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Contents

Editorial Comment:

KwaNdebele – From Ungovernability to People's Power 1

Propaganda in the Armed Forces:

Paper Presented at the Last AGM of DAWN 3

Learn with DAWN: How to Make Landmines 6

25th Anniversary of MK: The Happiest Moment in my Life 9

December 16 1961, Durban 15

Lamontville Versus Gatsha's Impis 17

A m a b u t h o a t W a r 18

Heroes of Our Revolution 20

Demonstrations and Armed Struggle 22

Armed Insurrection: Work in the Enemy Armed Forces 24

The Fate of a Man 29

DAWN PolitiXword No.5 36



Editorial Comment

A HASTY RETREAT

THEY ELECTED to bar their vision and to close their ears to the reality of the people's march. Like ostriches, Skhosana and his masters buried their heads in the sand and pretended not to see nor to hear. By the stroke of Botha's pen a community of landless refugees in 'resettlement' camps was to be made an independent country. By the spells of Pretoria's magic wand, notorious criminals and shiftless puppets were to become president and ministers of an independent republic called KwaNdebele. Humpty Dumpty had to have a great fall.

In August the self-styled legislative assembly of KwaNdebele succumbed to popular pressure and reversed its earlier decision to accept 'independence'. The puppets acknowledged what has always been the irrevocable truth: that the people of KwaNdebele do not want to be burdened with another weight from apartheid's colonial designs. Like the rest of their compatriots in other parts of South Africa, they do not want to be stripped of their right to South African citizenship. For the first time in the murky trail of the bantustan programme, the rulers and their puppets have had to beat a hasty retreat.

This development constitutes a momentous victory for all the democratic forces of our country. Botha's insolence and arro-

gance have been turned upon him. For he dared to impose an absurdity on a people — the overwhelming majority of the South African people — resolved to oppose it in action. Like bullies, Botha and his generals deluded themselves, believing that the brute force of an unwanted criminal would carry the day. But now, when the regime's authority is collapsing everywhere; when organs of popular power are being formed in many areas of the country; when Pretoria's temporary gains in the Transkei, Bophuthatswana, Venda and the Ciskei have been made the more fragile as a result of popular revolt — at this historic moment, KwaNdebele's Humpty Dumpty had to have a great fall.

It is instructive that the regime's retreat comes at the height of massive rep-

ression. The army and the police have sealed off this and other areas of the country from the outside world, a curfew has been imposed and residents are effectively under house arrest. Under these circumstances, Louis Nel and his lieutenants hoped to persuade the world that everything is "under control". But this ignominious defeat has given the lie to their shameless claims. Yes, everything is under control in KwaNdebele: under popular control!

MASSIVE ARMY

Like in other areas of South Africa, in KwaNdebele we have united into a massive army rallying around concrete demands: for an end to forced removals, for people's education, the withdrawal of police and troops from townships and villages, lifting of the state of emergency and so on. In the final analysis, our strength lies in our ability to link these issues to the central question of political power, and to pursue our demands in resolute united action. Mass and armed action against Pretoria's 'independence' constituted an important part of the struggle for political power. After all, the regime's bantustan scheme is aimed at consolidating apartheid colonial power and elbowing us even further from the goal of a united, non-racial and democratic South Africa.

The corner-stone of the bantustan system is the attempt by the racists to drive a wedge among the various ethnic groups of our country. In Moutse we successfully challenged this attempt and acted as one people. We fought the incorporation of the township into KwaNdebele not because we prefer one bantustan to another. We stated quite clearly that we not only rejected KwaNdebele 'independence' but also see no reason for Moutse to be incorporated anywhere: it is in our country, South Africa. Those who sought to reduce this issue to 'tribal politics' to use it in order to defend the self-interest of the Lebowa puppet structures

found themselves isolated by the people.

Our victory in KwaNdebele shows that we should at all times combine all forms of struggle in order to deliver effective blows against the racist rulers. We employed the weapon of the general strike at appropriate moments and to maximum effect. We formed combat groups to defend ourselves against the combined forces of soldiers, police and their vigilante cutthroats. But we were not on the defensive: under the slogan, "*One target a day advances the struggle*", we moved on to the attack, making it increasingly difficult for the enemy forces to operate in our localities. Actions by professional units of our people's Army, Umkhonto we Sizwe, added decisive weight to the popular offensive.

ROYAL CHIEFS

We have effectively isolated the regime's murderous gang of puppets. Of special significance in this regard is the patriotic role played by the royal chiefs and King David Mahlangu. In the spirit of great historical leaders such as Dingane, Mzilikazi and Moshoeshe they acted and continue to fight in the front ranks in defence of the people's rights. So isolated were Skhosana, Ntuli and their gang that even employees in the bantustan administration came out in mass action against them.

The victory in KwaNdebele is one in the process of people's war. In KwaNdebele Botha met his Isandhlwana because we effectively combined mass action and revolutionary violence. But it is victory in a single, though important battle. The war has to be won. The enemy has retreated. But he is planning a counter-attack.

We fought against Skhosana and continue to fight him and his gang not because we want them to become "better" or "more acceptable" puppets. Skhosana and his ilk and their masters must go! The people must govern in a united and democratic South Africa. Having successfully

Cont. on P.28

PROPAGANDA IN THE ARMED FORCES

Paper presented at the last Annual General Meeting of *DAWN*
by an MK combatant, Patrick Mabaso

AN IMPORTANT feature of the present epoch of struggle is the titling of the balance of forces in favour of the world revolutionary forces. In the last decade socialism has made great strides, the National Liberation Movement has won great victories, while the struggle for peace has grown in strength and content. At the same time the working class struggle in the capitalist countries has intensified. These gains reflect the extent to which the revolutionary ideas are capturing the minds of millions.

Forces of imperialism and reaction, well aware that to preserve the position of a historically obsolete social system is possible only by deceiving people ideologically are resorting to holding the whole world at ransom with a threat of a nuclear war. This is accompanied by a vicious ideological counter-offensive which brandish socialism as "a dark page in the history of mankind." Meanwhile, national liberation movements are reflected as terrorist organisations and peace movements as "a conspiracy plotted in Moscow."

In Southern Africa, the forces of national liberation are locked in a deadly conflict with the racist regime and imperialism. The ideological confrontation has assumed explosive proportions. The situation cries out for a more resolute offensive on our part.

It is the duty of this meeting to make an in-depth analysis of the nature and extent of the ideological struggle raging in South Africa.

Central in this issue is the struggle to influence the consciousness of the masses. Contrary to imperialists idealist positions, the working class has realised the far reaching consequences of their own conscious and independent role in shaping the course of history. Today we speak of information imperialism which aims to thwart and defeat this independent working class activity against capitalist exploit-

ation. Consequently, millions of dollars are spent to win the hearts and minds of the people.

The armed forces as the repressive instrument of class rule receive special attention from both capitalist and socialist countries. In reactionary capitalist countries it receives special attention as an instrument of repression and working class domination. In the United States, one out of every twenty periodicals printed is a military one, so is every twelfth newspaper. This alone highlights the importance of propaganda today, that it is simply inconceivable to win and consolidate power without propaganda.

Propaganda is an effort directed to gain public support for any cause either through persuasion or compulsion. There is nothing neutral about propaganda and information, it always serves a class interest. Lenin states: "*Ideology is either bourgeois or working class. There is no middle road.*" This also determines the different methods used in propagating ideas.

Bourgeois propaganda is aimed at manipulating and misleading the masses. This is precisely why brainwashing of the masses becomes one of the most important functions of the capitalist state through the massive media network at its disposal. The SADF employs a galaxy of professional journalists, psychologists, political analysts, sociologists and linguists

whose sole purpose is to enhance the quality and effectiveness of material sent to the media.

The end result we all know: a soldier who acts like a robot, a racist, a zealous defender of apartheid, a butcher without a conscience. Techniques are used to placate the racist soldiers emotionally, making them more open and susceptible to racist indoctrination. The same techniques are used to stir the Afrikaner volk into Nazi-like Afrikaner mania, giving rise to such fascist organisations as the Afrikaner Weerstandbeweging.

The South African Defence Force publishes a lot of military journals and newspapers, viz., Armed Forces, Paratus, Uniform, Salvo, etc. Military aspects enjoy wide coverage in newspapers and magazines like the Citizen, Scope, etc. At the same time commercial advertisements play a prominent role in advertising the army. This is a clear indication of how much the racist regime pays to hold its control over the armed forces and enhance its status within society. A new feature of the enemy propaganda has become psychological warfare which features prominently in the regime's counter-insurgency strategy.

OUR PROPAGANDA

Our main method of propaganda is persuasion. It is based on truth, scientific approach and does not hide its partisanship. The aim is to educate the masses and to activate them to revolutionary action for the seizure of power. Also important is the question of waging a ceaseless struggle against the bourgeoisie who want to diffuse our struggle and mislead our people. In this regard, our propaganda must always be on the offensive.

Among our people and their army, Umkhonto we Sizwe, the role of our propaganda is to instill patriotism. This was aptly stated by Comrade President O.R. Tambo when he said:

"In building up our own popular army, we aim therefore not only at the overthrow of the fascist regime, we aim also at building up a politically conscious and revolutionary army, conscious of its popular origin, unwavering in its democratic functions and guided by our revolutionary orientation."

The strength of an army lies primarily in the high consciousness of its fighting men, their boundless devotion to the people's cause and the correctness of the ideas for whose sake they shed their blood. In modern warfare, more than at any other time, the outcome of the war is largely determined and depends on the morale of the men involved in the armed conflict.

Lenin wrote that it is the understanding of the goals of the revolution which

The primary task in the building of a strong army consists in creating a body of officers fit to inspire life in the formation.

make men accomplish unparalleled feats of valour.

"Where political work among the troops is conducted most thoroughly, there we have no laxity in the army, there its organisation and morale are best, and there we have most victories."

ROLE OF DAWN

Therefore, Dawn, our journal has a special role to play in uplifting the political consciousness of our people's army. The stagnation of our propaganda, or maintaining it at the same level, can be self-defeating because with every coming year the tasks faced by MK are becoming more complex. Constant upliftment of

propaganda requires steady improvement of work, search of new and more efficient ways and methods. The most important task facing *Dawn* is an uninterrupted and consistent elaboration of the ANC line, to vividly illustrate the leading and guiding role of our people's army in our people's armed offensive against the regime.

In an article on colonialism, Marx and Engels wrote that the primary task in the building of a strong army consists in creating a body of officers fit to inspire life into the formation. The officers corps forms the basis of the army while the army is the mainstay of the revolution. Giving

which is nowhere and everywhere". This shows how tremendous is our task of mobilising our people for mass political and armed action. Our watchword should be "every citizen a soldier and when the bandits come, even women fight!"

Our propaganda should arouse our people to determined, vigorous action. At the same time it should study and analyse the effects of enemy propaganda on the masses and particularly in Umkhonto we Sizwe (e.g. negotiations, attacks on the ANC-SACP alliance, anti-Sovietism, rumour-spreading about the national liberation movement, etc.)

One of the most urgent tasks facing our movement is to conduct organised and consistent propaganda within the enemy armed forces.

knowledge to this core is a vital necessity. MK is such a core and *Dawn* is a vehicle for the dissemination of such knowledge.

We must look at ways by which *Dawn* must contribute towards the building of a loyal, dedicated cadre, full of initiative and always at the service of the organisation and the masses of our people. A soldier imbued with heroism and love for our people. We must fight against petty-bourgeois laxity, bureaucratic and unprincipled narrow-mindedness by which personal interests and petty-considerations substitute common interests and, worse still, national interests.

Waging of people's war means, in the first place, the involvement of all sections of our people. It means, as the Vietnamese put it, to wage "a war without a front-line, without a rear, with a battlefront

PROPAGANDA IN THE ENEMY FORCES

It is criminal for any revolutionary movement not to conduct organised and consistent propaganda within the enemy armed forces. There can be no doubt that this is one of the most urgent tasks facing our movement. We should work out how best we can contribute in doing effective propaganda in the racist armed forces (more so that SADF is becoming Blacker every day; with the bantustan armies and SAP).

In conclusion, let us always be reminded of an guided by Lenin's words: "A newspaper is not only a collective propagandist and collective agitator, it is also a collective organiser". This is what *Dawn* must always strive to be.

LEARN with DAWN

You too Countryman, can be a Freedom Fighter

LANDMINES

LANDMINES of all types are simple to make and can be a deadly and effective weapon against the enemy. You only need the following items: *main charge, fuse, primer and container.* In this issue we shall deal only with the manufacture of the *main charge* or explosive mixture.

There are numerous chemicals which form an explosive mixture or charge when mixed together.

- Remember that an explosive charge releases shock waves which can cause great damage to people and property in its path (within the radius of destruction). So one should always be at a safe distance from the intended scene of the explosion.

- The force of the explosion increases if the mixture is enclosed in a strong container (more about containers for explosive charges in future issues).

- It is important that the chemicals are first ground separately into fine powder and then carefully mixed together.

- It is also important that the chemicals are first ground separately to fine powder and then carefully mixed together.

- It is also important that the quantities are carefully weighed.

NB: Some mixtures are sensitive to ordinary flame and will explode when they come into contact with a burning stick of match. But most mixtures need a much higher temperature and therefore need a primer to detonate them.

EXPLOSIVE MIXTURES

1. 75% Potassium Nitrate + 15% Charcoal + 10% Sulphur.

These ingredients are all easy to get. They must be finely ground and then carefully mixed together. The mixture is very sensitive to friction. It will ignite with a match. Explosive power will increase if you use a primer.

Common name for Potassium Nitrate is "Saltpetre". It can be bought at a chemist. It is often used in the countryside for keeping meat fresh. Sulphur can be bought at a chemist. It is used as a laxative. Charcoal can be bought from a coal merchant.

2. 80% Potassium Chlorate + 20% Icing Sugar.

