

Life Histories from the Revolution
Zimbabwe ZAPU 1

The Organizer



Story of Temba Moyo

Zimbabwe ZAPU #1 THE ORGANIZER LSM Press

Recorded and Edited by

Ole Gjerstad



The Organizer

Story of Temba Moyo

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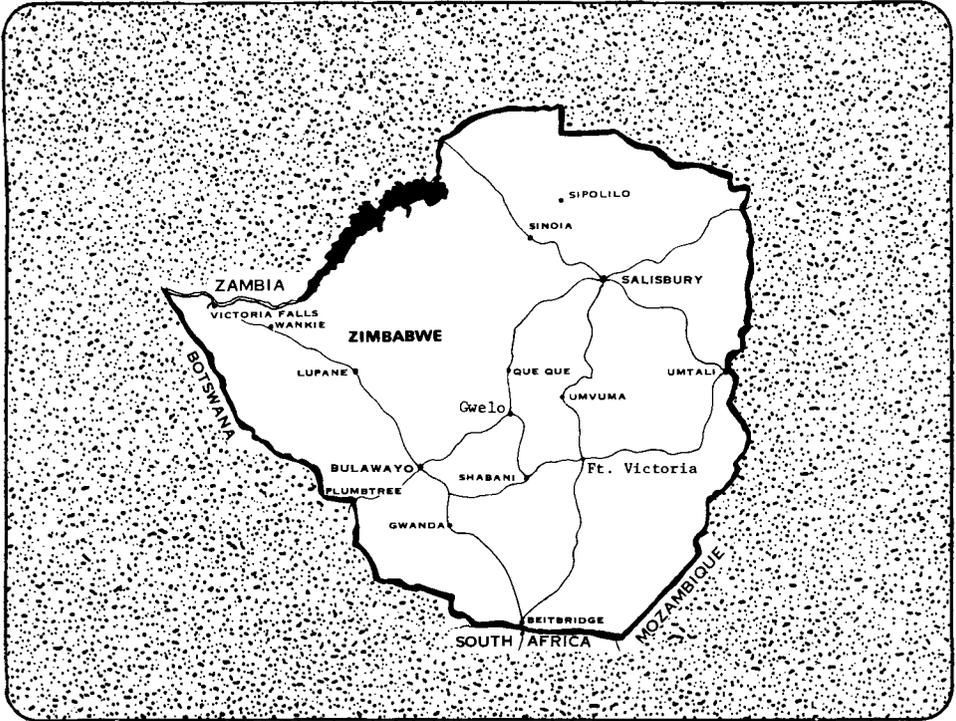
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ZIMBABWE ZAPU

Zimbabwe African People's Union.

Foreword

The vast majority of peasants and workers in the super-exploited hinterland of the imperialist system are illiterate. It is part of their oppression. They comprise almost half of the world's total population, some 75% of the population within the "free world," and the emiserated broad base from which all contemporary anti-imperialist revolutions draw their essential moral and material strength. These are the masses who, under the leadership of revolutionary vanguards, are making modern history. Yet, due largely to the chains of their enforced illiteracy, these makers of history rarely have the opportunity to document their own experiences within it. Their "backwardness" condemns them to literary silence as well as to poverty, disease and a short life.

One of our objectives in launching this series of LIFE HISTORIES FROM THE REVOLUTION is to provide a medium through which individual members of these classes-in-motion within the revolution can *speak*. We also believe it important that they *be heard* by those of us who comprise imperialism's privileged and literate metropolitan minority. Their recounted lives throw our own into sharp relief, while at the same time they offer us fresh perspectives on the processes of repression and revolution from a unique vantage point: *from below*. Their life stories provide us with a window into the qualitative - as distinct from the merely statistical and quantitative - aspects of class conflict, thus enabling us to better understand and weigh the various factors at work in transforming oppressed masses into revolutionary classes. Again, their remembered life experiences can provide us with significant insights into the dialectical relationships between material and subjective conditions which shape the revolutionary situation, embrace the revolutionary transformation of individuals and classes alike, and move humanity forward toward a new international social formation.

Not all of the individuals whose life histories are included in this series are illiterate peasants or workers. Some are educated defectors from petty bourgeois classes who have joined the revolution and identified their interests with those of the oppressed masses in a very concrete way. They constitute a very important part of the revolutionary vanguard - i.e., the middle cadres who articulate the relationship between leadership and base, who carry forward the military and civilian programs in day-to-day contact with the armed militants and popular masses. The selfless dedication, integrity, comportsment and skill of the middle cadres is an essential ingredient within any successful revolutionary process.

The life histories in this series have been recorded and prepared as historical documents from the revolutionary struggles of our time. The techniques and methods employed at each stage of the process, from initial contact to final editing, have therefore been chosen or fashioned with the purpose of guaranteeing the authenticity and integrity of the life history concerned. These stories, then, to the best of our ability to make them so, constitute a body of data and testimony as revealed by a few of those history-makers normally condemned to silence while others speak on their behalf.

Don Barnett
Director
LSM Information Center

Introduction

Only a few weeks before I first met Temba Moyo, reports of guerrilla actions in Zimbabwe - the first in several years - started to reach the outside world. After a long period of serious problems and apparent military inactivity, it seemed the liberation movement was launching a new offensive. In the ZAPU office in Lusaka, Zambia, the mood was one of constructive optimism. Past campaigns had been critically analyzed, mistakes acknowledged and the organization thoroughly restructured. The party office was a hub of activity. The basis for a new initiative in the struggle against the Smith regime was being laid.

Temba Moyo very much reflected the spirit pervasive among his comrades - restless from years in hiding and exile yet patiently carrying out the often tedious but essential preparatory duties, realistic about the immensity of the movement's tasks yet moved by a profound dedication to the struggle.

Tall and strongly built, Temba had rather boyish features and a gentle manner which made him appear younger than his actual age. His life, ironically, had been such as to prematurely harden most people. This became clear as I recorded his life history over the next couple of weeks. As the story unfolded, during late evenings at ZAPU's modest Lusaka headquarters, the history of contemporary Zimbabwe came alive for me, gaining substance from one who had actively participated in setting the course for the nation.

Temba Moyo was born forty years after the people of Zimbabwe had suffered their last defeat at the hands of British invaders and their muskets. The young Ndebele of his grandfather's generation comprised the force of King Lobengula's regiments, cheated and slaughtered as they were so as to clear the way for Britain's quest for gold, land and other riches.

During those forty years, Zimbabweans did not forget ... or allow their children to forget. As a boy on the Inyati "Reserve" of south-eastern Zimbabwe, Temba spent many evenings by the fire, listening to old men recount their past - the brave battles they had fought, their way of life before the Whites arrived. The so-called "civilizing" process of British colonialism had, nonetheless, moved with speed and efficiency. The Zimbabwe people were massacred, starved and intimidated into submission by the turn of the century. It would take sixty years before their deep-seated will to be free once again erupted in a violent threat to continued

British and settler rule.

Early European invaders saw in Zimbabwe a promised land. But their hopes for instant wealth in gold and silver failed to materialize and many eventually left in disappointment. Instead of another Transvaal, the settlers slowly developed their conquered lands into a modestly prosperous plantation economy and achieved a substantial degree of independence from Whitehall. World War II changed this situation dramatically. Greatly increasing the demand for the country's food products and other resources, it gave rise to rapid industrialization and, later, a flow of immigrants from war-torn Europe.

This process brought the contradictions of British colonialism into sharp relief. As far back as the 1920's, the settlers had started to consolidate their positions of political power and economic privilege. Now, as the white minority rose to wealth in the post-war boom, the African masses found their own subsistence level drastically reduced. To make room for more immigrants, Africans were forced off large areas of their more fertile lands. To guarantee prosperity for white farmers, Blacks were prohibited from growing certain cash crops and their herds were forcibly cut. Thus many Africans were plunged into abject poverty and made up part of the migratory "labor reserve" which flowed in ever larger numbers into the towns of Salisbury and Bulawayo and onto European plantations and farms, providing cheap labor for an expanding settler-profiting Rhodesian economy.

It was during this period of polarization between White and Black that Temba Moyo grew up, the eldest son in a respected Ndebele family. His relatively well-off grandfather had managed to escape the worst hardships of settler land policy and his parents (both fortunate enough to gain an education and become teachers) sought escape from toil in the reserves only to be dashed against the wall of white arrogance and racial discrimination; a hurdle which blocked the path of all ambitious Africans. Unable to improve their situation, Temba's parents became increasingly resentful. But the situation in Zimbabwe was not yet ripe for open rebellion. Temba's early life reflected this contradiction. He was coached through mission schools and brought up with aspirations for a future not realizable for Africans in a settler-ruled colony.

Even earlier, Temba's childhood experiences had shaped in him a dim awareness of colonial oppression. Now his efforts to find a decent job in the city saw him bang his head against the same impenetrable "color bar" which crushed the will of his parents. Young, healthy and having a better education than most of Rhodesia's white immigrants, he was offered nothing but lower clerical and menial jobs. And the pay was eight or ten times less than his white counterparts were earning.

Like thousands of young Zimbabweans in similar situations, Temba became bitter and dissatisfied with the place allotted him in the colonial set-up: "Many, like myself," he tells us, "had good education and no physical handicaps whatsoever. Yet not one of us earned enough to save even a few shillings a month. Every penny went for necessities. We realized that under the settler regime

our material prospects were bleak. Thus, we thought, it was necessary to try to end this system. Only a few young Zimbabweans failed to appreciate this fact."

This is still not understood by most white Rhodesians, however. Instead, myths about "human nature" and other forms of collective self-deception are used to explain historic events. "A particular characteristic of the African," says Desmond Lardner Burke, leading spokesman for the Smith regime, "is his aversion to physical labor" (sic!).

And it is not only farmers and manufacturers whose profits depend on cheap African labor who reason from such blatantly racist assumptions. The white Rhodesian working class, elevated to privilege by the racial ramifications of capitalism, openly aligns itself with the settler and international bourgeoisie in order to "keep a safe distance" from the super-exploited mass of African workers and peasants. Together with workers in the capitalist metropolises, they form part of today's vast international *labor aristocracy* within the imperialist system, of which Zimbabwe is but a small yet integral part. In Rhodesia, as in South Africa and the Portuguese Colonies, white worker proximity to the colonized and super-exploited black "working masses" throws their relative privilege into very sharp relief. Racist and class-collaborationist sentiments thus run high as white workers clearly see their commonality of interest vis-a-vis the domestic and international ruling classes in the face of insurgent underprivileged Africans.

Temba's joining the black labor force coincided with a resurgence of the Zimbabwe nationalist movement. Dating back to 1920, the movement traditionally drew its strength from generations of mission-school educated Africans - teachers, clerks, preachers, etc. For many years it seemed content with seeking "a better deal" for these "advanced" elements in the colonized population. In the early 1950's, however, this picture started to change. Settler policies had caused bitterness and resentment among the peasants, while in the towns conditions grew worse as the African locations overflowed with people unable to subsist in the shrinking reserves.

A rejuvenated African National Congress successfully mobilized both these elements and grew rapidly in the latter half of the decade, posing a more dangerous threat to white hegemony. In order to retain its control the regime launched a series of countermeasures which included banning the ANC, mass arrests and detentions. This did not eliminate the root causes of African dissatisfaction, needless to say, and the repression failed to stem the tide of Zimbabwe nationalism. New organizations formed to replace the banned ANC: first the National Democratic Party (NDP) and, when it too was outlawed in 1961, the Zimbabwe African People's Union (ZAPU). Faced with these developments and realizing the potential threat to their comfortable existence, white Rhodesians rallied around their most reactionary leaders and sanctioned the rise of a police state closely resembling that of South Africa. As early as 1964 some two thousand political prisoners were being held in the country's jails and detention camps.

Escalation of the conflict and British Government intransigence regarding majority rule taught Zimbabweans that black independence and freedom could only be achieved through a determined militant effort and great sacrifices. An underground structure was set up enabling the movement to operate despite an increasingly efficient Special Branch. ZAPU, banned since 1962, continued to gain strength right through the Government-declared "State of Emergency" in 1965, thus laying the basis for guerrilla struggle which began that same year. This armed resistance has continued - though not without suffering frequent and sometimes serious setbacks. Today, in early 1974, it poses a greater threat than ever before to the rule of Smith's racist-fascist regime.

