

SCOPE

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★ WORLD ★
EXCLUSIVE

THE WAR IN RHODESIA



CONCLUSION

THE WAR IN RHODESIA

Part 2

With the full co-operation of both army and civilian authorities, a four-man SCOPE team spent a month in the Rhodesian war zone recently to produce this world-exclusive series — the first part of which appeared on August 8 — on the savage conflict which has raged for nearly a decade in the country's north-eastern districts.

Eight months ago — before the ill-fated ceasefire — the Rhodesian forces had the terrorists on the run. But since then, the situation has changed for the worse. The terrorists used the ceasefire to re-group their shattered forces, and now a "Liberation Army" of thousands is reputed to be undergoing training in the barracks once occupied by Frelimo guerrillas in Tanzania. And to compound the problems facing the security forces, there are ominous reports of large numbers of Rhodesian blacks crossing the border to terrorist training camps in Mozambique.

To counter the threatened full-scale war, the Rhodesian Government is mobilising every able-bodied man in the country and members of the security forces — black and white — are girding themselves to counter an all-out offensive in the coming months.

With the future of Mozambique uncertain and Angola in flames, the outcome of the Rhodesian war will have vital consequences for the future of South Africa.

Given time, the Rhodesians are certain they will win the final battle. Until then, in a world where double standards have become a way of life, they are determined to resist the forces of chaos and terror to the bitter end.

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Cover photograph by Charles Norman	



Photograph: AL J. VENTER

THE crumpled heap on the ground was known as Mutemba, deputy head of the Pachanza kraal. He was dead, bound hand and foot, with the gaping wound of 42 bayonet stabs in his chest and back.

Standing nearby, her face haggard with grief, the dead man's wife kept a silent vigil over the body of the man who had been dragged from her bed by six terrorists determined on revenge.

No one cried over the atrocity before them; all had seen similar cases many times before. And every one knew that there would be at least 10 more civilian deaths before the month was out. The terrorists who creep into the kraals from the surrounding bush after dark kill scores more tribesmen than they do soldiers of the Rhodesian security forces.

No one denies that the terrorists have the support of the African people in the kraals where they come to forage, kill and rape. But the support is born of fear, and reinforced by a reign of terror.

Since the advent of detente last year, terrorists in the Kandeya Tribal Trust Land have murdered at least 60 people of the nation they are supposedly liberating. More precise casualty figures are impossible to give, as hardly a day goes by without an atrocity being reported somewhere.

The terrorists rely on the local



THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS

LEFT: An African civilian, injured in a landmine blast near Rusambo, east of Mount Darwin, is airlifted to hospital.

BELOW: The body of a Chief's Messenger, bound hand and foot and then slaughtered.

No one doubts that the terrorists have the support of the local tribesmen in the kraals. But the support is born of fear, and reinforced by a reign of terror

story and photographs by JOHN TUFFIN



Photograph: CHARLES NORMAN



ABOVE: Soldiers assist yet another victim of terrorism into hospital at Mount Darwin.



ABOVE RIGHT: The body of Mutemba, deputy head of the Pachanza kraal. He was bayoneted 42 times.



RIGHT: Victim X, who was clubbed unconscious by terrorists and then burnt under a pile of straw.

ONLY A FEW SURVIVE TO TELL THE TALE

Photograph: AL J. VENTER

population for food and shelter and information on troop movements. Tribesmen who have been subverted co-operate willingly, but most of these primitive people collaborate because they know their lives hang in the balance.

It is a cruel, callous type of warfare, heightened by the way it is abused by the tribesmen themselves. Lust for another man's wife; jealousy of his cattle; ambition for his job — all can start the grapevine whisper that "X" is an informer. So X dies, an innocent victim of a rival tribesman's jealousy and the terrorists' revenge.

BUT in most cases the terrorists kill for a far more basic reason. The more horrifying the death, the more terrifying the example, the better to maintain their presence in a hostile land through rule by fear. The deputy head of the Pachanza kraal died for that reason.

Speaking in a flat monotone, Mutemba's wife described how her husband was abducted from their home.

"It was late at night when the terrorists knocked on our door. They demanded to see the headman. My husband told them the headman was in Salisbury, but he was acting as headman until he returned.

"There were four men at the door. Two others crouched farther away. They all had guns. They told my husband to go with them. They didn't say where they were going, or why he had to go with them. This morning we found his body."

Mutemba had been frog-marched to a spot about 500 metres from the kraal. There the terrorists tied his hands and feet and forced him to the ground.

Not wanting to alert the security forces with the sound of gunfire, they bayoneted him 42 times. He wasn't the man they were looking for, but they killed him anyway.

Not every victim dies; some escape death by miracles. They cannot return to their kraals until the war is won, but at least they are alive. These men cannot be identified, yet their stories are those of real men, innocently caught in the terrorists' web.

Victim X

On March 7 a number of terrorists came to my village. They asked my wife where I was. She told them I was in the fields. Then they asked for money and searched the house. They found no money, but stole a clock before leaving.

On April 22, they came back to the village in the evening. Again they asked my wife where I was. She told them I was at the beerhall.

They came to the beerhall where I was and warned everyone not to move. Then they ordered us to say our names, and when I said



SCOPE journalist Paul Venter examines the headless body of an African tribesman murdered by terrorists.

mine they said: 'You are the man we are looking for.'

Then they tied my hands behind me and took me into the bush. They said it was my death day, and asked me how many white men there were at the police camp up the road. I told them I didn't know. They said: 'You and those Boers are going to die tonight.'

I was made to lie down and they started beating me and chanting: 'We're going to kill you. We're going to kill you!'

I lost consciousness. They must have thought I was dead because they covered me with straw and set it alight. The burning woke me up and I started running to the police camp for help. When I got there the terrorists started firing on the camp. But when the police fired back they ran away.

I was taken to hospital, where the doctors are still fixing my burns. I can't go back to my kraal and my family is here with me. When I'm better we will go somewhere else.

X's shoulders and back are still covered with burns. He doesn't know why the terrorists tried to kill him.

Victim Y

The terrorists came to fetch me at my kraal one evening. When

they took me away they told my wife she must tell the soldiers I have gone on a journey.

We had been walking a long time when they asked me for some dagga-snuff. I didn't have it and they started to beat me. At another kraal they tied me up and demanded supper. I released myself from the ropes on my wrists.