Potassium Chlorate can be bought at a chemist. It is used as mouthwash. It is white in colour. Icing sugar can be bought at a grocery store or supermarket. This is a powerful explosive. Use primer.

3. 90% Potassium Chlorate + 10% Diesel Oil.

You can also use 10% Sawdust or 10% Vaseline instead of Diesel Oil.

4. 80% Sodium Chlorate + 20% Sugar.

This explosive mixture is more easily damaged by moisture. Keep it in a dry place. Use primer.

5. 90% Ammonium Nitrate + 10% Diesel Oil. This is a very powerful explosive and the one recommended most for making landmines. Used with a detonator it equals half the strength of TNT. A mixture of 51 litres Ammonium Nitrate with 5 litres of Diesel Oil gives maximum power. Ammonium Nitrate is a fertiliser. You can use 10% sawdust, peat or ground charcoal instead of Diesel oil.

6. 90% Ammonium Nitrate + 5% Charcoal + 5% Aluminium Powder.

7. 50% Potassium Permanganate + 25% Aluminium Powder + 25% Sulphur.

All ingredients are easy to get. Aluminium Powder can be bought from a hardware store. It is used for making silver paint. Other ingredients can be bought from a chemist. Use primer.

8. 90% Potassium Chlorate + 10% Urotropine.

The other name for Urotropine is Hexamine. It is used as a medicine for the urinary tract

9. 70% Potassium Chlorate + 10% Potassium Nitrate + 18% Sulphur. + 2% Carbon.

Carbon is another name for charcoal.

HOW TO OBTAIN AMMONIUM NITRATE

Ammonium Nitrate cannot be bought in pure form. "Limestone Ammonium Nitrate" fertiliser can be bought from hardware stores. Add about 3 Kgs of the fertiliser to a bucket of water and leave it there overnight. Next day you will find that some white powder has settled at the bottom of the bucket. This is limestone and is not of use. All the Ammonium Nitrate is dissolved in water.

Without disturbing the limestone siphon off all the liquid into a pot. Throw the limestone away. Then the liquid must be boiled for a long time until most of it

has evaporated. When the steam becomes white and thick and the liquid turns slightly yellowish and milky, stop boiling and allow it to cool.

The remaining liquid will harden to look like a block of salt. This is then chipped out of the pot and ground into a fine powder. This powder is Ammonium Nitrate. Before use it must be dried by placing it on a sheet of paper or foil and warmed over a heater or in an oven. Always store it in an airtight container because it absorbs moisture from the air very easily.

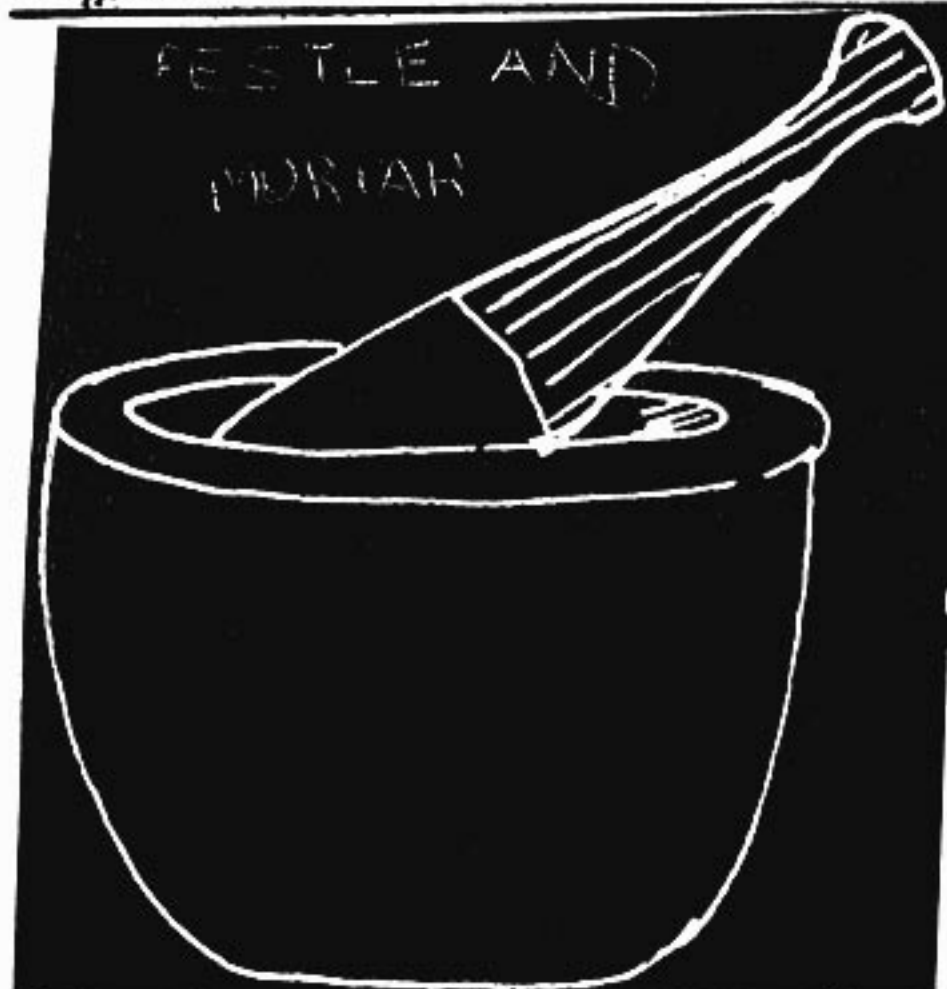
NB: When boiling the liquid it is best to do it outdoors or in some well-ventilated place. As soon as you see the steam thickening and the liquid turning milky put out the fire. Too much heat can cause it to explode and the fumes can make you feel dizzy.

HOW TO MIX AND WEIGH

Whatever mixture you decide to prepare follow this procedure carefully:

1. Take utmost care. With an explosive or incendiary mixture the separate chemicals and ingredients must first be carefully ground into a fine powder and then mixed together. If you fail to do this properly the mixture will not work.
2. Chemists use a Pestle and Mortar for grinding chemicals. This works well and there is no danger of causing sparks through friction. You must not use metal tools as these can cause heat. If you cannot find a Pestle and Mortar or something similar, use clean hard stones to grind the ingredients. Use a wooden or ceramic bowl or box.
3. When the separate ingredients you want to mix are ready, mix them gently in a paper bag. Stir the powders (mixture) with a wooden spoon or stick. Avoid causing friction. Make sure the ingredients are thoroughly mixed. Shake the mixture in the bag several times.
4. Test a small sample of the mixture a

PESTLE AND
MORTAR



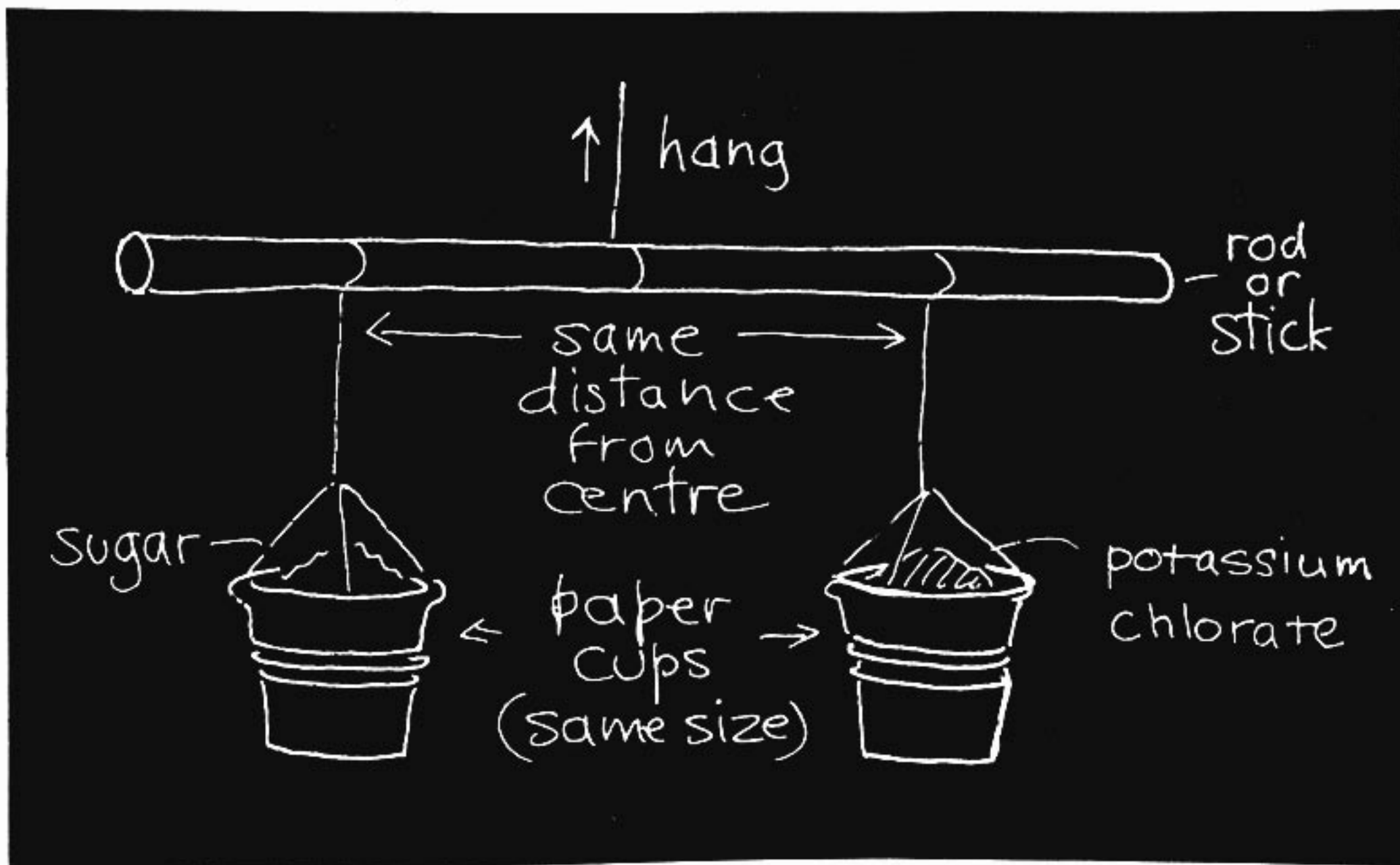
safe distance away from where you have been working. If you do not get a good reaction you probably need to carry on mixing the ingredients.

HOW TO WEIGH

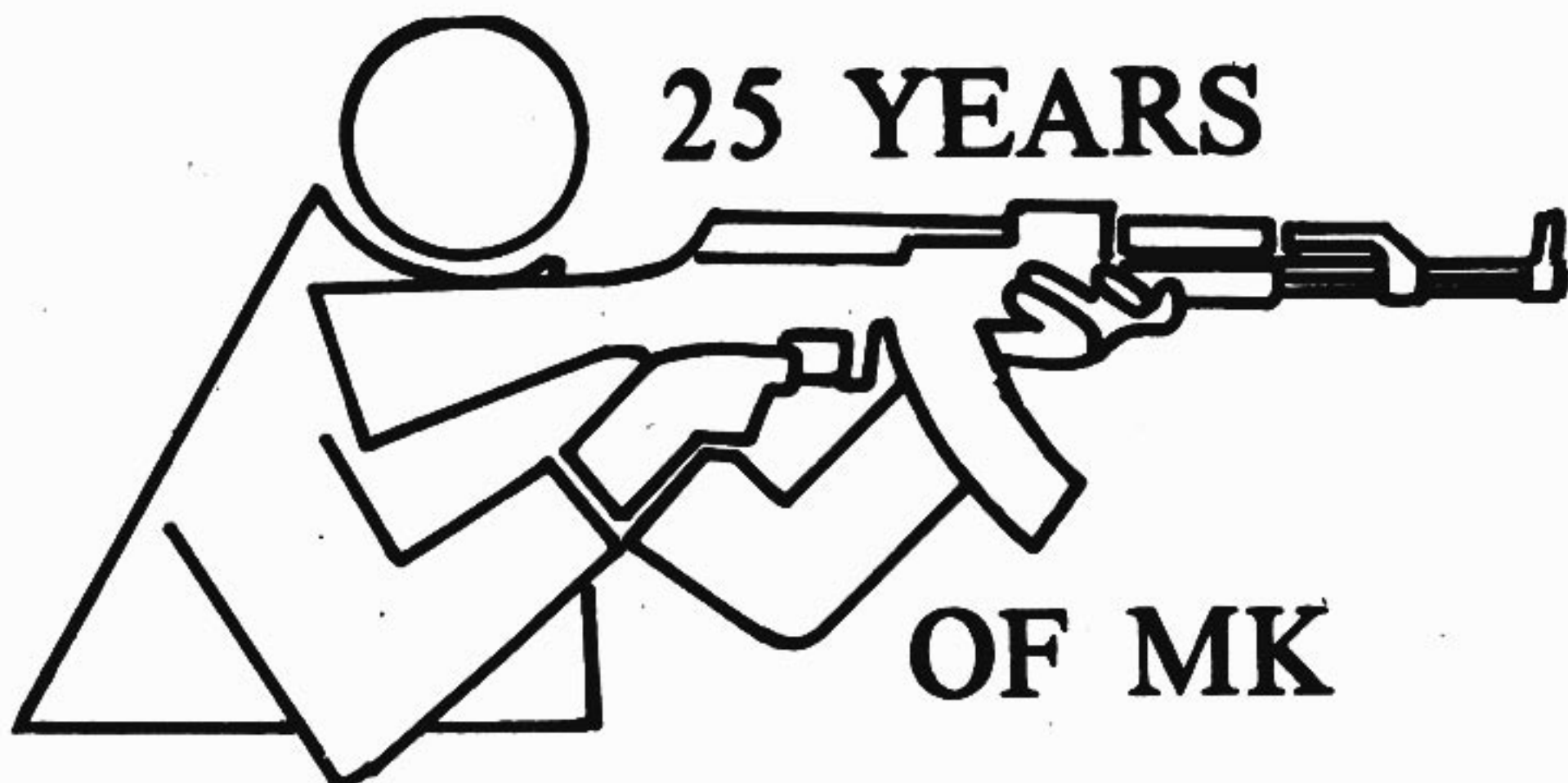
If you do not have kitchen scales you can roughly weigh the ingredients as shown in the diagram. This method gives you equal quantities by weight of the two ingredients.

