

DAWN

VOLUME 10

NUMBER 2 1986

Journal of Umkhonto we Sizwe



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DISCIPLINE IS THE MOTHER OF VICTORY

Radio Lusaka

Shortwave 31mb, 9505 KHz

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

Shortwave 25mb, 11880 KHz

8.00-8.45 a.m. Sunday

Radio Luanda

Shortwave 31mb, 9535 KHz
and 25mb

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

Radio Madagascar

Shortwave 49mb, 6135 KHz

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

Radio Ethiopia

Shortwave 31mb, 9595 KHz

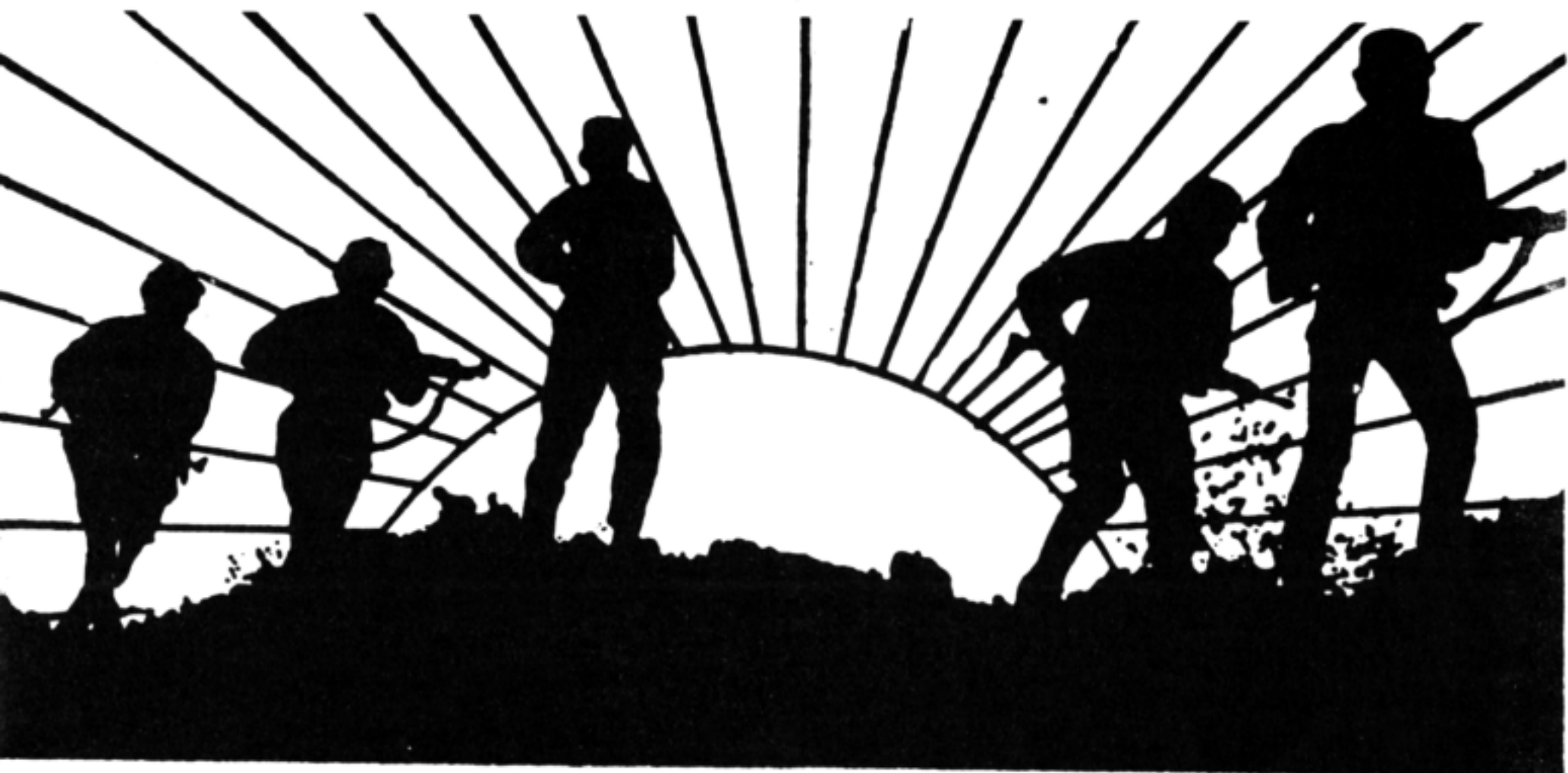
9.30-10.00 p.m. Daily

Radio Tanzania

Shortwave 31mb, 9750 KHz

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

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



Editorial Comment

APARTHEID IN CRISIS

APARTHEID cannot be reformed. It must just be destroyed! No other conclusion can be drawn from Botha's speech when he opened parliament on January 31st.

As the New Year Message of the NEC of the ANC pointed out, Botha is completely unable to deal with the enormous general crisis he has plunged our country into. Even the ideology of apartheid is in a deep crisis. He can no longer advance anything in its defence. The hollow dreams of a tyrant appear to him to be the very essence of policy. He relies on bombast and bluster to hide the fact that he is no more than a fleeting shadow on the world stage.

His declaration: "*We have outgrown the outdated... concept of apartheid*", means just the opposite. To us the African majority the Botha regime can unchallengeably claim to have gone furthest than all its predecessors in perfecting the evil system of apartheid.

The past seven years under Botha's jackboot have been the bloodiest in the history of our country. Only in the last 18 months outside a thousand Africans have been murdered by the regime's army and police. Many leaders of the democratic

movement have faced trumped up charges of treason. Last year alone more than ten thousand people were detained.

A few days after Botha's declaration, the racist minister of national education and Transvaal leader of the National Party, F.W. de Klerk, defended racially segregated education and residential areas. An eight-year-old, Amos Kubheka, was refused bail when, with a huge bruise on his forehead, appeared on a charge of intimidation in the Middelburg magistrate court. Alexandra was added to the endless list of massacres when the township was invaded by the regime's death squads following a funeral. More than 80 people were murdered. And the house of UDF Transvaal Treasurer, Titus Mofolo, was fired at.

A racist removals squad moved into the tiny village of Uitvlucht in Moutse, demolishing houses and shipping many families to a resettlement camp at Immerpan. The families were the first removal victims of the recent incorporation of Moutse into KwaNdebele. This patch of barren land called KwaNdebele is to be independent as planned in December according to KwaNdebele's commissioner general, van der Merwe.

Why continue fragmenting our country if Botha's promise to pass legislation "restoring South African citizenship to Black persons who permanently reside in the republic of South Africa but had lost their citizenship as a result of the conditions for independence of Transkei, Venda, Bophuthatswana and Ciskei" is anything more than duplicity?

Botha's introduction of a 'uniform identity document' and "removal of existing influx control measures" and replace it with "measures that will facilitate orderly urbanisation" is a manoeuvre to nip in the bud the campaign we are to launch this year against the hated passes. He intends changing only the form of the document, whilst the content, influx control, will remain.

Replacing 'influx control' with 'orderly urbanisation' is a mere change of name, as meaningless as changing 'justice' to 'law and order', 'bantu education' to 'education and training' or 'bantu administration' to 'separate development' and 'plural relations'. This is a game the racist rulers of our country are excelling at. Botha intends nothing more than pulling wool over our eyes.

The proposed national statutory council is nothing new but the disguised resurrection of the NRC (Native Representative Council). This move deserves to be met with the same anger we vented on the tri-racial parliament. We are not fight-

ing and dying to have a few round-bellied stooges in the administration of apartheid. Till all share in the country's wealth and the land is distributed among the tillers, our march to freedom cannot be arrested.

The offer to exchange Nelson Mandela for a racist captain du Toit and Chakarov, a Soviet dissident, is racist arrogance at its best. Absolutely nothing connects Mandela and the Soviet dissident. Nothing more than being South African is common between Mandela and du Toit. The latter is a racist commando who was arrested while on a mission of destabilisation against an independent African state, the People's Republic of Angola. He has also participated in the destruction of a bridge in the southern part of that country, and the bombing of an ANC office in Maputo. His only claim to fame, rather notoriety, is the commitment with which he has served the moribund system of apartheid. He is therefore where he rightfully belongs, in prison.

Mandela is a household name among the oppressed in our land. He is the leader of the ANC and all peace and freedom loving South Africans. He is also the first Commander-in-Chief of our people's army, Umkhonto we Sizwe. More streets in history are named after him. No one in the world has received the same number of awards. In short even if du Toit had been our captive, where in history was a simple soldier exchanged for a general?

THE ENEMY IS RETREATING,

LET US INTENSIFY!

THE DEMAND OF THE TIME

*CHRIS HANI, THE DEPUTY COMMANDER
OF UMKHONTO WE SIZWE, ADDRESSES
THE ARMY*

1985 has been a year of intensive and sharp struggles between the oppressed masses on one hand and the ruling class of our country on the other. It was a year of great and tremendous sacrifices by our people who went into the streets to battle enemy soldiers, police and their saracens and casspirs.

The deeds of heroism and courage are indeed unparalleled in the recent history of our country. This struggle threw out thousands of young people who are ready to make all sort of sacrifices in the struggle for freedom and social justice. This climate of unparalleled upsurge has thrown into the fore a lot of serious demands, especially for our people's army, Umkhonto we Sizwe. Its role has become very crucial within the context of a situation of escalating violence by the enemy. An enemy which has lost all options except more and more reliance on brutal and naked force.

