in the force
16. French for 'yes'
17. Expert
18. Liberated Algeria from French colonialism
20. Common
21. Conjunction

DOWN

1. Largest trade union organisation in South Africa
2. ... and Kohl is a famous FRG weapons producer
3. Sound of radio signal from earth satellite
4. Musical note
5. Number
6. Soldiers specialising in throwing grenades
12. Former coloniser of Spanish Sahara
14. A body of officers assisting the officer in command
19. Measure of weight (Chinese)

See Answers in DAWN Vol. 10 No 5

DISCIPLINE IS THE MOTHER OF VICTORY

Radio Lusaka

Shortwave 31mb, 9505 KHz

7.00 p.m. Daily
10.15-10.45 p.m. Wednesday
9.30-10.00 p.m. Thursday
10.15-10.45 p.m. Friday

Shortwave 25mb, 11880 KHz

8.00-8.45 a.m. Sunday

Radio Luanda

Shortwave 31mb, 9535 KHz
and 25mb

7.30 p.m. Monday-Saturday
8.30 p.m. Sunday

Radio Madagascar

Shortwave 49mb, 6135 KHz

7.00-9.00 p.m. Monday-Saturday
7.00-8.00 Sunday

Radio Ethiopia

Shortwave 31mb, 9595 KHz

9.30-10.00 p.m. Daily

Radio Tanzania

Shortwave 31mb, 9750 KHz

8.15 p.m. Monday, Wednesday, Friday
6.15 a.m. Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday

To move forward we must attack,
act in unity and unite in action.

the year of



**umkhonto we
sizwe**