When my guard put his rifle down to eat I looked for a stone to hit him with. But I couldn't find one, so decided to run away. I started running and I heard the rifle firing behind me. Then I was wounded in the arm and I fell.

The terrorists were chasing me so instead of crawling forwards into the bush I crept backwards towards them. They ran past me. Then they set fire to the bush to get me out.

But I kept hiding, and the next morning I went to the road and waited for an army truck. Then I was brought to the hospital.

They told me afterwards that another villager reported me as a sell-out — because I was using the white man's farming methods and I had a good crop.

Victim Z

I was asleep with my wife on the farm when these armed men came and told me they were freedom fighters. They said: 'We

heard of you a long time ago. You are a sell-out. But today you are finished.'

They ordered me to go with them, and took me to a barn where some contract labourers were sleeping. They made me stand in the middle of the group, then one of the terrorists said: 'You must all take a good look at this man — today we are going to kill him.'

But their leader said: 'No. Don't kill him. He is the sort of person we are going to bring to trial when we rule the country. If we kill them all ... who will we rule? Beat him up!'

They hit me in the face and neck with their rifle butts until I fell on the floor. Then they hit me some more. When I woke up they took me back to my hut.

I couldn't understand what I had done wrong, so I asked the leader. He told me I had done nothing serious, but that his men were drunk.

Then he told me to tell the farmer who I work for that I had fallen off my bicycle. In the morning I came to hospital.

These are the stories of the few lucky men who survived. There are hundreds of other tales of horror that will never be told. The dead have carried them to their graves. ■

A HIDE-AND-SEEK WAR, PLAYED IN THE DARK



Lying in the thick bush, it was hard to believe that we were in the front line of a small but deadly war; that at any moment a terrorist patrol could emerge out of the moonlit brightness before us

story and photographs by CHARLES NORMAN

OPPOSITE PAGE: A hide-and-seek war against an elusive enemy. Most contacts take place at night, but patrols are active throughout the day.

Terrorists fired 20 shots at Garry Barrett's farmhouse and then set fire to his tobacco barns. Here, a Rhodesian patrol surveys the smouldering ruins.





Photograph: MINISTRY OF INFORMATION

THE truck moved out of Mount Darwin just before last light and headed north. Twenty minutes later, as it slowly ground its way up a steep hill, we jumped from its open tailgate and moved quickly away into the trees and tall grass that bordered the stony road.

With dusk fading rapidly and the first chill of night upon us, we set off deeper into the bush. Sergeant-Major Ruscheche Chirangu led the way, with Lieutenant Nick Palmer just behind and the rest of us following in single file. Not a word had been spoken; these men were too experienced for that.

The moon would rise later but now there was only the light of the stars to guide us. We crossed a dry river bed, our rubber-soled shoes making no noise on the rocks, and followed a faint footpath for a while. Then we crawled through a fence, travelled across country for a while, and picked up another footpath.

Our rifles were held at the ready, forefingers on the trigger-guards, thumbs on the safety catches. In this part of north-eastern Rhodesia death can come swiftly to the careless.

Lieutenant Palmer motioned us to halt. The soldiers behind me sank smoothly into a crouch, facing both ways into the surrounding darkness as the lieutenant and the sergeant-major moved off the track to examine a clump of bushes. Soon a low hiss summoned us into the thicket, where our positions and duties for the night were explained.

Machine-gunner Private Tasisius

Zinyakatira would cover the main killing ground, flanked by the rifles of the sergeant-major and Private Fanson Mutanga. Lieutenant Palmer and I covered the area where they would probably run after the ambush was sprung; a third group watched our rear, where another path ran.

Fully dressed we wriggled into our sleeping-bags and faced the direction from which they would come. Our weapons lay beside us, safety catches off, for the click of a safety catch in the middle of the night carries a long way.

The trap had been laid. From now until sunrise not a word would be spoken, not a man would move. All eyes would strain for shadowy figures moving down the track, all ears would listen for the shuffle of feet or the clink of equipment.

THERE was a time, in the early years of the Rhodesian border war, when terrorists made the fatal mistake of engaging Rhodesian troops in open combat; when they moved around by daylight, carrying weapons and wearing camouflage kit; when they used the same paths time and again.

Then, I was told by a Rhodesian soldier who yearned for the good old days, it was rather like a non-stop Turkey shoot.

But those days are over now. The terrorist has had nine years to learn his lesson, and he's learned it the hard way. Today he hides his weapons during the day and passes as a local tribesman, sallying out only at night to lay landmines, to attack isolated farmhouses with mortar, rockets or automatic rifles,

and then scurrying back to his civilian identity before daylight.

While this presents the Rhodesian security forces with a massive problem — how to identify terrorists among a civilian population of 160 000 in the Mount Darwin area alone — it also leaves the terrorists with a big worry ... how to stop the locals from tipping off the security forces.

They achieve this with a campaign of terror against their own people which leaves them too petrified to give any information to security forces.

Against this kind of intimidation the security forces find it difficult to maintain the flow of information they need. Many white farmers, nerves strained by years of living with the terrorist threat, are now accusing the military of being too soft with the African tribesmen. The only thing the African respects is strength, they say, and the only way to get the terrorist is to beat him at his own policy of intimidation.

But this the armed forces are not prepared to do, because, quite apart from the moral aspects, they don't believe that the long-term answer lies in matching terrorist brutality.

Having forced the terrorists to stop operating by day, the security forces are now making their night movements as difficult as possible. A dusk to dawn curfew has been placed on the entire north-east, which means that anybody moving after dark is automatically presumed a terrorist.

Constant ambushes and patrols by the Rhodesian Light Infantry, The Rhodesia African Rifles, the

Police Anti-Terrorist Unit, the Special Air Services and the para-military units of the Department of Internal Affairs combine to make such terrorist movement a risky and often fatal undertaking.

IT was in such an ambush that I lay now, watching the moon rise blood-red over distant Mozambique, climbing slowly in the sky to extinguish the stars and wash the thickly wooded country with a milky light.

My companions were men of the Rhodesia African Rifles, the very existence of whom makes a mockery of overseas claims that the Rhodesian war is a black-versus-white affair, for more than half Rhodesia's fighting force is black.

Private Fanson Mutanga is from the Fort Victoria district, far from the current fighting, but he told me: "We must destroy these people who are trying to destroy our country. They say they are the friends of the African people, but now they are killing them." Then he grinned: "But I also like to fight!"