For the success of our assault on the enemy we need to look very carefully into the way we prepare our army. This army is expected more than ever before to be seen to be a people's army, to be seen to be responding to the demand of the time. And the demand of the time is the escalation of the armed struggle.

Our people are demanding to see us confronting the enemy. In fact our People's Army has got to translate into reality the message of the African National Congress conveyed to our people by the President in the New Year Message. The marrow of that message was: *let us be on the offensive, let us attack, and that we should give the enemy no quarter.*

In order then to realise this central message, Umkhonto we Sizwe has got to

brace itself to attack that enemy and furthermore to translate into reality the earlier call of the movement to take the war to the white areas both in the urban areas and the countryside.

The enemy personnel has got to be attacked more sharply and intensively than before. We are all agreed that the country is in a state of civil war. That grim reality has already been recognised by our people as they bury thousands, as they go to funerals every week.

LIMPOPO TO SALDANHA

This is the picture throughout the country, literally from Limpopo to Saldanha. We all know that the majority of the whites in our country are cushioned off from this reality. For them life is normal. They do their shopping, go to cinema and to various pleasure places to enjoy themselves with their families. Their kids go to school everyday. But for our people it has been almost two years of conditions of civil war, of burying their dead. Our kids have not known the inside of a classroom for a long time. And these magnificent Black kids have seen, young as they are, what death means.

The enemy has not discriminated when killing our people. It has killed children, women and the very old. It is a terroristic enemy, and an enemy which is beginning to smell defeat. We should know now that the Botha regime has lost the townships. There is no way in which it can regain the control of these townships because there is a new mood of optimism and rejection of white domination. Now we must make Botha lose all the townships and the countryside.

This takes me back to the question of rendering the country ungovernable and the system of apartheid unworkable. We know that with regard to rendering the country ungovernable there are still some areas of uncontested terrain, especially in the rural areas.

Going back to the demands facing the army, you know the regime has unleashed an offensive to flush us out around our country, especially in the neighbouring independent countries. Lesotho is under pressure, so is Botswana and Mozambique. For us the struggle has always been very difficult. We should match those difficulties with increasing courage and determination. We must defy these odds and obstacles and be ready to penetrate our country even in the light of all these difficulties.

DEMANDS

So we want to place before our army the following requirements and demands:

Firstly, total preparation. By this we

mean we should equip ourselves with all the military skills and with all the necessary physical requirements of that demand.

Secondly, we must be mentally prepared to cope with every turn and twist in the situation because it is an ever dynamic situation. We must take seriously the fact that we have no rear base. In other words, we are our own liberators. Nobody is going to come and create favourable conditions for us. This means that we must literally be ready to walk, if necessary for hundreds of kilometres, as we march towards our country. There is indeed no easy way out of this situation.

Thirdly, we've got to sharpen our hatred for that enemy. I think it has done everything to incur the wrath of our army. Numerous of our cadres have lost, if not their parents, brothers, sisters, cousins. Everybody is affected by what is happening inside the country. We have as a duty



to stop the increasing genocide of the enemy.

Fourthly, inside the country we enjoy conditions we have never enjoyed before. The oppressed people are ready to join us. We have won the confidence of our people. But in the process that confidence repose on our shoulders a need for a special way of conducting ourselves. We are revolutionaries and this we should never forget.

Revolutionaries are special people. They are patriots and committed people. They are dedicated to a transformation of a country and the building of a new life. In order to justify this confidence our people are placing on our shoulders we have to get rid of the inherent habits we have acquired from the system of oppression.

We are members of our people's army, Umkhonto we Sizwe. Our people's army requires of each and every cadre to have the deepest love and respect for the people because they — thousands of those young people — are placing their destiny

in our hands as the commanders, commissars, officers and men of their army. This necessitates that we should behave correctly towards them.

UNFORTUNATE EXAMPLES

There have been unfortunate examples in the conduct of a few of our cadres. Some have been received with open hands by the people and tended to betray this trust given to them. In certain cases we have even endangered the very people who have provided shelter for us. We have been seduced literally by frivolous requirements of life, the sort of requirements I believe we can do without.

Some of our cadres have been seen to frequent shebeens and in moments of drunkenness to take out weapons and terrorise the people. Others have brought to their hiding places unknown women, and in some cases there has been over-indulgence in liquor. These are few examples but they are significant in the sense that they ought to focus on the need for us



to become cadres, fighters and revolutionaries of a new type. The situation so demands.

1986 is the *Year of the People's Army, Umkhonto we Sizwe*. We should recognise the significance of the designation of this year as our year. It simply means that there should be a qualitative difference between this year and other preceding years. There should be a qualitative change in the way we fight that enemy. It should be a year:

- of many victories against the enemy;
- when we should deepen the insecurity of the regime;
- to deepen the economic and political crisis by the skilful use of our weapons;
- of making Umkhonto we Sizwe a people's army involving the whole population in the fight;
- when we should be in a position to arm the young lions who have been battling with the racist army for more than a year;
- when the countryside should be unsafe for the enemy. Already there are indications that this is beginning to take place. But what has happened is the tip of the iceberg. We should spread those operations in the rural areas and the farms; and
- when we are going to attack very seriously the transnational corporations which are doing their best to stabilise the apartheid economy. Let us make it a year when the international investors are going to lose confidence in the performance of the regime's economy.

Lastly, it's a year when our people must feel that we are beginning to be on top of the situation as their fighters. In other words the maintenance of the momentum of our struggle and even its stepping up has got to be seen this year. What is required of Umkhonto we Sizwe now is to

plunge itself into the country, train and arm our people and be part of the struggles of those millions of our people.

We must enrich and strengthen the struggles of the workers and the entire democratic movement. We have to weaken and undermine the bantustan administration. What is required is that we should make each and every corner of our country a sphere of military action and intense political battles. But we shall only be able to do that if we eliminate all shortcomings and deficiencies in our training and preparation, and everywhere we move, whether in transit. The high spirit of discipline, commitment and revolutionary zeal which we display in our camps should not be lost en route to and also inside the country.

These are very big demands but our people have shown the way. There is no way we can allow ourselves to lag behind the escalating battles that the masses of our country are waging.

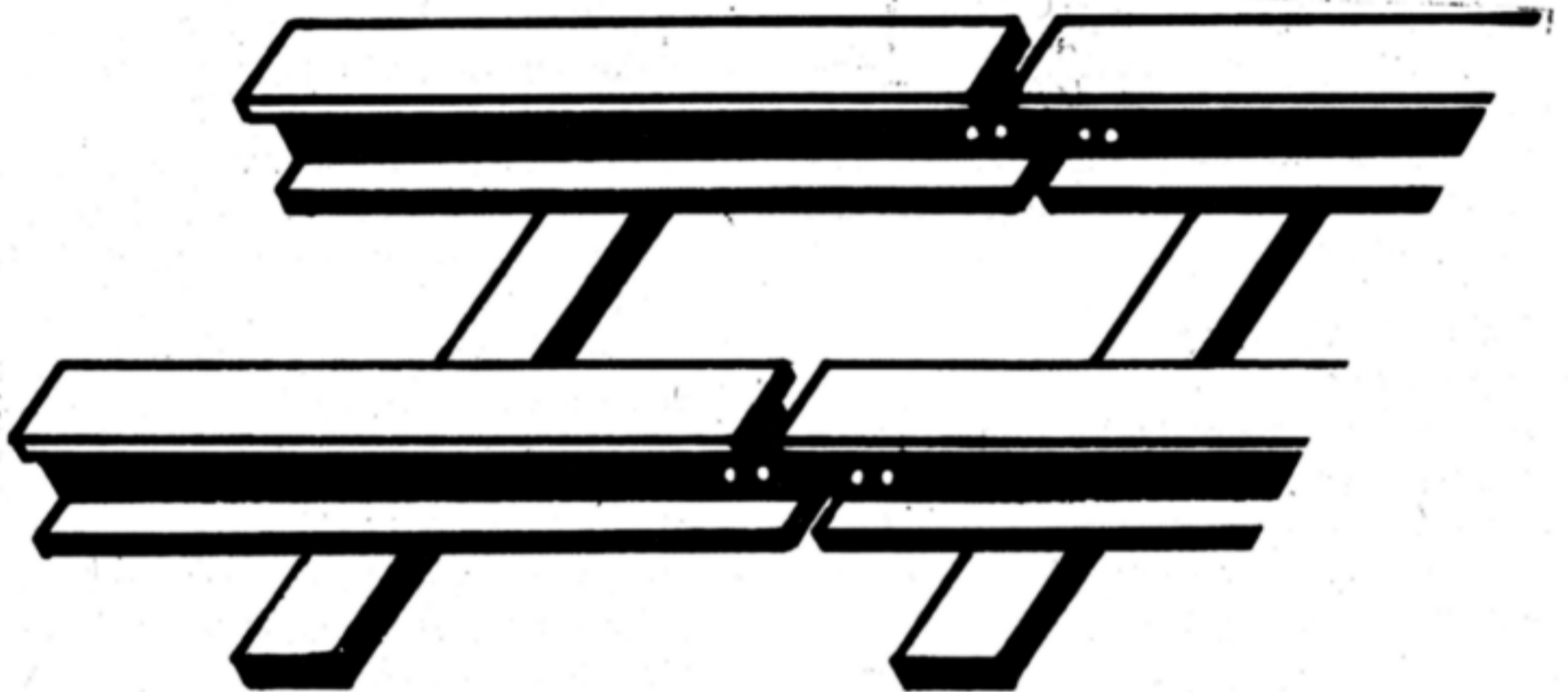
Though we have dwelt at length on the deficiencies and shortcomings of our cadres, it is important also to note that the past year has seen some of the most heroic deeds by our comrades. 1985 was a year of the biggest number of military operations. The hand-grenade became a feature of our resistance and for the first time the landmine was used in our country.