The story of Temba Moyo reveals this transformation of the Zimbabwe nationalist movement, beginning from the mid-50's. Rebirth of the old ANC took place within a context of mounting pressures for independence throughout Africa. As the movement gained momentum, many African members of the intelligentsia and petty-bourgeoisie - like their counterparts in Kenya, Ghana, Northern Rhodesia, etc. - joined "the struggle" expecting quick results and comfortable positions within a post-colonial Zimbabwe. History was to take a different course, however, and the objectives of the movement ("Mobilization of all Zimbabweans for the armed struggle!") in the face of increasing white repression soon went far beyond the expectations of those who had joined from a narrow self-interest. Damaging splits occurred and as the struggle shifted to clandestine mobilization and then guerrilla warfare, many "nationalists" took a closer look at their personal situation. In Temba's words: "Ten years ago we (intellectuals in the movement) were thousands; today only a small core remains. Some are dead, others are in prison, but most - including some of the leaders I used to admire - have simply dropped out of the struggle."

Those who stayed with the movement faced pressures which constantly tested their commitment and dedication. The process of developing a liberation struggle is, to a large extent, one of trial and error - "learning from past mistakes," through constant evaluation and critical discussion, so as "to avoid future errors." Cadre like Temba Moyo have periodically been forced into exile, often living in a milieu where people of their own background and education thrive in comfort and security, and where material incentives to abandon the struggle and work for individual rewards are strong. Overseas scholarships and well-paying jobs in "independent" African states have thinned the ranks of all liberation movement exiles. For Temba himself, life in Lusaka caused restlessness and discomfort. Neither able nor desirous of frequenting the city's expensive, Western-style hotels and bars, he preferred life in the bush camps where such petty-bourgeois diversions from the tasks of the struggle were absent.

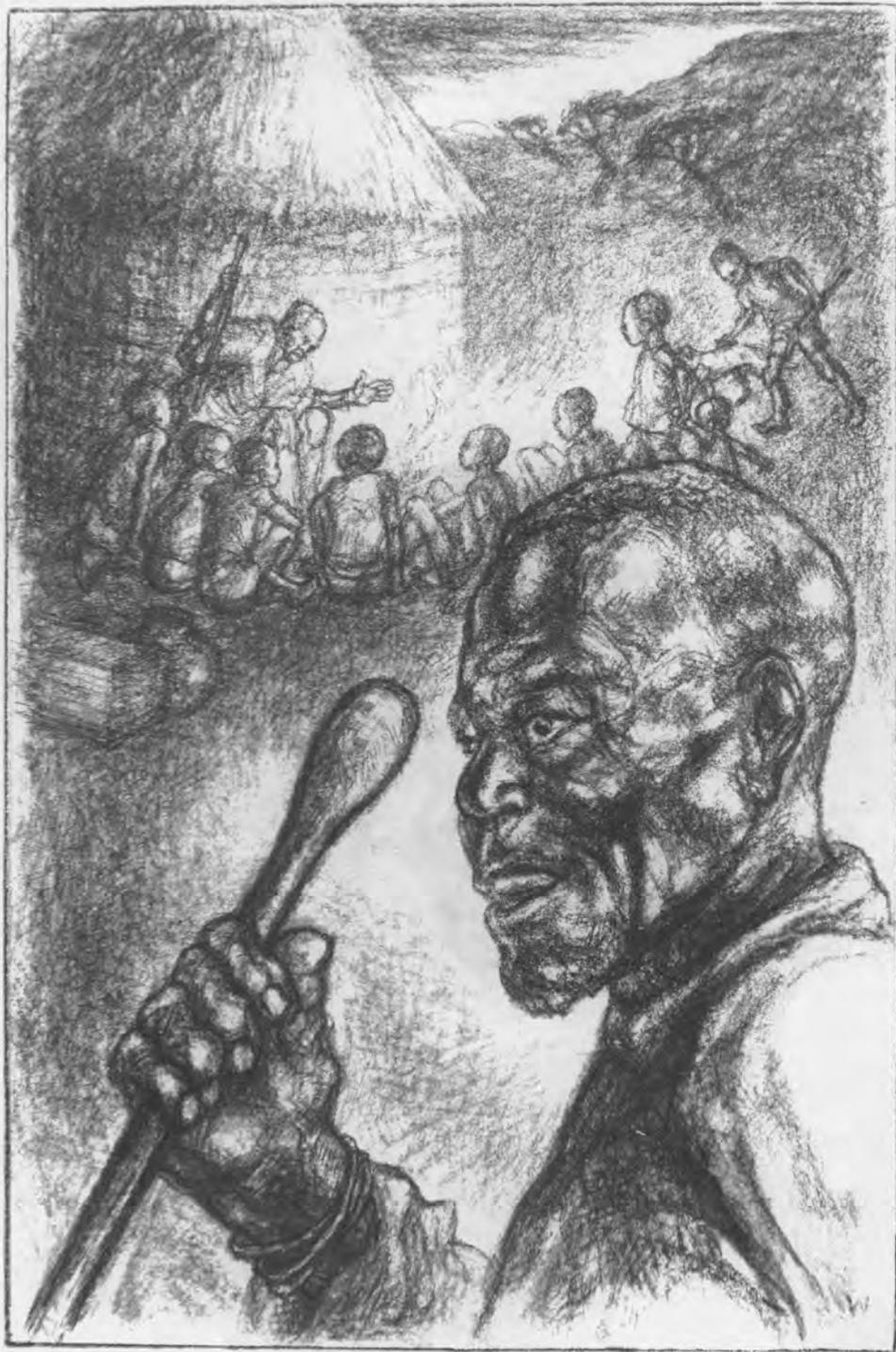
Strains of exile and underground existence, separation from families and the masses, create an environment for some in which minor squabbles easily grow into major conflicts; where personal differences can develop into bitter factionalism. In the process

of building the revolutionary movement and struggle, disagreements have arisen within the ZAPU external wing leading, often in isolation from events within Zimbabwe, to splits which have seriously hampered the liberation struggle. The lack of collaboration between ZAPU and the Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU), the other major Zimbabwe liberation movement, has given the Smith regime time to strengthen its repressive apparatus and thus make the struggle even more protracted and difficult.

Events over the last few years, however, reveal that the settler move towards a fully developed *apartheid* in Rhodesia has led to increasing militancy among the African masses. Demands for freedom by peasants and workers all over the country have repeatedly revealed the illegitimacy of the Smith regime and have generated a growing pressure toward unity among the liberation forces. And while popular support for the guerrillas is growing, the regime has had to resort to severe collective punishment to entire villages and locations, closing schools and clinics, slaughtering herds, imposing fines and detaining large numbers of people. In addition, white military reserves have been mobilized, white civilians armed, and reinforcements from South Africa asked for and received.

The full story of Temba Moyo and his comrades cannot yet be told. The Rhodesian police state continues to endanger the work and lives of many who have for years worked in quiet clandestinity to develop the struggle. Behind the settler regime, backing its efforts to secure the continued rule of capitalism and racism in Zimbabwe, stands the power of South Africa, Portugal and international capital. Against this bulwark of reaction, however, the Zimbabwe people do not stand alone. The liberation forces throughout southern Africa, in Angola, Namibia, Mozambique and South Africa, are gradually advancing and weakening the common enemy. In so doing, they are not only destroying a major stronghold of racism and fascism, they are also proceeding to sever another tentacle from the body of modern imperialism, thus bringing us all a step closer to humanity's full liberation.

It is in this that the international significance of the struggle of Temba Moyo and his comrades lies, and according to which they deserve full support from progressive forces throughout the world. As they push imperialism back another step, contradictions and struggles in other parts of the system will sharpen, moving ever closer to the core. Therefore, just as it is the duty of progressives to support the Zimbabwe struggle, it is also imperative that we internalize the experiences and learn from the lessons of Temba Moyo, gaining from his dedication, persistence and selflessness the essential qualities for carrying out the many tasks which still lie ahead in the anti-imperialist struggle.





Chapter One

First Impressions

My name is Temba Moyo. I was born in 1939 at the Inyati Native Reserve some twenty miles northeast of Bulawayo. There were eight children in our family - four boys and four girls. The eldest was a girl, Tokozile, and I was the second child. Both my parents were working at schools in Tjolotjo, sixty miles the other side of Bulawayo. My father was an instructor in agriculture at the government school while my mother taught at a nearby lower-primary school.

When I was still very young my mother left me with my father's parents in the reserve and went back to teach at Tjolotjo where my father was working. It was painful to see my mother go and I wept bitterly. She was the only person I really knew and loved. It didn't take long, however, before I came to love my grandmother and regarded her as a second mother. For the next five years or so I saw my parents only when they came home during holidays. My mother returned about once a year but my father often stayed away for a year and a half or two years. I was always very happy to see them, and my mother always brought me some new clothes and small gifts which I really enjoyed.

I spent most of my days at Inyati playing with the other children. At four I started looking after our family's sheep and goats on the communal pastures near the village. It was common work for the young boys so I continued spending a lot of time with my friends. Often we played while grazing the animals. I had no other tasks and at home I played with the other boys - we would throw mud at each other in the rainy season or make tools and all kinds of things out of mud or clay.

Most of the Inyati people were descendents of the Ndebele who, like my great-grandparents, came to the area with King Mzilikazi in the nineteenth century. The Ndebeles made Bulawayo their headquarters and Inyati became one of their main settlements. They lived from the land and their herds - as was still the case when I was a small boy. Our fields and animals provided most of the things we needed. People kept a lot of cattle; my grandfather, for instance, had more than eighty and also about two hundred goats and sheep. There was always enough milk for the children and plenty of meat. Almost every week we slaughtered a goat or sheep and nobody in our village ever lacked food. The main crops were maize, for meali-meal, and millet which we pounded for meal and used with honey for brewing beer. People had common fields, although each family also had its own plot to cultivate.

At the end of the day, as soon as the sheep and cattle were back in the *kraal*, I would sit by the fire with the other boys and listen to the old men tell us about the battles they had fought, what they did in their youth, how people used to live and so on. Near our reserve there is a big table-shaped mountain, the Ntabazinduna, which means "Mountain of the *Indunas*."* It was well-known as the place where Mzilikazi executed *indunas* discovered plotting against his regime. In our village lived a very old man whose son had once been the *induna* in our area. He told us many stories from his youth, about his son and the time when this boy became an *induna* in the King's army. Over the years I heard many tales; the whole history of our people was kept alive by these old men talking around the fires at night. Our grandmothers usually told us fairy tales, which are still very popular in Zimbabwe. The older people would show us kids how to do different things and prepare us for adult lives. In addition to herding animals the boys learned to cut down trees and make *knob-kerries*** and small spears for hunting. As the girls grew up they played at preparing "meals," using mud, leaves and other things to learn the art of cooking. They also looked after the house while playing and were taught how to make baskets and mats. The older people were always around to explain things and show us how to do and make the necessary things in our lives.

There were quite a few missionaries at Inyati - Catholics, Presbyterians, Anglicans and Methodists. Most of the villagers had been converted and Sunday mornings everyone went to church. My family were Presbyterians. My grandfather held the rank of Elder and I was baptized in the church near our home. A few people stuck to the old religion with its god, Ngwali. In fact, some still do, despite the work of the Christian missionaries. During my boyhood most of the old customs and practices had stopped as the people slowly turned to Christianity; a few traditional beliefs, however, were still kept alive. The belief in ancestral spirits, for example, continued despite all efforts by the Europeans. Even today most Zimbabweans will from time to time have ceremonies to pay respect to their forefathers. Though it was once nearly dead, this practice has recently grown more popular - even among highly educated Zimbabweans. Some Christians, of course, think it is a sin, but this doesn't keep the less devoted believers from taking part in such rituals.

When I lived at Inyati I never had much contact with white people. Once in a while the Native Commissioner came to our village to meet with the elders. He drove around the village and I

*An *induna* was a commander of a large section of the Ndebele king's army and each *induna* ruled more or less as a chief over the area where his section of the army stayed.

***knob-kerrie*: a three to four foot long stick of hard wood, carved from a larger piece of wood with a knob on one end. Traditional Ndebele weapon. (O.G.)

sometimes got a glimpse of him. There were also white police officers who once or twice came to our village to make arrests. Otherwise, Europeans kept to their farms or the towns and had very little contact with Africans in the countryside.