NB: In the mixtures where you do not have equal quantities of ingredients you will have to do a bit of calculating to get the correct amounts. First weigh equal quantities as in the diagram. If for example you want 20% sugar to 80% chlorate you would get rid of eight tenths of sugar from the one cup and two tenths of chlorate from the other. This would give you the correct proportion. If you want a one kilogram bomb and the sugar and chlorate mixed together in one paper cup weigh

100 grams you would multiply this amount by ten.



Next issue: Fuses.



The happiest moment in my life

***JOE MODISE, THE ARMY COMMANDER
OF UMKHONTO WE SIZWE, RELATES HIS ROLE
DURING THE FORMATIVE DAYS OF OUR PEOPLE'S ARMY.***

PRIOR TO THE launching of Umkhonto we Sizwe in 1961 there was a feeling among the youth that the old form of struggle, which was non-violence, was not going to meet the demands of our situation and bring about the desired change. We as a disciplined group of our people felt that if the movement felt that the policy of non-violence was correct, we had to follow it. But we had misgivings about it. However with the suppression of the African National Congress after the Sharpeville massacre, this feeling of a different method of struggle gained a lot of prominence in our discussions and many people felt that there was no other way except to resort to armed struggle.

We acted even earlier than the actual launching of MK. With the declaration of the racist republic in May 1961, people were organised to strike. We felt that in order to strengthen this call we should also act independently but in a different way, no longer in a passive and peaceful way. So the late Comrade Joe Gqabi, myself and a number of other comrades decided to stop the trains that ran between Soweto and Johannesburg. We consulted technician friends who told us that if we throw a wire over the mains that supplies power

to the electric trains, this would bring about a short circuit and there would be no power generated onto the line to enable the trains to move.

I led a unit that went to New Canada. We arrived there at about 3 in the morning, took a stone, tied it to a wire and threw it across the line that was supplying electricity. We saw a blue flame coming out of the electric wire when the contact was made and were sure that there was going to be a short circuit. But to our disappointment an hour later the train

passed.

Comrade Gqabi took a unit that was going to blow a railway line with a stick of dynamite smuggled out of the mines. The stick of dynamite was attached to the railway line and according to their report it went off but the damage was minimal. This was due to the fact that apart from the lack of material we also had very little experience.

Realising that this was not a very big success, we undertook to carry out another operation aimed at destroying the telephone communications. We went to a place called Mondeor where there was a very big trunk line with lots of telephone lines running underground. Our aim was to destroy this, using the knowledge imparted to us by the late Comrade Jack Hodgson who was a thoroughly efficient teacher. We had a pliers and cutters with which we ripped the wires off completely. On our way towards home we felt that not enough work had been done. We thought we should give the enemy a little more work in restoring communications. We decided to go for the overhead telephone lines. We cut off some barbed wire from the fence next to the road, tied it to a stone and threw it over the telephone lines, then tied the wire to the back of the car and pulled it. We felt satisfied that for the night we'd done a reasonable job. The following morning it was reported in the newspaper that saboteurs destroyed the main communications as well as the overhead telephone lines linking the Vaal Triangle and Johannesburg. These were some of our first actions before the formation of Umkhonto we Sizwe.

Discussions continued amongst the leaders and I was contacted, apparently because my involvement in these early actions was known. I had discussions with some of the top leaders at the time, like the late Comrade Duma Nokwe and Com-

rade Walter Sisulu. We had discussions separately before we were officially brought together in Stanger, Natal, at Chief Albert Luthuli's place where the African National Congress, South African Communist Party, Coloured People's Congress, South African Indian Congress and Congress of Democrats met to discuss this new method of struggle. After two days of consultations, it was agreed that the ANC and SACP were going to undertake this new form of struggle whilst the other movements that were still legal should continue working legally. It was then decided that MK was going to be launched. I was told that I had to serve in MK and instructed to report to a house in Ophirton. When I got there I found the late Comrade Jacob Msondo, the late Comrade Andrew Mashaba and another comrade from the East Rand. Then to our surprise, (we were not told whom we were going to meet) I walked Comrade Nelson Mandela who was in hiding at that time. He told us that the movement had decided to embark on armed struggle and that we were going to be part of that machinery. I think we were amongst the first units. I don't think we were the only group because subsequently when we went to collect our material and get the little training that was given to us, we met other comrades who were also coming for theirs. At that time things were still done a bit amateurishly and the question of security was not given proper attention.

DECEMBER 16

I was given the responsibility for units in the Soweto area, Comrades Msondo and Mashaba were given the Pretoria area. But for December 16 the former and myself were given tasks in the Soweto area. I was to deal with the post office in Klipfontown and Comrade Msondo together with the other comrades in Soweto were to deal with the administration offices in Meadowlands and White City. In my unit

were Comrade Tladi and a comrade who was the chief of volunteers in Alexandra township. We were told that we will get our material at a place which was going to be given to us later.

I was later contacted and instructed to go to a place in the centre of Johannesburg. I went into the basement where I was given a bundle of dynamite sticks with fuses. When I walked out of that basement where I got my training and a little paperbag where I put in my material, I walked Comrade Uriah Mokeba* wearing a big overcoat. It was obvious we had come for the same purpose because after I had left and moved towards the bus rank, I saw him also coming with his little parcel on his way towards Soweto.

As I've said, our unit consisted of three people. One was going to place explosives on the wall, the other one was going to set it alight and the third would be keeping watch for our security. We went to reconnoitre the place and noticed that it was fenced behind with a 2 metre high diamond mesh wire. We organised a pliers that could cut the wire and handgloves so that when we touched the wire no fingerprints would remain. Comrade Masondo's unit was to use chemical explosives, a mixture of permanganate of potash and aluminium powder which would be detonated by the introduction of glycerine.

We were going to deal with one object because the distance we had to cover was long and they were going to deal with two objects because they were going to use chemical explosives. This would give them enough time to place both and retreat, whereas we were going to use dynamite which goes off instantaneously. So we wouldn't have the opportunity of placing the charge at one end then move to the second before the first one exploded. So we moved to our targets from my place which was our meeting point.

BIG EXPLOSION

On our way, halfway towards our target we heard a very big explosion. We got worried because the whole operation throughout South Africa was coordinated, as to ensure the security of the comrades who were going to the various areas because if these explosions, particularly those in the same locality, went off before the others, the enemy would be alerted. And whilst the enemy would be looking for people who might have been involved, it would come across people who were still going to their targets. We were a bit worried and thought that it might have been because of the lack of discipline or maybe the comrades had not understood the instructions correctly. Nevertheless we continued, got to our tar-



• *Joe Modise*

get and took position. It was 23h30.

Comrade Tladi, who was our observer, was also given the task of opening a gap for us to enter from behind, because in front were security guards and there was also a small building which I thought was being used as a police station because there were always policemen in that area

and we knew that they always sat in front of this place. We went in. I had a piece of clay which I used to position the explosive against the wall, whilst my comrade lit it with a burning cigarette by applying the cigarette tip to the fuse. As soon as the fuse caught fire, sparks began coming out and we knew it was burning and started moving towards the fence rapidly.

It had been drilled into us during our training (of not more than five minutes) that under no circumstances should we be near these explosives when they go off because we would be blown to pieces. So our main concern was to get away from the point where the explosion was going to take place. We reached the fence. Under normal circumstances even at night it's not a serious problem to move back to the point which you used for entering a yard, but under these circumstances and



• *Joe Gqabi*

especially because of our fear for explosives, it was difficult for us even to see the opening. When we eventually found it, it was a problem to get through. It appeared as if it had shrunk. Nevertheless we managed to get through and ran towards the trees that form a boundary between Pimville and Kliptown.

To our surprise we found the three minutes taking too long, much longer than the three minutes that had been determined by our instructors. I suppose this was due to anxiety on our part because we started getting worried and thought that something might have gone wrong. We started asking one another what could have happened but before we could finish the explosion took place. It was a big bang. I've never been so happy in my life. I felt that the actual struggle had begun.

FIRST CASUALTY

We rushed home, running for about 12-13 kilometres. On our way we heard other explosions going off. We heard explosions in the direction of White City and Orlando East and thirty minutes later, whilst we were still running home, we saw police cars moving in various directions. We reached home safely and found Comrade Masondo back with his unit. He and other comrades, also from Alexandra township, slept at my place.

The following morning news was brought to me (I think by Comrade Duma) that an accident took place. The explosion that we heard on our way to Kliptown was at the Dube municipal office. The late Comrade Johannes Molefe was blown up in that accident. He was together with Comrade Ramotse who sustained burns on the hands and face. He was taken to hospital, which was a mistake on our part, because he was arrested after experts checked his clothes and established that he was involved in that explosion. We struggled to bail him and to our surprise the regime agreed. I think at that time they were not as prepared and vicious as they are now. After his release on bail, it was decided that he should leave the country. I brought him out of the country. We travelled in a car of one of the comrades past Dinokaneng where the two of us were dropped and proceeded on foot up to Lobatse, where arrangements were made for Comrade Ramotse to go abroad.

After the December 16 operations I was given the task by the High Command (that is before I was incorporated into it) of helping with the creating of MK on the ground. We had to organise Umkhonto in Natal, Eastern Cape, Western Cape and Kimberley. I went out initially by car, drove up to Durban where I met comrades who were already brought together and we established the Natal Command. From there I went to Port Elizabeth where I met Comrade Govan Mbeki who handed me over to comrades who were going to form a regional command. I then proceeded to Cape Town, set up the Cape Town machinery and returned to headquarters.

I went back to Port Elizabeth on a second occasion to get reports as to how far the command structure had organised units on the ground.

As I was leaving Port Elizabeth on my way to Cape Town, I realised that I was being trailed by police. This surveillance was constant right up to Cape Town where I had a very difficult time. They chased me all over the place until I managed to shake them off, using back doors and passages. I saw the unit in Cape Town and took their reports. I then had to go to Kimberley to set up the machinery there. For security reasons I was to board the train in Paarl and was driven there by a white female comrade.

But to my surprise when I got into the train I discovered one of the white Security Branch officers who was chasing me around Cape Town on the same train. It was obvious that I was being followed even to Kimberley. I did not know the place and I was going there for the first time. I was given an address and was afraid that if I get off in Kimberley, I would lead these security police to the people I was going to meet. I decided to go back to Johannesburg and just before we got to Johannesburg (at Randfontein) I jumped off just when the train pulled off and made it impossible for them to get off. Fortunately another train pulled

up which I boarded to Johannesburg and got off before I reached Johannesburg, at Westbury, where I took local transport home.

TRAINING ABROAD

During this period whilst I was going through all these areas I was also given instructions to inform comrades that they should start recruiting cadres that were going to be trained abroad. I also had to work out methods of communication so that when the comrades were sent from Natal, Eastern and Western Cape to Johannesburg, headquarters had to be informed in time.

After some time comrades started coming out. The first unit that came out was from the Eastern Cape.

Subsequently units came also from Natal and the Western Cape. They came to Johannesburg where we found accommodation for them amongst supporters of the movement. We then organised transport for them to be taken to Botswana. The first group to leave was taken straight to Francistown. From there we hired a truck that took them to the border between Botswana and Rhodesia (both still under British rule). Locals near the border informed us that provided they had the local Rhodesian currency it wouldn't be difficult for them to get transport. This we acquired at the border through exchanging with people coming down from Rhodesia. We gave them directions as to how they were going to get to Dar-Es-Salaam.

From Rhodesia they found their way up to Lusaka and from there they proceeded to Tanzania. The next group that came out came up to Kazangula. At the time the roads were clear only from Lobatse up to Francetown. Between Francetown and Kazangula there were no roads to talk about, just a little bush track which was so faint, and at some places there was nothing at all. The Rhodesian route was used once. The second time there were students who were com-

ing out (the comrades amongst whom was Thabo Mbeki). They were arrested and deported, fortunately to Botswana.

We then had to use charters and managed to get a charter that flew them out. But because we were aware that we could not be able to use charters for a long time, firstly because South Africa and the British would exert pressure on the owners, and, secondly, they were very expensive, we reconnoitred a route to Kazangula. We found a local person who was willing to assist us. I was involved in the reconnaissance with this man and when we returned he agreed to help us with transport as he had a truck.

Meanwhile the charters went on. There may have been two or three more until the one which was to charter the headquarters was sabotaged by the boers. So the Kazangula route became the main route. From Kazangula, recruits went to Livingstone where we acquired the assistance of UNIP. Zambia too was still under the British.

We managed to get a few loads of comrades through Livingstone. Sometimes we would come with a group of about 30 comrades on the truck, at times 35.

Transportation of comrades from their areas up to Johannesburg from there to Botswana, Zambia and finally to Tanzania cost a lot. At that time the movement did not have the resources that we are

having now, even friends then were not as many as today. So the question of funds was a serious problem. Most of the money that was used for transport during those days came from the movement. It was only in Tanzania where we got assistance from some of the governments that were going to give us training facilities. We got assistance from the Ethiopian, Egyptian and later the Algerian governments. The Algerians sponsored our initial training and later the Chinese. I think we sent one group to China. From then onwards we acquired most of our training from the Soviet Union. We had one unfortunate incident that also made me to leave in a hurry. Some comrades crossed, we gave them instructions and we hoped they would make it with the assistance of UNIP. Unfortunately when they got to Livingstone, they were arrested and deported to South Africa. After this incident it became clear (I was already serving in the High Command in Rivonia) that as soon as they reached South Africa and were tortured I was going to be arrested. After their return, the enemy started looking for me and I had to leave. I left South Africa with Comrade Raymond Mhlaba, we came through Rhodesia with false Malawian documents, stating that we'd been deported from South Africa. This enabled us to pass through Plumtree without any problem up to Lusaka where we were assisted by UNIP up to Tanzania.