We therefore pay tribute to our combatants whose exemplary and courageous performances contributed into making the country ungovernable and the system of apartheid unworkable. Their deeds and revolutionary commitment will always inspire us to heights of valour and patriotism. We remember with pride and love comrades like Barney Dladla, Victor Khayiyana, Sidney Sebepi, Morris Seabelo, Leon Meyer, Joseph Mayoli, Jacob Williams, Madoda, Duma, Patela, Victor Masuku and others.

LEARN with DAWN

You too Countryman, can be a Freedom Fighter

sabotage of railway systems



THE South African railway network is wide and vast. It would be impossible to destroy it all, nor is this our aim. It remains a key target due to its special role as a means of communication for both the economy and the military.

Note: Because it is vast and of priority to the enemy, we must turn it into a field of expressing, in practical terms, our readiness to overthrow this oppressive regime whose soldiers and police it services.

Purpose: a) To cause delays of material.
b) To make it impossible for the enemy to plan his economy.
c) To destroy enemy trains,

material and eliminate enemy personnel.

AMMUNITION

- a) Shifting spanner.
- b) Sharp cutter.
- c) Rubber hammers (to muffle sound when unscrewing nuts.
- d) Spade.

POINTS OF SABOTAGE

- 1. Rail lines.
- 2. Communication and signal lines.
- 3. Gravel supporting rail lines on curves. il

RAIL LINES

The South African rail bars are made of very long bars joined to each other by bolts. They are held firmly onto concrete sleepers today (in the past planks were used).

Where two rails join each other on a sleeper, unscrew the nuts and take them out. When the train comes it will push the rail aside and thus be derailed.

Another method would be to remove the gravel, to loosen the support of the railway. This is most effective on bends and curves. Do not remove the gravel such that it is visible from a long distance. The main drive must be to loosen the soil by first removing some of it.

Both methods are most effective on slopey areas. More especially when we aim to inflict large casualties on the enemy. This is done by exploiting the terrain features like mountains, rivers and without the least usage of explosives and guns. See diagram.

COMMUNICATION AND SIGNAL LINES

If you are an observant freedom fighter you must have noticed the cables running just next to the rails. These are *signal cables*. These run into communication boxes which are also a target.

HOW TO SABOTAGE THE ABOVE

All you have to take with you is a sharp instrument. Cut these cables. It is not dangerous at all. Having cut these, the trains, both goods and passenger, ferrying soldiers will not be able to operate. The services of these are vital for the control and direction of trains. Having cut just one of these you will have caused a delay due to the stoppage of movement in the whole of that line between the two stations. The delay can last for several hours. It will be more effective if you con-

ceal the point which you have attacked. *Beware*, do not leave your fingerprints when doing this work. We must learn to outwit the enemy. We have displayed our initiative on a number of occasions.

DELAYING ELECTRIC TRAINS

The electric cables servicing these trains run above-head. They are suspended on poles. To delay their movement you only have to do a simple thing. Take a bicycle chain or flexible wire and throw it onto the cable. This way you will cause a short circuit. Current will not continue flowing, there will be thus no energy for the trains. This also takes several hours to be repaired.

GENERAL PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES

1. Make sure it is safe before undertaking an operation.
2. It must be known to the most minimal number of people. As a rule only to those who are to participate in the action.
3. Never divulge the point of sabotage and time of execution.
4. The time and point must be divulged to the group by the group leader at the time of execution.
5. No one must participate in this kind of action without thoroughly understanding what must be done.
6. Before any operation, maximum information must be obtained about the target. This includes:
 - type of target.
 - security of the enemy at the target
 - study the routine of the enemy so as to be able to choose the most timely moment to strike.
7. Establish routes of approach and withdrawal.

GUERRILLAS & SOLDIERS FROM OTHER LANDS

ARMEE DE LIBERATION NATIONALE



ALN guerrilla, 1960.

ARMED STRUGGLE against the colonial occupation of Algeria by the French began on November 1, 1954. It was announced by a wave of guerrilla attacks.

The attacks acted as a powerful symbol of resistance and a mobilising factor. New recruits flocked to join the FLN. In mid-1956 FLN leaders, meeting in Soummam Valley in Kabylia, created a more comprehensive military framework, centralising the guerrillas under the control of the Armee de Liberation Nationale (ALN).

Colonel Houari Boumedienne was appointed Chief-of-Staff of the ALN in December 1959. He immediately set about improving the military potential of the revolution. New and heavier weapons, chiefly of Soviet origin, were received and the strategy and fighting capacity of the ALN by then comprising some 20 000 soldiers, were greatly improved. As the colonial war was becoming more costly and unwinnable for France, and the French army in Algeria suffering the trauma of the General's coup of April 1961, president de Gaulle pursued negotiations that were to lead to independence in March 1962. Ahmed Ben Bella became the first head of state.

In the early stages of the Algerian revolution, the ALN relied almost entirely on captured equipment from the French security forces. Since the French army ended World War II equipped primarily with US weapons, there was a preference for US-made arms.

This ALN guerrilla carries a 0.3 M2 carbine, although his ammunition pouches are for the earlier M1. He is wearing a US army M1943 combat jacket and French army trousers. This was a common combination to the ALN.



THE FIRST KNOWN EXPLOSION

This is the first in a series of articles to mark the 25th Anniversary of Umkhonto we Sizwe. In this article, one of the founding members of our People's Army relates some of his experiences with comrade Nelson Mandela, the first Commander-in-Chief of our army.

THE YEAR was 1961. The call for a national convention had been ignored by the government. During the three-day strike called for by Mandela in his speech in Pietermaritzburg, many comrades had been beaten, shot and gaoled. But the forces of the regime felt frustrated. They were unable to arrest the leaders, or determine where they were hiding out. Their enemy No. 1, Nelson Mandela, had been named the "Black Pimpernel" by the media. They certainly were seeking him here, there and everywhere, but there was not a sign, not a clue, of his whereabouts. Every policeman in South Africa had been alerted to keep a look-out for him, and to hold him, to capture him at all costs. But not a finger had been laid on him. He was like a fish swimming in the sea of his own people.

There were important matters to be attended to. The decision had already been taken by the movement to move into the

area of armed conflict. A High Command had been established, with Mandela as the Commander-in-Chief. Various area commands had also been established, and recruiting was very selective. It was made crystal clear to every MK cadre that politics took precedence over military affairs, but that armed struggle would now become part and parcel of the fight for freedom until implementation of all the clauses of the Freedom Charter had begun, in a free and democratic South Africa.

What needed to be done at that time was to get a factory established for the making of the bombs, and the opportunity to test them, before going into action on December 16th. This day had been deliberately chosen. It was the day on which the racists celebrate their so-called victory over the 'Bantu' at Blood River. At the same time, the great majority of the people of South Africa, namely the

Africans, regard the day as one of pride for that great warrior, Dingane, who was killed leading his people into battle against a foe which, with superior arms, was ruthlessly plundering the land.

The late Jack Hodgson, a veteran of the war against Hitler, together with others, had been summoned to help in organising the forces and weapons necessary. He was a master at improvisation. He set to work with a will, to produce the bombs and Molotov cocktails, which were the initial weapons to be used. We had al-



P. J. "Jack" Hodgson

ready tested the possibility of cutting telephone wires, electrical wires, and various other means of dislocating communications. The operations took place months before MK as such started operations.

We would hit at all the symbols of apartheid, but under no circumstances were we to kill or maim members of the population. Ours was not a terrorist organisation; the real terrorists were the all-white government and its supporters. Reconnaissance work had been carefully

undertaken. The targets had been chosen. The synchronisation for action throughout the country, in all the main areas, was being finalised. Action stations were chosen, and very careful briefing undertaken. But in the couple of remaining months, the weapons were to be carefully and thoroughly tested.

Jack indicated that we were ready to test about a dozen Molotov cocktails and an improvised bomb. He warned that we would need extraordinary care to ensure secrecy and safety, for, if the bomb blast was detected or the blaze created by the Molotov cocktails spotted, the whole operation would be endangered, and our plans revealed.

Reading this, comrades in MK must remember that we had no access to the sophisticated weapons available to them today. Everything was a hazard. Almost all of us were being closely watched by the Special Branch — we had been known for years. And under these circumstances, right under the noses of the SB, we had to undertake all these very sensitive and exceedingly dangerous experiments and operations. Just the slightest mistake could be fatal.

A place had to be found. This place would have to satisfy the High Command. We found it; it was a disused brickworks known to one of the comrades involved in the operation. We reconnoitred the area. It satisfied everybody. Derelict buildings still remained, and several pits from which the clay had been extracted, surrounded by all sorts of paraphernalia. All brickworks are allowed to use dynamite to blast, so as to loosen the soil for making bricks. This was ideal, as any blast coming from any brickworks (and there were several in the area) would not attract any attention.