When I was six, I went to stay with my parents at Tjolotjo. My mother came to fetch me from my grandparents and I was very excited since this was my first time to leave the reserve. We travelled the ten miles to the railway station on my grandfather's oxcart. There, for the first time, I saw a train. My mother had told me what it would be like but I was shaking with excitement as we boarded. In Bulawayo I was surprised to see the big buildings, the traffic and the large number of Europeans. The people wore strange clothes and looked different from the people at home. Almost everything in the city amazed me. Later that afternoon we were picked up by the principal of Tjolotjo School and taken the rest of the way in his car. It was my first time to ride in a car and the sixty-mile trip was quite a thrill. When we reached Tjolotjo I saw my father for the first time in almost two years. He was very happy to see me. Tokozile introduced me to the children at the school and these new friends showed me around the school and told me about the "tribal trust lands" and villages nearby. In a few days I felt very much at home in Tjolotjo.

I was still too young to go to school (African children could start only when they had reached the age of seven) so my mother decided to give me lessons at home. When she left for school in the morning I remained to work on my lessons. Most of the time I didn't finish them and my mother got angry with me. My older sister usually helped me and, in fact, it was she who taught me how to read and write. By this time I also had two younger sisters and I helped look after the youngest girl, who was only a baby. I gave her milk at the right times and saw that she had what she needed. I also looked after my father's chickens, feeding them and making sure they always had water. During my spare time I joined my friends. We played around a lot, sometimes with a tennis ball, or went shooting at birds with our slingshots. So, in this way, my days were filled with work and play and I never had any problems passing the time.

The school at Tjolotjo was a boys' higher primary and the curriculum included technical courses like agriculture, tanning and carpentry. I had several friends among my father's students in agriculture. All the students at the school were African, but the staff was mixed. The principal, of course, was a white man. The houses of the white staff were situated on the southern perimeter of the school area, while the houses of the African staff were on the northern side. The school buildings and dormitories were in the middle. There was hardly any social contact between the races - only on matters directly relating to school affairs did they get together; and although the white staff had many children, I never once played with any of them.

Differences in living conditions were great: Europeans lived in spacious, modern houses while Africans were given quarters with barely enough room to house a family. You could find a white family

of four living in a big house with three or four bedrooms, while an African family - whatever its size - had no more than two bedrooms. The Europeans were also much better paid than the Africans and had other privileges as well, like the use of school transport. White teachers would often take one of the school vehicles to go and shop in Bulawayo, but this was simply out of the question for Africans. At times my father got angry because he couldn't get something or other which the family needed. "If I was white," he would say, "it would have been easy for me to get it!" I remember once when he took me on his bicycle to the principal's house to deliver something. When we got there the principal's children ran to their father, shouting: "It's George! It's George!" This is how I came to know my father's Christian name. I hadn't known it before. The white children only called my father "George." This was typical - they learned it from their parents. To call him Mr. Moyo would have been a sign of respect; they always called Africans by their first names to show that they were really inferior.

Since both my parents were teaching they didn't cultivate any fields or keep animals except for the chickens I mentioned. We got vegetables from the school gardens and when an ox or cow was slaughtered at the school farm, which was about once a week, the teachers were allowed to buy some meat. We were also given a daily ration of milk. Any other things we needed had to be bought at the store some five miles away.

My parents were very keen on my education. Since my father's parents were very suspicious of any kind of schooling, my father had to rely strictly on his own efforts to get his diploma. When he went to study in South Africa he had to work between terms in order to pay his school fees. My mother's parents, on the other hand, were eager to see their children educated. When my mother proved good in her studies she was encouraged to go ahead. Before the school year started her parents always sold a few animals to pay her fees and she eventually completed a teachers' training course.

As I grew up and started school my parents took great care to check my work every day. After the evening meal, when the table was cleared, my sisters and I brought in our books; my father checked our English while my mother concentrated on the Arithmetic. When they saw that one of us was lagging in a subject we were made to sit up late and study as a punishment. In the beginning I didn't like this at all, but later I realized that it really helped me in school, and this made it easier to accept the discipline.

There were several villages in the Tjolotjo area, but many villagers were hesitant to send their children to school. There was, for instance, the problem of long distances between the villages and the school. It was hard on young children to walk ten or fifteen miles to school and back every day, and some people didn't start their children in school until they reached nine or ten years of age. Then they could use donkeys for transport and some, who came from rich families, rode bicycles. The villagers and the African staff got on well, both children and the adults. People from the

villages often came to visit us bringing gifts - a chicken or something from their fields - for my parents.

Late in 1945 the government decided to open a school at Mzingwane, some forty miles southeast of Bulawayo. The principal, my father and about three-quarters of the Tjolotjo staff were transferred to the new school. We spent the summer in Inyati helping my grandparents on the farm. I rejoined my old friends herding animals and playing whenever I had time. When the holidays were over we went directly to Mzingwane.

Unlike the thick forests and flat terrain surrounding Tjolotjo, the Mzingwane area is hilly and the woods are sparse and pleasant to walk in. I found it a very beautiful place. It wasn't difficult to get used to, either, as many of my friends moved with us. Still I had to make new friends among the local village boys. As at Tjolotjo my mother got a job teaching lower-primary school. Soon after we arrived, in early 1946, I started school. The building was quite close to our house and every morning I walked to school with Tokozile and some friends. It was exciting to be in school, even if the work wasn't new to me. I already knew how to read and write, but just coming into contact with all the children, sitting with them in class and competing in our lessons was in itself thrilling.

The buildings at Mzingwane were all new and a little different from those at Tjolotjo. The general set-up, however, was much the same: the white staff staying to the south on a nice sunny slope with a good view and the Africans on the northern edge facing the woods. Our new house had four rooms: a kitchen, combined living and dining room and two bedrooms. My parents used the larger bedroom and the youngest child slept on a cot next to their bed. In this room was also a big wardrobe where the family's clothes were kept. The rest of the children shared the smaller bedroom. One of my younger sisters and I slept in one bed feet-to-feet, facing opposite directions. The others shared another bed in the same way ... so we were all able to sleep in the same room. The toilet was outside, about thirty feet from the house. There was also a small veranda where we often played in the afternoon. The kitchen had a wood stove for preparing meals, but we had electric lights. Apart from the beds and the big closet our furniture consisted of a large table and chairs and a small desk with a bookshelf where my father kept his books and magazines.

Shortly after our arrival at Mzingwane I went with my parents to a village near the school. All the African staff were there and some of the Europeans too. The purpose of this gathering was to celebrate the end of World War II. Animals had been killed and there was plenty of meat. The adults drank beer brewed for the occasion. The Native Commissioner came later and addressed the people, telling them about the end of the war. I was too young to understand what was going on, but I remember one thing that happened towards the end of the celebration. The chief stood up and called over a man who lived in the village; then the Native Commissioner made a speech and presented him with a bicycle and £25. On our way home I asked my mother why the man had been given a bicycle. "Because he fought in the English army," she said. "All the men who fought

in the war are getting gifts from the government." This impressed me very much at the time, but a little later somebody told me that Whites who had served were given large tracts of land and I got very confused about the difference in rewards for Africans and Europeans.

Both Tjolotjo and Mzingwane were run by the government, so religious activity was not emphasized in these schools. It was limited to a service every Sunday. The students, staff and their families were expected to attend. I always attended these services with my parents. Being strict Presbyterians, they observed all the rules and regulations of their faith. On Sundays we couldn't work in the garden or even wash our clothes; the only work permitted was cooking meals. My parents carried their faith into every aspect of our lives, and each night before we went to bed my father called us together for a short service. He would pray or ask my mother to recite the Lord's Prayer: "O, Lord, Our Father..."

I read the Bible every day and had to memorize long verses from it. This, of course, made a strong impression upon me. I firmly believed, for instance, that if I spoke ill of God something awful would happen; perhaps He would turn me into an insect or lizard or inflict some other horrible punishment. I'd been told that such things really happened, so I took care never to speak ill of God. I saw religion mainly as a means to make people fear things, as a sort of deterrent to our doing certain things. I grew up a God-fearing child just like my sisters, brothers and most of my friends at school.

Despite their religion my parents weren't blind to the many injustices suffered by Zimbabweans. My father in particular often talked about these things. He told me that some of his white colleagues, who had the same qualifications as he, earned five times more than he did. Once he told me about the time he was travelling to a school in South Africa. On his way, in Bulawayo, he was walking down the sidewalk - not knowing that sidewalks were reserved for Europeans - when a white policeman came up and pushed him into the street. "Down where you belong, native!" My father got angry; he turned on the constable and hit him. He was arrested, beaten, sent to jail, and the train for South Africa left without him. After getting out of jail the next day he had to wait three days in the station waiting-room for the next train to South Africa.

One evening shortly after we got to Mzingwane my mother told me to give my youngest sister some cough mixture. She was sick with a fever. I accidentally took the wrong bottle and gave her a spoonful of Sloan's Liniment instead. Immediately she became very sick. My mother gave her some milk, but it didn't do much good. It was a difficult situation; none of the Africans had a car and the nearest hospital was some eight miles away. Because of the white racism my father refused to ask any of them for help, though my mother pleaded with him to go to the principal's house. We ended up walking to the hospital in the middle of the night - my parents, little sister and myself. I was very frightened and confused. I had made a serious mistake, which nearly cost my sister her life, and we got no help from the Europeans who had cars....

Some time later, I think it was the following year, there was a strike at the government school. The students had complained about the bad food for a long time, but the principal paid no attention to them. The school diet consisted mainly of soft mealie porridge and *sadza** with beans, vegetables and sometimes meat. On weekends they got steamed mealies and black coffee with the evening meal. Despite the students' complaints nothing improved, so they started boycotting both meals and classes. Many of the boys were very young and my mother said she felt pity for them going without food. After a day or two she arranged for some of the youngest ones to eat at our house without the older boys knowing. The strike lasted four days. Finally, police came and threatened the students with immediate expulsion if they didn't end the strike right away. The principal promised better food, and the boys agreed to return to classes and eat. The food improved a little, but not up to what the students expected or wanted.

The same year there was a drought in Rhodesia. At school we had to slaughter many of our animals, and on the reserves a lot of cattle died. It must have been very severe, for I can remember that instead of the usual white mealie-meal we had only some horrible tasting yellow mealie-meal. We heard it came from Kenya.

The lower-primary school at Mzingwane was made up of two brick buildings with a couple of classrooms in each. There were about twenty students in each class, mostly boys. In my class there were boarding students and children from the local villages. At eight a.m. we assembled for thirty minutes of physical exercises led by a teacher. Then we went to class. Our subjects were Arithmetic, English, Ndebele and Scripture. We had to memorize verses from the Bible and recite them in class. If you couldn't recite the verses correctly, you had to hold out the back of your hand and the teacher would beat you on the nails with a big wooden ruler. It was extremely painful, and I always worked hard memorizing my verses. After the lessons we were expected to clean up our classroom. All the lower-primary teachers were women, most of them wives of the African staff at the government school, like my mother.

During our first year at Mzingwane, Tokozile went to stay with an aunt who was teaching in Que Que. After she left I was the oldest child at home and had to take on more domestic work than before. My mother, of course, had a lot to do after school - wash, sew, iron our clothes, prepare meals - so she really needed my help in the house. My oldest sister at home was still too young to be of much help; she just sat with the baby while I did the chores.

My father was a very busy man; not only a teacher but also manager of the school farm. He supervised the milking and garden work, among other things. He had to get up very early - the milking started at 6 a.m. - and was gone the whole day. Like most of the other staff he had house-master duties, supervising student activities of various kinds. Since he was a long-time soccer player

**sadza* is a hard kind of porridge made from maize meal. (O.G.)

he also served as the school's soccer coach. This, of course, required extra work which he did whenever he could find the time. At home he spent a lot of time supervising our school work and after we'd gone to bed he would sit down at his desk to plan the farm work and prepare next day's lessons. As you can see, his work and domestic duties left him little time for other activities.