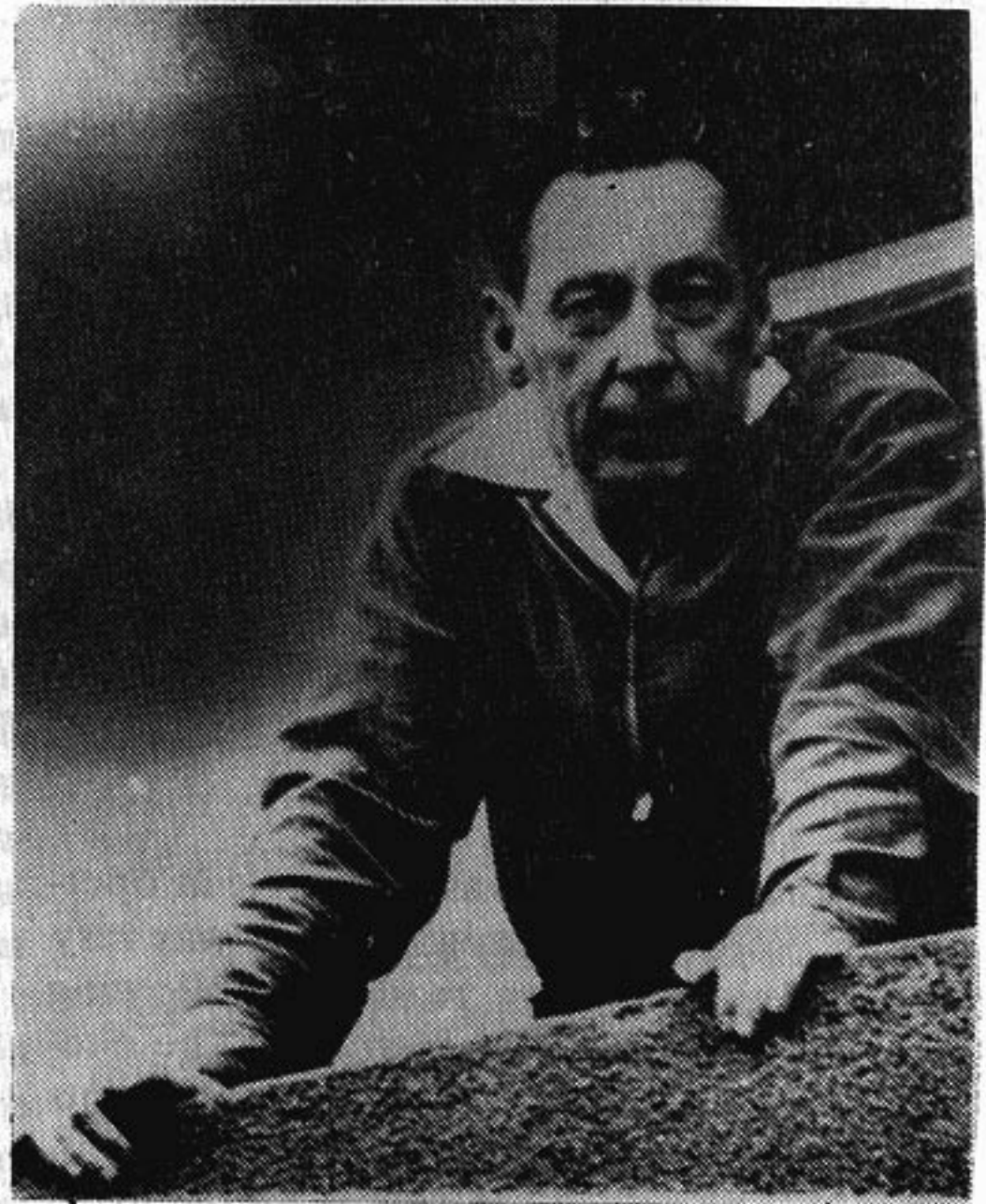
December 16, 1961

in Durban

(COMRADE ERIC MTSHALI, A FOUNDER-MEMBER OF UMKHONTO WE SIZWE, RECALLS TWO OPERATIONS HE WAS INVOLVED IN.)

IT IS a known fact that I was in the first Regional Command of MK in Natal. I say it is a known fact because one of the members of that first Regional Command wrote a book "My Road to the Left". That was Bruno Mtolo who was known as 'Mr X' in the Rivonia Trial. In this book he exposed everything and everybody, and in some cases exaggerated things. But Bruno, myself and the other Comrades; Billy, Curnick and Ronnie, were in the first Regional Command of MK in Natal. We got elementary training in explosives from the late Comrade Jack Hodgson, known as the "desert rat". We also learned some other techniques from Bruno himself who taught us how to make a time bomb.

Our first target in Durban was the Durban pass office. Billy, Curnick, Bruno and myself went to plant a bomb there which we had made out of aluminium, potassium permanganate and coffee. I don't remember what other mixtures were there. We planted this bomb at the door of the main office of the pass office in Ordinance road. When we were a few steps away, Bruno said there was something that we did not put correctly and he ran back to correct that. We then proceeded to another area where a pylon was to be blown up. This pylon was situated at a place called Morning Side, in Durban. First we went to prepare the material, placed it at the target and retreated. We then heard a big explosion going off. A big cloud of smoke and flames covered that pylon. It was a new experience to us, and we were very proud. We read about it the following day in the *Natal Mercury*. The damage was quite substantial. This operation was more successful than the one in Ordinance road where the bomb did not explode properly and caused very little damage. Well, we thought it was because we were amateurs but later we suspected that Bruno must have sabotaged it when he



• Jack Hodgson

went back after we had placed everything correctly.

We then sat down and reviewed our operations and came to the conclusion that although our operations were a suc-

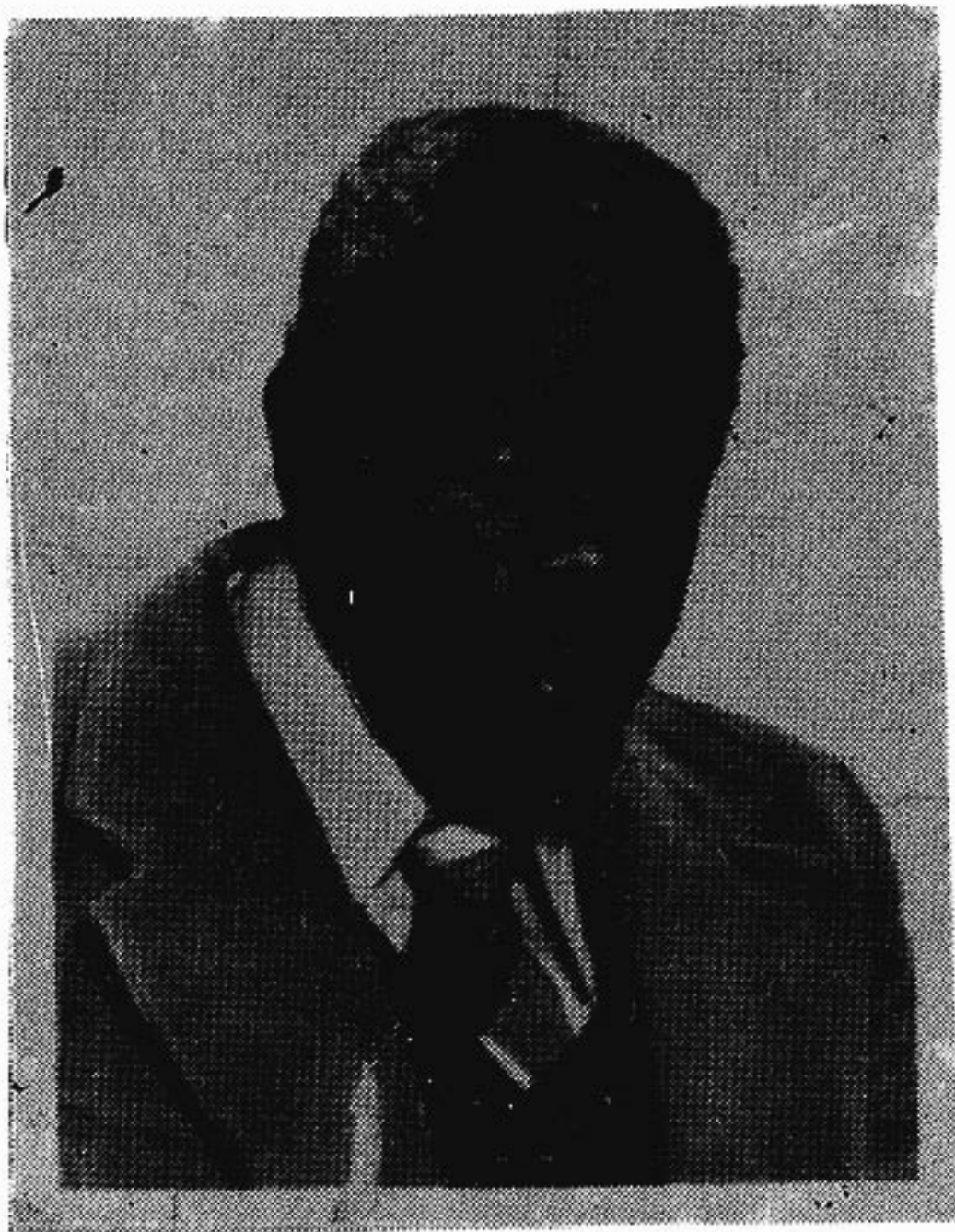
cess, they were then not what we wanted to be. We attributed that to our being inexperienced in the field of explosives and we were determined to improve and perfect ourselves. We did not have any material to use until Bruno discovered a dynamite dump at a road-building site. So we went for it. It was quite an interesting operation. The most exciting one in our case. We took 230 kilograms of explosives

in organisational work. The idea was not that we should also be directly involved because we were the military command in the region. We had to direct operations, recruit and establish new units. That is why we could not immediately embark on new operations after December 16. Secondly, we wanted to make sure that when we recruit, we recruited the best of people to serve in MK.

We had no knowledge of explosives or military science. We had never been in the army, all of us were young trade unionists who were combining trade union work with MK tasks. We started bringing in some other comrades into the units and because of our strategic positions as trade unionists dealing with workers, we could recruit the best out of the working class. This applied to other areas of the country as well. Therefore, people who went out for military training during that period of the 60's, were mostly workers, starting from the very first group; Mkwayi, Mhlaba, Gqabi and Mlangeni.

The reaction of the people was very good. MK was timely, especially to young people of our days and its formation was welcomed with great enthusiasm. We organised units in Durban central, Pinetown and Pietermaritzburg.

I was then selected by my region to go out and acquire the necessary skills, so as to teach others upon my return. Our group, which was the second group to leave the country, (the first being that of the High Command) consisted of 32 young workers from Durban, Johannesburg, Port Elizabeth, East London and Pietermaritzburg. We left in June 1962, and were supposed to come back before December. That is we were given strictly six months. But the situation changed and we could not return in six months as instructed. Some of those comrades fell in Wankie. Others were given prison sentences of 18 years and more, Billy and Curnick are out of Robben Island and active in the trade unions and the UDF.



• *Eric Mtshali*

from that dump. It was a very clean operation. No one was caught and it was very interesting when we read the following morning in the *Natal Mercury*. The enemy reported that about 230 kilograms of dynamite had been stolen by communists. We then took it to our hiding place and later removed it and dug some dead letter boxes in other townships where we hid part of it. Some of that dynamite was sent to comrades in Johannesburg and Port Elizabeth.

These were the two operations I was involved in. After that we were involved

“we hammered them”

(An MK recruit relates the story of two battles against Inkatha's Impis. The battles took place in September last year).

THERE HAD been a number of accusations and counter-accusations between Inkatha and the people of Lamontville, accusations which were nothing more than a contest for the control of the township. According to the racist regime, Lamontville is supposed to fall under the KwaZulu bantustan. Gatsha claimed that his support was being undermined and suppressed in Lamontville. In particular he singled out the youth, accusing it of being used by the African National Congress. The United Democratic Front also became a target of Gatsha's attacks.

In fact this is how he was preparing his impis for the attack on Lamontville. He also came with other accusations that Lamontville was exporting disobedience to townships under his chieftaincy. The news of an imminent attack by Gatsha's murderous impis started leaking. The people of Lamontville heightened their vigilance and readiness, while the youth was on a twenty-four hour alert for the attack. There were many false alarms at this time to test and also undermine our vigilance.

Finally, the day did come when about a division of Gatsha's impis descended upon our township. We saw them approaching and we were shocked by their number. It showed us that that they had really come to massacre the township. Alarm was quickly raised throughout the township so that by the time they were approaching the entrance to our location our people were ready to receive them.

Their big number meant that we could not approach them headlong, we had to approach them from the rear and from the sides. They were armed with all sorts of weapons; spears, pangas, guns, shields, swords and knives.

We divided ourselves into four groups. The first was the smallest which was to expose itself and attract their attention. Two were deployed on the sides and one

was to attack from the rear. These other groups took positions within the houses, hiding.

As had been anticipated, when the impis saw the first group they went wild. They charged into it, passing the other groups hidden around the houses poised for action. When the other groups sprung into action they were caught by surprise and suddenly found themselves under a volley of bricks, stones and other missiles. They were caught in the middle and could not withstand our attacks. They then concentrated all their energies on breaking contact and retreating, and finally forced their way out of the township in disarray. Four of the impis were stabbed to death while others were stoned to death. The corpses were then necklaced.