The team of inspection had been chosen. It, of course, included the Commander-in-Chief who insisted on being present, in spite of the fact that the police were out looking for him. We had arrived at the



scene of operations and hidden the car, when a man emerged out of a galvanised iron building and strode menacingly towards our group. He was the watchman of the place. This spelt danger for us, and it seems that this unforeseen circumstance would prevent us from continuing with our plan.

But we had calculated without the persuasive qualities of our Commander-in-Chief. He immediately sized up the situation. We could not abandon the exercise at this stage. He signalled to us to bring the equipment forward, while he took aside this man, who was Zulu-speaking. Soon the two of them were in deep conversation, with one arm of Comrade Nel-

son around the shoulder of his newly acquired friend. We noticed that the watchman was nodding his head vigorously, and then he walked away from the scene. We waited for him to disappear. Comrade Nelson explained that he'd persuaded the man to accept our presence there.

One of the buildings was soon being bombarded with Molotov cocktails. Every time a bottle exploded and burst into flames, Comrade Nelson shook his head gleefully, and smiled the smile of victory. We all joined in his glee and enthusiasm, of course.

These were the first explosions of the new era.

But there was more to come.

After dowsing any flames still licking at the walls and other pieces of wood and rubbish lying around, we moved to the open spaces, and chose our pit for testing the bomb.

Today, those who have been trained to use more sophisticated equipment would be aghast at the contraption which was contrived for use in the initial stages of sabotage. But one can only have admiration for those who constructed the device. Comrade Jack was a genius at this specialised work. You will understand what I mean when I tell you that part of the timing of the explosion included the thin tubing contained in plastic ball pens. You can also imagine the surprise of some shopkeepers when we bought up all their stocks of this particular kind of biro.

According to our calculations, that container placed at the bottom of the pit would explode within fifteen minutes. We all stood waiting expectantly, as near to the edge of the hole as we dared. Five minutes went by. Ten minutes. Fifteen minutes. No explosion. Twenty minutes. Still no explosion.

What to do? We certainly could not leave it there, for obvious reasons. Nor would we know its effectiveness or not. A decision had to be made. One of the more experienced comrades clambered down, gingerly lifted the contraption and slowly brought it up; an impulsive act, it is true, but it worked. Soon Jack adjusted the charge, everything was again placed in position, and many hands were proffered to pull the comrade out of the pit. Hardly had he been lifted clear, and positions of relative safety taken by all, when an almighty explosion took place, causing a huge cloud of dust to rise up into the air, and tons of earth to go tumbling down to drown anything left of the bomb.

This was not the normal bang of dynamite. It sounded more like that of a giant thousand-pounder.

Further curiosity about the effects were abandoned, all of us made a very hurried bee-line for the automobile, piled in, and made as hurried and bumpy an exit from that territory as any automobile has ever made.

But we felt triumphant and cheered at the effect created.

Comrade Mandela was buoyant with pleasure and excitement. He advised very soberly that certain adjustments and alterations be attended to, and congratulated and thanked the comrades all round as we sped away from the scene. He proposed that as soon as we were certain that the timing was properly mastered, we should report to the High Command so that every other unit throughout the area be put on alert and properly briefed as to the correct use and working of the anti-apartheid bomb.

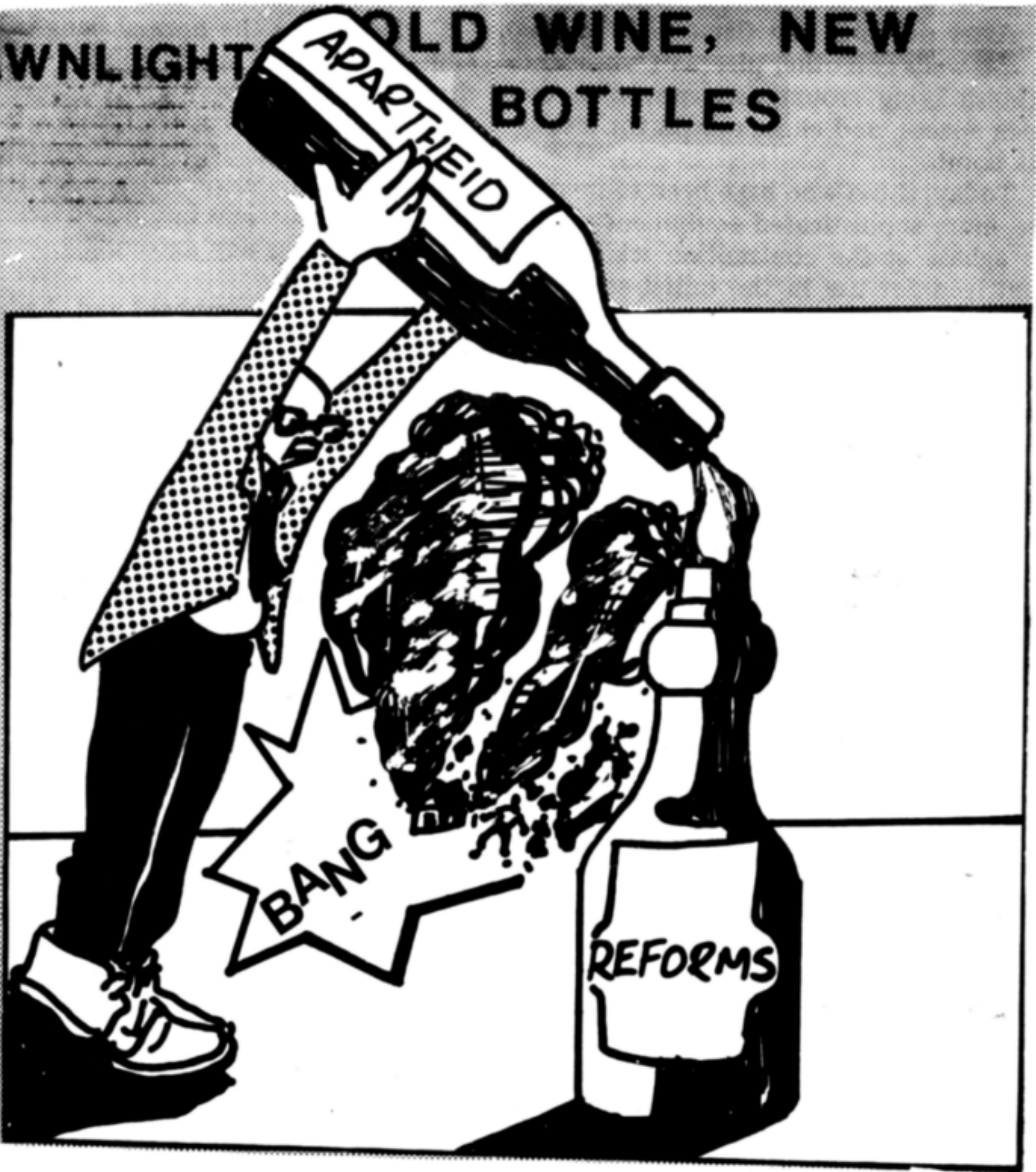
Several days after, a reconnaissance of the scene was made. The watchman smilingly assured us that, although it had been an unusually loud explosion, nobody had made any enquiries, and all was well.

I have often wondered over the years exactly what Comrade Mandela said to this man, and also whether the subsequent events made any impact on him. But I am sure of one thing: Comrade Nelson Mandela was an excellent judge of our people — the ordinary people of our country. And this judgment of his inspired many of us to have faith in the ordinary working man of our country. For if his judgment had been wrong, that watchman could have led the police to catch up with us.

I shudder to think, also, what the owner of that brickworks would think if he were told today how Umkhonto we Sizwe tested its first bomb on his property.

The article originally appeared in
Sechaba, May 1983.

DAWNLIGHT OLD WINE, NEW BOTTLES



SPOTLIGHT ON THE NORTHERN CAPE

Two comrades from the area who have recently joined Umkhonto we Sizwe speak to DAWN

VRYBURG is a small cattle rearing town in the Northern Cape Province. Among the industries in the area we have Epol Animal Feed which also produces fertilisers. There are also industries which specialise in dairy products; milk, cheese, butter and fruit juices. Pico Fashions is also a clothes manufacturing industry in the area.

HUHUDI

Huhudi is a township near Vryburg with its people faced with serious difficulties under the laws of apartheid. There are no proper streets except Nosipoa, which is the main road from the township to town. There is only one high school, Bopanang, and two big beer halls and one men's hostel.

The current problems facing the people is forced removals. They were forced to move from Huhudi to Pudimoe in 1979. According to the Northern Cape Administration Board the removals had to be carried out because:

1. Huhudi was not well planned;
2. To make room for the extension of Vryburg;
3. There was no more space for housing; and
4. Pudimoe is a beautiful place for agriculture.

In 1979 the first group was forced into trucks and taken to Pudimoe, just a year after the introduction of community councils in the area. No action was taken

by the community but that was because then there were no people's organisations.

Another group was taken away in 1982 but still the chairman of the community council, Dikole, did nothing. The people were just in darkness until Huca was established in 1983 to oppose the community councils.

