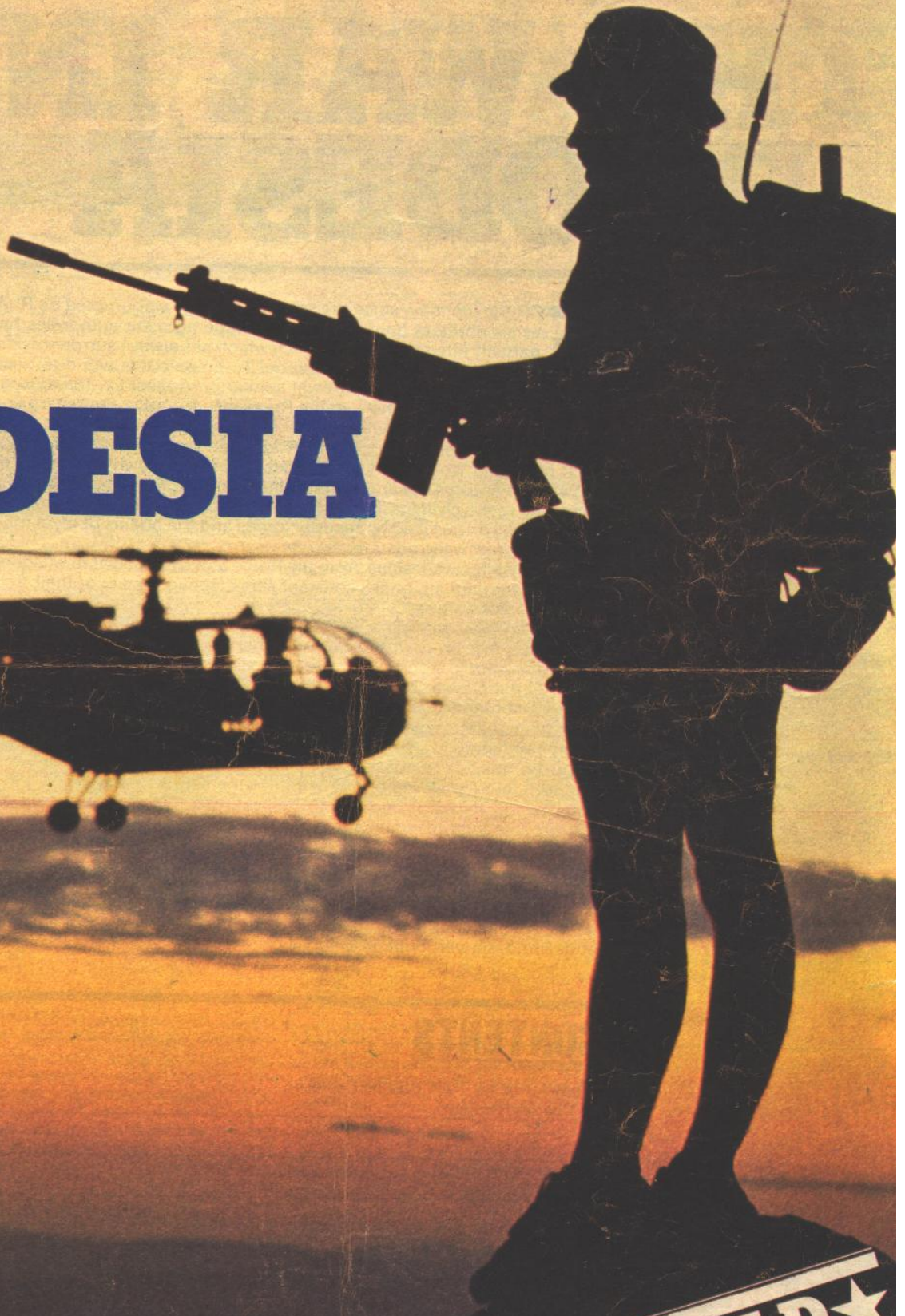


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**SCOPE**

# THE WAR IN RHODESIA

PART 1



★ **WORLD** ★  
**EXCLUSIVE**

Edited by FRANK BATE

Supplement to SCOPE, August 8, 1975



A SCOPE TEAM  
WORLD EXCLUSIVE

# THE WAR IN RHODESIA

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Charles Norman



Paul Venter



John Tuffin



Al J. Venter

**F**OR the first time since the small but savage war erupted on Rhodesia's northern border nearly a decade ago, the authorities have partially lifted the veil of secrecy which has always surrounded military operations in the war zone. To prepare this world-exclusive series — the second part will appear on August 22 — a four-man SCOPE team spent a month with the Rhodesian forces at the "sharp end," covering every aspect of the war.

They lay in all-night ambush with Rhodesian troops, patrolled through thick bush and isolated villages; drove in convoy down the death trail known as Ambush Alley and spoke to the men — from the professionals in command to the civilians in the ranks — who are fighting in the front line. They saw terrorists killed by security forces and the bodies of loyal tribesmen butchered by terrorists in revenge.

Black and white Rhodesians, from the Prime Minister himself to villagers in the bush and farmers under constant siege, spoke frankly of their hopes and fears for the future.

And from these talks, the SCOPE team came away with the over-riding impression that on both the war and economic fronts, the mood of the Rhodesian people is one of buoyant optimism for the future.

No one underplayed or tried to hide the problems facing the country. Sanctions will continue to take their toll, and military operations will tie up both men, money and materials in the north-east until the terrorist threat is finally contained.

But given time, the Rhodesians are confident that they will not only win the war itself, but the all-important battle for the hearts and minds of the African people. If there is one dark cloud overhead, it is the Rhodesians' fear that their country may become a pawn in South Africa's new-bound detente with Black African States to the north. They fear that they may soon be abandoned by the only country that has so far stuck by them through thick and thin. But come what may, Rhodesians of all races are determined if needs be to fight on alone; there will be no retreat, no lowering of standards. No one doubts that there is a long, hard pull ahead; but against all odds Rhodesia will continue to survive.

## CONTENTS

|   |    |
|---|----|
| From A Flicker To A Blazing Cauldron<br>by Charles Norman                           | 3  |
| "Contact ... Contact ... Contact!"<br>by Charles Norman                             | 4  |
| Ambush Alley<br>by Al J. Venter   | 8  |
| Death Trap<br>by Charles Norman   | 12 |
| "Detente Saved The Terrorists"<br>by Al J. Venter                                   | 16 |
| Bulldust Baffles Brains<br>by Paul Venter   | 17 |
| "Foreign Legion Forts"<br>In The Spider's Nest<br>by John Tuffin and Charles Norman | 18 |
| Tricked!<br>by Charles Norman   | 23 |

Cover photograph by Charles Norman

## THE STORY OF THE WAR

The Rhodesians are acknowledged as the finest anti-guerrilla fighters in the world, yet they know that the war cannot be won by guns alone. The real fight is for the hearts and minds of the people. And the side that wins that fight will — for better or for worse — decide Rhodesia's future

by CHARLES NORMAN

**I**T'S hard to say just when the Rhodesian war began. Some date it as far back as the early Sixties, when rival African nationalist groups were mainly concerned with exterminating each other, but also found time to hurl the odd Russian or Chinese hand grenade at police.

Others claim that the true start of the war was April 29, 1966, when seven Zimbabwe African People's Union terrorists were killed in a running battle with security forces near the farming centre of Sinoia, mid-way between Salisbury and Kariba.

But for many people the real start of the war, the time when Rhodesians woke up and realised just what they faced, has always been fixed at three weeks after that Sinoia clash. Then, a four-year-old boy on a homestead near Hartley told police how armed men had come to the farmhouse in the middle of the night, how he had heard them shouting at his parents, and then how "mummy and daddy lay down and went to sleep on the floor."

**J**OHANNES and Barbara Viljoen were the first Rhodesians to die at the hands of Communist-trained and armed terrorists. The manhunt that followed was the biggest in Rhodesian history. Three weeks after the killings one terrorist was wounded and arrested, but later died in hospital. Two months later another terrorist was killed in the Zambezi Valley and positively identified as one of the murderers. Four months later two more were arrested in Salisbury, and from them it was learned that their leader had been wounded and had



# FROM A FLICKER TO A BLAZING CAULDRON

died in thick bush in the valley. The two captured terrorists were sentenced to death.

By that time Rhodesians began to understand the nature of the threat they faced. They should, of course, have realised it three weeks after the Viljoen murders, when terrorists captured in the Sinoia clash admitted having been trained at the Chinese Military Academy in Peking.

But in 1966, most Rhodesians were still complacent, still inclined to think of those first terrorists as nothing more than a bunch of renegades. They were so wrong. The terrorists facing Rhodesia today are not only trained by Chinese and Russians, but are armed by them with sophisticated weapons which include automatic rifles and machine-guns, anti-tank rockets, mortars, grenades and mines.

They have an established chain of command stretching down from Lusaka to their training camps in the Mozambique province of Tete, and from there to the various areas into which they have divided Rhodesia's north-eastern region.

**R**HODESIA'S first racial conflicts this century occurred in 1958, when the country was still part of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Several African leaders were restricted, including Dr Hastings Banda of Nyasaland (Malawi) and Dr Kenneth Kaunda of Northern Rhodesia (Zambia.) The following year Joshua Nkomo's Rhodesian African National Congress was banned, and the Rhodesian nationalist leader then formed the National Democratic Party.

In 1961, with Rhodesia racked by African riots, the National Democratic Party was banned, and Nkomo formed the Zimbabwe African People's Union, naming the Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole as his second in command. These two had their differences, chiefly because Nkomo is a Matabele and Sithole is a Shangaan, and the two tribes have never seen eye to eye.

Sithole then started his rival Zimbabwe African National Union. Violent clashes between ZANU and ZAPU eventually forced the government to ban them both and restrict their leaders to the remote areas of Wha Wha and Gonakudzingwa.

Both organisations, however,

continued to flourish... in Zambia. They set up headquarters in Lusaka, where ZAPU enlisted the aid of the Russians and ZANU the aid of the Chinese, and both organisations prepared for war.

Their early military operations were far from successful. The Sinoia battle, officially recognised by ZANU as the start of the war, was a disaster for them, with the ZANU forces being wiped out without loss to the Rhodesians — although that is not the story ZANU told. They claimed 25 Rhodesian police killed and 30 wounded, two helicopters shot down, and eight farmers killed. And then, just for good measure, they



added that they'd shot down 12 Rhodesian aircraft the previous week.

**T**HEN, in August 1967, ZAPU opened its offensive, sending a combined ZAPU and South African ANC group across the Zambezi into northern Matabeleland, the Wankie Game Reserve area, in an attempt to reach the South African border. In a series of running battles over several weeks, these terrorists were all either killed or captured, but this time Rhodesia also suffered her first casualties — three European and five African members of the security forces died.