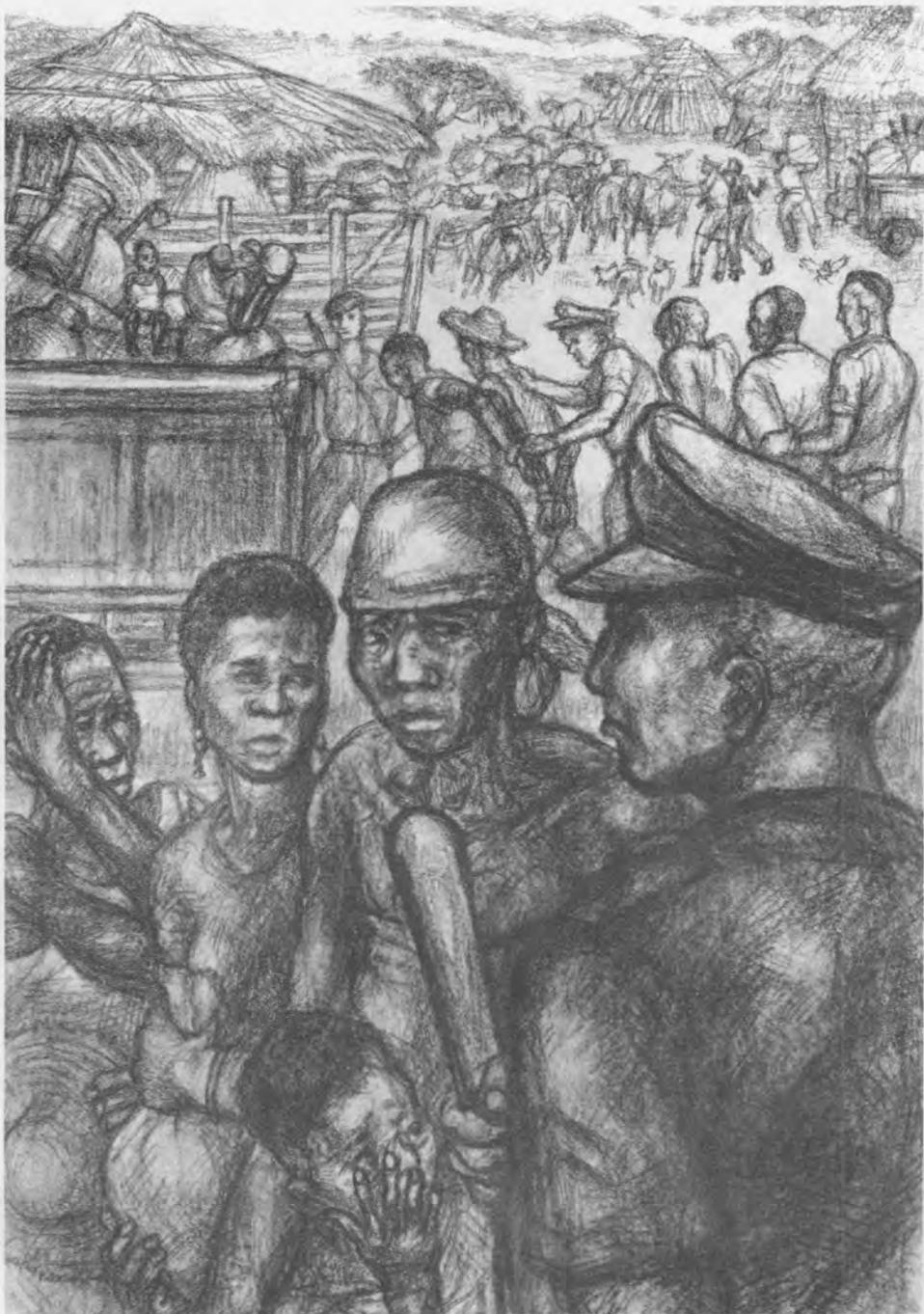
My best friends were children of the African staff. We were about ten boys in all, and a few girls. When I had any free time, like after lunch when I had done the dishes, I joined my friends to play. Sometimes we went hunting with our slingshots, competing at who could kill the most birds. Our favorite game was soccer, which we played almost every day. Since we were young we had a smaller ball than the regular size. Once in a while we organized competitions against the village boys. We normally won, but the village boys were much stronger and always won the boxing matches. We also had stick fights. This is something every Ndebele boy, at least in the villages, has to learn from the time he is very young. Each fighter gets two sticks, usually bamboo or some other light wood. The left-hand stick is normally used for defense while one attacks with the right. Left-handed boys did the opposite and the really good fighters could change their attack from left to right. Some of the village boys were very good at this game and I can't remember ever winning a fight against them. Several times I was badly beaten.

In school I made an effort to be the best. My favorite subjects were English and Arithmetic. Usually I was among the top in my class and throughout primary school I don't think I ever dropped below third. Naturally, I had the advantage of my parents pushing me, giving me extra homework and overseeing my progress. In this respect there was a great difference between the staff children and those from the villages: most of the villagers were uneducated and couldn't possibly help their children with school work. Nevertheless, some of these children did very well. In my class I had to contend with a village boy named Douglas, who always got top marks in arithmetic. I was his closest challenger.

Mzingwane was a good place for me. Life was always exciting; no day passed without something interesting happening. I was always busy working or playing and I had really good friends. When the time came to leave, in 1948, I was very, very sad. On the last day I was in tears. My friends were sad too. Some of them even pleaded with my parents to let me stay behind with their families.

My father decided to leave Mzingwane because the Presbyterians at Ngwenya Mission asked him to come and run their farm. He felt this would be better than working for the government. Though he liked his work at Mzingwane, he felt he wasn't treated fairly. The pay was bad and the attitude of the Europeans made life difficult for all African employees. "Missionaries," my father said, "will be easier to work with." So he resigned at Mzingwane and we started preparing to leave. This time we had to arrange our own transport. My father booked a car with the railways and our furniture and other bulky things were shipped to Ntabazinduna, the nearest station to Ngwenya Mission. From there it was taken by truck the

remaining seven miles. My mother took us kids to Inyati by train and again we rode my grandfather's donkey cart. My father went straight to Ngwenya and prepared everything. The rest of us arrived at the beginning of the next school year.





Chapter Two

Thrown Off Our Land

Ngwenya Mission was a familiar place. It is in the Ntabazinduna Reserve, not very far from Inyati, and we already knew many villagers in the area. In general, mission schools in Zimbabwe were much poorer than government schools, and Ngwenya was no exception. Our housing, for instance, consisted of three round, brick huts with thatched roofs. The school house and dormitories were also grass-roofed, brick structures, and were in generally poor condition. The school provided primary education only; the boarders were girls from Standard 3 to 6, and the other students came from villages surrounding the mission. There were girls everywhere, most of them older than me. And since most of the African teachers were unmarried, there were hardly any boys my age living at the mission. It was because of this that I made friends - for the first time in my life - with white boys. The principal of the school, an English missionary, had two sons my age. Just after our family arrived, they came over and asked me to play with them. I was very reluctant, afraid to go with them right away. But soon they proved to be good friends; they hid nothing from me and had no racist attitudes at all. They came to regard my parents almost as their own and showed them the same respect. We often played in my house and they frequently ate with us. Together we went to the nearby villages and they made many friends there. They ate whatever food we were given in the villages, even if it was new to them, and spoke Ndebele fluently so that there was never any problem of communication.

My friendship with these boys led to some interesting experiences for me. Their parents didn't like my coming to their house, but since there were no European boys at Ngwenya, they coolly accepted me as their sons' playmate. I remember the first time I went to their home. It was different from any house I had ever been in. The furniture was expensive, really fancy by African standards. The rooms were all decorated, and the boys had their own wardrobe, much bigger than the one we used for the whole family. They showed me their books and we listened to the radio.

After that first time, we often played in their house, especially when the principal and his wife went shopping in Bulawayo. I read many of their books and whenever I couldn't understand something they explained it to me. This helped my English a lot.

I think my relationship with these white boys made me aware of just how privileged the Europeans were. I envied them their home and wished my parents would get something similar. I envied them

their food, which I never got to eat anywhere else. The more I experienced these things, the more I looked forward to the day when I too would be able to live like this.

Since Ngwenya was a mission school, Religion was by far our most important subject. No matter how brilliant you were in English, Arithmetic or any other subject, if you did poorly in Religion you would have to repeat the whole year. Every day after morning exercises, the first thing we did was recite long verses from the Bible. Each pupil was given five verses daily to memorize, and if you didn't recite them well enough, you got a heavy beating. My teacher was very strict, but I liked her because she was a very good teacher. My mother also taught at Ngwenya, but I was never in her class.

Most of the pupils came from local villages. First-year kids had their lessons in the mission church, a large building of brick and corrugated iron. This was because the first-year class was always very big - sixty to eighty pupils - and none of the regular classrooms was large enough to hold them. As before, most of the pupils from the villages were boys. Ndebeles generally regarded education as valuable for boys only; it was the feeling that to educate a girl, to give her high qualifications, was a waste. So long as she could read and write, that was good enough. After all, she would get married and the rest of her life would be spent looking after the home, caring for her family and working in the fields. It was not felt proper for women to be employed in men's work.

To encourage students to work hard, the missionaries gave awards and prizes to the three best children in each class at the end of the year. My mother also promised my sisters and me gifts - a bicycle, new clothes, etc. - if we ranked top in our classes. This gave us an extra incentive and all year I would look forward to those gifts. During my three years at Ngwenya I twice came in second in my class. The first time the missionaries gave me a pair of khaki shorts, the second time a pair of shoes and a book in Ndebele. I never did reach the top position. My sisters also worked hard. The youngest once finished best in her class and got an apron from the school and a new Christmas dress from my mother. She really wanted a bicycle, but my mother told her that girls shouldn't ride bikes and she would have to be happy with her dress.

My white friends didn't attend classes at Ngwenya. They and the white girls at the mission were given private lessons by one of the missionaries. When the European children reached upper-primary level, they were sent to boarding-school elsewhere, usually at Que Que.

The Presbyterian Church, with its strictness and rigidity, had a great influence on the people of Ntabazinduna. There were very few cases of polygamy in the reserve, though it was common in other parts of the country. Most people went to church every Sunday and obeyed the "no work on the Sabbath" rule. The Bible said, "Thou shalt respect the seventh day of the Lord," and my family practiced this to the letter.

On Sundays my mother woke me up at five o'clock so that I could milk our three cows before the sun rose. If I got up late we had to

do without milk that day. Even if you saw cattle enter the fields and start eating the mealies and vegetables you couldn't run to chase them. You had to walk slowly and carefully so as not to "work." After church I attended Sunday School with the other children. For hours we sat on hard benches as they tried to pound the Presbyterian doctrine into our heads.

Once a year the missionaries organized a special celebration, which they called Great Sunday. Ngwenya was more or less the national headquarters of the Presbyterian Church and people came from all corners of the country. Everybody wore their best clothes and my mother always put on a new dress. Even the children were dressed up. The sermon consisted of long prayers by the elders, singing hymns and a lot of preaching. Most of the old women, and some of the men too, were worked up by this ritual and would start weeping. Great Sunday was a real celebration - even bigger than Christmas and Easter.

The missionaries were outwardly very friendly to "their" Africans. They did their best to convince us that as far as they were concerned the color of a person's skin meant nothing. But this was mainly on the surface. There were times when these Europeans had parties and get-togethers - to celebrate a birthday or something like that - and they never invited Africans. They didn't mix socially with Blacks if they could help it and it was easy to see that there were many contradictions between their words and their behavior. Perhaps they maintained an "official" non-racism for the sake of convenience - merely to win Africans to the faith - while in their hearts they were not at all convinced about the equality of men.

Sometimes these contradictions came into the open. At Ngwenya there was an African priest who had studied Theology in Scotland. He was a full-time clergyman and the only one at the mission who went into the villages to convert people. Despite his hard work, his salary was only a fraction of what the white missionaries were getting. Later on, after I left Ngwenya, there was a split at the mission and the African minister left to form the African Presbyterian Church. He and his followers rebelled against white missionary discrimination - especially as the Bible taught that all men were equal. They accepted Christianity, but felt the white man was not sincere; that he was a hypocrite.

During this time the Ndebeles started to feel the negative effects of the Land Apportionment Act. They were forced to reduce their herds and land was becoming scarce in the reserves - flooded with people moved from their fertile homelands to make room for settlers. It was a serious blow to most villagers since they depended on animals and land for their subsistence. My grandfather, for example, had eighty cattle and hundreds of goats and sheep; now he was allowed to keep only twelve cattle and twenty-five goats or sheep. His land was cut in similar proportion. It was very difficult for him. He decided not to comply with the Act and move instead to a "Native Purchase Area," where he could keep most of his herd. In the summer of 1948, then, my grandparents moved with everything they had to the Midlands. More than twenty cattle died

on the way and several others succumbed to disease shortly after they arrived due to new types of grass and a different environment.

The Land Apportionment Act, as you can imagine, meant a great deal of hardship for Zimbabweans. For my grandfather, going to live in a strange area a hundred miles away from his home meant leaving relatives, friends ... everything he knew. It was the same for everybody who was forced to move.

With my grandparents in the Midlands, our trips to their farm became a major event. It took us a whole day to get there and we had to bring food and extra clothing for the trip. One day, during my first summer there, we went to visit relatives who lived in a reserve near our farm. These people had already been ordered to move to an area in the north - near the Zambezi escarpment - which was thickly forested and tsetse fly infested. They refused to leave. Most had been born in this reserve, had good houses, well-kept fields, and felt no one had the right to force them out. The land had been the home of their forefathers for generations.