YOUTH ORGANISATION

Huhudi Youth Organisation came into being following the schools boycott in July 1983. In Bopanang High School where the boycott raged on for two months, the principal called in the police. Twenty six students were arrested. The school boycott had an impact in mobilising the students and the people of Huhudi.

With the formation of Huyo and Huco, the community councils lost support among the people. Despite police intimidation of members and activists of Huyo and Huco, the organisations grew in strength.

The leadership of Huyo was broken up after its president was taken away secretly by police for interrogation. He resigned after his release, but Huyo stood firm and continued the resistance against removals to Pudimoe. In schools teachers used classrooms as platforms to condemn Huyo and Huco.

VILLAGES

Vryburg is surrounded by villages; Ganyesa, 70km from Vryburg and Dryharts, 50km away. Mangope claims that these areas

fall under Bophuthatswana. Because of unemployment, a lot of people from these surrounding villages go to Vryburg searching for work. Men are employed on the farms, working for a bag of mealies a month.

In 1983 these areas were also affected by Mangope's rage against donkeys which extended to areas like Kuruman, Ganyesa, Tlakgameng and others. Opposition in Kuruman was fierce. Seoposengwe Democratic Party and Kuruman Youth Unity spearheaded this opposition.

For many years before the formation of Huco and Huyo the people of Huhudi endured apartheid in silence. When Huyo was formed it involved itself fully in the problems of the community and the whole community was inspired by this new spirit of the youth. As a result Huco was formed, including Huhudi Detainees Parents Support Committee and a branch of Gawu and Cosas.

U D F

All these organisations are affiliated to the UDF. The people support the UDF because they know what it stands for. The people have a high regard for the African National Congress as a fighting organisation and their vanguard but there is little of its literature in the area. This is due to the lack of a strong ANC underground presence in the area.

People are ready to take part in both legal and illegal methods of struggle. If the ANC can make itself more felt in the area, the trucks and lorries of the racist army en route to Namibia will be decreased in Vryburg.

THE DONK NORTHE

THE RESISTANCE against the killing of donkeys is a landmark in the history of political resistance in the Northern Cape. The student schools boycott, workers strikes, community actions and resistance against forced removals are some of the few events which have pushed the tiny semi-rural areas of Mothibestad, Sishen, Huhudi and Kuruman into the limelight of political activity.

Largely the Northern Cape is a dry region within the Karoo. Economic activity centres around cattle breeding, agricultural farming, mining and a few light industries. About thirty asbestos mines are found around Kuruman and Priska and lung cancer resulting from asbestos mining affects about 270 miners in every thousand.

Many towns and neighbouring villages are heavily polluted with the lethal blue asbestos dust. Mesothelioma — the cancer of the leural lining of the lungs and abdomen — kills hundreds of African miners every year.

The dust lingers in every corner of Priska, and elsewhere in the Northern Cape, including buildings, vegetable gardens, residential areas and play grounds. Five centimetres thick blue asbestos dust on roof beams in schools is a common sight. Many mines still do not provide protective respiratory gear for the many miners who toil to their death for a pittance.

The Northern Cape is made of traditional village type settlements. The difference here, unlike in traditional villa-

STRUGGLE IN THE CAPE

ges, politics is not the monopoly of the elite; doctors, teachers, nurses and social workers, but the whole community.

DONKEY STRUGGLE

The donkey has for years been the main means of transport. It is used for drawing water, fetching wood, ploughing and as an emergency transport to hospital.

The great day came when Mangope ordered more than 2 500 tractors from Austria to holster up agriculture in his stan. The tractors were put up for hire at exorbitant prices. The ordinary people with no source of income stuck to their old form of transport — the donkey.

Faced with this tight market competition with a humble animal, Mangope decided to outlaw the entire donkey population. About 60 000 donkeys were sentenced to death for being responsible for the severe drought that had ravaged the stan for close to three years.

The decree allowed each family to own not more than four stallions. All mares were condemned to death. The carcasses were shipped to Israel while others became lion feed at Kruger National Park. Bophuthatswana Defence Force launched its assassination mission nearby Kuruman.

One of the first victims of these squads was an old couple returning from the fields with wood and water on a wagon drawn by six donkeys. The donkey murder squad ordered the death of two mares but the couple refused.

Despite protest, the first donkey fell under heavy hail of bullets. However, there was little time to do the same to the second mare. The old man was overcome with rage and he buried a pick in the back of one soldier, killing him instantly.

The single incident kindled the tiny scattered villages into a furnace of resistance. Open clashes ensued between soldiers and villagers in defence of their only form of transport — the donkey. As one old man summed up the people's mood, charging at Mangope: "*You yourself were brought up by a donkey.*"

POLLUTION

Donkeys were hunted down throughout the stan, shot and killed. Some were ambushed at rivers and drinking dams where they were shot while drinking water and in several cases were left to rot in the water. The pollution of the rivers and dams brought into the fore another thriving business, a water market, where white farmers sold a litre for forty cents to villagers and even to their employees.

While the donkey was capturing headlines in bus conversations and on the fields, a shadow of forced removals still hovered as a threat to many families. The reasons behind the removal are to separate Tswana speaking people from so-called Coloureds. But this was not possible without breaking up families and family relations established through years of inter-marriage and living together. The people resisted the removals.

The promised land — Pudimoe — is fifty kilometres a way from Vryburg, on the edges of the Transvaal and the North-western Cape. There are no industries in Pudimoe, but just an arid



Huhudi, Vryburg: some people have worked hard to keep their houses in top condition, hoping this will be a strong argument against the removal, 1981.

plain of scattered desert bushes. Prospects of work are in Potchefstroom as migrant labourers, about 200 kilometres away.

The North-western Cape Administration Board, unable to withstand the people's anger, collapsed. With the Board, the Seopasengwe Opposition Party in Bophuthatswana, which was a pillar of this puppet body, also suffered an ironical death at the same time.

The racist regime responded to the death of its institutions by closing shops, clinics and increasing rents. At the same time new clinics were opened in Pudimoe with no patients, shops with no customers, while rents were also brought down with no tenants to let.

Nevertheless, in the face of all these pressures, the people stood firm resisting the forced removals. The Huhudi Civic

Association was born under the chairmanship of Galeng. Other Black communities; Vryburg, Kimberley and Kuruman registered their support to the people of Huhudi.

SCHOOLS

While the racist regime was still contemplating these developments, planning new strategies, three schools in Huhudi took to the streets, demonstrating. Their grievances were the:

- overcrowding in the schools;
- arrogance of teachers;
- shortage of textbooks; and
- demand for the Students Representative Council (SRC).

The school disturbances led to the arrest of many students. On the other hand the students had realised the power behind unity and a branch of the Congress of South African Students was formed. A



Huhudi, Vryburg: the Administration Board has let township facilities decline, pressurising the people to move voluntarily to Pudimoe, 50 km away in Bophuthatswana, 1981.

branch of the Detainees Parents Support Committee (DPSC) was also formed at about the same time. These organisations were also followed by the Huhudi Youth Organisation (HUYO). In Kuruman the Kuruman Youth Unit was born, so was the Kimberley Civic League, the Taung Youth Organisation and the Kimberley DPSC.

These popular political protest meetings, rallies and gatherings were and are organised to fight for the plight of donkeys and the threatened goats (Mangope's next target), forced removals to the stan and encouraging the already forcefully resettled communities to return to their ancestral lands.

The machinery to co-ordinate this resistance has been formed in the Transvaal. It is called the Transvaal Rural Committee (TRC). Many already resettled communities have joined the resistance. And people are on the march. Victory is ours!

Due to this level of organisation, the Huhudi community was able to circulate a petition rejecting puppet administration boards. Local chiefs and clan leaders also wrote a strong letter to racist Piet Koornhof. It was punctuated with these lines:

If we are forced to move that will only lead to bloodshed!

the most successful rifle



ever designed

THE FAMOUS Soviet AK-47 assault rifle was designed by Mikhail Kalashnikov. Severely wounded as a tank commander during the Second World War, he was invalided out of the army and during his convalescence he submitted drawings of a new rifle, the now famous AK-47.

It was first introduced into the Soviet Army in 1953 as the Avtomat Kalashnikov (AK-47). Since then it has withstood the test of time, and, without any doubt, the Kalashnikov is the most successful assault rifle ever designed.

The AK-47 is such a success because it is:

1. sufficiently accurate, with an effective range of up to 500 metres and the maximum sighted range of 800 metres;
2. very easy to manipulate;
3. very easy to maintain. You only need to clean it constantly with motor or machine oil;
4. very light and can be carried comfortably in any terrain, i.e. in relation to weight;
5. very simple and does not have many small parts that can easily get lost when being disassembled; and
6. robust enough to stand up to the demands and punishment of the battlefield.

The AK-47 is a gas-actuated automatic weapon. Above the barrel lies a cylinder containing a piston. As the bullet is fired and passes up the barrel, a small portion of the propelling gas passes through a port and drives this piston backwards. At the rear end of the piston rod is a carrier which holds the bolt. As the rod and carrier move backwards, a shaped cam track in the carrier engages with a lug on the bolt and revolves the bolt, unlocking it from engagement with the rifle breech.