By the end of this action, known to Rhodesians as "Operation Nickel," South African Prime Minister John Vorster had sent the first South African Police forces into Rhodesia. They were recently recalled to their base camps in the hope that this would have some beneficial effect on Mr Vorster's policy of detente.

While Operation Nickel was in

progress, another gang of about 40 ANC and 80 ZAPU, crossed the Zambezi below Kariba and set up a string of base camps in the Mana Pools area. This force was detected when a game ranger found tracks of terrorist boots, and in a three month action known as "Operation Cauldron" the Rhodesian security forces killed or captured virtually the whole group.

Terrorists captured in these operations indicated that the African National Congress of South Africa had been grossly misled by ZAPU into thinking that it was a simple matter to walk across Rhodesia to the South African border. Since then the ANC has not

detected and engaged the following day, and by Tuesday had all been either killed or captured.

A smaller ZANU expedition into the Mana Pools area met with the same fate. It was in this action that the first SAP man died.

After these reverses ZANU had no choice but to sit back and lick its wounds — and do a lot of thinking. Clearly, straight expeditions across the Zambezi were suicidal; an alternative was needed.

**T**HE answer became clear to them when, in 1968, Frelimo began to make inroads into the Mozambique province of Tete. By 1971 Frelimo had penetrated as far as Rhodesia's north-eastern border. With Frelimo's blessing, ZANU set up training camps in Tete, and in so doing at last established that vital necessity — a secure base south of the Zambezi River.

In late 1971 ZANU began infiltrating across the floor of the Zambezi Valley and up the escarpment towards the European farming areas. The Rhodesians admit they were caught napping. For a full year ZANU played a low-profile game, keeping their presence secret while they enlisted spirit mediums and witchdoctors to win over the local people.

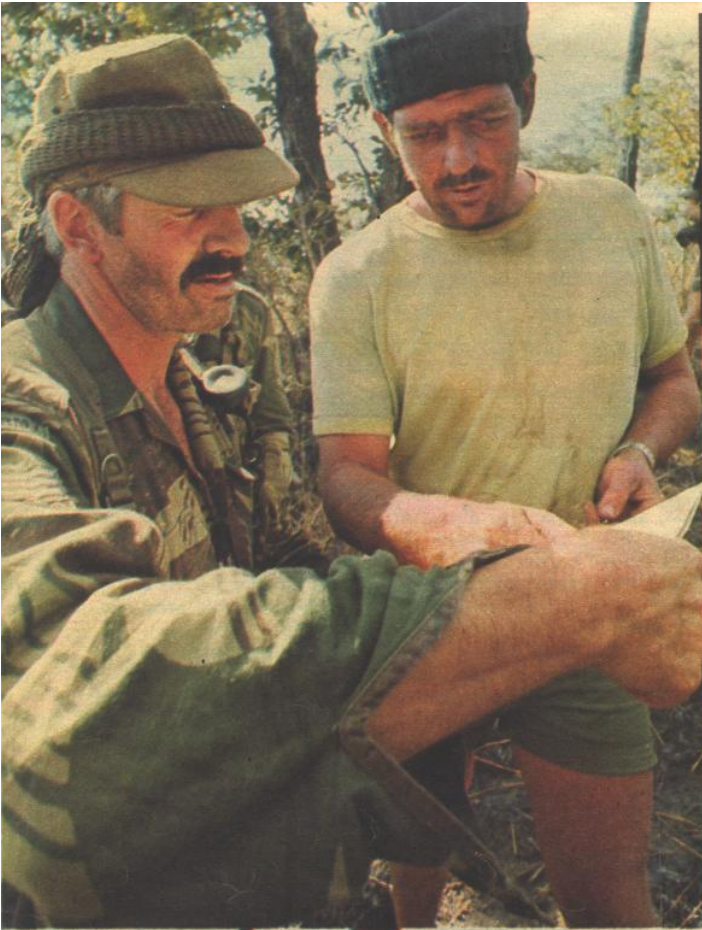
Then, using these people as porters, they carried in vast supplies of arms and ammunition which they cached all over the north-eastern border area. Then they were ready to act.

When "Operation Hurricane" broke in December 1972 with the attacks on Whistlefield and Altenua farms in the Centenary area, the Rhodesians realised that this time they faced a different enemy; an enemy who had done his homework, whose lines of supply and communication were secure, and who could at any time retreat to well-established base camps hidden across the almost non-existent border with Mozambique.

They knew that this time they faced a long, drawn out war; this time they could expect no quick military victory. And they were beginning to realise, too, that in the long run it was not a war which could be won by military means alone, for the ultimate battle is for the hearts and minds of the people. Who wins that battle, wins Rhodesia.



# 'CONTACT!... AND THE WAR



To his amazement, the lieutenant felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned, and found his prisoner pointing to another terrorist circling to his left. Without pausing to ponder the strange workings of his prisoner's mind, the leader snapped off another shot and killed the running man

**L**IEUTENANT Pete Farndell and his men had been out for three days. They'd walked and slept in the same clothes since leaving Mount Darwin, and by the morning of the fourth day they were grimy and unshaven.

The glint of a small farm dam attracted them as they moved through the trees, and they advanced towards it. A few minutes later, water bottles filled, they were enjoying a rest on its shores.

It was the browsing cattle that warned the patrol, for the animals all turned suddenly and stared in

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# CONTACT!... CONTACT!' MACHINE SWINGS INTO GEAR

story and photographs by CHARLES NORMAN

the same direction. Nerves finely attuned after several years of this type of warfare, Lieutenant Farndell shouted a warning to his men. Then the RPD machine-guns and Kalashnikov automatic rifles opened up from behind a nearby anthill.

The Rhodesian patrol squirmed for cover as bullets snapped over them, ripping branches and leaves from the trees before splintering the waters of the dam.

Even as his men began returning the fire, Lieutenant Farndell was groping for the radio, screaming the one word which takes priority over any other message: "Contact!" he roared, wasting no time on the customary recognition signals. "Contact! Contact! Contact!"

**T**HE patrol was still under heavy fire when several helicopters lifted off from Mount Darwin, but in the few minutes they took to arrive at the scene of the ambush the terrorists had given up their attack and melted away into the bush.

In the sudden silence Lieutenant Farndell and his men rose to their feet, weapons at the ready. Several hundred rounds had been fired, but miraculously nobody had been hit. Were it not for the dozens of bullet holes oozing sap from the trees, the two shallow craters of the mortar blasts and the crackle of a grass-fire started by tracer bullets, it would be easy to believe that it had all been a dream.

I was in one of the helicopters. The pilot found a gap in the trees and eased the machine down with the rotors almost touching foliage on all sides. As the wheels grounded we spilled out and raced for the shelter of the trees; relieved of our weight the helicopter leapt back into the sky.

The action in which I was now taking part — only a few minutes' flying time from Darwin, looked like petering out. The hours dragged by, swarms of tiny Mopani lies clustered round our heads to make life a misery, and nothing happened.

**I**N the hot silence of our vigil I remembered the story of a classically successful operation which had taken place some months previously.

It began when an alert Rhodesian African Rifles patrol spotted that the inhabitants of a kraal were cooking far more sadza — mealie meal — than they could possibly eat. Questioning revealed that a band of terrorists had been cooking at the kraal, had seen the patrol approaching, and were now hiding in a nearby river bed.

The leader of the patrol

immediately radioed Mount Darwin, and within minutes the helicopters were airborne. Arriving over the scene, they had a lucky break when one terrorist broke cover and ran down the dry river bed. As a helicopter swooped low over him he threw down his rifle and raised his hands. The pilot landed a stick of men, and Lieutenant Colin Willis took the terrorist prisoner.

The man agreed to show the soldiers where his companions were hiding, but as Lieutenant Willis and his three troopers crossed the river bed they came under heavy fire.

The patrol leader radioed for support, but four terrorists had already been spotted fleeing farther up the river, and operational commander Major Doug Lambert had already dispatched his remaining men to cut them off. The four men, and their prisoner, were on their own.

**P**INNED down by heavy terrorist fire, Lieutenant Willis signalled his machine-gunner to give covering bursts. Dragging his prisoner, he leapt up and charged straight for the enemy position. He saw one terrorist break cover and run, and

killed him with a single shot. Then, to his amazement, he felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned, and found his prisoner pointing to another terrorist circling to his left. Without pausing to ponder the strange workings of his prisoner's mind, Lieutenant Willis snapped off another shot and killed the running man. Then, with his prisoner still following at his shoulder, he charged into the spot where the terrorist fire had been coming from.

"For a second I didn't see anything," says the young lieutenant. "Then I spotted a foot sticking out from behind a rock. I



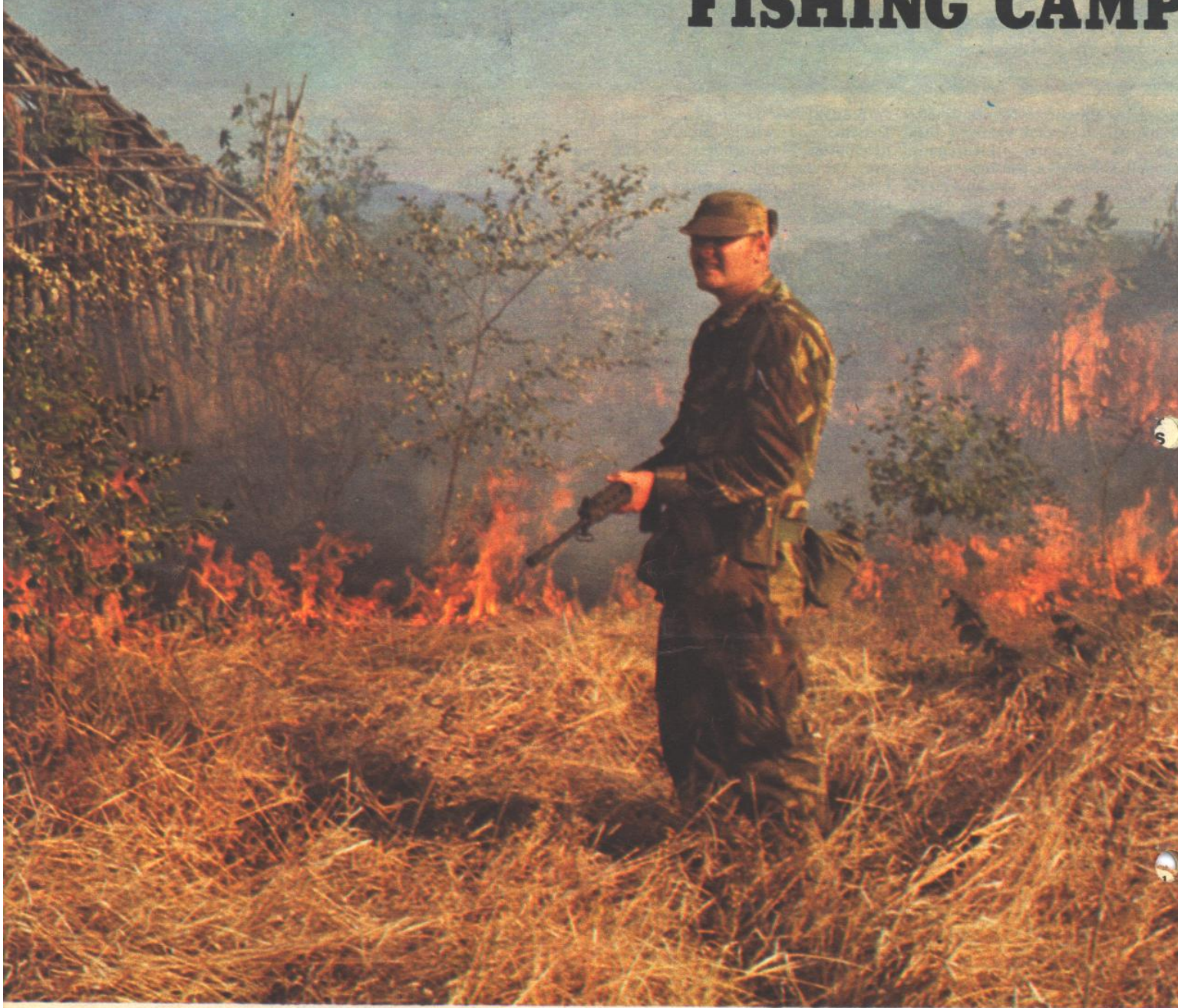
**ABOVE:** Helicopters ready to move at a moment's notice.

