

ed being fingerprinted, swore his innocence. The boer officer accepted this extraordinary fine, and Motaung walked out of the police station and back to the world of combat.

His calmness saved him and his comrades for a few more years of action. Thabo unleashed his tremendous capabilities during these years and was a veritable scourge to the butcher Malan regime. He could not be put down. Thabo was a keen thinker and sharp planner. He was made part of a broader planning machinery. But action was his element. Soon after his appointment he was assigned active control and direction of several units inside the country. With characteristic zeal, he steered them to action for some time.

But one of Thabo's men, who could no longer stand the rigours and risks of struggle succumbed to persuasion by elements of his relations to surrender to the enemy. This traitor, Lake Mpiyakhe (Moses Bafana Mbatha) betrayed Motaung and Suzman Mokoena. Others escaped by the skin of their teeth.

Motaung's boldness was probably his undoing. Although there were already indications that Lake was in the hands of the enemy, it was this traitor who lured him into a trap. Feigning injury, leg in plaster,

Lake the devil beckoned to Motaung, who strode towards him to render help despite warning from one comrade who was with him. The latter was shot three times by the former's accomplice, another traitor (Mosotho). He was brutally treated and tortured during interrogation. But Thabo still reached out from behind bars and kept touch with the movement he so loved, a movement which had schooled him, in his words, to hate apartheid and not a particular race.

Comrade Abbey ... forever riding on the wings of hurricanes. May the fire in him flee his tomb and enter hearts that beat for freedom!

These young men who were cold-bloodedly murdered by the racist regime were among the finest sons of our country. They yearned for equality. They yearned for peace. They strove to destroy the regime which practiced violence on them, to talk the language of the oppressor - the language of the gun. Their salvo rocked the purpled ease of the military regime, and ushered in the fierce tenacity of the new crop of Umkhonto we Sizwe combatants.

We salute these glorious harbingers of new warriors who sprang from Hector Petersen's grave. For their heroism, patriotism and love, they were put to death.

MAY THEIR MEMORY NEVER FADE!

DESPISED WHITE RACE

Racist Magnus Malan despises the intelligence of the South African whites, whose interest he claims to defend; to such an extent that, he thinks because they do not know where the African National Congress ... He can safely point at any place in Maputo as an ANC base and they will believe him; he thinks that they are so stupid that he can quote any figures about the ANC members who are supposed to be killed, and the whites will celebrate and praise him...

His gigantic hoax ended up being the massacre of two children, two women and the injuring of many innocent Mozambican civilians.

Radio Freedom - Luanda