On our way many police and army trucks raced past us. When we arrived my uncle told us that the Europeans had just arrested the chief, because he told the people to resist. A police truck sped out of the village and we could see the chief and some elders - handcuffed and under guard - in the back. Later that day soldiers and police started ordering men to empty their houses and barns. When they refused they were arrested. Soldiers entered their houses and threw everything onto trucks, wrecking a lot of things in the process. Then they did the same with the barns, loading all the tools, grain, etc. into the same trucks. This over, the women, children and old people were put on top of their belongings and driven away. The animals had been rounded up and the boys were ordered to drive the herds north. It was a sorry sight - women, children, old people were weeping, the men arrested, homes set on fire and destroyed.

Later I heard that these people were just dumped in the government's assigned area - most of their cattle having died on the long trek. Grandfather took my uncle's children to his farm and they stayed until their parents got established in the north, just before we went back to school.

I really felt pity for the people evicted from their homes in such a brutal manner. I didn't understand why it was done, but I listened to the adults talk about it and they seemed very upset. Everybody opposed the way these people were being treated; the general feeling was one of resentment and hatred towards the government.

I found the area my grandfather had moved to very different from Inyati. The vegetation and even the fruit that grew in the forest were new to me. The soil was almost white and much less fertile than the red soil of Inyati. The people, too, were different. They came from all parts of the country - the Fort Victoria region, Belingwe, Gwanda and Bulawayo - so there was a real mixture of tribes and clans, each with their own culture and customs. It was common for young men in the Native Purchase Areas to go

back to their clan lands when looking for a wife as they wanted to avoid the complications of marrying into another tribe or clan. If they could find someone suitable in their new area, that was fine, but generally it wasn't so easy.

I learned a lot about other people and their customs during my stays at the farm. There were gatherings of adults and children where people from various tribes came together and exchanged views. There were tribal games and dances, and I came to know many of the local children quite well. This experience was of great benefit to me later, when I went to study in Mashonaland, since I already knew something about Shona language and customs.

The main work on the farm was tilling the land. I had to learn how to span the oxen and hold the plow. Soon I learned how to drive the oxen. My sisters did the sowing and weeding, though one always stayed at home to help my grandmother prepare meals and bring food to us in the fields. That way we didn't have to out-span the cattle every time we stopped to eat. When my grandfather bought a mechanical cultivator, I drove it and my sisters followed with hoes, taking up weeds the machine didn't get. During the harvest men cut the mealies while the women did the grinding with mortars and pestles ... long wooden poles.

Spring holidays came in the dry, hot time of the year and all I did was look after the animals and repair the plow and yokes to save grandfather from doing it once the plowing started. The girls collected as much firewood as possible because in plowing season there was no time for it. We children were really needed on the farm. Apart from my grandparents, the only other adult was an uncle - my father's unmarried brother. Later, an uncle on my mother's side also came to help as their Inyati farm didn't need his labor. Family fields in the reserve had become very small and the cattle few, so there was a surplus of labor.

In 1949, when I was ten years old, my two white friends left, as their parents were recalled to Britain. It was a sad moment; I had come to regard them almost as brothers despite the fact that their parents resented our friendship. I was really surprised when, at the insistence of the boys, they invited me to go to Europe with them. I thought hard about their offer, but kept wondering how I would be treated in Europe. My mother settled the matter, saying I was too young to look after myself in a strange land. Perhaps this was for the best, but I wondered what it would have been like in Europe - how it would have influenced my life. But it was a silly, unanswerable question.

I thought a lot over the next few years about what kind of life lay ahead for me. My father had a better education than most Zimbabweans, but I was already aspiring to become even better educated. I kept asking him about Africans more educated than he, and tried to find out what they were doing, how they lived. Partly because of my white friends, the difference in living conditions between Africans and Whites was pretty clear to me. I wondered if there would ever be any change in our condition ... in the relations between Whites and Blacks in Rhodesia. I asked myself many questions, but didn't

have any answers. I just thought: "When I get an education, things will have to change." I guess I believed it was mainly the lack of education which kept Africans from attaining the positions of Europeans. "When more Africans become educated," I thought, "the white man will have to respect us and treat us better." But even with these thoughts, I remained confused and bewildered by our colonial situation and my own life.

The missionaries who replaced my friends' parents were extremely reserved and business-like towards Africans. Soon after they arrived conflicts developed between my father and them. For example, my father said their Sunday services didn't conform to Presbyterian practice. And there were other issues. I watched their disagreements grow more and more bitter and I became increasingly sure that Whites always treated Africans badly - that my two white friends had been rare exceptions. I was glad I hadn't gone to Europe after all. It took about a year, but my father finally decided he'd rather leave Ngwenya than continue working with these people. He began applying for other jobs. Soon he got an offer from the Cyrene Mission, twenty miles west of Bulawayo, and he left almost immediately. This was in March 1950. The rest of us stayed at Ngwenya for three months, waiting for my father to arrange housing at Cyrene. While we were separated like this my second brother was born. We were all excited. Though the domestic work was heavy, my sisters were now old enough to take care of it and I did only the customary boys' work, looking after the garden and animals and chopping firewood.

When everything was ready for us, my father rented a small truck and came to pick us up. Our furniture and other things were loaded on and we set out for Bulawayo. My young sisters, who had never been there before, were very excited - just as I had been the first time. We got to Cyrene at sunset. The landscape around the mission is very beautiful - sparse forest and great rocky hills. Actually, it's quite close to Matopo Hills with its famous "World's View." This part of Zimbabwe is very well-known for its beauty.

Our new home consisted of three huts, similar to those at Ngwenya but with corrugated tin roofs. They were a mile or so from the mission, at the edge of the church fields. Nearby was a large European-style house occupied by the European who preceded my father as farm manager. Throughout our years at Cyrene this house remained empty, except for a short while when a European from Bulawayo rented it for his holidays. I don't know exactly why the missionaries didn't let us live in it; maybe they thought we'd start considering ourselves European if we did. Strong as it sounds, I really can't think of any other reason.

I was in Standard 5 when we moved to Cyrene and I started taking a greater interest in my subjects. It was no longer only pressure from my parents and the promise of reward that made me work hard. My favorite subjects were still English and Arithmetic, but I also found History and Geography interesting. I always read my history book ahead of schedule and then re-read it later, memorizing the week's lesson. We learned a lot about medieval Europe, Tudor England, etc. but hardly anything about Africa or our own

people. We had a subject - not included in the examination subjects - which was called "Current Affairs." In these lessons the teacher sometimes told us a bit about African history and a few things then happening on the continent. Only the African teachers did this, never the missionaries.

I also liked studying the map, finding out about different countries and their peoples, how they lived, what they grew, and so on. I didn't care much for Hygiene or the technical subjects, except perhaps for Woodwork. I think I lacked talent for this kind of work, and it was much the same with Art. Cyrene was an Anglican mission and they didn't emphasize Religion as much as the Presbyterians. I had little interest in Religion and only wanted to get a passing grade in the subject.

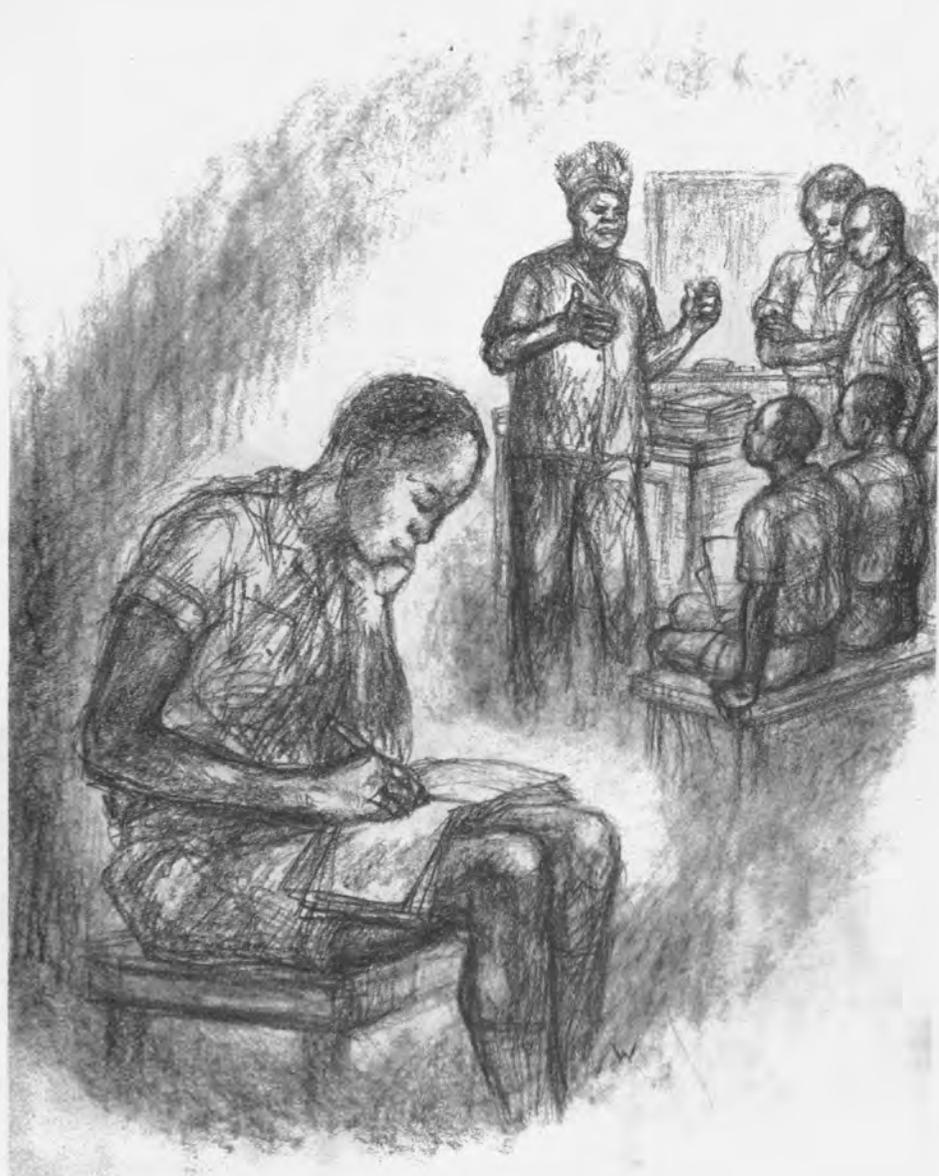
My parents no longer supervised my homework. As long as I did it, my spare time was my own. While they worked with my two younger sisters in the evenings I sat in a corner reading library books, mostly fiction, short stories and some history.

Because I did good ... well, I skipped a grade at Ngwenya and was always the youngest in my classes. Sometimes it was difficult to find good friends as my classmates were all much older. I played mostly with boys one or two grades below me. The kids who started school early usually had educated parents or came from villages with nearby lower-primary schools. Kids whose parents had no education or who lived far from the nearest school generally started schooling late, when they were ten or twelve years old. I knew this and never looked down on the older boys, even when they had problems with their work. I realized that I had many advantages and that my good performance was due at least in part to this. There were some boys who tried to make fools of the older students, but not many.

Many of the late starters at Cyrene came from villages near the mission. Most Africans in the area worked for a European cattle farmer named Waiverly who had a huge farm divided in two parts - one with good soil and one with much poorer soil, where some Africans lived who had occupied the land before Waiverly bought it from the settler government. Instead of sending these people away, according to the Land Apportionment Act, he settled them on the poorer land. Some moved away because they couldn't survive, but most had nowhere to go and just did as Waiverly told them. He had them look after his cattle and take them to the dip every week, maintain his fences and work as farmhands. They also had to give the settler a fixed portion of their harvests. Most of these villagers - about forty or fifty families altogether - were very poor, some were absolutely miserable. It was never a question of sending their children to school - few ever got there. One old man who couldn't perform the duties Waiverly assigned him had to give his young grandchildren to work full-time on the farm. If not, the family would have been evicted.



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Chapter Three

A Time to Learn

During the whole of 1952, my last year of primary school, I worked very hard to make sure I would be accepted for secondary education. Toward the end of the year our teacher advised us what to do when the school was over. Those he thought too old or not smart enough for secondary school were given applications for vocational courses. A few of us were told we should apply to some secondary school. I chose Kutama, a Catholic mission school near Salisbury. I was eager to leave Matabeleland and experience something different. I did well in my exams and was admitted to Kutama.