THE SECOND BATTLE

This first battle which was meant to culminate in a rally by Gatsha at Umlazi was a setback. At their rally the story of the battle was related and a second attack which was to take place immediately after the rally, was planned. As planned, after the rally a huge army, two times bigger than the first, attacked Lamontville. The whole township was alert and waiting for them. This time again we split ourselves into groups, though only two this

time. The first group was to confront them headlong and allow itself to be driven back to give a chance for the other group to manoeuvre and attack from the rear.

This time the battle was more fierce and lasted for about two hours. We managed to draw them right into the township where we felt the fighting would be most favourable to us because we knew the terrain and could use it to our advantage. Again we caught them by surprise when we launched attacks with petrol bombs. They were frustrated because they could not get their hands on us. They then started stoning houses, and we had to plan fresh strategies to stop them.

We launched assaults from all directions to disorganise them and split them into smaller groups, and they responded. When they found themselves split into these smaller groups, they panicked and these groups were confronted openly from all sides. We hammered them from all sides and petrol bombs in particular frightened and disorganised them. There was then confusion among the impis. While some were advancing, others were retreating. This chaos excited our people and they mounted another round of a fresh and fierce attack.

The impi's resistance was broken. They were retreating and fighting their way out of the township. A hail of bricks and stones accompanied their retreat. There was haste to get out of Lamontville lest our comrades got them. The retreat turned into a forced march and suddenly they were running for their lives. In the confusion some were captured and others were badly injured. Finally, racist troops came to their rescue and started shooting at our comrades, covering the retreat of the impis.

Seven impis were necklaced while many were injured, including their commander, Gideon Sibiyá. Only two of our people sustained serious injuries in the battle. The following day the impi com-



Inkatha impis. Note the g

mander appeared in the morning newspaper with his head heavily bandaged. He claimed that Lamontville residents attacked them whilst en route to Umlazi for an Inkatha rally. He claimed that they

Amabuth

**AN MK RECRUIT, BILLY SE
OF HIS COMBAT BATTLE V**

I REMEMBER one battle we waged when Elizabeth, where we had gone to attend a died in a clash with the racist troops. We hurriedly to plan how we were going to de

We divided ourselves into groups, with the main group taking position at Ferguson. Three other groups deployed in the passages and alleys around the main group. From when we at Rio Cinema we were armed with petrol bombs. We also had a few rifles which we deployed with the main strategic groups.



un on the commander's hip.

were not attacking Lamontville but passing through it. What is suprising is that there is no road passing through Lamontville to Umlazi. If one is en route to Umlazi, the road passes outside our township.

o at war

NZO, RELATES THE STORY WITH THE RACIST TROOPS.

he boers drove us out of Rio Cinema, in Port night vigil of Thanduxolo Mbethe, who had ent to Thanduxolo's home and my unit met and the comrade's home.

Within a few minutes the boers appeared in a Landrover, a riot squad truck and a hippo. We had already closed the road from where they were appearing as we did not want any vehicle approaching. As they came to where we were deployed we welcomed them with stones and bricks, and they retreated. The tried another route

approaching from Dena, but once again they were greeted with a hail of stones and bricks, forcing them to retreat again.

Our plan was to provoke them so that they would come in full force. We took advantage of darkness and our knowledge of the township. We wanted them to get off their armoured vehicles because we also needed their weapons.

They made a third attempt with one hippo and a Landrover. This time we hurled two petrol bombs into the hippo and it caught fire, and we showered them with more stones. They once more retreated. We could not ascertain the damage or injuries inflicted by the fire.

They made a last attempt in two hippos, approaching from different directions. This time they switched off the lights and were advancing slowly. The area was completely dark and they could in no way see us. On the other hand we could see them approaching from a distance. We opened fire with two guns and they made a hasty retreat without retaliating because they could not see us.

When they had retreated the soldiers dismounted and we thought they were coming on foot, which was good. But they never came. Only one hippo came with only the driver and it was useless to attack because the driver's compartment windows are bullet-proof. The second hippo disappeared and never came back.

Towards 4 o'clock in the morning, they came back again and started firing teargas canisters at Mbethe's house. They fired from a distance away from our sectors deployment. A few units went to assist at Thanduxolo's house while the rest of the units went to their firing positions. We were however unfortunate because they moved off and disappeared.

We gave up trying to locate them because the night darkness was drifting away and we had to go and make preparations for the funeral. How much we longed for a proper engagement with them that night.



HEROES OF OUR REVOLUTION

*(COMRADE RODGERS, A VETERAN OF WANKIE, SPEAKS
ABOUT PAUL PETERSEN (BASIL FEBRUARY).)*

WHEN WE entered Rhodesia in 1967, it was going to be our first combat experience. While we were undergoing training in Africa and overseas, though, we were using live bullets and were acquainted to bullets whizzing over our heads. We had confidence in ourselves, individually and as a group.

Our mission was clear. We were to open a corridor to South Africa for our personnel and supplies, coordinating and cooperating with Zapu.

After several days in Rhodesia we discovered that the enemy was aware of our presence. There were many spotter planes in the sky. The detachment ran out of food and, knowing that we would have contact with the enemy soon, we decided to split the group.

Our group consisted of 21 men. It was led by Madzimba Matho (of Zapu), who was deputised by Andries Motsepe. I was the third in command. It was decided that we should go into the interior to divert the enemy from the main detachment. We also had in our group a comrade who had a special mission. He was Paul Petersen.

Of course we did divert the enemy. We had our first contact with the enemy on the banks of Nyatuwe river, between Wankie and Detti. The battle started at half past eight in the morning and the enemy disengaged itself at 18,40 hours. Out of all our battles in Rhodesia, the battle of Nyatuwe was the major one. Before I go into this battle let me relate to you the story of Paul Petersen.

He was born in Somerset West in the Western Cape. I think he was between 24

and 26 years of age, 1,85 metres tall, black hair with a goaty beard. His real name was Basil February. He was a so-called Coloured.

We were very close to each other and I knew about his special mission. I knew where and how to assist him. There are certain things one must point out about this guy, things which make me respect him more than ever before, especially after we had split from the main group.

We were a small group and the languages employed for communication were Ndebele and Shona. As a result there was a tendency of isolating him in most conversations. Besides, being a so-called Coloured, most of the Zapu comrades viewed him with suspicion because of his white skin. But all this did not worry him at all. He thought it was best for the comrades to converse in the language they knew best. He was inspiring in all duties in the field, e.g. guard duties, and was always rendering assistance to all comrades in need along the way. Gradually even those who thought he was white ended up seeing him a better white.

The number of spotter planes in the sky was increasing. It was clear that the enemy was on our trail. We decided to take Paul to the nearest place where he could get transport. For him it was painful to part with the group and he resisted but we convinced him that his mission

was equally important. If he had gone through we were to contact him in two months.

We took him to a train siding that was nearest. He was armed with an UZI pistol machinegun and a pistol. He gave us his UZI because it was going to be bulky and cumbersome, and remained with a pistol.

The train did arrive and he ran for it. We were watching him from a distant bush, of course. We saw the train pulling off and left. After boarding the train the conductor became suspicious of this 'white' man boarding a train at a siding. The conductor fired some questions at him, which he answered to the best of his ability.

The conductor phoned the next station, alerting the police. Paul was also suspicious of this chap and had decided to get off at the next station. So when the train reached the next station he got off to a white detective SB and two Africans.

They came straight to him and demanded his identify card. All three were armed. He drew his pistol and shot at the white policeman twice, killing him instantly. He injured the two Africans, one seriously. While running for cover he also injured the station master. Outside the station he found a bicycle and rode away.

Somewhere in that area there was a cinema, theatre or hall (I'm not sure), with a number of cars parked outside. He got into one of the cars and sped away. As he was coming out of that town he met a roadblock, manned by one soldier. The soldier related well to him, thinking he was white. When he realised his mistake, he ran for his gun but was too late. Paul shot him dead and drove away at a high speed. He drove for quite a distance until he reached Bulawayo, and

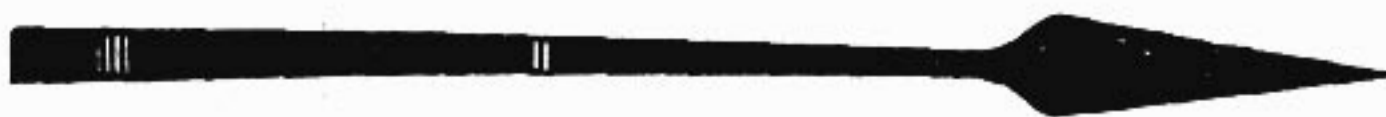
we wonder how he managed it. When he reached Bulawayo, he abandoned that car and took another one.

He was intending to go to Salisbury (now Harare). As fate could have it he took a wrong turn somewhere and found himself heading for Plumtree. By this time we had already had contact with the enemy and our direction was slightly northwards of Plumtree, while the main group was also moving towards Plumtree.

There were several control posts along the road from Bulawayo to Plumtree. What actually happened is not clear. What came out was that he died with a policeman there. I think if he had a gun more powerful than a pistol, he would have done wonders. Sometime later, months and months later, (I had already been sentenced and I was at the condemned cells). I was called to come and identify his picture. They had taken a photograph of him. I denied knowing him. I gave instructions to the comrades when I returned to the cell to do the same.

The enemy was a bit rough with me for not knowing him. They were sure he was from our group, also a freedom fighter. They thought he was a Cape Coloured. We thought it was a good idea that he fights even when he is dead. They were rough the same way with my other comrades.

There is no doubt that this comrade is a true hero, whose name must never be forgotten in our songs and poems. It is regrettable and a tragedy that we do not know the place where he was buried. His bones were definitely going to be taken to a free and independent South Africa. He was young. If he was alive to this day, he would be one of our greatest leaders.



demonstrations and armed struggle

— OUPA KGOSI

DEMONSTRATIONS have revealed the inexhaustible creative initiative of our people in their relentless battles against the racist regime. As a conscious, politically motivated weapon of struggle they are an expression of people's will, therefore, they have to take the character of resolute offensive actions against the regime.

They must be the expression of the emerging people's power and assert our will against the will of the regime. Our demonstrations must organise and mobilise our people. They must be rallying points of skillful confrontation with the regime. However peaceful a demonstration may be, as a revolutionary form of struggle, skillfully planned and carried out, they are a lethal blow against the enemy's ability to organise and ready himself for any serious battles.

Demonstrations have a tendency, of wearing down the enemy's morale and strength in running township battles. Therefore making it even more vulnerable to attacks by our own combat units.

The 1952 Defiance Campaign showed skillful planning and high level of organisation. Prisons were filled up to the brim yet more volunteers continued breaking racist laws. The racist police were caught up in a circle of arrests and rearrests of defiant volunteers. The racist administrative structures were caught up in another wave of unending court proceedings, acquittals and convictions. All the state repressive machineries were moved into action but they proved ineffective and incapable of containing this massive wave of defiance, initiative. Through widespread and coordinated mass actions we shall outstretch the enemy resources, its armed forces, making them more vulnerable to our armed onslaught.

With the strategic initiative in our hands, we must lead the enemy into battle. It is in the attack that we shall retain this

Our heroic workers have added another weapon to our ever-growing arsenal of mass combat actions, i.e. the occupation of factories in the event of a strike or dismissals. With well-organised support from local communities the workers can occupy their factories for a considerable length of time depending on the outcome of negotiations over their demands.

With the level of organisation we have attained, it will be possible to qualitatively improve on these actions. Whereas in the past our demonstrations were primarily aimed at protesting and highlighting our plight, the present epoch calls for resolute offensive actions for people's power. The strategic and tactical guiding factor being the armed seizure of power.

Already, a rich history of protest struggle and mass actions adorn our struggle. In 1981 in Cape Town, we raided all supermarkets in support of striking workers in meat industries. We carted red meat and tinned meat products and threw them in the gutter, on the pavements and in the streets.

These actions were carried out by our small combat squads, which exploited the peak shopping hours on a Saturday. The enemy was caught by surprise and left

stunned. It could not mobilise its forces to respond to this area-wide, swift, thorough and coordinated action by our people.

Mass actions should not be left to spontaneity. They have to be planned and organised. Most important, they must be purposeful, directed and targetted at the points where the enemy is most vulnerable: its economic, communications and administrative infrastructure, service and transport structures.

Secrecy and surprise attacks will lend a devastating blow to our actions. They will always leave the enemy at a moment of indecision and shock. Swift armed assaults accompanying these actions or supporting them will definitely disorganise the enemy even more.

This type of action will not only halt production but will also make it impossible to organise scab labour to replace striking or dismissed workers. At the same time intervention by the state will also result in great material loss i.e. equipment and machines.

In these actions it may be necessary to arm ourselves with incendiary materials like petrol bombs, or corroding stuff like acids. Easy-to-conceal explosives like limpet mines, grenades, TNT, etc., may be useful. Under these conditions a simple box of matches can be a lethal weapon against any inflammable material in the factory.

Mass actions can be used to impede enemy movements, block its routes for reinforcements, or simply to cut its communication lines. Vietnam provides good examples of how political demonstrations were co-ordinated with military actions to divert troops away from guerrilla locations. In Ben Tre thousands of demonstrators besieged a local governor's office while local guerrillas were taking over a Saigon garrison.

In another incident, thousands of demonstrators occupied a town from dawn till the following morning bringing traffic and industry to a standstill, while guerrillas

were attacking a neighbouring town. It became difficult for the enemy to send reinforcements to the towns. The town was finally brought down in two days of occupation.

From our experience we have realised the necessity of combining our mass political activity with military actions. The people's armed assault on a police station in Durban, and another attack on enemy troops in Alexandra township are testimony to our growing people's war. The death of thousands of patriots in peaceful protests and demonstrations teaches us that we must as a matter of urgency have our own combat units.