Our flights over the north-eastern area in helicopters and light planes during the previous few days had shown us the immensity of the problem. The country is an unending sweep of thickly wooded bush and craggy granite cliffs, ravines and valleys into which whole armies could vanish, the huge escarpment leading down into the hot, dry Zambezi Valley. It is a land as wild today as it was 85 years ago when Cecil

THE SEARCH GOES ON DAY AND NIGHT



ABOVE: A machine-gunner of the Rhodesia African Rifles lies silently in ambush, as dawn breaks around him.

LEFT: Tribesmen's cattle, shot by terrorists to deter collaborators from giving information to the security forces.

Rhodes sent his Pioneer Column up from South Africa to claim it for the British Empire.

Finding the proverbial needle in a haystack is a simple task compared with finding terrorists in north-eastern Rhodesia. Yet the Rhodesians do it consistently, as their increasing "killed and captured" figures indicate.

They do it not by a haphazard gunning around the active area with weapons at the ready, but through the constant co-operation of all branches of the armed forces, a daily putting together of top-brass heads that enables them to compare notes and thus make intelligent guesses as to where the terrorists will strike next.

THE moon was overhead now, sailing serenely through the night sky as I lay with my silent companions in the shadows of the bushes. It was hard to convince myself that I was in the front line of a small but savage war, that at any moment the enemy could materialise out of the moon brightness.

But the terrorists had come only three days previously, a few kilometres from where we now lay. Eight insurgents had walked into an ambush and three had been killed and at least one badly injured — his blood-stained Chinese camouflage jacket had been found the following morning.

And even nearer — only a few hundred metres from our ambush a tribesman had been taken from his kraal and bayoneted 42 times. To reinforce their point, the terrorists had also machine-gunned his cattle.

The second event I witnessed had been the aftermath of a typical hit-and-run attack on a European farmhouse. The farmer, Garry Barrett, had heard an African calling his name shortly before midnight. He was suspicious, for he has a security fence around his house, and the voice seemed to come from just outside the window.

Taking his sub-machine carbine he flung open an adjacent window — and a rifle bullet cracked past his head. He replied with a burst of fire, ducked back inside and punched the alarm button on his AgricAlert, thus instantly letting the Bindura Police Station know his farm was under terrorist attack.

The raiders, meanwhile, regrouped at the bottom of his garden, fired another 20 rounds at the house, and retired through the hole they'd cut in the security fence. Then they set fire to two tobacco barns, and vanished into the night.

The following morning, as trackers searched for clues and army engineers swept the farm road for mines, Mr Barrett seemed completely at ease. "But," he admitted with a wry smile, "the adrenalin was running rather high last night."

WITH such thoughts in my mind I passed the long night. By the time the eastern sky began to brighten my bones were aching. Before first light we'd left our ambush site and were moving through the dew-wet grass towards one of the many kraals we were to visit that day.

We moved silently into the tiny village. A skinny cur with corkscrew tail and eagle eyes snarled at us and then subsided. An elderly man appeared from one of the huts, seemingly unperturbed at finding soldiers surrounding his kraal. While several of the men carried out a quick search of the village Sergeant-Major Chirangu spoke to him.

No, he had not seen any terrorists, nor had he heard of any in the area recently. Yes, he had heard that some had passed through the outskirts of the area, but that had been several weeks ago. Life was too hard these days, he complained. Too many *shupas* ... always trouble. Better the Government sort these people out, because the restrictions made it hard to get his crops in.

"We're trying," Lieutenant Palmer assured him, "but it's slow."

"Never mind," said the old man sternly, "go slowly, slowly, but get rid of them. We cannot work our fields, we cannot get money to live. The Government must build dams and loan us money for seeds and fertilisers. If the Government does not do this, then how can we grow crops to make the country rich?"

We left the kraal and headed off towards the next one, stopping on high ground to brew hot, sweet tea and report back to Mount Darwin. It had been a quiet night all round, we learnt, with none of the ambushes reporting a contact. A landmine had destroyed a petrol tanker soon after sunrise, and an early morning patrol had discovered the body of the terrorist wounded in the ambush three nights

previously.

He had died only a few metres from where his blood-stained jacket had been found, but the thick bush had hidden his decomposing corpse until now. The patrol had been guided to it by the smell.

THE next kraal yielded a corpulent and obviously wealthy African farmer tying his burley tobacco crop into hands for sending to market. He greeted us cheerfully, and while two of the RAR troopers took his assistants aside to question them separately he told us that he knew of no terrorists in the area. He was a member of the local school committee, he told us, and some months earlier the secretary had been handed a letter from the terrorists demanding the disbanding of the committee. The secretary had resigned, he said, but the committee still existed.

So it went throughout the morning, with nobody able — or willing — to give us any fresh information on terrorist movements. I remembered the District Commissioner Jim Latham's words: "There is very little that happens in a tribal society which the rest of the tribe does not know about."

At midday we stopped in the shelter of some trees for our sole meal, and in the afternoon we continued our patrol. We knew there were terrorists in the area, and we knew our presence would quickly be reported to them. The chances of them attacking a patrol in daylight were remote, but our activity might get them on the move, in which case they could run into one of the many ambushes which would again be set that night.

In the late afternoon we stopped at a school, where we questioned a young female teacher who was obviously ill at ease. No, she said, she'd heard nothing of any terrorists.

"Don't you know that a farmer was killed near here last week?" asked Lieutenant Palmer.

"I only heard about it," she replied, staring at the ground.

"What did you hear?"

"I heard that a certain man died."

"And you've had no strangers around here at all?"

"I didn't see them."

The lieutenant stared at her. It was obvious she was lying. But was she a willing ally of the terrorists, or was she just one of the many who have been terrified into silence? And what did one do to make her talk? Beat her? No, that would achieve nothing at all. We left the school and continued our patrol.

I found myself thinking of the ironical truth behind a comment made by one of the officers back at Mount Darwin. "You know," he'd said, "one of Rhodesia's biggest



problems is that we've inherited all the old British standards — stiff upper lip, keep a straight bat, and all that nonsense.

"As a result we're trying to fight this war by a certain set of civilised rules. The trouble is, we've just never caught on to the fact that behind his 'play the game' façade the Victorian empire-builder was perhaps the dirtiest player the world has ever known."

LEFT: Sergeant-Major Ruscheche Chirangu of the Rhodesia African Rifles talks to a villager during a routine patrol. He urges the tribesman to report terrorist movements immediately.

BELOW: Lieutenant Nick Palmer leads his Rhodesia African Rifles patrol through thick bush in the war zone.