**ABOVE LEFT:** Minutes after being ambushed by terrorists, Lieutenant Peter Farndell (right) and Sergeant Laurie Mc Gorian discuss their plan of action.

**LEFT:** The helicopter sweeps low across the bush, heading for the spot where contact has been made with terrorists.



# WE DISCOVERED A TERRORIST FISHING CAMP



shot it, and a head popped out at the other end of the rock, so I shot that, too."

Calling up his men, Lieutenant Willis then carried out a quick sweep of the area, finishing up back on the river bank, where he prepared to radio in his results. As he did so, he heard a noise in the dry river bed below him. Peering over, he saw four armed terrorists directly beneath him, facing the other way. Aiming his rifle, he called on them to surrender.

"The one holding the RPD spun around to have a go at me," he remembers. "Luckily, my rifle was pointing straight at him, so I just pulled the trigger and drilled him. The other three dropped their rifles and put their hands up."

Farther up the river, the other

patrol was having an equally successful, if not as spectacular, action. The four fleeing terrorists, who included a senior commander, ran straight into the stick deployed by Major Lambert. Three died and one was captured. There were no casualties among the security forces. Later interrogation revealed that of a band of 13 terrorists, only one had escaped.

**MY** thoughts were interrupted by the voice of Lieutenant Farnell, who was ruefully reconstructing the attack. "We were sweeping through there," he said, pointing, "and then we saw the water and turned. If we'd just kept going for another few steps we'd have walked right into the camp. They must have been lying in those

bushes watching us, and when they saw us settle down by the water they crept up behind this ant-hill and gave us a revving."

He examined the bullet-pitted tree trunks. "We were bloody lucky," he said, "they were shooting pretty straight – see, all about chest height. If we'd been standing up we'd have really caught it."

The camp had been a big one, housing about 25 men. They'd killed a cow, and strips of smoked meat still hung from drying racks around the ashes of their campfire. Scattered around the area were several cheap cardboard suitcases, pots and pans, clothing, shoes – all brand new!

It was identified as booty from a store, broken into a few nights

previously. I'd been there the morning after the robbery, and I remembered the anguish in the African storekeeper's eyes, for the terrorists had not only stolen goods – they'd wrecked the place.

"And look at this," said Sergeant Laurie McGorian. "It's a bloody terr rest camp!" He held up several long, thin sticks with line attached – fishing rods. A search revealed that they'd caught fish, too, for the area was littered with bones.

**W**ITH darkness only an hour away I reasoned that the operation would end in failure. But the Rhodesians don't give up that easily. Back at Mount Darwin Captain Pat Armstrong and his officers pored over large maps.





Knowing that the terrorists would attempt to move out of the area by night, the officers were now trying to guess which routes they would use. Coming to a quick decision, they sent out troops to lay ambushes along those paths.

Late that night one of the traps was sprung. Eight terrorists walked into an ambush laid near a kraal known in the past to have harboured them. The Rhodesian forces opened up and the terrorists replied with a burst of fire before vanishing into the darkness.

But this time surprise had been with the Rhodesians. Dawn revealed one dead terrorist, an AK and an SK rifle ... and a blood trail leading from the scene. At least one of the terrorists had been wounded.

The helicopters were in the air again before the sun had risen. It was freezing in the fast-moving, open aircraft, but every minute wasted meant more distance between us and them. As is usual after a contact, the terrorists had "bombshelled" — split up. But the blood trail made tracking easy, and one group was dispatched to follow the spoor while other men scouted around for further clues.

**T**HE wounded terrorist had not gone far. A bullet had passed through his thigh. With one comrade he'd travelled only a few kilometres from the ambush before settling down under a clump of bushes to wait the day out.

The patrol was almost on top of them before the unwounded terrorist opened fire, getting off two shots before the Rhodesian machine-gunner, in reflex action, fired his heavy weapon from the waist — a full belt of 50 rounds in one long burst.

It picked the two terrorists up and hurled them out of the bushes, shattering them, destroying them, making them barely recognisable as human beings.

We were on the scene within minutes. The bodies lay like broken dolls. For a second, pity surged through me for these remains of human beings; only minutes ago they'd been alive, they'd had hopes and dreams. Now they were nothing.

But then the pity faded as I remembered the landmine victims I'd seen in the last two weeks, the tribesmen who'd received savage beatings at the hands of such men, the bound and mutilated bodies I'd seen, the man who'd been pierced almost four dozen times with a bayonet — perhaps the very bayonet on the SK which now lay across the dead terrorist's body.

The leader of the patrol caught my eye. "Don't let it bother you," he said. "People like these are less than dogs." But his voice was not quite steady as he said it. Even under those circumstances, one does not lightly take human life.

There was nothing to do now but return to Mount Darwin and wait, perhaps for days, until somewhere out in the field a troop commander would leap for his radio and yell: "Contact! Contact! Contact!" Then it would all begin again. ■

**MAIN PICTURE:** Rhodesian troops in action on the Mukumbura road. The village was cleared after a terrorist attack.

**ABOVE:** A dead terrorist sprawls on the ground with his SK rifle across his body, while troops examine the body of his comrade. Both died in a burst of machine-gun fire.

**LEFT:** As the helicopter touches down, troops are ready to spill out and run for cover among the trees.







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# AMBUSH ALLEY

## DEATH TRAIL TO THE NORTH



The road climbs into a maze of culverts, overhangs, exposed bridges and dense bush. Soldiers and civilians who travel the road live with the threat of death around every bend

story and photographs  
by AL. J. VENTER

**T**WO roads lead northwards out of Mount Darwin and both are dangerous. The first swings eastwards towards Rushinga and the giant American mission hospital at Karanda, recently the scene of considerable terrorist activity. Because of the number of insurgent landmines that have been planted on this dusty track which reaches out towards Mozambique, soldiers call it "Bomb Corridor."

The other road, which strikes directly northwards through the Kandeya Tribal Trust Land and past the grandeur of the Mavurandonha mountain range has a name with equally ominous connotations — "Ambush Alley."

But, while both routes have landmine problems, Ambush Alley, which takes the traveller all the way through to Mukumbura on the frontiers of Black Africa, passes through some of the most dangerous territory south of the Sahara.

From Pechansa Keep, a newly-built Beau Geste-type fortress on the edge of the Mavurandonha foothills, the road climbs steadily into a maze of narrow culverts, overhangs, exposed bridges and dense bush. It is ideal ambush country.

There is a constant possibility of a contact; a contact which could mean a machine-gun burst at close range, a blast from a Soviet RPG-2 rocket or a grenade tossed over a ledge on to the back of a truck carrying soldiers or civilians. No vehicle travels the route alone.

There is always a vehicle to provide covering fire should one of the trucks be ambushed.

**J**UST past Pechansa the Rhodesian Government has embarked on a massive road construction project which stretches well into the Mavurandonas. Teams of labourers, graders, steamrollers, tractors and heavy earthmoving equipment toil throughout the day with soldiers in

Supplement to SCOPE August 8, 1975 9

ABOVE: Convoy duty on Ambush Alley. Heat, sweat, dust . . . and a real chance of terrorist attack.

LEFT: Landmine blast on the Mukumbura road. (Inset): The result.



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close support.

But because of the difficult terrain and large area covered by the construction gangs it is not always possible for security forces to be on the spot when the terrorists attack. Many items of equipment have either been mined or destroyed by arson.

Road gangs have also suffered. Their camps have become prime



(Photograph: JOHN TUFFIN.)

# ROAD CAMPS ARE PRIME TARGETS FOR ATTACKS





targets for bands of marauding terrorists operating from the Mavurandohas. A number of camps have recently been mortared and machine-gunned at close range and there have been casualties.

In the foothills beyond Pechansa, regular security patrols scour the mountainside but the bush is thick and the risks they take in encountering a terrorist ambush

are often heightened by poor visibility.

The terrorists, who hole out up the mountain during daytime, strike at the populated valleys after dark. Being on higher ground, they can usually spot a security patrol long before they or their mountain hideouts are detected.

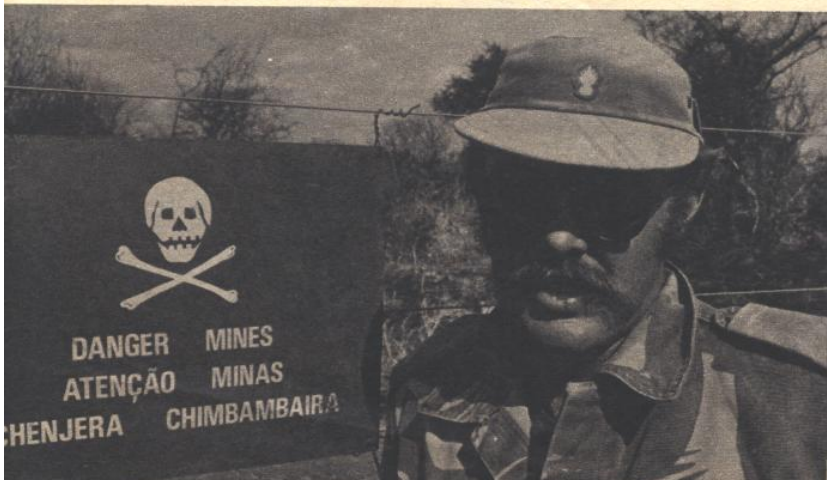
Terrorist activity in and around the Mavuradonha mountain area is

intense because it is the first prominent landmark the rebels reach after infiltrating across the Mozambique border to the floor of the Zambezi Valley.