My mother and I started to prepare immediately for my departure. We went to Bulawayo and she bought me a suitcase, two pairs of shorts and a few other things listed on the application form. Then my parents took me to Bulawayo station, bought my ticket and found some bigger school boys to look after me on the trip. We were about twenty boys from the Bulawayo area going to Kutama and soon I got to know all of them. There was one other boy from Cyrene and the two of us went around the train making new friends. We left Bulawayo in the evening. Kutama station was forty miles from Salisbury and we arrived there early the next morning. Two school trucks were waiting to pick us up.

Kutama was a big school. On arriving we reported to the office and were shown where to sleep. Five hundred boys were accommodated in dormitories holding about twenty each. Only boys with sheets were given beds; those with just blankets slept on the floor. My mother had bought sheets in Bulawayo, so I got a bed. In my dorm were three other boys from Matabeleland and this made life easier for me, though I spoke Shona pretty well. Most of our teachers were French Canadians of the Marist order. They lived under strict discipline: apart from attending school services every morning they recited their rosaries after every meal, and in the evening spent hours in silent meditation. During catechism lessons they preached their doctrine and recruited a few of the students to their order. These boys had special classes, didn't have to pay fees and got all their clothing free.

We always got up at six, made our beds, washed and went to the daily half-hour religious service. Breakfast was at seven-thirty, then we did our rosaries before going to class at eight. Only Latin gave me trouble. I liked it, however, and after a while it became one of my best subjects. Classes ended at four, followed by sports or, once a week, gardening. We grew cabbage, carrots

and other vegetables which we harvested for the school kitchen. Supper was at six and then we did homework. At ten it was "lights out" and a teacher came around to see that we were all in bed and quiet. Meals were mainly mealie porridge and *sadza**, vegetables, meat, black coffee and, once in a while, milk.

There were some villages near Kutama but we weren't allowed out of the mission without special permission. Some of the bigger boys would steal away to look for girls, but I was too young for that and had no reason to run the risk. I only met the villagers when they came to the mission for Sunday mass and on some other occasions. Sometimes after classes I took my poetry book and walked around the fields reciting poems. I often met some villagers, especially one old woman who worked there. Every time we'd talk and she would give me nuts or something else from the fields to eat. One of my best friends came from a Native Purchase Area near Kutama. A few times I got permission to go home with him on the weekends. I got along fine with his family and they enjoyed having me, even though I was an Ndebele and they were Shona.

There was a Boy Scout branch at Kutama which I joined soon after I got there. There was a lot of adventure connected with scouting and I liked the games, exercises and camping in the bush. I earned my badges fast and was promoted, but after a year I decided to leave the scouts. I just couldn't get myself to say the pledge: "On my honor I promise that I will do the best for my country and my Queen." You see, I was beginning to read a lot, particularly history, and my resentment toward the British government hardened as I came to realize that it was responsible for many of the Africans' problems. Once I listened to some older boys talking about how the scouts got involved in all sorts of things. "If war breaks out," one of them said, "the scouts will be the first to go and fight." I didn't like this - but when I had decided to quit and the scoutmaster asked me why, I didn't have the courage to be honest. I just told him I had to spend more time on school work.

At this time my brothers and sisters were also in school, except for the two youngest. The financial strain weighed heavily on my parents. I got only two shillings sixpence in pocket money for each term. This wasn't much, but I never complained to my father. I sometimes asked my mother for more and she would say, "Maybe next term." This bothered me. Some of the boys had wealthy parents, or came from small families. They came back from holidays with five or even ten pounds and always bought sweets and Mazoe Crush or cokes at the shop - or bought extra food to supplement the school diet. And sometimes they would get permission to visit Salisbury on the weekends. I badly wanted to see the capital, to compare it with Bulawayo; but, I never had enough money for bus fare. One of my friends had plenty of money and would share some of his extra things with me. He got together a group of us and passed around sweets or cokes. I always accepted but could never get myself to

**sadza*: "stiff" porridge made from maize meal.

ask for anything. Naturally, I envied the boys with money. Some of them showed off and I felt terrible on weekends when I had nothing to do and saw a group of them sitting in the shade, enjoying their sweets and cold drinks.

After a time at Kutama I began to take more of an interest in current events and politics. With three friends I subscribed to the *Rhodesian Herald* and some South African magazines like *Zonk* and *Drum*. I read about the ANC of South Africa, the living conditions of black South Africans, apartheid and pass laws, and the political trials going on. In the *Rhodesian Herald* I learned about Zimbabwe organizations like the Youth League. We often discussed these things and I also learned a lot from the older boys who knew much more than I. A few were related to African leaders like Nkomo and Chikerema and were always eager to talk politics. I often sat listening to their discussions and this did a lot to shape my thinking. Some boys in the teachers' training course talked about how they would eliminate the injustices in Zimbabwe once they started to work - how they would make the Africans and the authorities see the wrongs of the system. Some of these fellows had already worked as teachers and could speak from experience. As time went on I became more and more involved in their discussions. I often thought about the day when we Zimbabweans could live like the Whites and run our own affairs.

One event I remember vividly from my Kutama days is Stalin's death. During catechism lessons the Marist brothers repeatedly pointed out the danger and evils of communism. They told us that nobody ever owned anything in a communist country; everything, including your wife and children, belonged to the State. If you built a house or bought some clothes, they too belonged to the State. Even children had nothing of their own. Naturally we all believed this. From the way the brothers talked about the "Iron Curtain" I firmly believed that there was a huge, impenetrable wall right across Europe, behind which people lived in terror and subjugation. They also told us that if we ever came across any communist books we should throw them away or we'd be in great trouble.

Well, on the day Stalin died the brothers were visibly happy. A Jesuit priest broke the news to us at morning service and talked about its significance for the "free world." Later that day an ox was slaughtered and we had a special meal to commemorate the event.

At the end of my third and final year at Kutama I had to start making serious plans. If I was to become a teacher there was no point in proceeding with secondary education. After discussing it with my parents and friends I decided to continue secondary school and try for university. Kutama was changing to the Cambridge system of education and since I wanted to continue in the South African system, I had to find another school. I chose Tegwane, a Methodist mission school near Plumtree and the only secondary school to continue the South African system. Several of my classmates also decided to transfer there. Others chose teacher training school and some quit school altogether. At the end of the year we said good-bye to Kutama and the staff and wished one another good luck.

I'd done very well in the exams, getting a first class pass. My parents were very proud and happy. They sent me to spend a week with my uncle in Bulawayo before going to help on our farm. This was the first time I spent more than even a few hours in town. My uncle taught at a city school and lived in one of the townships around Bulawayo. The week went by very fast; I got up early, did some gardening and other chores, and then my day was free for excursions in the town. Sometimes I went with uncle and sometimes with a boy who lived next door. He took me around the townships and once we went to a movie. I had seen films before, at Kutama and other places, but this was my first time at a regular cinema. I found the movie, a western, very exciting. This week gave me an idea of what city life was like. One thing that struck me was that people didn't have much to eat. They cooked just enough for their meal, nothing extra for seconds or in case a guest came. This seemed strange to me; at home we always cooked plenty, both for the family and whoever might drop by. If we weren't satisfied from the first serving we'd just say, "Mama, I'd like some more," and she'd dish it up from the pot. In town I always left the table half hungry but never dared tell my aunt. Town people seemed to be moving very fast, too; they didn't have time to greet each other on the street - just rushing along without even looking at anyone. The town boys, with nothing useful to do, spent most of their time fooling around and playing tricks on people. Once I watched some boys tying a string low on a lamp post and hiding in the ditch across the road. Each time a cyclist approached they tightened the string and he hit it and fell. Then the gang ran off, laughing loudly. I didn't find this at all funny and felt they would have been much better off doing things village boys had to do - herding, hunting and working in the fields. In the villages we respected older people and never played tricks on them like the town boys did.

After my week in Bulawayo I went to the farm in the Midlands where I spent the rest of the summer; plowing and helping out wherever I could. Early in 1956, towards the end of the holidays, I went to Cyrene and stayed with my parents before going on to Tegwane. One of my sisters, who was starting Standard 5, came with me. On the train I introduced her to some other girls and pretty soon she was able to get along without me. For me, little was new; I was a veteran of boarding schools by now. I met many friends from Kutama and others who had been to schools near Salisbury - Goromonzi, Dadaya or Domboshawa. Tegwane had students of both sexes. This was the first time since I was a small boy at Ngwenya that I had girls in my class and ..., well, I was very shy in the beginning. This, however, didn't last long. There were only two girls in my class and we boys treated them almost like sisters; there was mutual respect and nobody tried to show off or anything ... The students came from all over Zimbabwe, some from as far away as Umtali, Sinoia and Gwanda. In many ways I found the Methodist missionaries to be very practical people. They weren't as fussy with religious practices as the Presbyterians or the Catholics. We were expected to attend the daily services, but Sunday School was voluntary. The discipline, however, was strict. When you met a member

of staff you had to stand at attention. Long before, I had seen the boys at Tjolotjo doing this, but I had never been subjected to it myself. I remember that during one of my first days I met a teacher and when he greeted me "good morning" I just nodded "good morning" and kept on walking, with my hands in my pockets. The man promptly took down my name and as punishment I had to clean up the principal's office the following weekend.

At Tegwane we had to wear uniforms: khaki shorts and shirt, dark socks and black or brown shoes, always well polished. Every morning we were inspected to see if we were clean and if our uniforms were in order. Also, wherever we went within the school - to daily exercises, the classroom, dining hall and even the chapel - we had to march like soldiers in two straight columns. I didn't like it.

Our principal was a practical and fair-minded man. He told us that the school had no objections to our associating with the opposite sex provided, of course, that we did nothing immoral. He discouraged letter writing between boys and girls because he thought we had enough time during the day to see each other and talk. The boys' and the girls' dormitories were separated by a high fence and each was out of bounds to the other sex. Once or twice a term, however, we were allowed into the girls' section, like when we had sports tournaments. I was sixteen when I entered Tegwane and I soon found that many of my classmates had girl friends in the school. I wanted one too, but wasn't sure how to go about it. Being shy I sought the counsel of an older and more experienced friend. With his help I made friends with many girls. Finally, I met one I really liked. Her name was Doris and she was in her second year of secondary school. She was Shona-speaking. Her parents lived in Salisbury, but she had grown up in a village with her grandmother, only visiting her parents occasionally.

There wasn't a lot young couples could do at Tegwane. After classes we had thirty minutes before Doris had to report to the girls' dorms. At four in the afternoon all the boys "in love" rushed out to meet their girl friends in the yard and then stroll up "Love Street," a tree-lined road leading to the girls' section. Doris and I were among the crowd. We became very close and our relationship lasted long after we left Tegwane.

At Tegwane I increased my subscriptions to cover the *Bulawayo Chronicle* in addition to the *Rhodesian Herald* and the South African magazines. I also got other newspapers from my History and English teachers and we had even more political discussion than at Kutama. Groups of students got together in the evenings and talked about what was going on in Rhodesia and other parts of Africa. There were great differences of opinion among us, and some discussions got pretty heated. When deadlocked we often went to one of the African teachers. After the Suez crisis we celebrated the victory of the Egyptians. We were certain that it signalled the collapse of the British Empire. The missionaries, on the other hand, let us know that they weren't at all happy with the events in Egypt.

These years at Tegwane were very important for my political

development. Some of the African teachers held strong nationalist ideas, but, of course, they had to be careful. They had confidence in some of us and, particularly during my last year, they influenced my thinking towards nationalist aims. An event of importance in this respect was also when Joshua Nkomo, then President of the African National Congress of Southern Rhodesia, visited Tegwane in 1957 and spoke to us. "Study hard," he encouraged us, "because tomorrow your country is going to need your skills and knowledge." I was very impressed by Mr. Nkomo and for several weeks his visit remained foremost in my thoughts. I hoped that when I finished school I could meet with other people of his standing to discuss our problems and what we could do about them. I was a bit troubled by certain questions I didn't ask Mr. Nkomo. "Perhaps," I thought, "the ANC should stop pleading with the settlers and act like the Egyptians? Maybe this is the only language the British can understand." But I never had the courage to ask Nkomo these questions.

