

— indeed is even dangerous. For it obscures the importance of the smaller red guard units in street fighting, and is symptomatic of a failure to understand the nature of this kind of combat, all of whose weight falls on groups and detachments corresponding numerically to the squad, section or company.

The formation of large-scale units will only become necessary after power has been seized in the city, when conditions exist for the struggle to be extended outside — i.e. for warfare in open country.

In the formation and military training of the red guard, great attention must be paid to the preparation within base units such as the squad or company, of men or groups with special functions: couriers, scouts, nurses, machine-gunners, artillery-men, engineers, drivers, etc. This is extremely important, for the presence of all these specialized skills (even when the weapons in question are not available) will in the first place allow a better defence against those weapons when they are used by the enemy, and in the second place, when such weapons have been captured, will allow them to be used effectively. Couriers (on bicycles if possible) and scouts will always be indispensable in street fighting. It is therefore absolutely necessary to train certain comrades or groups of comrades in each section and company to carry out scouting and liaison work.

In appointing and training the commanders for these detachments, it must be borne in mind that during the fighting they will be required to display great independence and initiative; the ability to orient themselves in the complex conditions of street fighting; personal courage; the ability to take independent responsibility for solving any tasks which may arise during the fighting; and, lastly, a limitless devotion to the revolutionary cause.

The selection of the red guard's leading personnel must take th

requirements into account. It must not be forgotten that in street fighting and during insurrections, the ability of the individual commander plays an immense role. — END

A EULOGY TO NTSIZWA NICKY HLONGWANE

THIS is an eulogy for a giant, this is our belated epitaph. This is an obituary we could not read at your lonely grave the dirge we never sang. Toyou Dear departed Commander, Commissar, Fighter and Hero this is our silent salvo in your honour. It is in place of a deserved gun salute.

These are tears that dried on mother's cheeks; the words that stuck in our unbelieving throats. This is our love, our pain, our loss. This is an affirmation of a vow. As men lives, so shall he be sung in after-time. Ntsizwa lived nobly, he graced our world with virtuous attributes and left us a legacy of good to imitate.

Let us tell the story of the short life he lived so fully. . .

Alexandra, that seething, strutting, robust township welcomed its new inhabitant Nelson Nicky Hlongwane in 1952. the first child in a family of six. Soon the child was beckoned to the inviting, beaten, screaming streets to be schooled in survival.

In Alexandra in those years, everything gun blazed, knives flashed. At dawn the lonely muddy roads were peopled by corpses awaiting the arrival of the 'black maria.' This tale of violence, and widowed mothers is a grim reminder that apartheid and all oppression brutalises its victims and turn them into fratricidal animals.

People lived with danger, so did Ntsizwa. He escaped its wicked fate, the knives, the bullets, the tomahawks and kwashiokor. Life seemed hopeless, but courage held sway. All seemed so vain, so base, but loftiness persisted. The dark hand of oppression sought to suppress all, drown all, but talent could not be contained, men reached out for freedom. Leaders were born, great struggles were fought. Alexandra emerged from the dark abys of crime, ignorance and despair to which the architects of doom had sought to consign her. Today, she stands as a model of struggle and sacrifice.

Ntsizwa escaped some of Alexander's cruel fate, but one blow caught him in his young days. His father died as he entered high school and that was the end of his schooling career. He had to support his family. He learnt to play guitar, and joined a band. E when the Soweto up-risings took place, Ntsizwa dropped his guitar and took off to Swaziland to join Umkhonto we Sizwe.

He had seen children cut down like dogs in the streets; touched by the plaintive cries of unconsolable mothers and beheld the piteous despair of man; for his rhythmic guitar, he chose the cold staccato of the machine-gune. He had seen it all.

All that is *darm, vile, and base*. He decided that only the ANC could purge our country of the evil, and that he will join Umkhonto we Sizwe. For a man so deeply scarred, you would think a wild, fire eating, hell-bent beast would descend on MK enjoining a pogrom of blood-letting to redress his sacred land from centuries old devastation and profanation. However, a dove came to nestle in our midst. The ready smile, the mild manners, the utter humility . . . Johannes Ntsizwa Maduke simply warmed himself into every heart.



NICKY NTSIZWA HLONGWANE.

Ntsizwa was hard working, selfless and disciplined. After his training in the Soviet Union he stayed a short while in Angola, where comrades have only fond memories of him. His deployment in the front in 1978 marked the beginning of a glowing chapter in the glorious history of Umkhonto we Sizwe. This was the period of the return of the June 16 are a worthy successor to the indomitable Luthuli detachment.

None of the pages of this chapter could be truly credible, were they not to be graced with the name of Ntsizwa. He is one of the pioneers and principal actors of that period. Of the galaxy of mk field commanders, Ntsizwa was among the most brilliant. He stands along-side Barney, Dladla, Clement, Monty, Piwe, Zandi for sheer grit. All these men knew no fear.

By December 1978, Ntsizwa had already organised combat groups in several parts of the reef and put them into action. They carried out a few operations, including the Boksburg police station blast, and he participated in everyone of them. In 1979 he was put in command of fully trained cadres. This was the G-5 unit, which is undoubtedly one of the best units Umkhonto we Sizwe has ever

produced, and Ntsizwa can claim large credit for its unity, discipline and success. By quiet persuasion and force of example he helped mould G-5 into a coherent efficient machine. This small man with the heart of a lion won the respect of all the people he worked with.