"Terrs" coming from Mozambique know they can find sanctuary in the mountain range. Once there, the entire north-eastern part of Rhodesia lies before them. The Mavuradonha also border an

area where the rebels have received most support from the civilian population — the subverted Kandeya Tribal Trust Lands.

The Rhodesian Government has herded civilians living there into a number of protected villages and the region has been declared a "No Go" area. Any unauthorised person found in the demarcated zone runs the risk of being shot on sight. ■



ABOVE: Rhodesian troops stand guard during a mine-laying operation near the Mozambique frontier.

ABOVE LEFT: A tribesman is airlifted to a base hospital at Mount Darwin after a terrorist attack on his kraal. Civilians suffer far more casualties than the Rhodesian forces.

FAR LEFT: Bird's-eye view of Pachansa Keep at the edge of the Mavuradonha mountains. The fort houses a platoon of para-military Internal Affairs officials. Their job is to keep the administrative wheels rolling, despite the war.

LEFT: The engineer in command of mine-laying stands before a tri-lingual sign warning civilians and terrorists alike of the danger.





**MAIN PICTURE:** Engineer Mike Adams exposes the deadly Chinese landmine. Packed with more than seven kilograms of high explosive, it is powerful enough to destroy the biggest armoured tank.

**RIGHT:** Faces tense with concentration, Engineers Mike Adams and Hugh Edwards gently unscrew the detonator from the landmine.

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# DEATH TRAP

## AND A "ROOKIE" DOES HIS THING



Earlier that day, two terrorists had blown themselves to tiny pieces trying to lay a landmine. Now, Engineer Adams went about defusing the same type of mine with calm efficiency. But afterwards he had a big confession to make...

story and photographs  
by CHARLES NORMAN

It was cold in the back of the truck in the early morning, and Rifleman Peter Dickens was hunched in his camouflage jacket, peering down at the dirt road as it rushed past the back wheels. Half consciously, he noticed that a small section of the surface seemed somehow different.

He was still thinking about it when the truck stopped 300 metres farther on, where Peter and his mates from Two Protection Company were guarding a gang of labourers working on a new bridge.

Something about that patch of road worried him, so he left the others and wandered back up the track and located it. Yes, there was certainly something odd. He scratched at the sand with a finger.

Just below the surface he felt cold, wet mealiepap.

Alarm signals jangled in his brain. He'd never seen a landmine before, but he knew what he'd found. He backed off. Fast.

It wasn't long before the signal came through to headquarters at Mount Darwin — suspected landmine on road in the Kandeya Tribal Trust Land — would the engineers come and check it out?

Within minutes Army Engineers Mike Adams, Brian Breach and Hugh Edwards were on their way to the scene. Their helicopter touched down near the spot where Rifleman Dickens and a radio operator were guarding the find.

"Right, where is it?" asked Engineer Adams, and when the

slight disturbance in the road was pointed out to him he immediately dropped to his haunches and started gently wiping the cover of earth away.

"No point wasting time thinking about it," he said. "That only makes it worse."

The layer of damp mealiepap quickly became visible. Using his hands as gently as a surgeon now, he carefully removed the sticky substance. And there it was for all the world to see — with the compliments of Chairman Mao.

More than seven kilograms of TNT in a flat, olive-green metal container lay in the depression. Manufactured in Communist China to kill enemies on the other side of



the globe.

**E**NGINEER Adams gently, so gently, removed the mealiepap from around its sides. He is not a professional soldier. He's a civilian, a family man, doing his month's stint at "the sharp end."

In his private life Mike Adams is a civil engineer, so the army had put him in engineers.

That's why this man, heading towards middle age and carrying a little more weight round the middle than he'd like to, was squatting out there in the middle of nowhere, prodding away at the deadly green canister.

Earlier that same day, in another part of the operational area, two terrorists had detonated a landmine they were laying. Evidence of their shattered remains had been found

dripping from trees metres away. I tried to push that grisly thought out of my mind as I watched Engineer Adams tackling this one with quiet confidence.

He worked in silence for some minutes, removing tiny flakes of pap and earth. By now the whole mine was visible. "This one's definitely been laid by terts," he said, and then explained: "Sometimes the terrorists order the locals to lay mines for them, and the locals do it clumsily. But this one's a real pro job."

Speaking in a whisper — which seemed as wise as it was pointless — I asked him about the mealiepap. "We're not sure," he said, "but we believe these guys think the mealiepap will take time to compact, so that the first few vehicles will go over the mine without exploding it and give them

more time to get away."

**M**IKE ADAMS worked in silence for a while, then stopped and wiped the sweat from his eyes. "We're going to have to pull it," he explained, and when I looked puzzled he said: "There's always a chance that it's booby-trapped to go off when we lift it, so we attach a small hook and line, then get to a safe distance and turn it over."

This he did, as we held our hands over our ears in anticipation of the huge blast which might follow. But nothing happened. Cautiously, we returned to the depression. The mine lay upside down now, out of its shallow pit. Gingerly, Engineer Adams turned it over, then he and Engineer Edwards lay down beside it in the middle of the road, ears almost touching the metal canister, and slowly began to

unscrew the detonator cap.

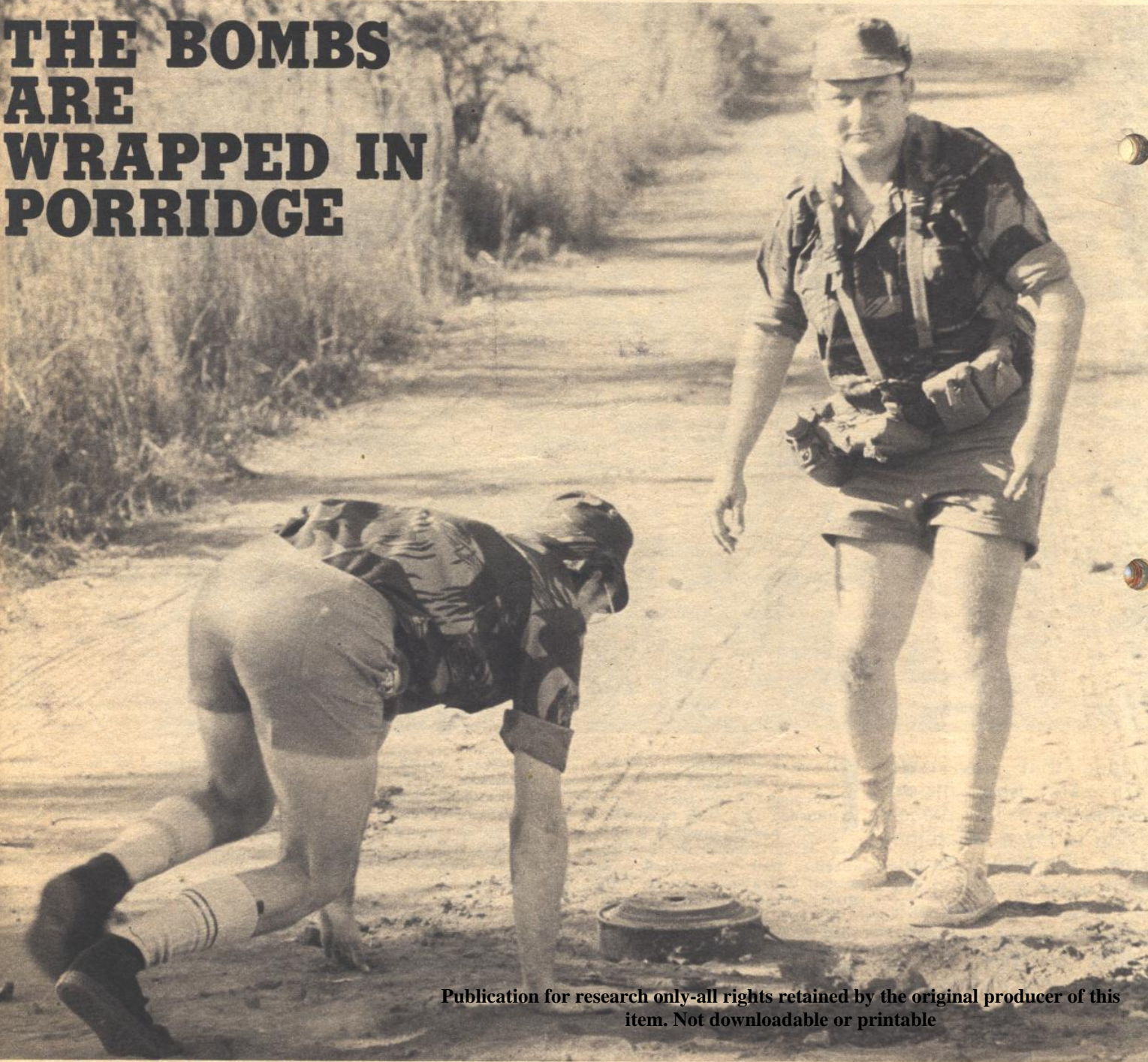
Suddenly he stopped, and smiled up at us. "I think you'd better move away again," he said. We did.

A few minutes later we saw him lift his arm in triumph, and in his fingers we could see the silvery glint of the detonator, the small explosive charge which would be set off by a vehicle passing over the mine and instantly trigger the massive TNT charge. Without it the mine was safe. All smiles now, we walked back up the road to where the engineers were holding their trophy.

"I'm really chuffed about that," said Engineer Adams, smiling broadly as he wiped sweat from his eyes and peeled bits of congealed mealiepap from his fingers. He picked up the now harmless mine and grinned at it.

"It's my first one," he said. ■

# THE BOMBS ARE WRAPPED IN PORRIDGE

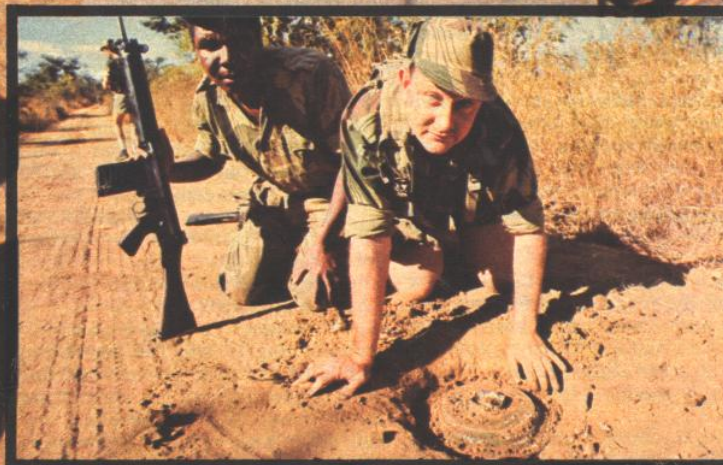


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ABOVE: Engineer Mike Adams holds the detonator as his companion scrambles to his feet.