Returning to Cyrene after my first year at Tegwane I found my father having some problem with the missionaries. Apparently he'd had an argument with Mrs. MacDonald, wife of the principal, and she ended by slapping his face. Very angry, my father returned the slap, sending the woman sprawling on the floor. Another missionary saw what happened and attacked my father with a stick, but my father grabbed the stick from him and gave him a few blows. The principal fired my father on the spot, but he went immediately to the Anglican bishop in Bulawayo and explained what happened. The bishop intervened and decided the whole incident had been the woman's fault. So my father kept his job. His relationship with the missionaries deteriorated badly, however, and it was obvious the principal was just waiting for an opportunity to sack him. By the time I got home he was thinking of leaving the mission to go live on our farm in the Midlands. He didn't want another teaching job - he'd had enough of Europeans and wanted to work without their interference. However, after the situation had been thoroughly discussed within the family, he decided to take his time and make all necessary preparations before retiring to the farm.

In a way, my father was like the other people in our area, and the whole country. The difference, perhaps, was that my father became extremely angered by discrimination and actually *did* something about it whenever he could. He spoke up, reacted sharply to provocation by the Whites, and this got him into trouble. Every Zimbabwean disliked settler racism, but the great majority of them feared to act against it, even speak up a little, for fear of being arrested or beaten. You see, the Europeans intimidated Zimbabweans right from the start, defeating them with superior weaponry and eventually convincing them that because Whites had more technological skills and knowledge they were superior people, a superior race. They took advantage of this to exploit Africans, treat them brutally and with contempt in their own country.

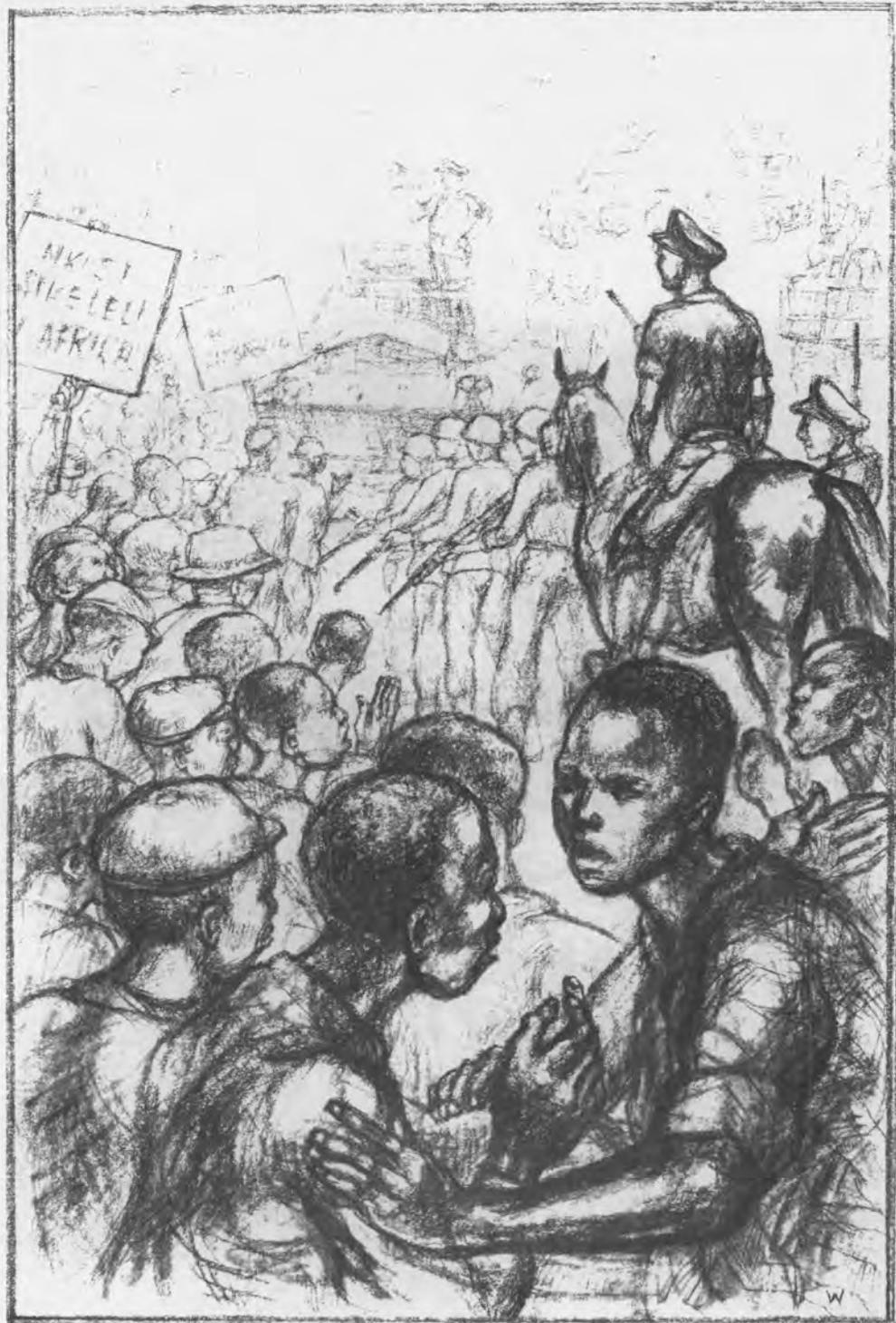
That summer of 1956 I wanted to take paid work during my hol-

idays. I was now almost 18 and my meagre allowance wasn't enough to cover the cost of books, postage, and so forth. I explained this to my father and he finally agreed, saying he would find me a job.

Returning home in the summer I was very unhappy to find that my work was to look after the Cyrene cattle while the students were away on holiday. I was disappointed and mad, regarding this kind of job as inferior. Being in high school, I didn't want a job which any little kid could do just as well. I argued but my father told me the men who usually did this summer work were much older than I. My mother supported me, but she couldn't change my father's mind. Finally, after a long, frustrating discussion, my father simply said, "No more talk! You will take this job!" The summer was long and boring for me. My small salary was paid directly to my father, who gave it to me only after deducting my expenses. Whenever I got clothes or other necessities, he took the money out of my earnings. So when I finally returned to Tegwane I had little more spending money than before. "No more of this work for me during next year's holidays," I thought. "I'd rather go and help out on my grandfather's farm."

I suspected that this was what my father wanted in the first place. He never really liked the idea of my taking paid work. The more I thought about it the more sure I was that he'd gotten me the job at Cyrene to discourage me from working other than on the farm. Some years later, in fact, he admitted that this was the case. He feared that I would get a well-paid job and abandon school; this was the last thing he wanted to see happen.

In summer 1957 I worked on the farm. I liked it and my relationship with my grandparents was always good. I enjoyed hard work and my grandfather often complained that I was trying to do too much. In the afternoon, when work in the fields was done, I read or visited friends. The summer, like future holidays, passed very fast.





Chapter Four

Mobilizing the People

During my last year at Tegwane I started preparing for university. I was accepted at Roma University in Lesotho, pending my exam results. The University of Rhodesia, just opening at this time, didn't offer the course I wanted, Commerce and Administration. (Seems strange when I think about it now.) At home we discussed my plans. My parents, of course, wanted me to go on. The big problem was money. I'd applied for a government bursary, but was turned down even before my exams. My father said that he might be able to support me, but this was clearly impossible. All my brothers and sisters - except Tokozile, who was then training to become a nurse - were in school and my fees alone would have come to more than all of theirs together. There was also my father's plan to leave his teaching job, and we couldn't possibly count on the farm to generate enough income to keep us all in school. One bad year and there'd be nothing left for fees.

Finally, I decided to find a job and study part-time. At the end of the summer my marks arrived. Luckily, I had done well. So, with my diploma in my pocket, I went to Bulawayo to seek a job. I had hardly been there three days when someone delivered a note to me from my father, "Mr. MacDonald wants you to come and teach here at Cyrene." Apparently, one of the teachers failed to show up for the new year and my father, eager to keep me home, recommended me for the position. He wanted to make sure I did my part-time studies. At first I was hesitant, but finally decided it wasn't such a bad idea, since living at home would give me more time to study. In Bulawayo I would have had to do my own housework, cooking, etc., and that would have left me little time for studying.

I started early in 1958 and was given a Standard 5 class - boys only. Most of my students were fourteen or fifteen, but a few were even older than I was. I managed to win their respect as a teacher and we never had any trouble. I really enjoyed teaching, though sometimes I wished I was on my own - far from my family and the missionaries. Nevertheless, the atmosphere in the class was good and the students were eager to learn.

During the general elections that year, when Garfield Todd lost his seat because of the opposition's chicanery, I thought my students should know what was going on. I took the first few minutes of a music lesson to talk about it, but the interest was so great and they asked so many questions that before I realized it the class was over. Next week in the same class, when I was ready

to start, several boys interrupted me, "Please, couldn't we continue our discussion from last week?" After that we never had any more music lessons. We changed the class, unofficially, into one on Rhodesian government and politics. I explained the unrepresentative parliamentary system, pointed out who the few African spokesmen in Parliament were and talked about the history of our country. Every day, after reading the *Herald*, I gave it to the prefect of the class to pass around among the students. Of course, politics wasn't a popular subject with the missionaries; at least not African nationalist politics. So we kept our discussions secret. And when the principal came around to inspect I grabbed the song book (which I always had ready on my desk) and started humming a tune, pretending to get the class ready for a song. My class came out worst in Music at the end of the year. I told MacDonald I had no talent for music and therefore very little to teach the students - suggesting that in future only qualified music teachers teach this class.

As the year went by I felt less like a "mission school" teacher and more like an underground political instructor for my African brothers. As I became increasingly dedicated to this task, I ceased looking upon my work as just a teaching job. I felt confident that my students were not only gaining enough book knowledge to pass their exams, but also a new political outlook on life.

At the end of 1958 my father was told that the school farm would be discontinued in 1959 so his services would no longer be required. This came as no surprise. "I knew it would happen sooner or later," he told me. "I saw it coming and am well prepared," he said with a little smile; and indeed it was true. The family had built a new house on our farm and we'd already moved some of our things. I decided to resign also and once the school year was over, we packed the rest of our things and left Cyrene for good.

In the summer we worked on the farm, renovating the barns, expanding the *kraals* for my father's cattle and working the fields. Once it seemed everything was under control, I packed my belongings and left for Bulawayo to find another job. My father arranged to buy me a house in Mpopoma township - on rent-purchase - so when I got there I had a place to live. Like other houses in the new African township, mine was built of pre-fabricated concrete slabs with asbestos roofing. It had two bedrooms, a combined sitting and dining room and a small kitchen. An outhouse was in the yard. There was no electricity except for street lights, so I cooked on a paraffin stove.

Mpopoma was very crowded. Houses were lined up in rows only five feet apart. I was so close to the street that I kept the windows shut all the time to keep down the dust. Soon my youngest sister came to stay with me; there was no school that would accept her near our farm, so she came to school in Mpopoma and used my spare bedroom. Tokozile was also staying in Bulawayo, finishing her training at the hospital. My second oldest sister was doing Standard 6 at Inyati, staying with my mother's parents, and my third sister was at Tegwane doing her first year of secondary school. My three brothers were all in primary school and staying with my par-

ents and my mother was again teaching near home.

I started job hunting as soon as I got to Bulawayo. First I went to the post office and made a list of all the places I thought might hire me. Then I telephoned until I found a company that would give an interview. Usually I had to wait a day or two. Then I wouldn't get the job. This went on about four weeks. I had a number of interviews, even some offers which I rejected because the salaries were too low. I needed at least thirty pounds a month but was usually offered around fifteen. I had figured out that I couldn't make it with less than thirty pounds a month.

As a teacher I had earned sixteen. At first it seemed like a lot, but it only took me a month to realize that it was very little - barely enough to get by. Fees for my part-time studies were two pounds a month and I gave my mother eight for room and board. She persuaded me to open a bank account and during the year I set aside a little from each paycheck. What was left I used to buy the few things I needed - clothes, newspapers and magazines, etc.

Now, in Bulawayo, to look after my sister, pay rent and continue my studies, I needed around thirty pounds. Besides, with a good education and teaching experience, I felt I was worth at least that much.

The looking was very demoralizing. After four weeks my savings were almost gone. In the fifth week I was forced to take the next offer that came along ... which was for a City Council Trainee Assistant Welfare Officer. The pay was eighteen pounds a month for a probational period of three months. Then I would either be sacked or promoted. Welfare work in the townships was a challenge. I was stationed in Mpopoma, only a short distance from my house. My work involved preparing timetables for the welfare organizers and assisting the Senior Welfare Officer - taking care of his correspondence, making requisitions from council for recreational equipment, and so forth. I kept in touch with the field workers and often helped them run films in the evenings. On weekends, I sometimes organized sports events for the Mpopoma kids. My boss was European and the field organizers were all Africans. He wasn't too bad ... the boss. He was kind and understanding and usually treated me well.