PATROLS CRISS-CROSS VILLAGES AND BUSH



BALLAD OF TWO SOLDIERS

by PAUL VENTER

SERGEANT PETER SMIT and group leader Dickson Farayi are both from Sinoia, Rhodesia. One is white and the other is black, but both have their roots deep in the soil of the land they love.

Why then, have they been trying to kill each other for so many years?

Smit, aged 29, is a farmer, whose skin is leathered by the sun. His parents trekked to Rhodesia 30 years ago. Even today, the Smit household still speaks Afrikaans. Peter was at school in Louis Trichardt.

"I do not regard myself as anything but a Rhodesian," says Smit. "This is my world. We came to stay."

And, if necessary, to fight for what they have built. When terrorism broke out, Smit joined the Rhodesian Army.

Dickson Farayi, aged 30, is a Shona who speaks broken English. He has the tough, muscular body of a man who has sweated for his living. Dark eyes burn in his unsmiling face. Farayi left home at a young age, to pick cotton. His mother still lives in a primitive tribal trust area; he does not know who his father was.

Says Farayi about cotton picking: "The work was too much and the money too little. So I became a *gadanga*." The word means terrorist.

SMIT is a part-time soldier. Each year he spends two months on active duty. His remaining 10 months on the farm are not enough for him to support his family the way he would like, but somehow they manage. There was a time when their cotton farm was the showpiece of Sinoia.

Farayi is a full-time killer. When he left Rhodesia to seek more money as a baker in Zambia, he received a rude shock. He was told to make way for local Africans who were unemployed. He was wandering, homeless and penniless, when a recruiting officer from the Zimbabwe African National Union approached him.

ZANU and its rival organisation ZAPU (Zimbabwe African People's Union) are the two political organisations known to be responsible for terrorist activity in Rhodesia's north-eastern districts.

Says Farayi: "He said: 'Come on Dickson, be a freedom fighter. Help us drive the white man into the



The fight in Rhodesia is man against man, soldier against terrorist. But they have one thing in common — through the veins of each flows the blood of Rhodesia . . .

sea."

"He took me to Tanzania, where I was taught how to use a rifle. I learnt about Chairman Mao." Farayi's instructors were "yellow people who looked as if they had been stung by bees."

Farayi was one of 30 recruits. By day they underwent weapons training; in the evening there were classes for political indoctrination. They were not paid, but were adequately fed and clothed. They learnt to be soldiers without uniforms or signs of rank. Then Farayi and a band of men were sent into the war zone.

ON April 2, Sergeant Smit and four men of the Rhodesian Light Infantry, accompanied by two trackers, went on patrol in the foothills of the Mavuradonha Mountains, close to the border of Mozambique.

The hot air of desolation hangs over the valleys in that region. Even the birds seem to shun it. Here and there one can see the burnt remains of a hut, once somebody's home, highlighting the stark reality of terrorism. The silence is oppressive.

Sergeant Smit describes what happened on that day. "We found sand-shoe tracks on a dry river bed.

It looked as though there were 11 of them. The tracks were fresh. Our soldiers also wear takkies in the bush; they help us to move silently, but it was a long time since we'd been down there. We decided to follow the tracks . . ."

That same day, Farayi — now a group leader — had crossed the Mkumvura River with a section of 10 men. With them was a porter, a young Rhodesian who, like many others, had been press-ganged into terrorist training. His load was landmines.

"He was getting tired," says Farayi, "so we took a rest. Suddenly, we heard white men talking among themselves."

Not realising the danger, Smit and his men came on through the bush. They could see that the tracks were even, a sign that the terrorists were not alert to danger.

A shout from one of the trackers ahead alerted the patrol, who immediately formed a skirmish line. The terrorists fled, but one was brought down by machine-gun fire.

Instead of withdrawing to safety, Farayi halted his men some distance from the first contact and instructed them to form a half-moon ambush, using rocks and bush as cover. Smit and his patrol walked straight into it.

"Perhaps we were over-enthusiastic," says Smit. "When we made contact — which doesn't happen all that often — we quickened up. Perhaps we were a little too quick."

TWO Rhodesian soldiers were killed in the cross-fire, but because of the dense bush, Farayi didn't know. He carried on firing until a bullet smashed into his leg. Then a grenade exploded close by, wounding him in the leg again. Farayi had had enough. He surrendered. Two terrorists were killed, and four taken prisoner.

Right now, Smit is probably back home on his farm again. When I met him he was sitting in his green tent somewhere in the bush 200 km north-east of Salisbury. He had another 13 days to go before he rejoined his family.

Right now, Farayi is sitting in a prison cell, his wounds healed. Does Dickson Farayi think it was worth it? He shakes his head.

And in the cottonfields of Sinoia, the plants shrivel in the sun. There aren't enough hands to pick the crop. The men are too busy trying to kill each other. ■

BLACK POWER AGAINST THE TERRORISTS

Liberation movements claim they are fighting a freedom war against the white oppressors, yet most of the men in the front line are black. In the forefront of these troops is the Rhodesia African Rifles, which won battle honours against the Japanese in the Second World War and the Communist terrorists in Malaya

story and photographs by
AL J. VENTER

RIGHT: Company Sergeant-Major Wurayayi Mutero of the Rhodesia African Rifles. He accounted for 12 terrorists in one operation.

MAIN PICTURE: Sergeant-Major Ruscheche Chirangu of the RAR radios through to base, while a machine-gunner keeps watch for the enemy.



Photograph: CHARLES NORMAN



THE RAR HAVE FOUGHT ALL OVER THE WORLD

RIGHT: A Lieutenant of the Rhodesia African Rifles briefs his men before setting out on patrol.

More than half of Rhodesia's fighting forces are black.

MAIN PICTURE: A patrol of the Rhodesia African Rifles crosses a river in the north-eastern region. In anti-terrorist warfare the African troops are second to none.



IN any man's army, Company Sergeant-Major Wurayayi Mutero would be regarded with awe. Tougher than most, soft-spoken, aggressive by nature and blessed with an air of authority that needs only a few words to achieve results, this black man has probably eliminated more of his country's enemies than any other soldier in Rhodesia's army.

CSM Mutero has been fighting for a long time. His platoon killed seven Communist terrorists in Malaya more than 20 years ago.

During Rhodesia's decade of guerrilla warfare CSM Mutero reckons he and soldiers under his direct command have accounted for at least 25 terrorists killed and a score captured.