RIGHT: Smiles of triumph — and relief. The landmine is harmless, and Engineer Adams (rear) confesses with a smile: "It's my first one."





INSET: Rifleman Peter Jenkinson spotted the landmine, crouches beside Engineer Mike Adams



# RHODESIAN PRIME MINISTER IAN SMITH SPEAKS ON THE WAR 'DETENTE SAVED THE TERRORISTS'

Interview by AL. J. VENTER

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**M**ISTER Prime Minister: Rhodesia will soon enter its second decade of low-intensity guerrilla warfare. Can you explain why this struggle has gone on for so long?

"First of all the terrorists have had the advantage of operating from both Zambia and Mozambique. This has made it easier for them to obtain additional strength and shelter whenever they have needed it. Obviously, they have been operating from an advantageous position.

"Secondly, I must admit that in certain areas they have managed to subjugate and intimidate local tribesmen into providing shelter and assistance. This too, has put them in a favourable position for a long-term operation.

"Thirdly, the terrorists came in to those areas and managed to establish bases without our security forces being aware of it. We have admitted this and conceded that this is a weakness, but we have since been able to contain the menace.

"Fourthly, I would say that towards the end of last year we really managed to get on top of the problem. Over a period of three months we killed more than 100 terrorists. Just at that time the current detente exercise was put into operation, and as part of our contribution we pulled back."

In fact, Rhodesia lowered its defences?

"The agreement was that terrorism would cease. We pulled back in order to give the terrorists time to comply with their part of the bargain. However, before long it became clear that they had no intention of keeping their promise.

"In a sense we dropped our guard and as a result we lost a bit of ground. This not only affected us militarily but, more important, psychologically. The terrorists cashed in on our withdrawal by telling the locals that they had won the war and that we were retreating. Our actions substantiated their claims. This is probably the most important aspect of all."

Would you say the campaign is more intense today than it was at

this time last year?

"No, the war is no more intense today than it was before."

Detente seems to be the essence of the problem. Can you elaborate on how this has affected Rhodesia?

"In the months immediately before the Lusaka Agreement, our security forces had been having their greatest successes yet against the terrorists. Among those killed were some of their best leaders. The calibre and morale of those who remained was low. We were on the brink of dealing a knock-out blow; we had them on the run. Of this there is no doubt.

"In our minds the detente exercise undoubtedly saved those terrorists remaining in Rhodesia, because our security forces abided by the terms of the cease-fire.

"Also, units of the South African Police that were in Rhodesia, withdrew from the frontier. We all took genuine steps to bring about the spirit necessary to make detente succeed. The terrorists, on the other hand, blatantly disregarded this agreement - although there is no doubt in our minds that they were aware that the agreement existed.

"You will recall for example, the deaths of several members of a South African Police patrol who were stopped by some apparently peaceful terrorists who pretended to be observing the truce. The policemen were murdered in cold blood."

Guerrilla warfare is said to be 80 percent socio-psychological and 20 percent military activity. How is Rhodesia tackling this aspect of the problem?

"I agree that there is a significant socio-psychological factor in combating terrorism. However, in our case it may not be as high as 80 percent.

"We have an excess of an additional ingredient - brutal intimidation - which may not have applied to the same extent in other terrorist operations.

"However, we are actively campaigning to win the hearts and minds of the local population. But it is more difficult in a situation when terrorists cold-bloodedly murder and maim innocent tribesmen who are unable to defend

themselves.

"Our philosophy is to impress upon the local people the advantages of living in Rhodesia, and that their way of life is comparable to anything north of our borders in every aspect of life."

Many local farmers are seriously discussing the Fifth Province Concept. In other words, a possible federation of Rhodesia and South Africa. Can you comment?

"I must in all honesty say that this is something I am unaware of. I am surprised to hear what you have said, although this may specifically be as a result of the detente exercise, and the apparent withdrawal of South African forces. What could have motivated the question is the hope of encouraging more active South African support."

Rhodesian civilians are being called up at least twice a year for military service. We all realise the manpower problem facing Rhodesia, but how has this affected the lives of the people?

"I do not think that the call-up for military service, which has been in effect for a number of years, has a marked effect on our economy as such. The economic figures substantiate this.

"However, I think one has to concede that as far as family life is concerned, this is a worry. It is something which is exercising our minds and receiving our attention. Obviously we hope we will soon be able to lessen the calls made on our family men.

"I would like to point out though, that service of any kind is worth while. In particular, military service has ensured that our young men are today dedicated and true Rhodesians, in a world where there is an excess of permissiveness and general lack of values and discipline. This is a comment I have had from many visitors to this country, especially from abroad."

At present Rhodesia is regarded as one of the world's leading experts in combating terrorism. How have you achieved this?

"I must confess that I have heard a number of foreign military experts say this and it's a comforting thought. We have achieved a certain efficiency and we

will strive to maintain it. I believe this is the kind of war we are going to have to fight in Africa for some time in the future.

"How we have achieved this is a reflection of the calibre of our forces. These people have their hearts in the job, and are dedicated towards eradicating terrorism.

"Unlike those in the Portuguese territories, these people are protecting their own land and heritage. The people fighting in Angola and Mozambique were passengers of time; they were not as dedicated as Rhodesians, who have no intention of giving up all they have striven for."

Have there been any propaganda attempts from the Rhodesian Government to influence the terrorists?

"As far as the hard-core terrorists are concerned, we believe there is not much hope of trying to convert them. Some of these people are so dedicated to their cause that death seems to be of little concern to them. On the other hand the bulk of them do not fall into this category. We do work on them in the propaganda field and we have had a certain amount of success."

Do you encourage them to give themselves up?

"Yes, and I believe they are satisfied with what we have to offer them because a number have surrendered to our security forces.

"The terrorist leaders themselves are aware of the success we've had in this direction. Some of their men whom we have captured have told us that they are kept under strict surveillance. Would-be deserters have been shot by their own officers. There is an element of fear within the ranks of the terrorists."

What do you think are the main causes of this type of terrorism?

"There are two main reasons. Firstly, there are a number of power-hungry politicians who believe they should be the leaders of this country and who want to take over the country overnight. They see themselves as the imposed leaders whether the people wish to have them or not.

"Secondly, these people provide a fertile ground for the Communists to come in and propagate their theories, stir up racialism ... tell



Shortly before the short-lived cease-fire, Rhodesian troops were on the verge of smashing the terrorist menace. Then the Rhodesian forces pulled back in accordance with the Lusaka Agreement. 'We dropped our guard . . . There is no question whatever that the detente exercise saved those terrorists remaining in Rhodesia' — Ian Smith

**A**T 18.00 hours, on the dot, the sun sets. The helicopter whips up dust and grass as it hovers just above ground. A tap on the shoulder from the pilot and I jump out, sprint for the nearest shelter.

A sunburnt soldier who has spent the past three days in the bush is waiting for me. His hair is long, his eyes screwed up permanently and his hands are dirty. With his uniform modified by badges and cut for comfort, you could have mistaken him for a Hillbrow hippie.

"Ah, the man who is trying to grow a beard?" he asked, chuckling.

"That's right."

I knew the base at Mount Darwin had warned the patrol I was coming, and I respect the need to use code, but what a lulu of a code-name for me.

**A**S the helicopter clattered off into the night, we walked into the bush where three sentries suddenly confronted us. They came out of nowhere.

Nobody wore rank, but one of them, a short, powerfully built man, introduced himself as Corporal Boet Smith. On his back was a radio set. He unhitched the mike and spoke into it.

"Four two calling zero, over."

"Read you, 42, over."

"We got the body, thanks. Over and out."

I'm beginning to feel like a minister who has landed in a nudist camp. Army authorities had insisted I should look like a soldier, and here I am, feeling foolish in a crackling-fresh uniform, a rookie of the highest order.

"Our trap is six k's from here," says Corporal Smith softly. "Stay behind me and keep quiet."

Six kilometres seems to take an eternity when you're scrambling over uneven terrain and through streams at a pace nobody but an Olympic sprinter would call slow.

And it's done as silently as possible. Which is really quiet, because nightfall is the most dangerous time of day. It's then that terrorists just as silently take up their positions. That smiling man tending beasts with a long whip today has taken up his Russian-made rifle and is not smiling any longer . . .

**I**CAN feel a sneeze building up.

The patrol winds like a snake, through mopani, thorn and marula, rifles at the ready.

Ah, ah, I'm going to sneeze.

They say it helps to hold your breath. The camera tugs at my neck. The Browning 9-mm — which, incidentally, I don't know much about — bores into my hip. I shift the rifle on my shoulder regularly for comfort.

Something crackles nearby.

Instantly, the five of us freeze, rifles at the ready.

Then somebody chuckles softly:

"Mombis," he says.

"What's that?" I ask.

"The local word for cows," says

Boet Smith. He clicks his tongue twice. It means: forward.

**J**UST before 19.00 hours we reach our destination, a stony outcrop bordering a winding path. According to information received, terrorists have been active in the area and the patrol should expect contact with the enemy.

Washing, undressing or smoking is out of the question. I creep into my sleeping-bag, boots and all, and lie dead quiet, rifle within easy reach. Spiders and huge mosquitoes enjoy my predicament and there's nothing I can do about them. We are allowed to drink water and suck sweets, but not too loudly.

I never realised there were so

behind me.

My eyes shoot over to the sentry.

He looks as if he is asleep.

I hardly breathe.

What if . . . ?

**M**Y fingers curl round the cold metal trigger of my weapon. Cautiously I open my sleeping-bag and slither out. My eyes are peering into the dark, trying to see . . . what?

As I creep forward, silently, my thoughts run riot. If I bring a terrorist down tonight, newspapers and magazines will clamour for my story. I'd pose for pictures, like a fisherman with his catch . . . "it

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# BULLDUST Baffles BRAINS

To surprise a terrorist patrol in the dense bush of the war zone requires guile as well as luck. But even the most deadly situation can sometimes turn into a great big laugh . . .

by PAUL VENTER

many stones on earth or so many stars in the sky'. Everybody takes turns on watch.

At midnight I awake. Rhodesian soil may be good for crops, but as a bed it leaves much to be desired. My thick sleeping-bag might as well be made of paper, so ineffective is it against the cold.

The man on watch is a crouching shadow.

I wonder who he is and what he is thinking about. What's it like to live like this for two months of your life every year? Does he have a wife and children waiting for him back home? A girl-friend perhaps?

And while I ponder whether Rhodesian soldiers have any trouble taking out life policies, I hear a stealthy footstep in the dry grass

was nothing really," I'd say modestly, playing for under-effect.

A noise.

I freeze again, heart thumping.

The incessant chirp of crickets makes it difficult to pick out the other sound, but there it is again, rustling the long grass.