Once unlocked, the rearward movement of the carrier withdraws the bolt, pulls the empty cartridge case from the chamber and ejects it. At the same time a return spring is compressed, and the firing hammer is cocked by the movement of the carrier. Then the spring forces the carrier and rod back, collecting a fresh cartridge from the magazine and loading it into the chamber. The bolt stops, but the carrier continues forward so that the cam now rotates the bolt in the opposite direction and locks it into the rifle barrel ready for firing. As the operator pulls the trigger, the hammer springs up and hits the firing pin in the centre of the bolt, and the cartridge is fired, to begin the process over again.

By moving a lever on the right hand side of the rifle, the operator can select automatic fire, and in this case the rifle will continue to load, fire, eject and reload so long as the trigger is held down, firing off rounds at a cyclic rate of about 600 rounds per minute, though since the magazine holds only 30 rounds this rate obviously cannot be achieved in practice. In fact, with the fire selector set on 'auto', a rate of 90 rounds per minute would be considered acceptable.

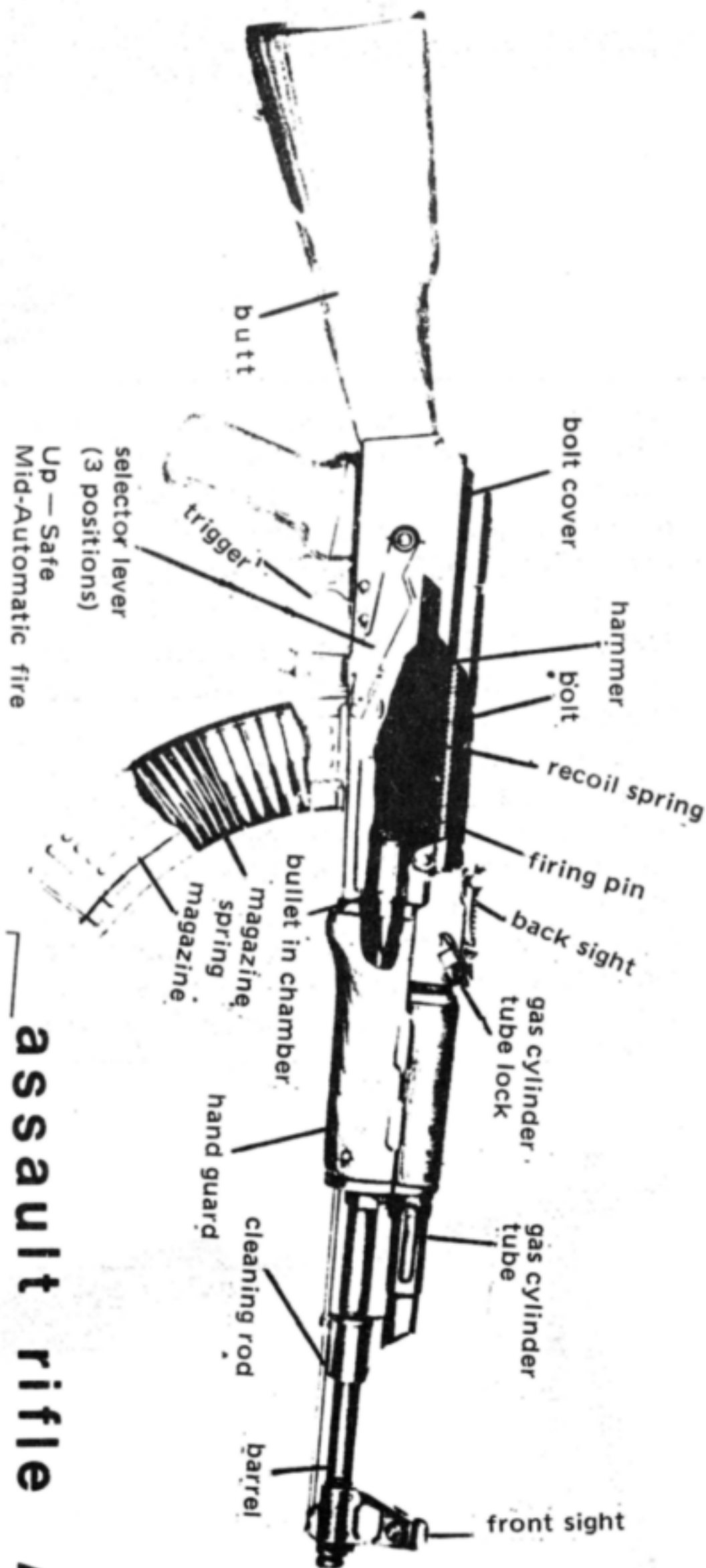
MODERNISED VERSION

In 1959 a modernised version of the AK-47 was produced. Called the AKM, it uses stamped steel for the receiver and riveting for the assembly. It also has a higher muzzle velocity, a longer sighted range, and less weight than the AK-47. Both the AK-47 and the AKM can be found with wooden butts or with folding steel stocks. Motorised and airborne troops use the lighter folding stock version which is called the AKMS. It is preferred by underground fighters since it becomes shorter when the butt is folded and therefore easier to conceal.

The AKM can be fitted with a NSP-2 infra-red night sight and a knife bayonet that can also function — unlike that of the AK-47 — as an insulated wire cutter and miniature saw. Additionally, a grenade launcher attachment can be fitted to the basic model. A silencer can also be fitted to the basic AK-47.

The AK design is now produced in many socialist countries, sometimes with slight differences. China calls it the Type 56 and fits a folding bayonet to the muzzle. Rumania fits a wooden front pistol grip so that it can be used as a sub-machine gun, while the Hungarians use a perforated metal fore-end a nylon front grip. Butts of natural wood, laminated plywood and plastic materials are employed by the different countries.

Due to the demands of modern warfare, a new version — the AK-74 — was



assault rifle AKM



AK-74

introduced. It is an AKM essentially but with a smaller 5.45mm calibre. The advantage offered by a small calibre is that it ensures a lighter cartridge with less recoil. That steadies the rifle so that automatic fire from the shoulder is more easily controlled and more accurate. The magazine, made of plastic, still holds the standard 30 rounds.

The most prominent recognition feature of the AK-74 is the muzzle brake and compensator which directs some of the emerging gases up and to the right to counter the rifle's tendency to climb when fired on automatic. It also reduces the recoil force, making the weapon easier to shoot. The AK-74 also has an increased muzzle velocity (900 metres per second

as against 715 metres per second) which provides a flatter trajectory and so greater accuracy and impact force.

The AK design has also extended to acting in a light machine gun role, namely the RPK and the PKM models. The RPK is essentially a bipod-mounted AKM but with a longer, stronger barrel, a different stock and a larger capacity magazine (40 rounds). The PKM weighs nearly twice as much as the RPK, fires a full power 7,62mm cartridge and, belt fed, is capable of sustained long-range fire.

One western specialist on arms, commenting on the AK-47, said: "*The AK rattles but it is the rifle today that can be relied upon more than any other*".



RPK

THE BLACK MIDDLE CLASS DISCOVERED

Digging gold is the baking of the miner's hands.
Caked hard on the handle of a shovel.
Scraping on the acid gravel in the
 deep secrecy of the mint.
Have you ever seen a man who works
 where money is made?
Grandpa said it is those with a verdict
 to hang who mint.
They don't hang on a noose.
They eat gold and cough blood.
They die on a pick and shovel like a
 famished locust on a straw.
But Oppenheimer Park is more of itself.
 with a Black mower
 and chirping locusts.

— KLAUS MAPHEPHA

DAWN POLITIXWORD No. 1 - ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. Chopper 6. Abet 7. Lange 8. Air 9. Time
10. OR 12. In 13. AKM =5. Attack 16. Can
18. Makarov

DOWN

1. Calata 2. Ointment 3. Prey 4. Radar 5. Bed-
rock 11. sic 12. It 13. ABC 14. Man 15. Arm
17. AC

MK SOLDIERS' VIEWPOINT



CADRE OF A NEW TYPE

— MUNTU KHOZA

EXPERIENCE of revolutionary armed struggles by oppressed peoples insistently dictates that we should attach special importance to the shaping of the character and personality of our cadres. The urgency of this task in our case becomes vivid when one notes the acceleration of political and military changes in Southern Africa and South Africa in particular.

These are challenging factors which increasingly urge our army to face the task of helping our cadres to find their bearing and provide them with the correct knowledge to face this challenge. History teaches that profound military education in a people's army is a pre-condition for victory. It may seem strange that this elementary and indisputable truth can at times be ignored.

TWO VIEWS

Often two views prevail on the question of political and military preparation of a soldier. One tends to lay emphasis on military education at the expense of political

education, while the other overemphasises the latter, undermining military skills.

Both views are erroneous. They aim to separate the two aspects in the growth and development of our army. It should not be forgotten that man plays a decisive role in war, and that military skills can only achieve good results if a soldier is thoroughly prepared politically and psychologically. That is if complete readiness to surmount all obstacles and difficulties in the battlefield is instilled.

The second position is also unrealistic, divorced from the actual demands of a combat situation. We must never forget that though political consciousness is a force capable of motivating a soldier into action, the success of the soldier in action is not assured when he does not possess the skills to carry out his combat tasks efficiently.

Victory is certain is a common slogan, but what should dominate our minds must not be the certainty of victory only, which is indisputable, but how and when

this victory can be achieved. We must look for means and methods of achieving its realisation.

