

# how we captured a hippo

Before leaving the country to join Umkhonto we Sizwe we were engaged in many activities. One day in March we discovered that one 'comrade' was collaborating with the boers. He had come to one of our meetings in a boer car. When we confronted him he begged for forgiveness, telling us that he had been forced to inform. Since we consider it our task to educate the misled elements in our society we accepted his apology and he promised to stop informing.

However, the following week he was seen moving around in a hippo, pointing out comrades. As the commander I had to take a decision. One Sunday evening I summoned my unit. A decision that Mathebula had to die was taken. We then took him from his house and took him out of the location where he was eliminated.

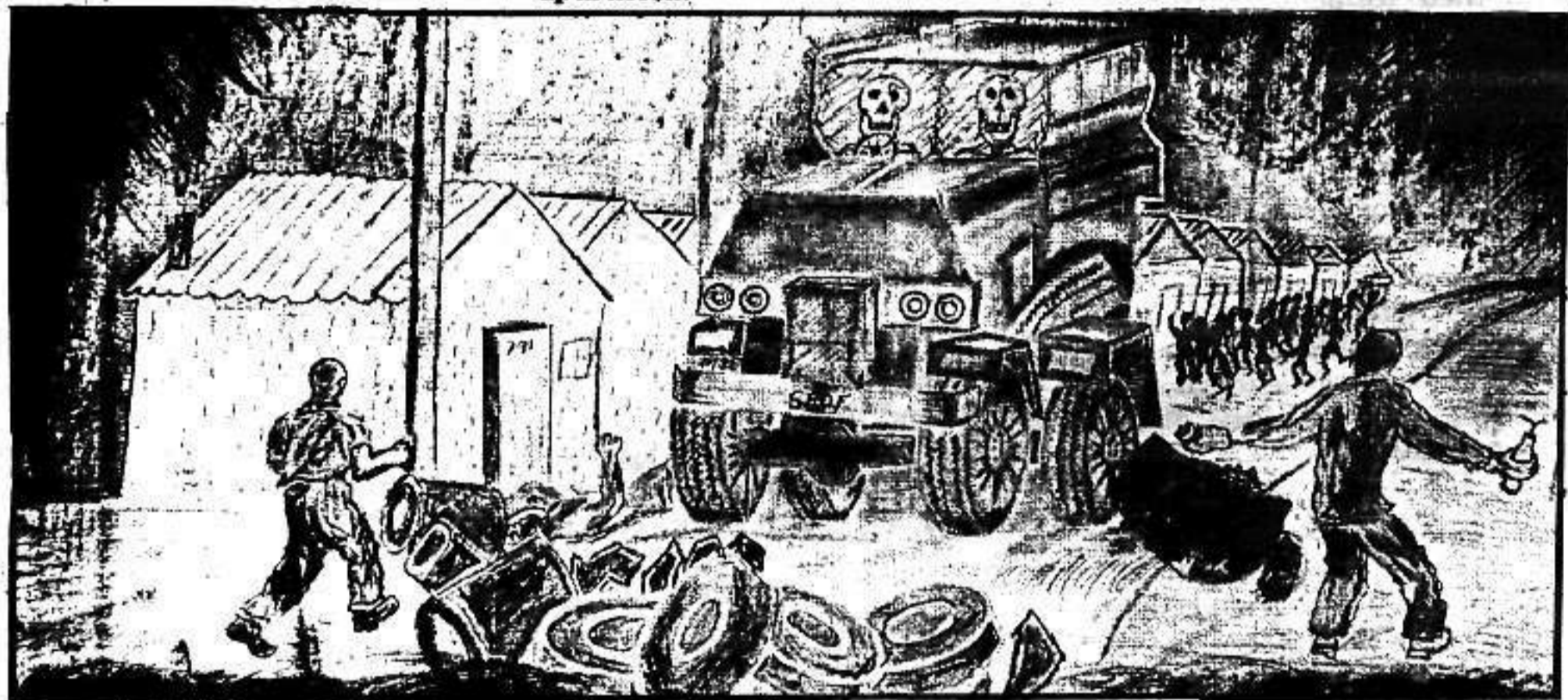
**EVERY** corner of our land is mobilising and organising. Ka Ngwane is no exception. The once quiet bantustans have joined the march to freedom. Robert Kunene, a commander of one people's security unit relates:

told us he was forced to do so by the law. In the end in fact the whole interrogation exercise proved fruitless as he had no information. Although I felt we should let him go so as to set an example for others, the other comrades felt differently. A decision to execute him was taken despite his pleas for mercy and offers of large sums of money. His time was over. By his remains we left a note reading: "We are not fighting you, we are fighting apartheid."

not successful as we had not anticipated that it would be followed by four others. We were not strong enough to face a big force.

Another interesting incident happened during one of my security rounds at Steenbok township. About a thousand people were holding a meeting when the boers arrived. They asked us what we were doing and we told them that we were organising a clean-up campaign. They gave us five minutes to disperse but, as usual, before the five minutes could elapse they started firing. The whole crowd responded by stoning them.

One driver of a hippo jumped out of panic and his head met with a flying rock. I seized the opportunity and jumped into the hippo. We had finally captured a hippo! Off I drove for about



After discovering his body the police came to the area and harassed the people. They were hunting our unit. We then retreated to the mountains. With us we had four hand grenades and one R1 rifle which had no ammunition unfortunately.

One day we decided to ambush the enemy. Four comrades hid themselves in a disused ticket office and I challenged one SADF soldier. He responded well. He chased me right into the ticket office and fell into the trap. We disarmed him of his R1 and held him until the evening when we took him to the mountains, followed by comrades chanting: "Kill him, kill him!"

We first questioned him as to why he was killing our people, especially innocent children. He

The fascist enemy was infuriated. He besieged the township the following day. We had to retreat to other areas as we were outnumbered in all respects. The entire youth deserted the township, leaving behind only the very old and very young. A day after that the fascists withdrew and we returned to the township.

That night we devised a plan of digging a trench across the road at the entrance of the township. The intention was to trap a hippo so as to capture weapons when it fell into the hole. The unit was deployed, armed with two R1's, a pistol, bows and arrows, and wooden AK's to give an impression that we were more heavily armed than we actually were. In fell the first hippo but, unfortunately the mission was

3km, but unfortunately in my excitement I rammed my hippo into a tree. I jumped out and was chased by angry SADF boers shooting madly.

By now our unit was on the run continuously. We were able to fulfill only one more mission before leaving. One policeman by the name of Manyesa was responsible for the murder of a comrade. We attacked his house, fire bombed and destroyed it completely. After this incident many policemen resigned. Those who did not have subsequently moved out of the township.

My house was then firebombed. The time had come for us to leave and join Umkhonto we Sizwe. We needed to develop our skills further and acquire more and sophisticated weapons.