In one engagement alone, his personal tally was 12 terrorists "eliminated" in one day's work. For bravery in the line of fire on that occasion he was awarded the Bronze Cross of Rhodesia.

CSM Mutero is not only a fighting man; he's a lover as well. Now a shade older than 40, he has managed to father 10 children, even though he has spent more than half his adult life away from home serving his country.

He also regards himself as a patriot. "I am a proud Rhodesian. I believe in my society and I will stand by what I believe. It is my duty to protect my people against this threat. We must destroy it or it will destroy us."

CSM MUTERO does not speak freely about his exploits. Taxed about how he won his Bronze Cross he was reluctant to answer, until another man offered to provide the facts.

The incident happened during the early days of the war, shortly after the first group of insurgents had infiltrated across the Zambezi into Matabeleland. Leading a section of five men CSM Mutero picked up the tracks of six terrorists and followed them for 40 km.

"We came upon them quite suddenly, spotting them about 500 yards away. They were sitting in a clearing arguing over a map. Apparently they were not sure where they were, and two of the men were for going west into Botswana.

"I told my men to give me covering fire and went on alone. I managed to get to within 20 yards of the group before their sentry spotted me," he recalled.

It was at this point that the terrorists were challenged by the Company Sergeant Major. "I shouted at them to put up their hands. The men turned, their weapons at the ready. I again called on them to surrender, threatening that if they did not drop their weapons I would order my men to destroy them. They understood me perfectly for they were from the same area as me and spoke my dialect. For a moment they hesitated.

"You have three seconds," I shouted. One by one the group dropped their weapons, which included two machine-guns. I called their bluff and it worked. Had they decided to stand and fight we would no doubt have suffered casualties. Almost all the men with me were rookies. It was their first patrol."

All six terrorists had been trained in China. These were the type of men who subsequently became known as the "hard core" of the terrorist movement; tough, elusive and thoroughly familiar with the tenets of guerrilla warfare.

CSM Mutero continued: "When they saw there were only five of us they cursed me until the helicopters arrived..."

Nor was that the end of the story. Under interrogation the six terrorists admitted they were part of a group of 12 who had come across the border the previous day. With a little persuasion they disclosed the rendezvous point where they were to meet the others

at sundown. CSM Mutero and his men lay in wait for the remainder of the group. They captured all six without firing a shot.

THE interesting aspect of these incidents — and many others — is that they were carried out by black men fighting in the uniforms of the Rhodesian Army. For although the Rhodesia African Rifles is commanded by white officers, many successes have been achieved by African troops on their own.

CSM Mutero is only one of a growing band of NCOs in the Rhodesia African Rifles who have been allowed to fight aspects of the war their own way. Nor is it unusual for people like Mutero to take white troops into operational areas, under their direct command.

Commented Lieutenant-Colonel David Heppenstall, Commanding Officer of the RAR: "We're a totally integrated unit. We have found that the best results are achieved when black and white troops work together."

Considering that the regiment was only formed in 1940, the battle honours of the Rhodesia African Rifles is as long and impressive as any regiment in Africa.

By the end of the Second World War, units of the RAR had taken part in numerous operations against the Japanese in the Far East. There, the regiment gained a reputation for determined and effective action against the enemy in spite of incurring numerous casualties along the Tanlwe and Taungup Chaungs in Burma and the Arakan Beach. Tanlwe Chaung, in fact, is celebrated as Regimental Day on April 25, each year.

It was when embarking for the Far East from Durban that the battalion adopted their Regimental march *Sweet Bananas*. The story goes that so many bananas were seen by the unit when it passed through Natal that the men wrote a song about them in their native

Amandebele dialect. It has been sung ever since.

The RAR's next spate of fighting was in Malaya. Together with other British and Commonwealth forces, the RAR went into action for the first time in June 1956, and stayed in the jungle until January, 1958. Five members of the regiment, including three Africans, were decorated for bravery during the campaign.

IN the years that followed, the RAR carried out internal security operations during the Nyasaland (Malawi) emergency, the Northern Rhodesian (Zambian) disturbances and were deployed along the Belgian Congo border during the Katanga crisis. The regiment was one of the first to be involved in anti-terrorist operations in 1966.

Since returning home in 1959, men of the RAR have received 25 honours and awards, with 15 of these going to black soldiers, including four who received the British Empire Medal prior to UDI.

The reputation Rhodesia's black soldiers have gained for their battalion over the years has been a formidable one, so much so that it has a waiting list of applicants.

"We require no academic qualifications," says Lieutenant-Colonel Heppenstall. "As long as a man is fit, has good eyesight and co-ordination and has no criminal record, he is considered for entry. But the selection process is a rigorous one and not everyone makes the mark."

Basic training takes six months and is based on the exacting Royal Marine Commando system which requires incredible endurance capabilities.

During the initial selection course, pairs of recruits have to cover almost 60 km in two days carrying ammunition boxes filled with sand weighing 150 kg. The men are required to drop their loads and sprint the last seven kilometres home.