In this regard, political superiority over the enemy is one of the decisive factors. Politics is an overall force that exerts its influence in all our activities, especially in:

- cultivating the ideological maturity necessary to guide our cadres in the intricate structures of the existing political and military relations in our country and the sub-continent;
- developing the flexible thinking which will enable our cadres to take correct decisions independently; and
- in inculcating in our forces political conviction and devotion to the struggle. These are necessary to overcome the harsh ordeals of a combat situation.

History will not forgive us if we underestimate the enemy's ability to influence and mislead the masses. Our *Strategy and Tactics* states that:

"It is naive to believe that oppressed and beleaguered people cannot temporarily, even in large numbers, be won over by fear, terror, lies, indoctrination and provocation to treat liberators as enemies."

Consequently, we must draw the fundamental conclusion that our army must have fighters who are ideologically matured to understand our revolution, fighters who are able to make correct assessments and take proper decisions and actions as demanded by the situation at a given time. Are we having such fighters?

HEROIC EXPLOITS

The cadres of our army have shown their constant readiness to act heroically and selflessly in the course of our struggle. This has been illustrated by the experiences of the Wankie and Sipolilo Campaigns where our comrades displayed an indomitable will to move forward and carry out

the instructions of our army against all odds. The cadres of our army of the post June 16 era have lifted this banner and tradition of our people's army, Umkhonto we Sizwe, even higher.

In his book *'Little Land'*, L.I. Brezhnev says on heroism:

"An act of heroism is not an unaccountable deed, but springs from firm conviction in the rightness and greatness of the cause for which a person consciously lays down his life."

This underlines quite clearly the role of ideological conviction. It is necessary therefore that in our political education our cadres should be instilled with profound love for our people and our country, unwavering loyalty to the ideals of the Freedom Charter and a great sense of responsibility in the execution of our tasks.

It is Umkhonto we Sizwe, the gallant fighters of our army, being the core of our people's army, that is charged with the task of bringing into play their revolutionary heroism and lead our people in surmounting all difficulties on the path to victory. And they can only be able to fulfill this task if they realise that necessity out of political conviction.

COMBAT EFFICIENCY

"If we are to pour a large army into the country, we must be sure we are pouring in a seasoned army which will withstand the enemy". When saying this, it is clear that our Commander-in-Chief, Oliver Tambo, proceeded from the understanding of the enemy's strength. South Africa has one of the largest and well-trained armies on our continent. It relies heavily on the effectiveness of its murderous squads to keep itself in power.

Certainly, to defeat such an army requires more than merely the ability to shoot, as Comrade President Tambo once stated. We need to have a community of valiant fighters, capable of using cleverly our small forces and less sophisticated weapons against the large army; capable



Combat efficiency can be ensured by proper military education.

of applying the most appropriate methods of combat at an appropriate time, and of acting with great skill, organisation and precision to wipe out the racist army, he said.

Our soldiers have displayed their capability to act with great skill and initiative. It is necessary therefore that this ability to outwit the enemy in combat is developed to meet the heightened demands of our revolution.

“The yardstick to measure the fighting capabilities of an army is the combat efficiency of its units”, writes General Giap. The combat efficiency of our units can be ensured by proper military education of our cadres in accordance with the re-

quirements of our struggle.

In our efforts to prepare our army both politically and militarily, constant attention must be paid to the rapidly developing and changing situation in our sub-continent to ensure that our orientation and training meets the new and ever-changing conditions.

History has proved that however powerful an enemy can be, it cannot defeat an army that draws its strength from the oppressed masses, armed with the correct revolutionary theory and applying correctly the art of people’s war. The racist regime and its large army will be wiped out by the gallant forces of our People’s Army and victory shall be won.

THE MOSQUITO

— A Short Story —

— MONGANE SÈROTE

"YOU ARE overdoing it again," Thula said.

"Brother," Maluleke said with a sigh, "this is the last."

"What is the time?"

Maluleke, slowly and casually, looked at his watch, sighed again before saying: "Twelf."

"Are you sure you are coming with me?"

"What do you think?"

"You have to tell me, I don't have to think about it."

"You see," Maluleke leaned forward, supporting his arms on the table, looking straight into Thula's eyes, "I need not keep assuring you, or you need not keep asking, we come a long way you and I, besides, you know I love you, so..."

"The thing is, wishes will not help any of us, nor will they do the work."

"That sounds profound my man," Maluleke said, stood up, pulled his trousers up, almost staggered back, pushed the chair back and, without saying a word, walked towards the door. Thula followed him.

It was dark outside. Selbourne Street was deserted. Except for the barking dogs, and a lone sound of a car in the distant, the night was quiet. A cool breeze was blowing. Thula and Maluleke could hear their footsteps, sounding in the dark, stalking the quiet. Thula got into the driving seat. Maluleke, his hands in his pockets, his head bowed, stood next to the car, leaning against it. He sighed again. Then walked towards the back of the car, standing astride, his head still bowed, he

took out his gorge and began to urinate, one hand supporting him against the car. He burped. Thula started the car. For a while, Maluleke had problems zipping his trousers, then slowly, he walked around the car to the passenger seat. Thula engaged gear. The car moved slowly, then fast, and vanished into the night.

Thula got out of the car. He was walking quickly, across the street along Noord towards the bus terminus. He could hear a car, far away, roaring. He jumped over the railings at the bus terminus. He went past the huge rubbish bin. He leaned against one of the pillars.

Thula parked. Noord Street was deserted. Thula looked at Maluleke.

"Let me check, will you wait for me then?"

"What?"

"Wait for a while I will go to check then I will give you a sign."

"Alright."

Accross Union Square, the military barracks, a huge neon sign was winking red and white letters: After Action Satisfaction — Lexington Cigarettes. The white of the neon, which came after the red letters, which were followed by a blank, a darkness, seemed to illuminate everything around the huge board, and even beyond, across the steel fencing of Union Square. The white stripes, against the darkness of the board, disappeared in a slow rhythm, followed, slowly, by the red which soon took over the board: After Action

Satisfaction — Lexington Cigarettes.

Johannesburg, a city of tall shadows and windows staring like dark blank eyes, thousands of eyes, Johannesburg, when deserted at night seemed to be a city gone mad. The many neon lights, spoke to the empty streets. Far away, down towards Park Station, as if emerging out of the dark shadows: *Ebony — Black is Beautiful* — the blue letters said.

"Haai, have you been waiting long?"

"Two or so minutes," Thula said, he could feel his heart heaving and sounding like a small thunder.

"Are you alone?"

"No, Maluleke is in the car."

"Fetch him while I fetch the stuff," the old man said and disappeared into the dark, to where he had come from. Thula retraced his steps towards the car:

After Action Satisfaction — Lexington Cigarettes.

Thula went past the rubbish bin. He was walking fast.

"Hey," a voice said from behind the bin. Thula did not stop immediately but looked back, having slowed down his pace, and being watchful.

"Who is that?" he asked.

"My man, I am here," Maluleke said, still leaning against the bin.

"When did you come here?"

"Now, I was beginning to fall asleep sitting there in the car, what's happened to the timer?"

"He is fetching the stuff."

"Oh, there he comes," Maluleke said, and began to walk towards the direction where Thula had come. They met at the Men's Toilets gate, which the timer unlocked. They walked down the stairs.

"Maluleke, you are not sober," the timer said.

"Nor am I drunk," Maluleke said.

"We shall see one day," The timer said.

"Oh please don't say that," said Maluleke.

The old man unlocked and opened the door, they all filed inside.

"This will fit you, right?" the timer said, looking at Thula.

"Yes, it's alright," Thula said taking the overall.

"And these boots too."

"Drunk, fit yourself into this and this," the timer said throwing the black boots and a brown overall at Maluleke.

"Thank you," Maluleke said.

"Now I want you to listen carefully," the timer said, "Maluleke will push the cart, and you Thula will follow him holding a broom. Move very slowly, as you do so, keep your eyes on the barracks, there is a rhythm there. Watch it. If you see a man passing that is a sign that as soon as he disappears, you can take the stuff out and spread it across as you know. We have had to make it on brown paper and use red letters so that it does not show in the dark. It is now four-thirty, the first bus will be here in about thirty minutes or so, you must be away by then. Are we alright?"

"Yes, we are," Maluleke said.

"I will go out first, push the cart into the street, soon as I come back, you two go out, and you Thula look towards the side of the station you will pick the man coming, he is on guard, don't let him bother you, greet him, watch him and from then on you know what to do."

"Alright," Thula said.

"Now you should be through at about four-forty-five or so, a taxi will roll up at about that time, just leave the cart there where you are when it arrives, get into the car, you will be going to Faraday station, the man in the taxi will give you the details of how you go on there." The timer went up the stairs.

"Ebony — Black is Beautiful — that is what you have to read when you get out here."

"You saw that?"

"Yes, and I kept myself busy with — After Action Satisfaction — otherwise I would have fallen asleep," Maluleke said.

"Oh, I did the same, it is still ringing in my head even now," Thula said.

South Africa was startled in the morning. Support the people of Sekhukhuniland. They refused to be removed from their homes and they were shot. Stay at home from the 21st to the 23rd of March. So said the leaflets, the brown and red leaflets, which had, by the time South Africa woke up, been distributed in most of the major cities: in toilets, bus and train terminuses, the leaflets soon walked into factories, shops, everywhere where people

went, including the police stations.

Maluleke was coming back from the outside toilet when a young girl, first calling him, then running to him, handed him a brown and red leaflet.