In ensuing battles during our demonstrations we must find ways of breaking and disorganising the enemy lines so that they will break into smaller groups while pursuing or dispersing us. Those stray groups of two or four soldiers must never return to their bases alive. Those are our targets!

The elimination of enemy troops during demonstrations must never be left to chance. It must be a planned and organised combat action through our combat squads. In our growing confrontation with the racist hordes we must also acquire the skills to defend ourselves.

In this *Year of Umkhonto we Sizwe* we must make sure that our popular protests and demonstrations are turned into resolute armed offensive actions against the regime.

In order that each mass action becomes a show of force, a battle in itself — we must improve on our organisation. We must have squads of disciplined armed men who will stand with us and attack the enemy with the same bravery and prowess with which we storm hippos with our bare hands. Our decisive battles will very much be determined by our ability to organise successfully and secretly against the regime.

VICTORY IS IN SIGHT!

work in the enemy armed forces

(EXCERPTS FROM THE BOOK
'ARMED INSURRECTION'
BY A. NEUBERG.)

The promoters of revolutionary activity within the army must be the clandestine communist and young communist cells (who as the revolutionary situation approaches will become legal or semi-legal), or, in units where there are no communists, the groups of revolutionary soldiers.

The establishment of these bridge-heads within the fundamental units of the army and the fleet (companies, squadrons, batteries, artillery-parks, support units, headquarters, warships, etc.) demands of every communist party the most serious attention. To this end, it is necessary before the call-up of recruits or reservists to draw up a list of all communists or young communists among them, and to give these detailed instructions on how to act in the army, on how to maintain contact with the party, etc. Without the creation of a solid military organisation of the party in the army and navy, there can be no question of revolutionary work among the soldiers and sailors.

Even more attention must be paid to agitation among the troops, and to the creation of communist cells in the areas and garrisons whose influence will be decisive for the victory of the revolution (capital cities, great industrial centres, etc.) i.e. wherever power will have to be seized at once and wherever it will be

necessary to create bases or revolutionary centres from which the revolution can be spread to other areas. The party will have to send a large number of militants and more resources into these regions than into the others.

It must be borne in mind that the success of agitation in the army will to a large extent depend on the social composition of each unit. In every army there exists units and services into which, because of their social composition, the party can never hope to inject elements of class struggle. These are the officer-cadet schools, the special forces, often the cavalry — which in many countries is recruited exclusively from the rich peasant strata — and other similar units. These units can and must be smashed purely by the force of arms of the insurgent proletariat. By contrast, in its military propaganda the party should aim above all at the artillery and technical services, in which the proportion of workers is normally higher than in the other units. The same is of course true for the infantry and the sailors.

As for the possibility of winning junior officers over to the revolution, experience has shown that in peace time the hopes of doing this are very slender. It goes without saying that the party must never renounce the possibility of using revolutionary officers to subvert some particular unit. Nevertheless, its activity in general must be aimed at the mass of ordinary soldiers.

Here is what the resolution of the

1906 conference of military and combat organisations of the Social Democratic Labour Party (Bolshevik) stated about party agitation among the officers:

Whereas: (1) *the class, social composition of the corps of officers and their interests as a professional military caste compel them to strive for the retention of the regular army and the underprivileged position of the people;* (2) *in view of this, the officers, as a body, play a reactionary part in the present bourgeois-democratic revolution;* (3) *the existing oppositionally-minded groups of officers do not play an active part and* (4) *at the same time it is possible that individual officers may come over to our party and they may, in view of their specialised knowledge and special military training, render considerable services during an uprising of the army and its defection to the side of the people, and also in technical preparations for an armed uprising—*

*the conference of military and combat organisation recognises: (1) that they cannot build up an independent Social Democratic military organisation among the officers; (2) that it is essential to use the existing oppositionally-minded groups of officers for purposes of information and in order to draw into our party military and combat organisation individuals who can serve as instructors and practical leaders.*¹

PARTY LINE

The cells of communists and young communists inside army units — just like the cells in factories, firms, trade unions and in general in the various mass organisations of the proletariat — are representatives of the party, and in their activity within the unit in question must apply the party line on all questions without exception. The communist military organisation in the army does not and

cannot have a political line of its own; it is simply a fraction of the party, and must put into practice the latter's general political line.

In an immediate revolutionary situation, at the moment at which the party calls on the masses to rise and seize power, the basic objective of the communist cells in the army will be to present an open opposition to the reactionary commanding officers, and to draw the mass of soldiers behind them to carry out revolutionary tasks together with the proletariat.

The 1906 conference of military and combat organisations of the Social Democratic Party (Bolshevik), in a resolution on the aims of the military organisations within the army, defined these aims in the following way:

The aims of the military organisations at the present time are: (a) the creation of solid-democratic cells in each troop unit; (b) the grouping of all revolutionary elements in the army around these cells and by their agency, with the aim of securing their active support for the popular demands and of persuading them to pass over openly to the side of the people in arms; (c) a perfect coordination of their own activity with that of other proletarian forces, including the combat organisations; the subordination of all their work to the general requirements of the moment, and to the political leadership of the collective organisations of the proletariat.

Furthermore, the conference considers: (1) *that the actual character of agitation in the army must be determined by the objectives being pursued by the proletariat (as vanguard of the people in arms);* 2) *that these objectives, and the very composition of the army units which are susceptible of being won over to the revolution, indicate the path to be followed in order to obtain maximum results for social democratic propaganda and agitation within the army, and to*

ensure the party's ideological and organisational influence; 3) *that only combined work by all the military organisations of the Social Democratic Party, carried out in the way indicated above, can guarantee that broad democratic strata of the army will pass over to the side of the people in arms.*²

The military organisation, if it is to be capable of carrying out its functions, must be in close liaison with the local organisation of the party. In view of the special conditions of its work, this liaison will be carried out by delegates appointed by the party authorities to organise work in the army. The party's delegate (organiser) will receive from the military cells, from the communists and young communists and from non-party but politically reliable soldiers, all necessary information about the state of the unit in question (where its various sections are positioned, how many officers it has, what the morale of the troops is like, how its daily routine is organised, etc.). He will then in turn give the cells and the individual comrades instructions about what they should be doing and the methods they should employ, and will supply them with literature (party newspapers, leaflets, appeals), etc.

The specific conditions of agitation in the army (clandestinity) make it essential for the party authorities to assign an adequate number of militants to this work. These must be absolutely reliable politically. It will sometimes be necessary to put them through special crash courses, in which they can be taught all that is necessary about methods of work in the army (about the techniques of clandestine work). The party organisations, in their turn, must organise training sessions on the subject for communist or young communist soldiers. Strict observation of the rules governing illegal activity in normal (non-revolutionary) periods is of considerable importance in view of the police inquisition and the terror wreaked by

government authorities on individuals or organisations who carry propaganda in the army.

THE BOLSHEVIK PARTY

With respect to work in the army, the sections of the Communist International can draw useful lessons from the history of the Bolshevik Party. Here is what Yaroslavsky said about Bolshevik work in the army before the Revolution in his speech to the Sixth World Congress of the Comintern:

Amidst severe conditions of illegality we had in the years 1905-07 twenty illegal papers devoted to revolutionary propaganda in the army. Every big garrison town like Reval, Riga, Dvinsk, Batum, Odessa, Ekaterinoslav, Warsaw, Sveaborg, Kronstadt, St Petersburg, Moscow and other places had its soldiers' paper which was distributed by the members of the illegal organisations in those districts as well as by workers who had contacts with the army. As far as the number of leaflets published is concerned, I must say that there was hardly a single political event of any importance upon which we did not issue a leaflet for the soldiers. These leaflets were printed in large numbers, several thousand each. These were not only distributed in garrison cities but throughout whole military areas, and every single opportunity was taken to get them distributed.

Our form of organisation was as follows: we had in mind the fact that the army was not homogeneous in character, and we did not set out at all costs to get all the sections of the troops over to our side but selected those sections which by their class position were best able to accept our revolutionary propaganda. We selected those units in which there were large numbers of workers, as for example the artillery, the engineers, technical

troops, seamen in the navy, and concentrated our attention upon these. In modern armies these military units, the artillery, the technical troops and the navy are of extreme importance. We can expect to have the least success among the cavalry, which consists mainly of well-to-do peasants especially in western Europe where the cavalry is recruited principally from among the rich peasants.

Where possible we established in every military unit a small secret group which represented the illegal regimental and battalion committees, which maintained contact with our secret military nuclei outside the barracks. Needless to say all contacts between the military organisations were maintained in strict secrecy. We selected the members very carefully, never being concerned about numbers, and these organisations were never regarded as a complete force capable of undertaking independent action. We regarded them rather as an organised force which, at the necessary moment, could win over to our side the sympathetic soldiers and sailors. Although we never set out to get large numbers I must say that we had organisations in Kronstandt, Sebastopol and other places in which we had several hundred men. . .

Notwithstanding the extremely severe illegal conditions, we managed to organise a number of military conferences. In the spring of 1906 we convened such a conference in Moscow. Although nearly all the delegates were arrested at the first session, the conference had some effect. In November 1906 we convened a rather large conference of military organisations in Tammasfors in Finland. Lenin wrote a special article on this conference in which he deals very carefully with the resolutions passed at the conference and with the significance of the conference itself.³

In addition to their work in the

army and navy, communist parties must seek to disorganise the volunteer organisations of the bourgeoisie which now exist almost everywhere. The basic objectives of these associations, which in many countries greatly outnumber the regular armies, are mobilisation of public opinion in favour of war, the military training of their members, and above all, as history shows, the defence of the bourgeois order, i.e. the struggle against the revolutionary proletariat inside the country.

In a general way, the communist parties must demand the dissolution of these volunteer associations. But while waging a political campaign on these lines, they must simultaneously seek to subvert them from within. Experience shows that a very powerful weapon for this purpose, i.e. a good means of separating out the proletarian elements, consists in creating semi-military proletarian organisations like the Red Front in Germany. Thus wherever possible communist parties must strive to create organisations of this kind; they must give high priority to work (both political and organisational) designed to subvert the military associations of the bourgeoisie.

AMONG THE POLICE

The revolutionary party must also pose, and resolve in a suitable manner, the question of work among the police. By its social nature the police is often largely composed of proletarian elements, and consequently revolutionary activity among ordinary policemen is objectively possible. The experience of the German revolution in 1923 is a proof of this. The police in Saxony, Thuringia and other regions sympathised in part with the communists - even though the party had carried out almost no special agitation within its ranks. Certain policemen translated their sympathy into deeds.

For instance, there were frequent cases of police giving communists advance warning of searches, arrests, etc.

The German police is not exceptional. Revolutionary work is both necessary and possible among the police in other countries too. In view of the importance of the police as an instrument of constraint in the hands of the ruling classes, and in view of the results which such work can produce even in a 'peaceful' period (not to speak of the extent to which the political leanings of the police will influence the proletariat's struggle for power in a revolutionary period), this branch of party work has an importance which cannot be exaggerated.

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3. Speech during discussion on the reports on methods of struggle against the dangers of imperialist war — Comrade Yaroslavsky (CPSU), in *Proceedings of the Sixth World Congress of the Communist International*.

Cont. from P.2

rendered KwaNdebele ungovernable, we must forge ahead to establish people's power. This is the moment to launch a general offensive for the destruction of this apartheid organ of administration. We must demand, and act to achieve, the resignation of the puppet cabinet and the dissolution of the entire structure. In its place should emerge organs of popular power; street, area, village and other committees in the localities such as Moutse and Ekangala, and at regional level. At the same time the war has to be taken to the adjoining white farms and other workplaces, and much more needs to be done to bring the fighting people into organised structures of the mass democratic movement such as trade unions, youth congresses and women's organisations.

'INDEPENDENCE PROJECTS'

Many of the demands we advance in the fight against 'independence' have not yet been met. The so-called 'independence projects' such as the stadium and police stations should be abandoned. The people need land as well as the right to settle where they want; the prisons are full of

detainees; the state of emergency and the curfew still operate, etc.

To ensure effective armed blows, the mobile combat groups and self-defence units should be well-organised and structured into effective fighting organs. Ways of acquiring arms should be found. And MK has to link up with these units to upgrade them, provide arms and engage in systematic armed activity. For this and other tasks to be realised, the underground structures have to play the leading role.

In KwaNdebele we scored a decisive victory because we had a solid front against the oppressors. In order to advance, we have to strengthen this front and act in unity. The enemy is at work. Already, Botha's men are moving stealthily among us, doing all they can to chip at the edges of the anti-independence front. All of us must not allow any section to fall into the enemy's trap and accept promises of the peace of the graveside. In KwaNdebele, other rural areas and the rest of South Africa let us act in such a way that there shall be no kingsmen and no horses to even contemplate putting Humpty Dumpty together again.

THE FATE OF A MAN

AN EXCERPT FROM THE NOVEL BY THE FAMOUS SOVIET WRITER

Mikhail Sholokhov,

“AT THE beginning of September they sent a hundred and forty-two of us Soviet prisoners-of-war from a camp near Kustrin to Camp B-14, not far from Dresden. At that time there were about two thousand in that camp. We were all working in a stone quarry, cutting and crushing their German stone by hand. The stint was four cubic metres a day per man, and for a man, mind you, who could hardly keep body and soul together anyway.

“And then it really started. After two months, out of the hundred and forty-two men in our group there were only fifty-seven left. How about that, mate? Tough going, eh? We hardly had time to bury our own mates, and then there was a rumour in the camp that the Germans had taken Stalingrad and were pressing on into Siberia. It was one thing on top of another. They held us down so we couldn't lift our eyes from the ground, as if we were just asking to be put there, into that German earth. And every day the camp guards were drinking and bawling out their songs, rejoicing for all they were worth.