CENTENARY

Photograph: MINISTRY OF INFORMATION



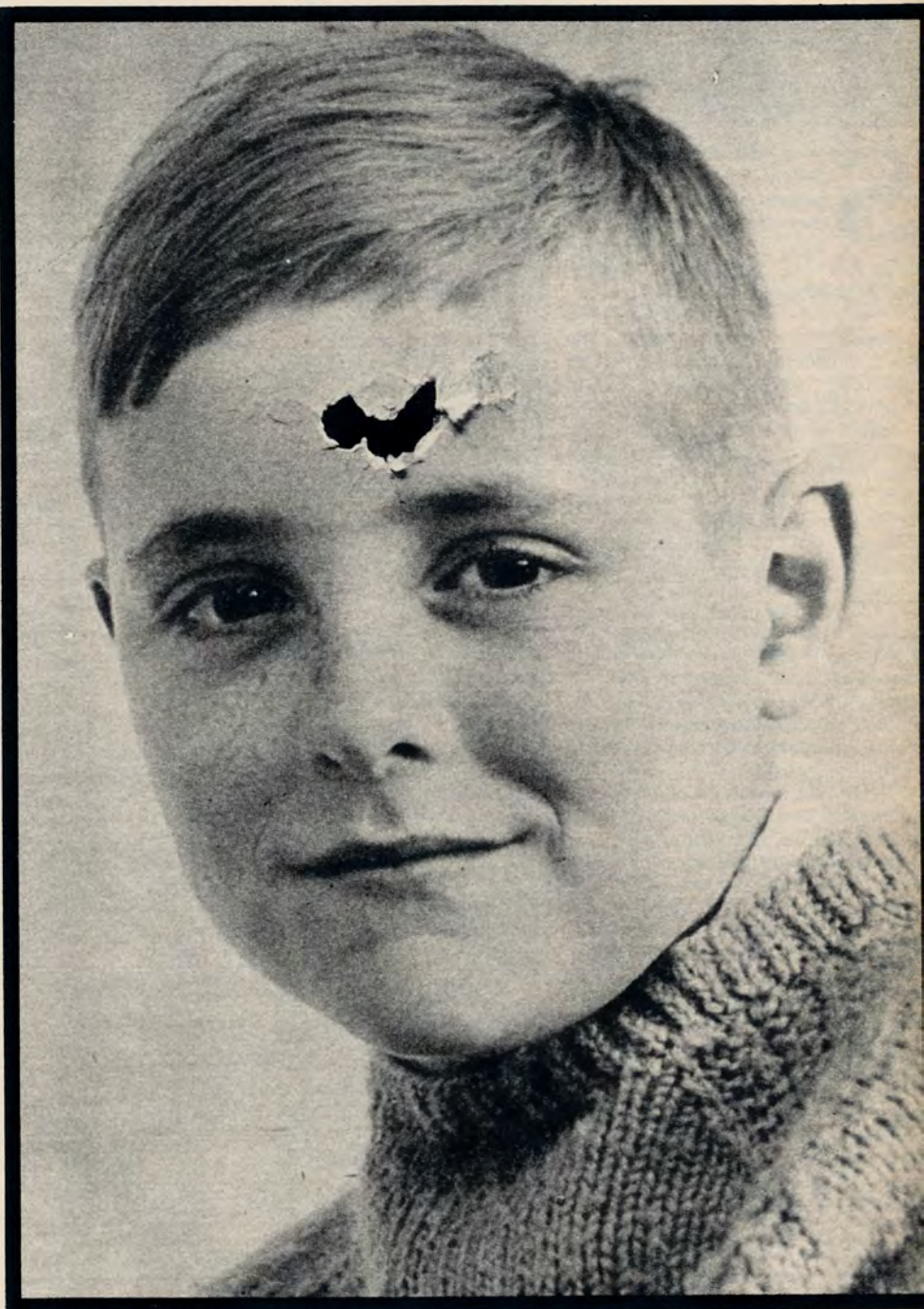
VITAL PAWN IN THE GAMBIT OF WAR

If the terrorists succeed in driving the farmers out of the north-eastern regions, the Rhodesians will not only lose an essential part of the economy, but a psychological round in the war. Most of the farmers are staying put, but it is a harrowing way to live

by JOHN TUFFIN and PAUL VENTER



Photograph: JOHN TUFFIN



ABOVE: This bizarre photograph shows a terrorist bullet hole in the portrait of Dick and Ann Faasen's son, Raymond. The shot was one of 6 fired into their bedroom at point blank range. Raymond considered the incident a bad omen, but he completed his army training safely last year

LEFT: The wreckage in the bedroom where Mrs Eda Kleynhans died when terrorists tossed a grenade through the window.

THREE YEARS OF ATTACKS HAVEN'T DRIVEN THE FARMERS OUT



SINCE the terrorists first attacked the Centenary farming community just over three years ago, they have done everything in their power to frighten the farmers into abandoning their homes.

The landmines, the rockets, the automatic fire in the night, the arson, murders and beatings... If they didn't exist, Centenary would be paradise on earth.

But they do exist, and today the people which make up this small community exist in a qualified form of hell. There, the weapons of war are as much mental as physical; gnawing away at the nerves of the families who have carved their homes out of virgin bush.

Theuns Cilliers is one of these farmers. His 7 000 acres of rich Rhodesian soil which he calls Panorama, has become a pawn in the gambit of subversive warfare. The Rhodesian Government wants the pawn to stay put, the terrorists want it in their box.

"If the farmers give up," says a government spokesman in Salisbury, "we lose more than an essential part of the economy, we lose a psychological round in the war."

BUT Theuns and many other farmers feel the situation is worsening. "I'm thankful that because of the terrorists the government has tarred our roads," he says. "But that is not the solution. If matters get worse one has to look for alternatives. Nobody wants to do that. The north-east is agriculturally ideal, man. Everything grows here. Tobacco, cotton, you name it. A farmer can bank on a mealie harvest of 90 sacks a morgen. And the rain, of course, comes as regularly as clockwork each year."

Years in the sun and wind have hardened Theuns Cilliers's face to granite, making him look older than his 48 years, but his shoulders are square and he can walk a much younger man into the ground.

"I'm Free State born," he says. "In 1956 I came here with my

brother, Gerrie. There was bush everywhere, as far as the eye could see. I had to build a farm out of nothing."

Today Panorama boasts three houses, two guest cottages, an airstrip for Theuns's Piper, a swimming-pool and a miniature golfcourse. But the tennis net is down, the swimming-pool empty and grass grows in cracks in the miniature golfcourse.

THEUNS is a Rhodesian now, a member of the police reserve, and chairman of the local citizen's defence association. Says Theuns: "We need better equipment, and would welcome help from anybody." He laughs. "Gifts like the mobile bar from South Africa don't really help, of course. But water bottles, first-aid kits — that type of thing — would be welcomed by the patrols."

Panorama has missed terrorist attacks so far, although it was the site of a heated skirmish between security forces and a band of terrorists.

"I saw the whole thing," says Theuns. "They shot six of the swines. A helicopter came to pick up the bodies in a net. You could see arms and legs sticking out of the holes."

As an elder in the local NG Church, Theuns knows how his people feel about leaving this unspoilt paradise; he knows they'd all rather stay.

"But one has to weigh up all the alternatives. You know, we can't even find a minister for the church. All seven approached so far have had one excuse or another. Our congregation used to number 140 — there are 70 of us left today."

DURING the past three years, terrorists have murdered three farmers and two of their wives under the cloak of night.

Mrs Eda Kleynhans was the first to die when terrorists threw a grenade into the bedroom where she slept.

Their next victim was Les Jellico who was sitting in his lounge when

10 terrorists called him to the back door. With the door still shut they opened fire and wounded him. As he crawled desperately into the lounge for his shotgun, they tossed a grenade through the window.