"Where did you get this?" Maluleke asked. "Give it to someone else, uncle, pass it on", the little girl said and walked on. Maluleke watched the girl disappear around the corner of the house. He look-



ed around and saw a man hurrying to work. He called out to him, and hurried to meet him half-way.

"Someone gave this to me and said I should pass it on, do read and pass it on," Maluleke said.

"I saw that already", the man said and walked on.

"Okay," Maluleke said. He looked around, satisfied that the girl was nowhere to be seen, he dropped it to the ground and walked on.

"Where have you been?" Thula asked, "You missed the news, the radio sa..."

"Well let the radio say what it says, you will tell me what it said, I was still distributing the leaflet out there".

"What, wa...?"

"Yes, I got it from a girl who gave it to me and disappeared."

"The radio said nothing about the leaflets," Thula said.

"Well, in the streets the radio says everything is alright."

"Did someone give you the leaflet?"

"Yes, I met the red and brown paper, I was even asked to distribute it," Maluleke said.

"I don't know if I should believe you, you were drunk while at work, now you say these things," Thula shifted on the bed and faced the wall giving Maluleke his back.

"Tell me, what would your reason be for being in town that time of night, sober, tell me that?"

"It's wrong to be on duty and drunk, it's wrong I don't care what you say", Thula said angrily, he covered his head with the blankets.

Two days after Noord Street the timer, limping, from his aching old legs, his back bent from having knelt and scrubbed toilets in Johannesburg, since that time, so long ago, when he left Sekhukhuniland, the timer was sitting under a tree, with the chief of Sekhukhuniland, reporting to him the news of the cities.

"Our people in the towns have heard our



word, and have received it," the timer said. "I hear you," the chief said, putting his snuff tin into his shirt pocket.

"They received the word, and the word of their action will reach us, they want to let the people of Sekhukhune know that, in these times, we stand together, that those who have killed our children and our people, our unarmed people, those who have ruled with terror, will be uprooted like weeds, and so they will perish, a heap of rubbish."

"I hear you," the chief said, "we receive that word with open hearts, our eyes and ears will move with the wind, to heed that, do tell the people that we have buried our dead. We shall not rest until what they died for is achieved, not only that, but until our whole land, every sand of it, every stone of it, belongs to us. Tell the people that the sound of guns, and the sight of flames, will not change our minds about that."

The police, who were still at standby in the village, did not see the timer come, nor did they see him leave. They did though, when the sun was setting hear the song. The song started from the chief's kraal and spread and spread throughout the village:

*"Who heard the mosquito sing,
who heard it tell us to wake,
awake awake the mosquito says,
the mosquito is red and is brown
it sings and sings and sings at night*

*The red and brown paper
which bites like a poisonous mosquito
sings and sings and sings
awake awake the mosquito says"*

So the song said. It spread and spread throughout the village and rang and rang even at night. It was on the 21st of March. On that same day, at noon, word reached the Sekhukhune Police Station, "All police on standby there, to be dispatched immediately to Pretoria". That morning the main centres of South Africa were

white by day. The streets were empty, silent, like those of small little dorps. There were no Black people in sight, there were no machines buzzing. Two black cops, walking the streets of Alexandra, heard the song: they had heard it as they were climbing on trucks in Sekhukhune, heading in response to the word from Pretoria, for Pretoria.

*"P.W. P.W. who do you think you
are
who do you think you are,
beware P.W. the brown and red
mosquito
beware it will bite you.*

*The red and brown mosquito
which bites and stings
sings and sings and sings
awake awake the mosquito says."*

The little girls, singing, laughing and playing hopscotch in the yard, stopped a while when they heard the footsteps. They saw the two cops, in the blue uniforms, in rifles and all, walking slowly along London Street. They were heading for the tree, at London and 14th Avenue, for a shade. The little girls gave them a brief look and then resumed with their game and song. P.W. or someone had dispatched the cops, to walk in twos, in all the townships, throughout South Africa.

The two cops stood by the gate, where the girls were playing. "Hey girls," said one cop, "may you please give us water, we are thirsty," he leaned on the fence, the sun was red-hot, his FN was heavy. The song stopped.

"Put your guns down first," one of the little girls said.

"No, we are not allowed to do so," one cop said.

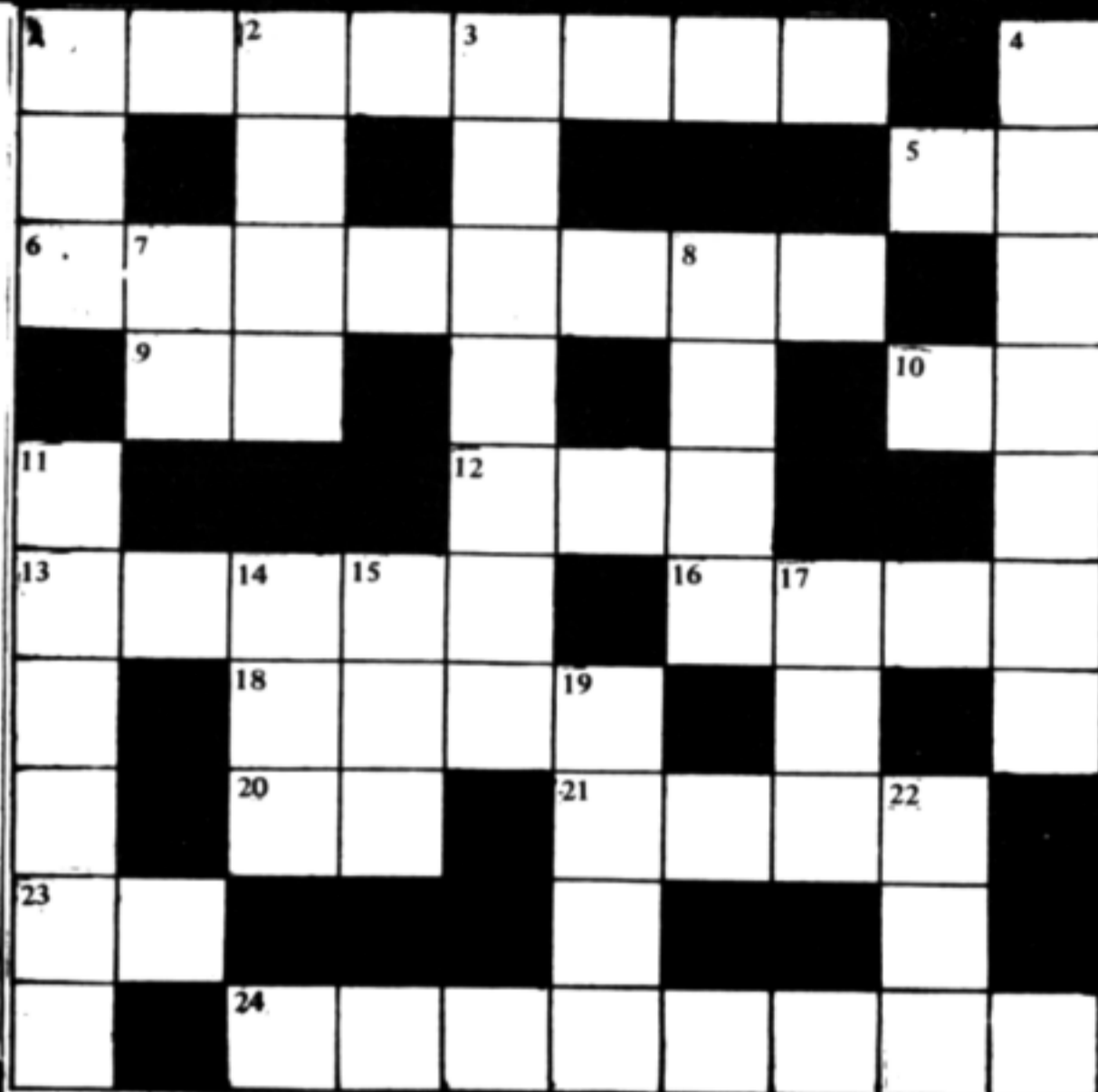
"I am not allowed to give water to our enemies," the girl said, and the song and the game resumed.

The cops walked on, slowly, faced by the empty streets and the hot sun, carrying their FN rifles.



PolitiXword

No. 2



Clues

ACROSS:

1. World's largest airlines.
5. Replaced by the Metric system.
6. Serves life imprisonment.
9. Commander-in-Chief of MK.
10. Hitler's security police.
12. Explosive used in grenades.
13. V e r y f a t.
16. Not written.
18. Chief of the SAAF.
20. It's led by Treurnicht.
21. It shall be shared among those who work it in a free SA.
23. Once mayor of Soweto.
24. Pocket artillery.

DOWN:

1. Improved version of the AK-47.
2. Hindmost part of army.
3. Aircraft designed f o r aerial combat.
4. A grenade is one.
7. B e h o l d.
8. Military alliance of imperialist countries.
11. Racist South Africa's Officer Commanding Northern Transvaal Command.
14. The Commonmarket.
15. Instrument of cohesion in the hands of the SA'n regime.
17. Return of batter to plate after touching the other bases (in cricket).
19. Swapo's military wing.
22. Liberia's Head of State.

See Answers in DAWN Vol. 10 No. 3

DAWN

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Attack, advance, give the enemy

no quarter – an eye for an eye,

a tooth for a tooth.



the year of



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