“One evening we came back to our hut from work. It had been raining all day, and our rags were soaking; we were all shivering from the cold wind and couldn't stop our teeth chattering. There wasn't anywhere to get dry or warm, and we were as hungry as death itself, or even worse. But we were never given any food in the evenings.

“Well, I took off my wet rags, threw them on to my bunk and said: “They want you to do four cubic metres a day, but one cubic metre would be plenty to bury one of us.” That was all I said, but, would you believe it, among our own fellows there was one dirty dog who went and reported my bitter words to the camp commandant.

“The camp commandant, or Lagerfuhrer, as they called him, was a German called Muller. Not very tall, thick-set, hair like a bunch of tow; sort of bleached all over. The hair on his head, his eyelashes, even his eyes were a kind of faded colour, and he was pop-eyed too. Spoke Russian like you and me, even had a bit of a Volga accent, as if he's been born and bred in those parts. And could he swear! He was a terror for it.

“I sometimes wonder where the bastard ever learned that trade. He'd form us up in front of the block — that's what they called the hut — and walk down the line surrounded by his bunch of SS men with his right hand held back. He wore a leather glove and under the leather there was a strip of lead to protect his fingers. He'd walk down the line and bloody every other man's nose for him. ‘Innoculation against the flu’ he used to call it. And so it went on every day...

“Well, the day after I said that about the cubic metres, that commandant had me up on the mat. In the evening an interpreter and two guards came to our hut. “Sokolov Andrei?” I answered up. “Outside! Quickmarch! The Herr Lagerfuhrer wants to see you”. “I guessed what he wanted me for. So I said good-bye to my pals — they all knew I was going to my death. Then I took a deep breath and followed the guards. As I went across the

camp yard, I looked up at the stars and said good-bye to them too, and I thought to myself: "Well, you've had your full dose of torture, Andrei Sokolov, Number 331." I felt somehow sorry for Irina and the kids, then I got over it and began screwing up my courage to face the barrel of that pistol without flinching, like a soldier should, so the enemy wouldn't see how hard it'd be for me at the last minute to part with this life, bad though it was.

"In the commandant's room there were flowers on the window-sill. It was a nice clean place, like one of our clubs. At the table there were all the camp's officers. Five of 'em, sitting there, downing schnapps and chewing bacon fat. On the table there was a big bottle, already open, plenty of bread, bacon fat, soused apples, all kinds of open tins. I took one glance at all that grub, and you wouldn't believe it, but I felt so sick I nearly vomited. I was hungry as a wolf, you see, and I'd forgotten what the sight of human food was like, and now there was all this stuff in front of me. Somehow I kept my sickness down, but it cost me a greater effort to tear my eyes away from that table.

"Right in front of me sat Muller, half-drunk, flicking his pistol from one hand to the other, playing with it. He had his eye fixed on me, like a snake. Well, I stood to attention, snapped my broken-down heels together, and reported in a loud voice like this: "Prisoner-of-war Andrei Sokolov at your service, Herr Kommandant," and he says to me: "Well, you Russian Ivan, four cubic metres of quarrying is too much for you, is it?" "Yes, Herr Kommandant, quite enough and to spare."

"He gets up and says: "I shall do you a great honour. I shall now shoot you in person for those words. It will make a mess here, so we'll go into the yard. You can sign off out there." "As you like," I told him. He stood thinking for a minute

then tossed his pistol on the table and poured out a full glass of schnapps, took a piece of bread, put a slice of fat on it, held the lot out to me and says: "Before you die, Russian Ivan, drink to the triumph of German arms."

"I had taken the glass and the bread out of his hand, but when I heard those words, something seemed to scald me inside. Me, a Russian soldier, I thought, drink to the victory of German arms? What'll you want next, Herr Kommandant? It's all up with me anyway. You can go to hell with your schnapps!

"I put the glass down on the table and the bread with it, and I said: "Thank you for your hospitality, but I don't drink." He smiles. "So you don't want to drink to our victory? In that case, drink to your own death." What had I got to lose? "To my death and relief from torment then." I said. And with that, I took the glass and poured it down my throat in two gulps. But I didn't touch the bread. I just wiped my lips politely with my hand and said: "Thank you for your hospitality. I am ready, Herr Kommandant, you can sign me off now."

"But he was looking at me sharply: "Have a bite to eat before you die." he said. But I said to him: "I never eat after the first glass." Then he poured out a second and handed it to me. I was staking everything on courage, you see. Anyway, I thought I'll get drunk before I go out into that yard to die. And the commandant's fair eyebrows shot up in the air. "Why don't you eat, Russian Ivan? Don't eat after the second glass either." He puffed up his cheeks and snorted, and then he gave such a roar of laughter, and while he laughed he said something quickly in German, must have been translating my words to his friends. The others laughed too, pushed their chairs back, turned their big mugs round to look at me, and I noticed something different in their looks, something a bit softer like.

"The commandant poured me out a

third glass and his hands were shaking with laughter. I drank that glass slowly, bit off a little bit of bread and put the rest down on the table. I wanted to show the bastards that even though I was half dead with hunger I wasn't going to choke myself with the scraps they flung me, that I had my own, Russian dignity and pride, and that they hadn't turned me into an animal as they'd wanted to.

"After that the commandant got a serious look on his face, straightened the two iron crosses on his chest, came out from behind the table unarmed and said: "Look here, Sokolov, you're a real Russian soldier. You're a fine soldier. I am a

soldier, too, and I respect a worthy enemy. I shall not shoot you. What is more, today our gallant armies have reached the Volga and taken complete possession of Stalingrad. That is a great joy for us, and therefore I graciously grant you your life. Go to your block and take this with you for your courage." And he handed me a loaf of bread from the table, and a lump of bacon fat.

"I gripped that bread to my chest, tight as I could, and picked up the fat in my left hand. I was so taken aback at this unexpected turn of events that I didn't even say thank you, just did a left-about turn, and went to the door. And all the while I was thinking, now he'll put a bullet between my shoulder blades and I'll never get this grub back to the lads. But no, nothing happened. Again death passed me by and I only felt the cold breath of it.

"I got out of the commandant's room without a stagger, but outside I went reeling all over the place. I lurched into the hut and pitched flat down on the cement floor, unconscious. The lads woke me up next morning, when it was still dark. "Tell us what happened!" Then I remembered



what had happened at the commandant's and told them. "How are we going to share the grub?" the man in the bunk next to me asked, and his voice was trembling. "Equal shares all round," I told him. We waited till it got light. We cut up the bread and fat with a bit of thread. Each of us got a lump of bread about the size of a matchbox, not a crumb was wasted. And as for the fat — well, of course, there was only enough to grease your lips with. But we shared it out, fair for all.

"Soon they put about three hundred of the strongest of us on draining a marsh, then off we went to the Ruhr to work in the mines. And there I stayed until 'fourty-four. By that time our lads had knocked some of the stuffing out of Germany and the fascists had stopped looking down on us; prisoners. One day they lined us up, the whole dayshift, and some visiting Oberlieutenant said through an interpreter, "Anyone who served in the army or worked before the war as a driver — one pace forward." About seven of us who'd been drivers before stepped out. They gave us some old overalls and took us under guard to Potsdam. When we got there, we were split up. I was detailed to work in Todt. That was what the Germans called the set-up they had for building roads and defence works.

"I drove a German major of the engineers about in an Opel-Admiral. That was a fascist hog for you if you like! Short fellow with a pot-belly, as broad as he was tall, and a backside on him as big as any wench's. He had three chins hanging down over his collar in front, and three whopping folds round his neck at the back. Must have carried a good hundred weight of pure fat on him, I should think. When he walked, he puffed like a steam-engine, and when he sat down to eat — hold tight! He'd go on all day, chewing and taking swigs from his flask of brandy. Now and then I came in for a bit too.

He'd stop on the road, cut up some sausage and cheese, and have a drink; and when he was in a good mood he'd toss me a scrap like a dog. Never handed it to me. Oh, no he considered that beneath him. But, be that as it may, there was no comparing it to the camp and little by little I began to look like a man again. I even began to put on weight.

"For about two weeks I drove the major to and fro between Potsdam and Berlin, then he was sent to the frontline area to build defences against our troops. And then I just forgot how to sleep at night. All night long I'd be thinking how to escape to my own side, my own country.

"We drove to the town of Polotsk. At dawn, for the first time in two years I heard the boom of our artillery, and you can guess how my heart thumped at the sound. Why, mate, even when I first started courting Irina, it never beat like that!

The fighting was going on east of Polotsk, about eighteen kilometres away. The Germans in the town were sore as hell, and jumpy, and my old pot-belly started drinking more and more. During the daytime we would drive round and he'd give instructions on how to build the fortifications, and at night he'd sit by himself drinking. He got all puffy, and there were great bags under his eyes.

"Well, I thought, no need to wait any longer, this is my chance. And I'm not just going to escape alone, I've got to take old pot-belly with me, he'll come in useful over there!

"Among some ruins I found a heavy iron weight and wrapped a rag round it, so that if I had to hit him there wouldn't be any blood. I picked up a length of telephone wire in the road, got everything ready that I needed, and hid it all under the front seat. One evening, two days before I said good-bye to the Germans, I was on my way back from the filling station and I saw a German Unter staggering along blind drunk, grabbing at the wall. I pulled up, led him into a damaged build-

ing, shook him out of his uniform, and took his cap off his head. Then I hid the whole lot under the seat and I was ready.

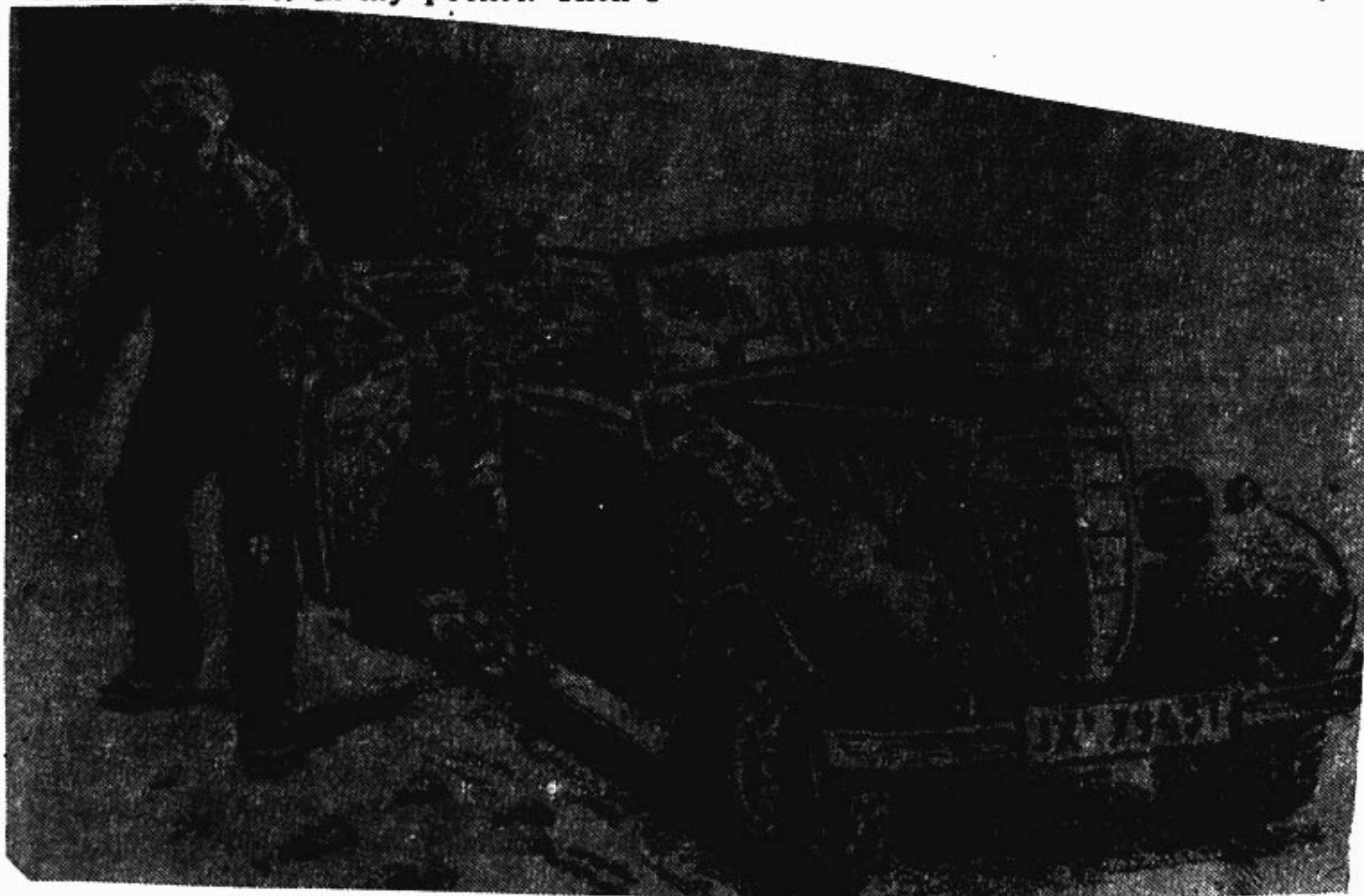
"On the morning of June 29, my major told me to take him out of town in the direction of Trosnitsa. He was in charge of some defences that were being built there. We drove off. The major was sitting on the back seat, taking a quiet doze, and I sat in front with my heart trying to jump out of my mouth. I drove fast, but outside the town I slowed down, then stopped and got out and had a look round; a long way behind there were two lorries coming on slowly. I got out my iron weight and opened the door wide. Old pot-belly was lying back on the seat, snoring as if he'd got his wife beside him. Well, I gave him a bang on the left temple with my iron. His head flopped on to his chest. I gave him another one, just to make sure, but I didn't want to kill him. I wanted to take him over alive. He was going to be able to tell our lads a lot of things.