My eyes strain into the darkness. Suddenly the darkness moves. Safety catch off, the rifle is at my shoulder and my finger on the trigger. Funny, now I don't feel at all worried. I'm steady. Squeeze slowly, I remember from somewhere. As I do, the shadow speaks:

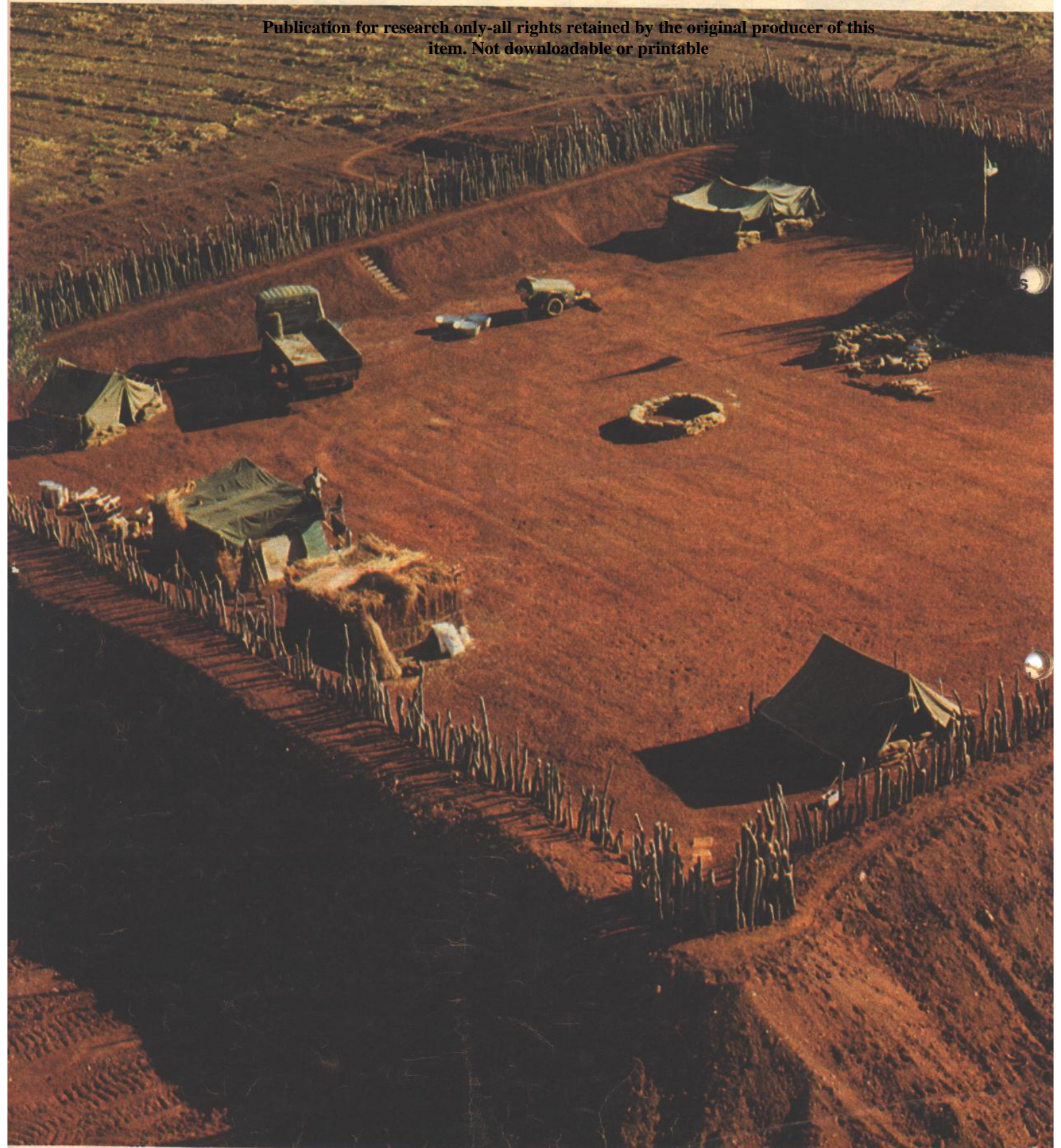
"Moo," it says.

I don't believe there's a *mombi* in Rhodesia with the luck of that one.



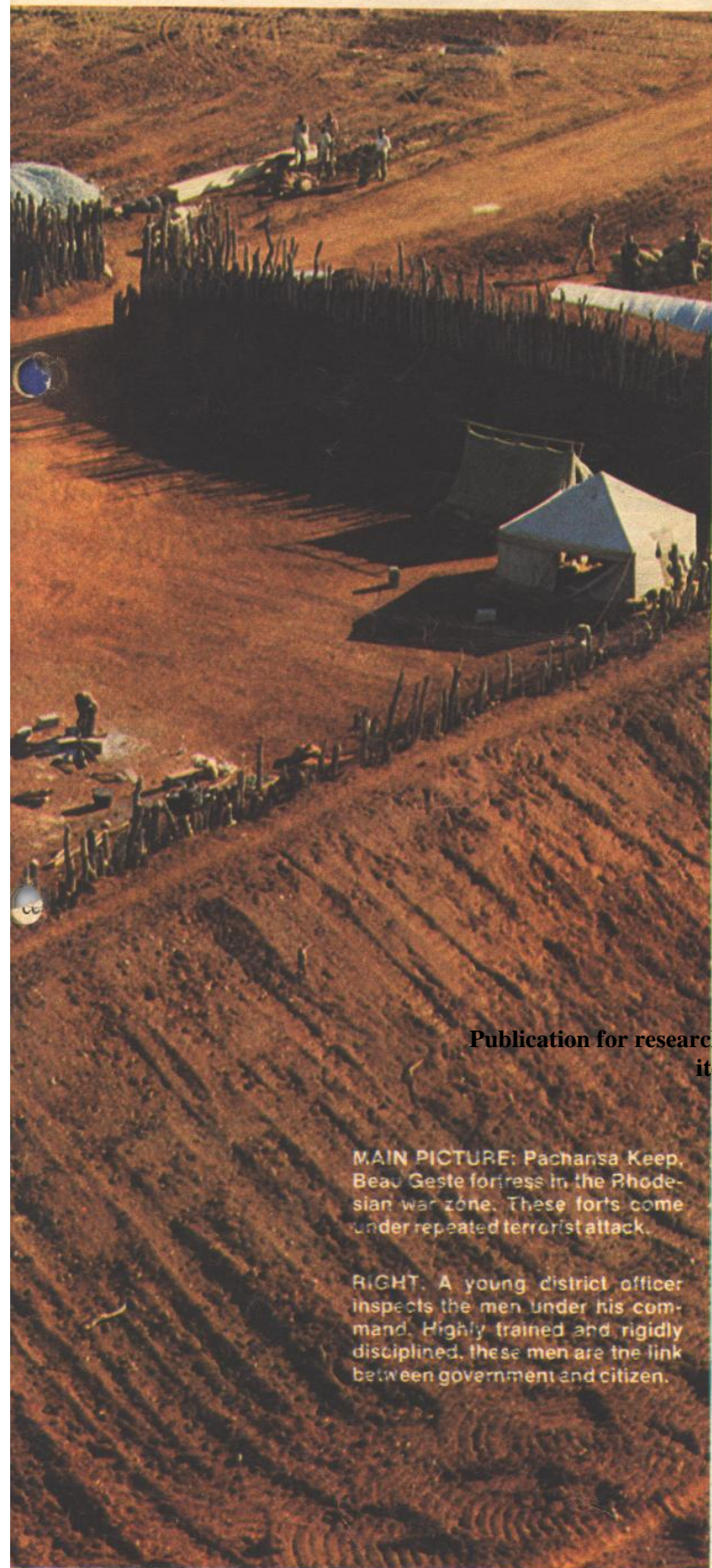
# 'FOREIGN LEGION IN THE SPIDER'S

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# FORTS' NEST



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**MAIN PICTURE:** Pachansa Keep, Beau Geste fortress in the Rhodesian war zone. These forts come under repeated terrorist attack.

**RIGHT:** A young district officer inspects the men under his command. Highly trained and rigidly disciplined, these men are the link between government and citizen.



**Forts and protected villages are scattered across the Rhodesian war zone, helping to separate the terrorist 'fish' from the civilian 'water.' But the battle is far from won**

by **JOHN TUFFIN** and **CHARLES NORMAN**  
photographs by **JOHN TUFFIN**



# KANDEYA - WHERE THE TERRORISTS HAVE ACTIVE SUPPORT

(Photograph: AL. J. VENTER)



**K**ANDEYA is the spider's nest. Since the start of terrorist incursions into the north-east border area almost three years ago this sprawling Tribal Trust Land, almost touching the Mozambique border in some places, has been a haven for terrorists.

The terrorists have freedom of movement in Kandeya for two reasons. One is that while the Trust Land itself stops short of the border, its spiritual links stretch far over into Mozambique.

The other is that the people of Kandeya have a long-standing grievance against a 1938 Rhodesian Government decision to appoint as supreme chief a man whom many of the people did not accept, thus down-grading many sub-chiefs to the status of mere kraal-heads.

The tribesmen now believe they can help the Zimbabwe African National Liberation Army's Chinese-trained-and-armed terrorists to right a wrong which has rankled for almost four decades.

By the late Fifties, when Rhodesian African nationalism was born, it was not surprising that a member of the family which had been overlooked for the chieftainship should become a leading nationalist.

By the mid Sixties his anti-government actions had landed him in a restriction camp. And then, in 1967, the ruling chief died, and the people of Kandeya said they wanted the banned nationalist elected as chief.

**T**HIS wasn't acceptable to the Rhodesian Government, so a

nephew of the dead chief was appointed in an "acting" capacity — much to the rage of the rival family.

When terrorists began entering the area in early 1972, they found many willing helpers among the supporters of the latter family, and by the time the current Operation Hurricane broke in December, 1972, the terrorists had managed to subvert the people of Kandeya to such an extent that even now, almost three years later, the TTL remains the only place where the terrorists can claim active support.