Then Mr and Mrs Eric Fletcher were ambushed at dusk by 10 terrorists as they returned to their farm. Infuriated at their deaths the farmers banded together to track down the terrorists. Paul Rouse, a 27-year-old family man was killed in the action which followed.

Within the area of 15 farms which makes up Centenary East, the terrorists have laid 12 landmines. They were all triggered, not by farmers, but by labourers and road workers.

The terrorists have attacked eight of the 15 farmhouses in the area, have robbed and burnt out seven farm stores, and set fire to equipment and tobacco barns. And behind it all they have waged another grim war in the farm labour compounds.

Despite the security fencing and barbed gates which most farmers have erected to safeguard their work forces, the terrorists still enter compounds almost at will.

Often, they murder the farmer's "sell-outs" — the induna, the cook, the tractor driver — and use the compounds as bases, to eat, to gather information, and to attack from when night settles.

THE late-night attack on Dick and Ann Faasen at the farm *Kachipapa* (Big Noise) two years ago is a typical example of terrorist's methods in Centenary.

"When we came here 13 years ago, I built a little shack next to the river," says Dick Faasen. "It was all we had, and from there we started clearing the bush, making our own bricks, and sowing our tiny field. With only eight labourers and no capital we were short of everything."

"Three years later, just when we were starting to make money on the booming tobacco market, UDI was declared and the bottom fell out of the prices. We were back to making a profit of less than R1 000

a year but decided to stay on no matter what.

"When the first farm was hit in Centenary West it didn't much worry us. It was some distance away, and we couldn't have known we would be next."

"For some time I foolishly slept on the open veranda thinking illogically, that it was the best place to wait for a terr attack."

Fortunately, it was only when winter came, forcing Dick indoors, that the terrors attacked. As dusk fell on September 18, 1973, a band of terrorists entered the workers' compound and demanded food.

The induna fed them, and afterwards introduced them to the Faasen's cook who was persuaded to guide the terrorists to the farmhouse later that night. He was to show them exactly where Dick and Ann slept, and which end of the bed their heads would be.

Shortly after 10 pm the terrorists made for the house — cutting the telephone wires and laying a landmine on their way. Ann and Dick were asleep, and because the terrorists brought the cook with them, their dogs didn't bark.

Resting their rifles in forked trees less than 10 metres from the bedroom window the terrorists started pumping fire into the unprotected room.

"I WOKE up," says Dick, "with this terrible noise, and realised immediately that it was automatic fire. I crawled along the floor, picked up my FN and slithered over the broken glass to the window. When I got there the firing stopped."

Aiming straight at the Faasens' bed the terrorists had fired 60 rounds into the room in less than 10 seconds.

"As soon as the firing stopped, my wife started screaming that she'd been hit in the arm. It was not surprising. There were 11 holes in her eiderdown."

"When she sat up I yelled to her to lie down. Then after about five



FAR LEFT: Security fences surround all the farmhouses in the Centenary district. **INSET:** A rocket flare attached to the chimney, in case of emergency.

LEFT: Farmers Dick and Ann Faasen with the arsenal of weapons they keep on hand to ward off terrorist attack.

minutes we crawled to the telephone. The line was dead, and in those days we had no radios. So for the rest of the night we sat and waited.

"Those were the longest seven hours in my life. About an hour after the attack we could hear the terrors re-loading their magazines less than 20 metres from the house. We kept quiet, and thank God they thought we were dead. They must have, or they'd have come back and finished us off for sure."

At first light Dick fired shots into the air and a neighbouring farmer came to their aid. So did the army. Fourteen vehicles passed over the spot where the mine was buried in their road before it went off — blowing the engine of a police vehicle 12 metres into the bush. If it had been detonated by the light vehicles driven by farmers there'd have been nothing left to talk about. But, once again, Dick and Ann had been lucky.

When the story came out they fired the cook, but kept the boss-boy. As Dick reasons: "He wanted to go, but he owes me a lot, and I'll make him stay. I've told him that if ever we're attacked again, his head will be the first to roll. I mean it, and he knows I do."

THE Faasens have had their share of luck and now, like their neighbours, they take no chances.

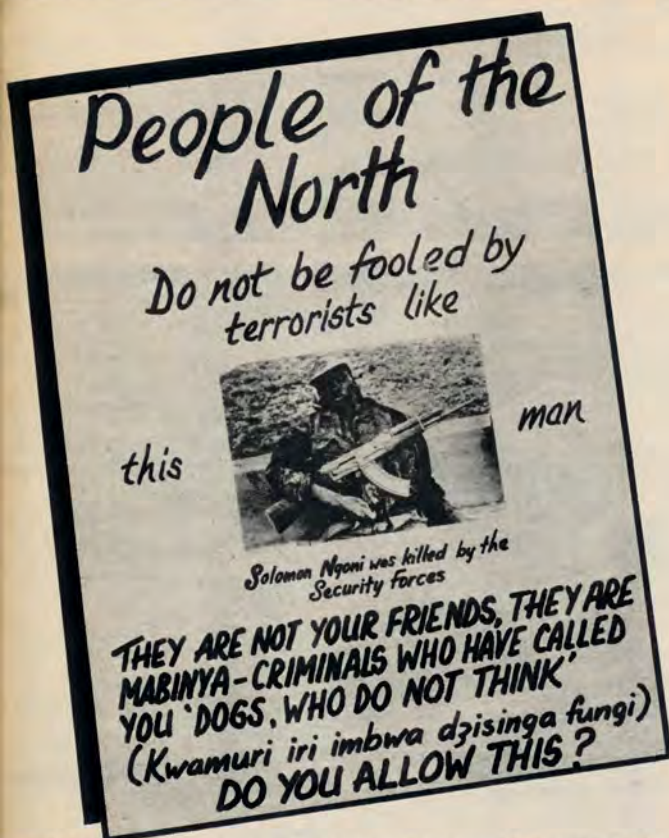
They have an automatic alarm on the security fence surrounding their beautiful thatched home. They have wire mesh over the windows to stop grenades; above the sills, their windows are covered by quarter-inch steel plating. They have a radio alert to the other farmers and the police. They have guns at their bedsides. They have everything but peace of mind.

The farmers of Centenary live in a terrorist-haunted world. Every night they could come under attack; behind every clump of bush on their farms an ambush could be waiting; every turn of their trucks' wheels could detonate a mine. It's a harrowing way to live, and only the tough can take it.