A lot has come to pass since the first rifle assault on an enemy installation, the Moroka police station which was left in smouldering ruins. In its wake, Umkhonto we Sizwe has surpassed itself with dramatic operations as Sasol, Voortrekkerhoogte, the Pretoria bomb blast which had eclipsed Moroka and others in the imagination. But, we in MK have forgotten the harbingers of Sasol, the Solomon Mahlangu's who inspired us, people like Ntsizwa and the G-5 who stirred us with their boundless courage. Their success showed us that the enemy is vulnerable and afraid.

SHORTLY after the handing of a hero of our revolution, Comrade Solomon Mahlangu Moroka police station was raided by a unit of four gallant fighters of MK. The Unit was code named 145 with such fighter as Marcus Motaung and Simon Mogoerane under the command of a diminutive Nelson Nicky Hlongwane known to us as Johannes Moduke. The unit was pioneer of of dug-out survival in peri-urban areas.

Nicky popularly known as Ntsizwa within our ranks met his death in December 1986 following a car accident in Swaziland. He was in a comma for two weeks before he died. He cherished life, but had always wished that if death catches up with him before liberation, then it must be on the battle field in South Africa.

I met Ntsizwa in a flat in Manzini on transit in July 1976. We were all fresh from South Africa eager to get military training. When we moved to Tanzania we stayed at the same base. This is where I

got to know Ntsizwa who was always bubbling with eagerness to return to South Africa and participate in the destruction of the racist regime.

We had political and military orientation classes before we went for training. In one tactics class under the topic of a raid we hypothetically discussed a raid on Moroka police station as an example least aware that one of us would in actual fact lead a raid three years later against the same police station.

I was left in Dar when he joined a group which went for training in the USSR. There was excitement and sadness as we parted, because we had hoped to go for training together. The reunion came in Maputo in 1977 when he was deployed with our units. Once again it was a sad moment when he was assigned a mission to command crash course units in Soweto in 1978. Despite serious problems he encountered when training this unit, he nevertheless, managed to carry out some operation in Mlamlankhunzi and New Canada railways station. Later he was moved to the East Rand where he teamed up with another comrade in the Boksburg police station bomb blast.

Comrade Ntsizwa was later withdrawn for further preparations to assume command of the G-5 group. After the preparation of this group, Ntsizwa went in again to prepare conditions for the reception of the unit. . . . He made the initial preparation for base construction for the whole unit. During the construction of their base, he participated fully with every one.

His and his frank and open disposition won him the respect of the unit.

The conditions of staying underground in a hole for most of their time was quite demanding. There were problems experienced within the unit, however, he encouraged constructive criticism and self-criticism, political discussions and

analysis of the situation in which they were existing. This approach won Ntsizwa the admiration of his unit, and consequently it cemented unity and effectiveness in operations.

In the planning of operations each member of the unit was allowed to express his views before he finally took a decision on what to be done. He was aware that his effectiveness as a commander depended also on ideas from his unit members which he showed a great respect for. With such a unit, unshakeable in its determination and revolutionary enthusiasm, they ran over the Orlando police station leaving the enemy dumb struck with shock.

Following this operation, the enemy summoned an emergency meeting to discuss the tightening of security in all police stations. It became clear to the enemy that Orlando was no mere co-incidence, Comrade commander Ntsizwa and his unit were prepared to take them on one by one. For this purpose, G-5 was further strengthened.

Ntsizwa led again his unit, now against the Booysen police station, despite tightened and improved security. The unit now consisted among others heroes like Gordon Dikebu (the 'Lion of Chiawelo) and Anthony Tsotsobe. The first ever MK RPG - 7 shell to be fired was at this police station, ripping open the roof of the police station, while the police who manned the station ran amok without firing a single bullet. Before Ntsizwa's transfer to Pretoria he participated in a number of other sabotage operations with his unit.

In Pretoria, he led a brilliant raid with a new unit, except for Mogoerane who was his commissar. The daring raid on the Wonderboom police station once more revealed that no target can be far from our reach when we want it destroyed. Commander Ntsizwa was withdrawn following the arrest of Mogoerane when the enemy

threw a country wide net for his arrest, dead or alive.

For over a long period he struck fear in the heart of the enemy. Ntsizwa led G-5 and later other units like the G-6 and G-7. There are other smaller operations and sabotage actions he took part in. He narrowly escaped arrest with the capture of Mogoerane and Jerry Mosolodi. His picture was splashed on newspapers and television, making it difficult for him to operate. He was instructed to leave the country for a while and work with structures in forward areas.

On November 24 last year, Ntsizwa capsized in a van in a heavy fog in Swaziland. He died after weeks in a comma on December 13. He was buried on December 22. We his comrades, could not attend his funeral on Swazi soil where we are always hounded by apartheid agents on what should be a sovereign territory a bitter reminder that independent neighbouring Africa will be bullied until we rid our country of the hateful apartheid regime.

»LET NO QUARTER BE GIVEN. WE MUST CONTINUE THE STRUGGLE TO THE BITTER END. VICTORY IS OURS!

THE ENEMY WILL BE CRUSHED».



“There are those who struggle for a day and that is good; and there are those who struggle for a year and that is better; there are those who struggle for twenty years and that is better still; and there are those who struggle all their life and they are the ones we cannot do without.” — BERTOLT BRECHT —