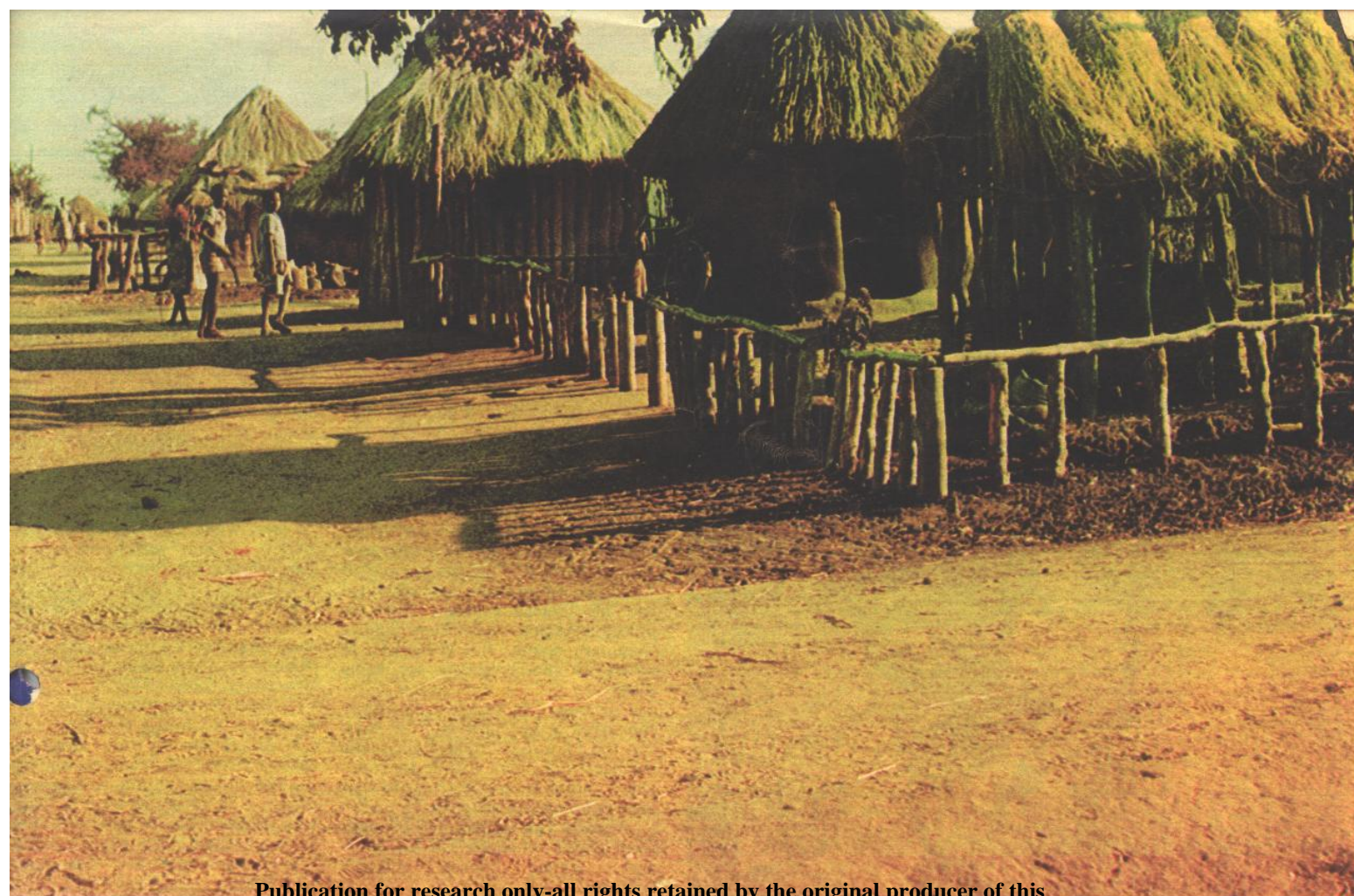
This was the position when in 1973 Jim Latham was appointed District Commissioner for the Mount Darwin area, which includes the Kandeya TTL. After researching the situation he concluded that injustice had been

**ABOVE:** Jim Latham, District Commissioner for the Mount Darwin area, addresses an *indaba* of tribesmen and internal affairs men at Pachansa Keep.

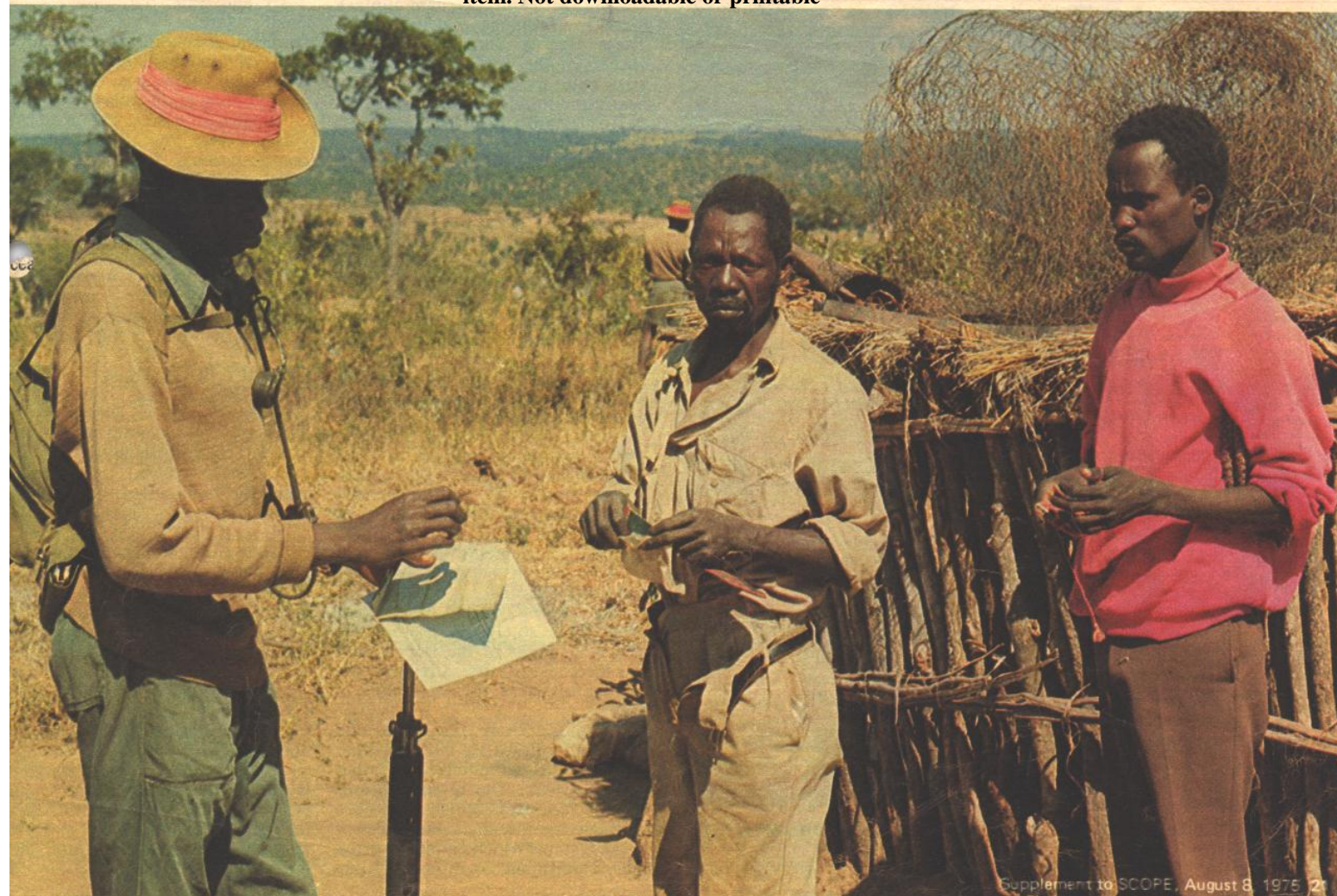
**ABOVE RIGHT:** Mukumbura Number 1, a protected village housing about 2 000 Africans, is less than one kilometre from the Rhodesia-Mozambique border.

**RIGHT:** The "DC's men" — African para-military civil servants — ceaselessly patrol the Mount Darwin area attending to routine administration, and checking on identity documents. Their job is of crucial importance to Rhodesia's war effort.





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# 'TRIBESMEN WILL SUPPORT THE STRONGEST SIDE'

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A young Internal Affairs official on duty in the north-eastern war zone.

done back in 1938. So he called an *indaba*, told the tribesmen his conclusions, and appointed a member of the right family as chief designate.

This, not surprisingly, didn't please the "acting" chief and his supporters. Seeing their rule in the Kandeya coming to an end they immediately switched their allegiance from government to terrorists. The other family, satisfied that justice was about to be done, switched its loyalty from terrorist to government.

The terrorists were not long in taking their revenge. Within a month the District Commissioner's chief-designate had been murdered, thus effectively wiping out any advances made by the DC.

**S**UCH is the position at the moment. Kandeya is still the spider's nest. But the important point to be realised from this, says Jim Latham, is that the people of Kandeya support the terrorists not for ideological reasons but for purely personal ones. They believe they are using the terrorists as much as the terrorists are using them.

"To say that Kandeya is totally subverted is not correct," he says. "In the long run they'll support the stronger side, and within the next year I hope to prove to them that terrorism just doesn't pay."

Already Jim Latham has brought far-reaching changes to the huge area, which houses 160 000 Africans.

He has armed and trained black District Assistants as para-military forces to combat the insurgents. These men go into the remotest corners of the war zone and play a vital role in the "battle for the hearts and minds" of the people.

To guard his force against terrorist attacks, Jim Latham has formed them into platoon-strength groups, under white officers, and housed them in Foreign Legion-style "keeps" or forts.

And to separate the "fish" from the "water" he has moved thousands of Africans in the war zone into central "protected villages" where they can be both protected and controlled. The land they formerly occupied has been "frozen" for the serious business of war. They will move back only when the fighting is over.

**T**HE protected villages — each designed to house 2 000 people — are similar to the *aldemento* hamlets built by the Portuguese in Mozambique. The aim of these fortified settlements is to sever communication between terrorists and local Africans.

The "keeps" on the other hand, were built solely to protect the armed members of the Department of Internal Affairs. Civilians are neither admitted to, nor housed in them.

In most cases the forts and protected villages are sited together — each strengthening the other against attack. The few exceptions are the lone forts which have been strategically placed in the midst of kraal systems which cannot — often for traditional reasons — be

consolidated into a single fortified village.

"We have built the forts," says Jim Latham, "because we are determined to maintain an administrative presence in the war zone — come hell or high water."

"In the past many of the locals had never set eyes on one of our officers. They saw the terrors before they saw us. Working from the forts we are changing this rapidly, trying to visit every kraal at least once a week."

"By doing this we not only gain valuable information about terror movements, but we can also demonstrate our own strength, while continuing our ordinary duties. Our men have been constantly attacked by the terrorists. But our new para-military forces enable us to fight back. This impresses the locals. They must, after all, be able to see what we expect them to believe — that with their help we can win this war."

**T**HE first protected village was built in the Mukumbura valley, less than a kilometre from the Rhodesian-Mozambique border post, in October 1973.

Called Mukumbura Number 1, it was built to house the families of 13 kraals strung out along the border river of the same name.

The village, the first in a series of three, is a close society of chiefs and peasants living on ethnic lines behind the jackal-proof fencing which surrounds their community of 2 000.

The village contains running water and water-borne sewerage, a small farming area, medical facilities, a school, and recreation hall. A much larger area for permanent farms is now being cleared outside the village.

Dotted alongside the protected villages are the forts of the commissioner's men. Made from huge mounds of bulldozed earth they bring the reality of war to the deceptive calm which descends during the bushveld day.

Each serves as a base and home for 24 black District Assistants and the young white men who command them. Young as they are, they are handling a man-sized job.