"So I pulled the pistol out of his bolster and shoved it in my pocket. Then I

pushed a bracket down behind the back seat, tied the telephone wire round the major's neck and fastened it to the bracket. That was so he wouldn't tumble over on his side when I drove fast. I pulled on the German uniform and cap, and drove the car straight for the place where the earth was rumbling, where the fighting was.

"I ripped across the German frontline between two pillboxes. A bunch of sub-machine gunners popped up out of a dug-out and I slowed down purposely so they would see I had a major with me. They started shouting and waving their arms to show me I mustn't go on, but I pretended not to understand and roared off at about eighty. Before they realised what was happening and opened fire I was on no man's land, weaving round the shell holes no worse than any hare.

"There were the Germans firing from behind, and our own chaps got fierce and had a smack at me from the front. Put four bullets through the wind-screen and riddled the radiator. But not far away



I spotted a little wood near a lake, and some of our chaps running towards the car, so I drove into the wood and got out. Then I fell on the ground and kissed it. I could hardly breathe.

"A young fellow, with a kind of khakhi shoulder-strap tunic I'd never seen before, reached me first and says with a grin: "Aha, you Fritzzy devil, lost your way, eh?" I tore off my German tunic, threw the German cap down at my feet, and I says to him: "You lovely young kid. Sonny-boy. Me a Fritz when I was born and bred in Voronezh? I was prisoner-of-war, see? And now unhitch that fat hog sitting in the car, take his briefcase and escort him to your commander." I handed over my pistol and was passed from one person to the next until by the evening I had to report to the colonel in command of the division.

"By that time I had been fed and taken to the bathhouse and questioned, and given a new uniform, so I went to the colonel's dug-out in proper order, clean in body and soul, and properly dressed. The colonel got up from his table, and came over to me, and in front of all the officers there, he kissed me and said: "Thank you, soldier, for the fine gift you brought us. Your major and his briefcase have told us more than any twenty Germans we might capture on the frontline. I shall recommend you for a decoration." His words and the affection he showed, moved me so much I couldn't keep my lips from trembling, and all I could say was: "Comrade Colonel, I request to be enrolled in infantry unit."

"But the colonel laughed and slapped me on the shoulder. "What kind of a fighter do you think you'd made when you can hardly stand on your feet. I'm sending you off to hospital straightaway. They'll patch you up there and put some food inside you, and after that you'll go home to your family for a month's leave, and when you come back to us, we'll think out where to put you."

"The colonel and all the officers that were in the dug-out with him shook hands and said good-bye to me, and I went out with my head spinning because in the two years I'd been away I'd forgotten what it was like to be treated like a human being.

"As soon as I got into hospital I wrote Irina a letter. I told her in a few words all about how I was taken prisoner and how I escaped with the German major. Just what made me boast like a kid, I couldn't tell you. Why, I couldn't even hold back from saying the colonel had promised to recommend me for a medal...

"For a couple of weeks I just slept and ate. They fed me up a little at a time, but often; if they'd given me all the food I wanted, so the doctor said, I might have gone under. But after two weeks were up, I couldn't look at food. There was no reply from home and, I must admit, I began to get mopy. Couldn't think of eating, sleep wouldn't come to me, and all kinds of bad thoughts kept creeping into my head. In the third week I got a letter from Voronezh. But it wasn't from Irina, it was from a neighbour of mine, a joiner. I wouldn't wish anyone to get a letter like that.

"He wrote that the Germans had bombed the aircraft factory, and my cottage had got a direct hit with a heavy bomb. Irina and the girls were at home when it dropped. There was nothing left, he wrote, only a deep hole where the house had been... At first I couldn't finish reading that letter. Everything went dark before my eyes and my heart squeezed into a tight little ball so that I thought it would never open up again. I lay back on my bed and got a bit of strength back, then I read to the end. My neighbour wrote that Anatoly had been in town during the bombing. In the evening he went to the spot where his home had been, took one look at the big hole and went back to town the same night. All he told

my neighbour, before he went, was that he was going to volunteer for the front.

"When my heart eased up and I heard the blood rushing in my ears, I remembered how Irina had clung to me when we parted at the station. That woman's heart of her must have known all along we were not to see each other again in this world. And I had pushed her away... Once I had a family, a home of my own, it all taken years to build, and it was all destroyed in a flash, and I was left alone. It must be a dream, I thought, this messed-up life of mine. Why, when I had been a prisoner, nearly every night, under my breath, of course, I had talked to Irina and the kids, tried to cheer them up by telling them I'd come home and they must not cry. I'm tough, I said, I can stand it, we'll all be together again one day. For two years I had been talking to the dead!"

The big man was silent for a minute. When he spoke again, his voice faltered. "Let's have a smoke, mate, I feel as if I was choking." We lighted up. The tapping of a wood-pecker sounded very loud in the flooded woodland. The warm breeze still rustled the dry leaves of the alders, the clouds were still floating past in the towering blue, as though under taut white sails. It was too distressing to keep silent and I asked: "What happened then?"

"What happened then?" my companion responded unwillingly. "Then I got a month's leave from the colonel, and a week later I was in Voronezh. I went on foot to the place where I had once lived with my family. There was a deep hole full of rusty water. The weeds all round came up to your waist. Everywhere was empty and still as a graveyard. I felt it bad then, mate, I can tell you. I stood there in sorrow, then I went back to the station, I wasn't there more than an hour altogether. I went back to the division the same day.

"But about three months later I did get a flash of joy, like a gleam of sunlight through the clouds. I got news of Anatoly.

He sent me a letter from another front. He had got my address from that neighbour of mine. It seems he'd been to an artillery school to start with: his gift for mathematics stood him in good stead there. After a year he passed out with honours and went to the front, and... now he wrote he had been given the rank of captain, was commanding a battery of 'forty-fives', and had been awarded six orders and medals. In a word, he'd left his old man far behind. And again I felt real proud of him. Say what you like, but my own son was a captain, and in command of a battery. That was something.

"And at nights I began having old man's dreams. When the war was over I'd get my son married and live with them. I'd do a bit of carpentry and look after the kiddies. All the kind of things an old man does. But that all went bust too. In the winter we went on advancing without a break and there wasn't time to write to each other very often, but towards the end of the war, right up near Berlin, I sent Anatoly a letter one morning and got an answer the very next day. It turned out that he and I had come up to the German capital by different routes and were now very close to each other. I could hardly wait for the moment when we'd meet. Well, the moment came... Right on the Ninth of May, on the morning of Victory Day, my Anatoly was killed by a German sniper.

"The company commander sent for me in the afternoon. I saw there was a strange artillery officer sitting with him. I went into the room and he stood up as if he was meeting a senior. My CO said: "He's come to see you, Sokolov," and turned away to the window. Something went through me then like an electric shock. I knew there was trouble coming. The lieutenant-colonel came up to me and said: "Bear up, father. Your son, Captain Sokolov, was killed today at his battery. Come with me."

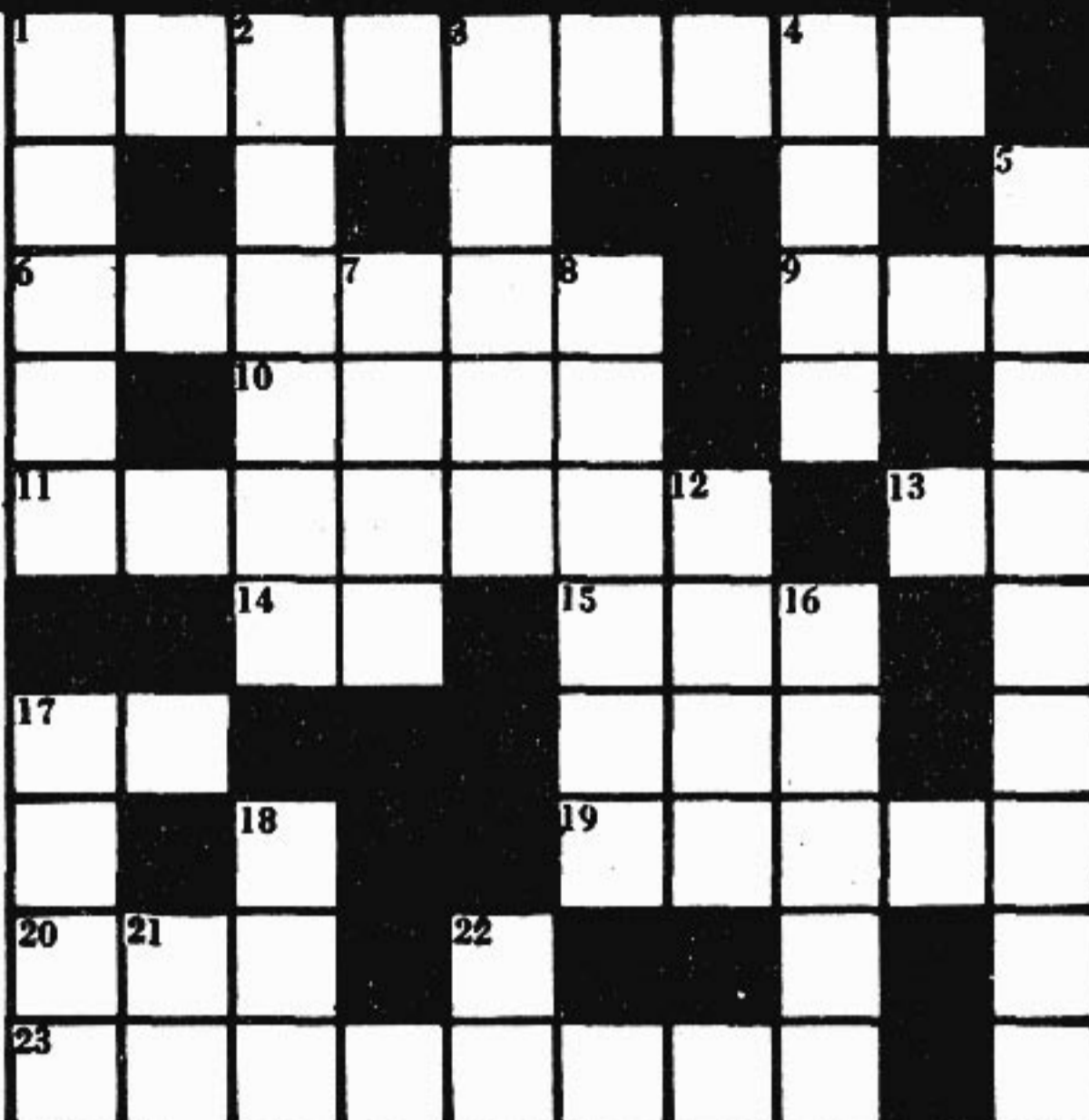
To be Continued in the Next Issue.

DAWN



POLITIXWORD

No. 5



Clues

ACROSS

1. Voice of the South African Communist Party
6. A heavy mounted gun
9. Laboratory
10. To administer doses to
11. Readily recovering from depression
13. ... all and end-all
14. You
15. Almighty
17. Prefix
19. Soviet spaceship
20. Policeperson
23. Department dealing with military stores and equipment

DOWN

1. JB Marks
2. First day of the week
3. To elevate
4. Language spoken in South Africa
5. Secretary-General of POLISARIO
7. A human being has one
8. A horse ...
12. Company
16. Sir Arthur Conan ... created the famous Sherlock Holmes
18. Soviet light machine gun
21. Born in 1917
22. Mother

SEE ANSWERS IN DAWN VOL. 10 NO. 6

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 48mb, 6135 KHz

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

Radio Ethiopia

Shortwave 31mb, 9585 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

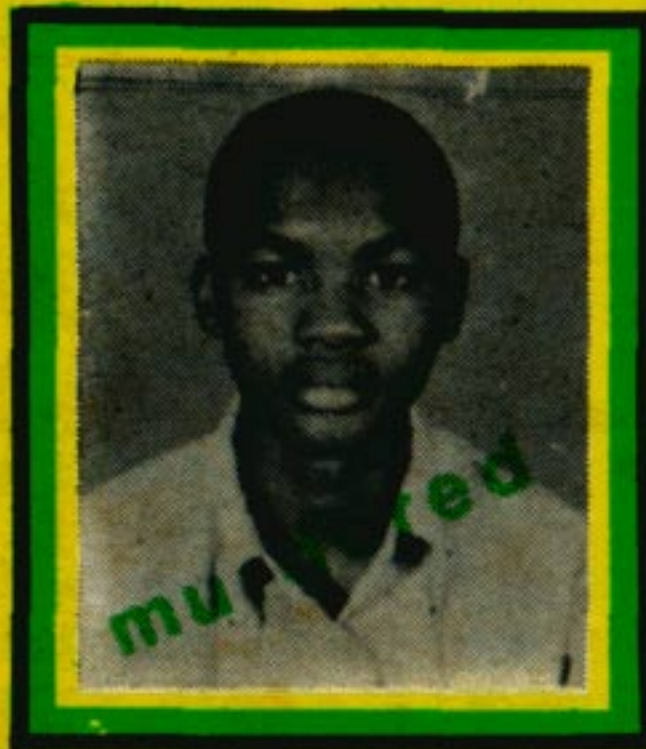
**To move forward we must attack,
act in unity and unite in action.**

MURDERED

Date: 9/10/1986

Time: 6 am

Place: South Africa



THEY THINK THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE WILL STOP US..
IT WILL NOT.....THEY CANNOT KILL US ALL.....
THE MURDER OF OUR THREE HEROES MUST BE
AVENGED.....THE CRIMINAL ENEMY MUST NOT REST
....ATTACK ADVANCE GIVE THE ENEMY NO QUARTER

....AVENGE....ANDREW ZONDO'S....MURDER.....

....AVENGE....SIPHO XULU'SMURDER.....

....AVENGE....LUCKY PAYI'S.....MURDER.....

NOW!