Photograph: JOHN TUFEN

MEN IN THEIR FIFTIES FIGHT THE WAR

Photograph: MINISTRY OF INFORMATION



ABOVE: One of the many propaganda pamphlets put out by Rhodesian security forces at grass-roots level. The Rhodesian Government pays tribesmen thousands of dollars for information leading to the death or capture of a terrorist.

RIGHT: An abandoned terrorist shelter, set in a clearing deep in the thick bush of the war zone.

FAR RIGHT: A suspected terrorist is airlifted into base for questioning by Rhodesian Special Branch men.



WAROOOOM! ... the explosion shattered the night. Then silence. It was past midnight and only the sentries at Oscar Base were awake when it happened. But the blast had been close enough to shock us all from sleep.

A few lights went on; a few questions over the radio to nearby observation posts and ambush positions. Negative. Then darkness again and sleep.

At dawn the first patrols were out looking for the source of the explosion. Soon a report came through on the radio.

"Landmine, Sir. About two kilometres west of camp. There's a huge hole in the road but no damaged vehicle ... must have detonated itself."

This news was soon followed by a second report. "Two bodies, Sir. Terts, about 100 metres from the blast. Both mutilated."

Twenty minutes later we were at the site of the explosion with Superintendent Alan MacIsaac. Another chopper had already landed from Joint Operations Command at Mtoko, and a munitions expert was already examining the remains. Two torn bodies; bits and pieces from a Kalashnikov carbine, shreds of canvas from a bandolier and pieces of cardboard overprinted with

Chinese lettering.

Superintendent MacIsaac pointed at the cardboard. "The mine must have been boosted. The cardboard comes from an explosives wrapper. This would have been a bad one had we hit it."

Apparently a terrorist unit operating near Oscar Base had seen much movement at the camp and decided to make its presence felt. The landmine was intended for security-force vehicles which make regular use of that stretch of road.

How the blast had been triggered off could only be guessed at. Either the terrorists laying the mine were inexperienced — although their bandoliers indicated otherwise — or they were using unstable or defective explosives.

Said Superintendent MacIsaac: "We've had several cases recently where mines or other explosives have detonated prematurely. It could be because the terts are using Chinese equipment which is unstable at the best of times ... or that the material has been buried or kept in storage too long. The Vietcong had similar problems."

LATER that day there were more incidents. Although situated only 80 km from Salisbury, north of the road to Nyamapanda which leads to Tete, four other reports of "terr sightings" were routed

through Oscar Base. Each time Superintendent MacIsaac had to make a fast decision.

Two of the contacts were followed up. Two days later, as a result of these sightings a band of eight terrorists was ambushed and "eliminated."

The major difference between Superintendent MacIsaac's war and the action in other north-eastern operational zones is that the men under his command are all volunteers.

Known as the Police Anti-Terrorist Unit, or PATU for short, the unit's successes, although not on the scale of the regular army's, have been significant enough to keep the terrorists confined in one area for almost a year.

PATU units come from all walks of life. At Oscar Base I met farmers, lawyers, a municipal draughtsman, three plumbers, two motor mechanics and a radio announcer. They all wore the same olive-coloured camouflage suits that are standard issue among Rhodesian security forces.

The only distinguishing factor is the unit's shoulder flash; a leopard spoor underscored with the letters PATU. "Why PATU?" I asked the superintendent. "Why not join the regular army reserve forces?"

Superintendent MacIsaac answered slowly in his broad

Glaswegian accent. "It's because we're a bunch of individualists, I suppose. We all have a stake in this country and we want to do our bit. The only problem is, you see, the most of us are a bit past it. We're not as young as we were. We're what you'd call Dad's Army. Most of my men are in their thirties, but we have some of 18 and a few in their fifties."

But heading for middle-age or not, the superintendent did not underrate the capabilities of his men. They are as fit as the next man, he declared, and capable of giving as much as they take.

"My boys go out on ambush just like the rest. Take the two sticks that came in this morning; they'd been out on ambush for eight days. This evening I've got two more sticks going into the bush for 12 days. Their only contact with the outside world will be by radio ... and then only if they have to."

The super explained that all five-man sticks are completely self-contained. They carry all the supplies they need on patrol. Also, PATU sticks are integrated throughout — four whites and one African police reservist. The blacks are also volunteers.

ANOTHER distinctive aspect of PATU operations is that all members of particular units are called up at the same time, and are



usually from the same town or district. They come from all over Rhodesia. Another difference is that the men volunteer for duties from between four to six times a year, usually for two-week stints in the bush.

"We prefer it that way," said Larry Farren, a former South African amateur boxing champion. "It breaks the humdrum routine. We have our share of excitement — chased by elephants, bitten by mosquitoes — in fact every experience except girls."

The unit has had its share of commendations. The most recent came last year when a five-man stick was operating in the Centenary and Chewishi areas, north of Mount Darwin.

The group spotted a terrorist band which was about three times stronger than them. They followed their tracks, lost them, then realised that they were in turn being encircled by the terrorists.

Fully aware of the dangerous situation they were in, the leader of the stick ordered his men to sit down in a clearing and brew up a pot of tea while he calmly radioed base and called for help.

The five men stayed where they were until Fireforce commandos had surrounded the area. In the ensuing battle a number of the terrorists were killed and several captured. All the men in the stick were awarded the Police Commissioner's Commendation which included the Bronze Baton.

While PATU's role is essentially that of a fighting unit, its principal task is reconnaissance; the gathering of intelligence and the dissemination of propaganda at grass-roots level among the local tribesmen.

Unlike other units I visited in the war zone, PATU units are completely self-reliant. They have their own transport and do not employ cooks or drivers. The men perform their own chores.

"We're a mobile unit. We go where we're needed," said Pete du Plessis, a second-generation Rhodesian whose forefathers came from the Cape.

"We can up-stakes and move out of this base camp in less than three hours. At one stage we moved camp five times in 11 days, and some of the moves were over distances of 300 km."

Rhodesian PATU units had their counterparts in South African PATU units, before they were withdrawn from the war zone.

Commented Superintendent MacIsaac: "The South Africans were a great bunch. They were pretty raw when they came to us, but after a few months they could show us a trick or two. We're damn sorry they've gone."

At one time there were 24 PATU sticks operating from Oscar Base — 12 from South Africa and 12 from Rhodesia.

"Those were good times. We really gave the terts hell," said Superintendent MacIsaac wistfully.