**C**OLIN BIRD, 18, is the District Officer at the Nembire fort. His deputy, Eddie Kirton, is 17. They are civil servants, not soldiers, as are their 24 assistants.

Like other forts, Nembire is regularly bombarded by terrorists using mortars, grenades, and small-arms fire.

Colin Bird and his assistants have also been ambushed and mined several times on the roads in their area. But they stick it out.

Hated even more by the terrorists for ethnic reasons, the black assistants have their own motives for working at the Government's side. One of them, married with four children, said this about the war:

"The terrorists told us they would be the leaders of our people. Now they are torturing and killing us. All we want to do is live in peace. I will fight them until they go."



# TRICKED!

## HOW THE CEASE-FIRE KILLED FIVE SOUTH AFRICAN POLICEMEN

When a Rhodesian police patrol came across terrorist leader Herbert Shungu during the cease-fire, they took him to their tent and gave him a Coke and a bun. Then the police and Shungu's gang sat down in the shade to discuss their grievances. That exercise in detente cost the lives of five men

by CHARLES NORMAN

**T**HE Rhodesian cease-fire never had a chance. There is no better story to illustrate this than that of a terrorist leader named Herbert Shungu. It provides evidence of both the Rhodesian willingness to abide by the cease-fire, and the treachery with which that spirit was repaid.

The story begins in the middle of December last year, shortly after the cease-fire had been announced. Police Patrol Officers Brian Pitt and Graham McKenzie were driving along the main road between Rusambo and Marymount in the north-eastern border area, when they were amazed to see an armed terrorist step into the road and wave them down.

As the Land-Rover halted seven more armed Africans, all in civilian dress except one in a Chinese camouflage outfit, stepped into the road. They showed no signs of aggression. Instead, a conversation developed between the two parties.

The terrorist leader said they'd heard there was a cease-fire, but didn't really know what it was all about. Would the policemen please enlighten them? Patrol Officers Pitt and McKenzie did so, and eventually persuaded the guerrilla leader to come with them to Rusambo for discussions with senior police officers.

All eight terrorists then climbed

into the Land-Rover and drove to Rusambo, where seven of them chose to wait under a tree just outside the settlement while their leader, Shungu, went into the police station to discuss the cease-fire with police Superintendents Brian Lay and John Potter.

Among those present at that strange and historic meeting was Special Branch policeman Henry Bacon, who remembers Shungu as "a little runt with buck teeth, probably about 22 and very cheerful and sure of himself. He spoke English haltingly and when I entered the police station he was eating a bun and drinking a Coke supplied by our blokes.

"While we were talking to him the wires to Salisbury were humming. The word came back from Salisbury for us to abide strictly by the cease-fire and not to try any funny business. We tried our best to persuade Shungu to let us take him and his men through to Salisbury, and we stressed that if they did this no criminal charges would be laid against them.

"But Shungu wasn't interested. After about three-quarters of an hour he started getting edgy; he was worried we'd called in troops to surround his men. We allowed him to speak to his men on the radio, and they assured him they were fine. But he was still worried, and demanded to be taken back to them."

**A** CONVOY of four vehicles escorted Shungu back to his men, where the terrorist leader once more relaxed. Placing all their weapons in one vehicle and leaving one terrorist and one policeman to guard them, the two parties then moved off down the road and into the shade of the trees, where the discussion continued.

"It seems strange thinking about it now," recalls Henry Bacon, "particularly in the light of what happened later, but the cease-fire had just been declared and it was in the spirit of the time. There was an air of complete trust on both sides.

"Shungu seemed quite keen on coming to Salisbury at first, but said he wanted to discuss it with two other terrorist groups operating in his area. We suggested he and his

men leave their weapons with us, then go off and contact the other group, and meet us again the following day. He refused to leave his weapons with us, but he did promise to meet us again the following day. We had no choice but to accept his word. We dropped them off along the road and parted with cheerful promises to meet again the next day.

"We waited for them the next day, but they didn't show ... instead, a landmine destroyed one of our vehicles at the meeting spot."

**T**HE sequel to the Shungu story starts some days later, on December 23, when South African policeman, Warrant Officer Jan Dippenaar, was driving along the same road with SAP Constables Louis Eloff and Louis Franken, and African Constable Mutasa. An armed terrorist stepped into the road and waved them down. And, since the story of Shungu had gone the rounds, Warrant Officer Dippenaar stopped the vehicle.

Eight more terrorists immediately appeared out of the bush, weapons aimed at the policemen, and removed their arms. A second SAP vehicle, carrying Sergeant Willem du Plessis and Constables Lourens Erasmus and Cornelius Grobbelaar, then appeared on the scene and were given the same treatment.

From here, Constable Louis Eloff tells the story: "We explained to the terrorists, who we now saw had eight women with them, that a cease-fire was in operation, but they didn't seem very interested - they were going to keep fighting until Zimbabwe was free.

"We were all ordered into one truck, and the terrorists and their women climbed in with us. We were driven first to the Chapunduka Store, where two of the terrorists walked in and helped themselves to clothing, and then down to the bridge over the Mazoe River. There the women were given our weapons and supplies to carry, and they and five of the terrorists crossed the bridge and disappeared.

"After a while the remaining four terrorists walked us across the bridge, where they demanded our shirts and hats. Then they asked us

why we were carrying arms, and we said that we'd been ordered to. They told us they were fighting for their country, while we were fighting only for money, and ordered us to go tell Smith that anybody seen carrying arms in this area would be shot. Then they told us to return to our vehicles.

"Now Constable Mutasa whispered to us that the terrorists planned to kill us with mortar fire as we crossed the bridge. As we turned to walk to the river we decided to make a break for it. The terrorist leader then opened up with his RPD machine-gun only three metres away. I dived into the bush and ran to the river, where I leapt in and swam with the current.

**C**ONSTABLE MUTASA was ahead of me, swimming strongly. I had swum about 150 metres and there were bullets striking the water all around me. I looked back and saw the terrorists on the bridge. I also saw Constable Grobbelaar swimming strongly behind me. He called out he'd been hit, and I yelled to him to swim for the bank.

"I swam about two kilometres downstream and then got out. Constable Mutasa was still swimming. I slept in the bush that night, and the next day I returned to the bridge, and made contact with the security forces."

The toll of trust had been heavy. Constable Grobbelaar was found alive the following day, but Warrant Officer Dippenaar, Sergeant Du Plessis, and Constables Franken and Erasmus had been shot dead. Constable Mutasa has not been seen since and is presumed dead.

Herbert Shungu and his men are still operating in the same area. He occasionally broadcasts over the SAP radio he took from the dead men, taunting the security forces to come and fight him.

Recent Rhodesian information is that he's now been promoted from Section Commander to District Commander, replacing his former chief, Morgan Mhaka, who was believed killed in the recent ZANU faction fighting in Zambia.

He's a career terrorist, is Herbert Shungu, destined for a great future. But the Rhodesians want him very badly; and they usually get their man.

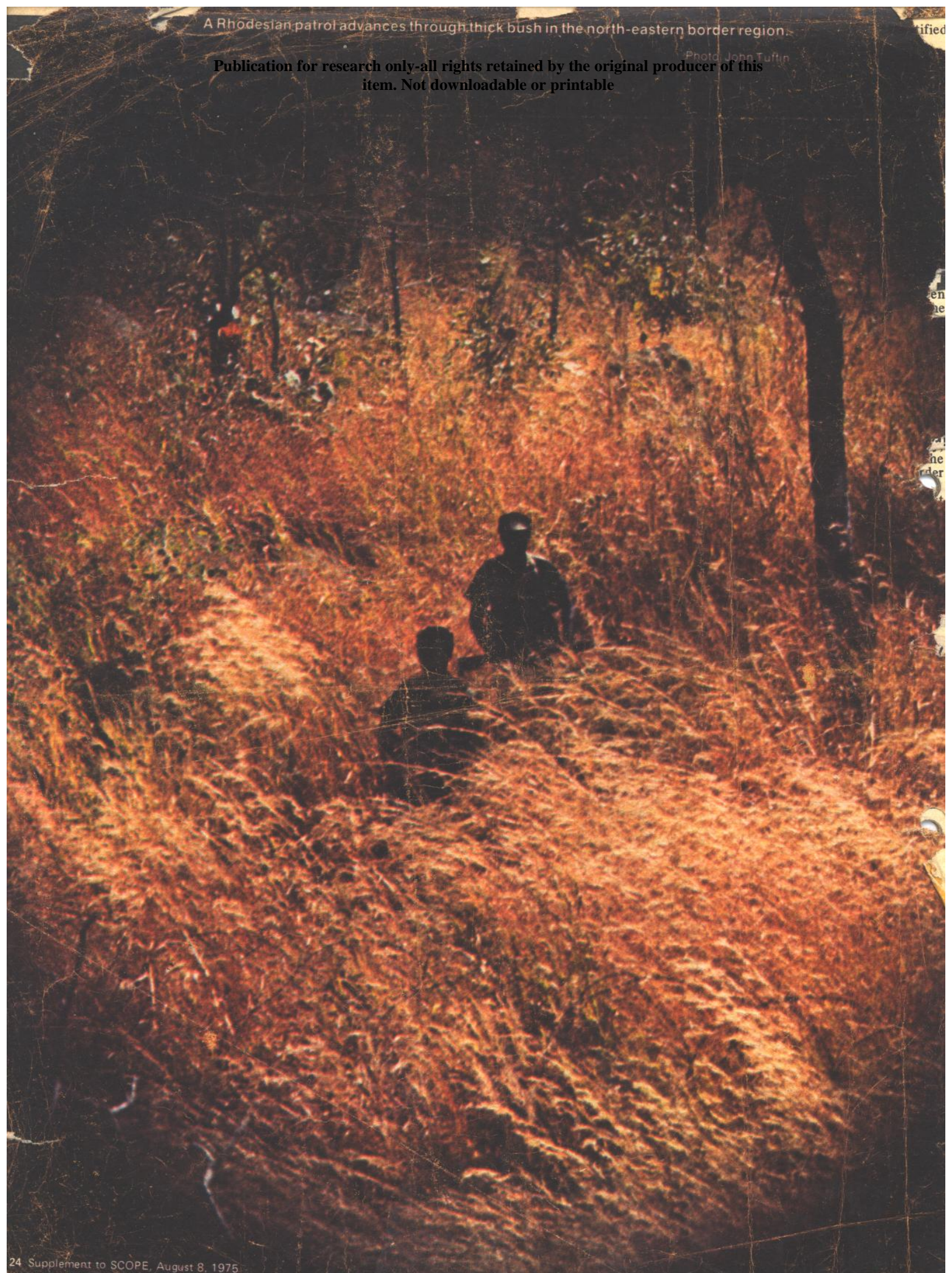


A Rhodesian patrol advances through thick bush in the north-eastern border region.

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Photo: John Tuffin



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