I met several old schoolmates from Kutama and Tegwane and sometimes we got together and talked about the past. A few had been in Bulawayo for some time and could tell me what was going on in the city, about the various recreation and sports clubs, movie theatres and other things. I learned from one of them about meetings of the African National Congress held every Sunday evening at Stanley Square in the Old Township. The next Sunday I went to see what was going on. There were about fifty people gathered on the square, including several of my friends. I can't remember who spoke, but there was a lot of talk about the government's Land Apportionment and Native Land Husbandry Acts and the disastrous effects these would have on our people. I was extremely interested and excited. Later I got together with a few people to discuss what was said at the meeting. None of us were ANC members, but we spent a lot of time discussing the organization and the pros and cons of joining. I learned a great deal. The ANC was busy pointing out the evils and

discrimination of settler legislation, ways to bring about improvements, possible amendments to the laws and investigations into their effects on the African population. As I see it now, the ANC didn't really aim at solving the basic problems of the Africans. It tried mainly to improve their lot within the existing colonial framework.

I agreed with the ANC objectives, except that I felt it would be better to work for an African majority in Parliament rather than merely a say on various commissions; to make *good* laws rather than try to patch up the *bad* ones. But I was reluctant to express my opinions. First I wanted to join and gain some experience. Unfortunately, I never got the chance. A couple of weeks after that first meeting the government outlawed the ANC. I'll never forget that day in February 1959. On my way to work I picked up the *Chronicle*. Front page headlines screamed that government had declared a State of Emergency "in the very early hours of the morning" in order to ban the ANC and arrest its leaders. At first, I couldn't believe it. I rushed to the office and phoned a friend who quickly confirmed the story and told me a few more details. I slumped behind my desk and read the text of the story. I felt angry, almost sick, as if a close relative had been killed. I couldn't understand why government was arresting people - over 500 - who were just peacefully pleading for change ... of course, the newspaper told about "master plans" for terror and violence being plotted by the African movements of Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. I thought this was just a lie the government was using to attack and ban these organizations. I didn't work that day, just sat in my office reading the paper, phoning friends and trying to arrange a meeting after work.

We met at my house that night. What had happened? And what were the implications of it? We quietly discussed these questions till morning. My own fear was that this would put an end to African nationalism in Zimbabwe - at least for quite a while. The reaction of the people over the next few days, however, was encouraging. The African masses were shocked and angry. ANC had been working constitutionally to improve conditions for the vast African majority. If this could be declared illegal, just like that, and people thrown in jail, who knew what the settlers might do next? I asked myself these same questions. "Something has to be done," I thought. "But what is it? And what can I do?"

At the welfare office my job became to assist families of the ANC prisoners. Most of the men were detained at Khami Prison, about twelve miles from Bulawayo. I met their worried wives and did my best to comfort them. Some came all the way from Shabani and Umtali. They brought spare clothes, razors, towels and food. My job was to write them visitor's passes, list all the things they brought for their husbands and arrange transport for them to Khami. This took all morning and I did my regular work in the afternoon. After three months a special government commission started reviewing the prisoners' cases and the job of looking after their families was removed from the welfare office. All transport of prisoners' families to Khami was cancelled. We thought the intention of government was to bar prisoners from any contact with the outside world. But this didn't

succeed in stopping the visitors. Several of us helped organize African businessmen in Bulawayo to take turns providing transport three times a week. Soon a number of the prisoners were released; only those the police considered "hardcore" nationalists were kept in detention.

Six months after the arrests, Garfield Todd, who was defeated in the previous election, formed a multi-racial political party, the Central African Party (CAP). Todd's objectives were in many ways similar to those of the ANC and at first CAP got some support from Africans. I sympathized with the Party, went to its meetings, participated in discussions, but never became a member. The relations between Africans and Whites were extremely tense at the time, and anything multi-racial was met with deep and well-founded African suspicion. For myself, I just couldn't believe in a "multi-racialism" with a handful of liberal Whites. The fact was that the bulk of European settlers were completely indifferent to the plight of the Africans, and benefitted greatly from their exploitation. Again, perhaps this CAP was just a clever attempt by the Whites to calm down the African masses. It was well-known that when Garfield Todd was Prime Minister he had ruthlessly suppressed a strike by African workers. This added to the skepticism of many. I think these are the main reasons Todd's CAP never gained the support of many Africans.

Toward the end of 1959 some people in contact with the imprisoned ANC leaders decided to form a new party - the National Democratic Party (NDP). It was launched officially in Salisbury in January 1960 and within a few weeks its interim officers in Bulawayo were busy organizing. I became involved immediately. Together with some friends and ANC people we formed the Youth Front (YF) which became the nucleus of the new Party in Bulawayo.

By this time I had left the city council to take a better paying job as a bank clerk. I was still registered in part-time studies at the University of South Africa, but my time was increasingly taken up with politics. The day before my final exams I had to go out of town to address a meeting. I returned so ill-prepared for the test that I decided not to sit for it. This, in fact, spelled the end of my part-time studies.

The YF organized rallies in the townships of Bulawayo and held weekend seminars to discuss the political situation in the country. Whenever possible, we got an NDP leader to speak, but often none was available and a YF member would address the meeting. Our main purpose was to recruit new members. At first we were so few that seminars were held at somebody's house. We started early in the morning and continued throughout the day. Our discussions centered around how we could best mobilize and organize the people. We also studied the NDP Constitution with its aims and objectives, and had critical political discussions.

To a large extent the Party relied on us to raise funds. We organized concerts, approached African businessmen, collected donations from sympathetic Whites, and tried other things. The youth were most receptive to our message and they were the easiest to mobilize. This was probably because most of the youth, like myself,

were dissatisfied with their present situation and had no prospects in a settler-dominated country. We often talked about these realities at our rallies. Many like myself and others in the YF nucleus had a good education and no physical handicaps. Yet not one of us earned enough to save even a few shillings a month. Nearly every penny went for necessities. We realized that under the settler regime, our material prospects were indeed very bleak.

Thus, we thought, it was necessary to try to end this system. Only a few young Zimbabweans failed to appreciate this fact. And our people in the rural areas were also receptive. The Land Apportionment and Land Husbandry Acts had taken away their best land and forced them to slaughter most of their cattle. This created profound resentment in the reserves; and when we told the peasants that our Party was fighting against these acts they were fired with enthusiasm.

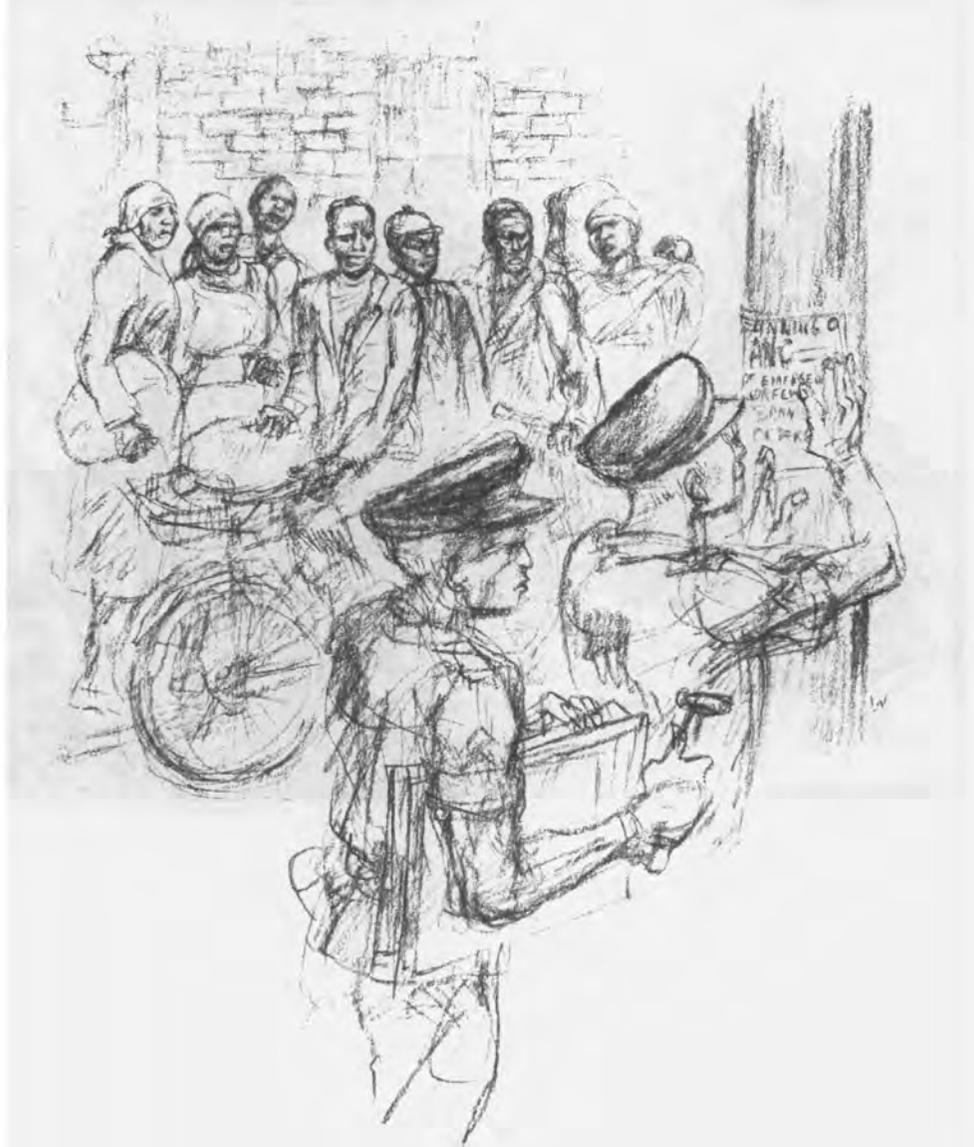
Most difficult to mobilize were the middle-aged and elderly people in the urban areas. They had seen what happened to the ANC; they had seen hundreds of people being arrested and beaten up, and because of this they were afraid to come out into the open. Many were sympathetic, but it was very difficult to get them to play an active role in the movement. Some would quietly take up ANC membership or donate money, but very few wanted to have their views exposed by becoming active.

Well, we did our best. We worked every evening and in the day time whenever possible. After a few months we had established branches in every township around Bulawayo and some also in the rural districts. Each branch was responsible for all the activities within its area. Local leaders worked more closely with the membership than we were ever able to. Thus, our time was freed for other organizational tasks. We tried our best to mobilize every single youth in the township; if somebody didn't participate we went to his house and invited him personally to our events. In this way almost everybody became involved.

Now, we could start organizing on a much larger scale. By mid-1960 the NDP had become a fully national party. Despite hostility and intimidation from the Whites, particularly from the Native Commissioners, we had branches or contacts even in the most remote corners of the country and our vehicles were always on the move, taking organizers around to strengthen our mass base.

It was during this period that one of the main confrontations between Africans and the police took place in Bulawayo. The Youth Front organized a Sunday morning rally at one of the city arenas. The event had been well advertised and we expected a large turnout. Then, just before it was to start, the police announced that the Government had issued an order banning the rally. The people were very angry. Many went to the meeting place despite the ban. I was among them. When we arrived, Special Branch men were blocking the arena gates. After a short discussion we decided to ask the officer-in-charge if we could enter just to sing the NDP anthem from the platform and then disperse. The police, few in numbers and eager to avoid a confrontation, agreed to this. So several hundred of us sang our anthem, *Nkosi Sikelele iAfrika* (God Bless Africa), several times before leaving.





As we walked back, still singing, more and more people joined us and by the time we got to the township we must have been well over a thousand. The crowd was very emotional and wasn't about to disperse without manifesting their discontent. Some suggested that everybody stay home from work the next day in protest against the banning of our meeting. After long and loud discussion, we decided to march to the main police station to demand an explanation of the ban. As we were leaving the township we found our way blocked by mounted police and troops in armored vehicles. They had weapons ready and coldly ordered us to disperse and return immediately to our homes in the townships. The crowd was in no mood to back down. The vast majority refused to obey. A senior police officer got up on one of the cars to speak. At first people refused to listen; they just hissed and booed. Only after some of us - the youth leaders - asked people to be quiet was he able to speak. He told us to choose a delegation which could see the Chief Magistrate the following day and make their complaint. Many people shouted, "It's only a trick! The ones we send will be arrested and charged with leading a riot. It has happened before!" The officer tried to assure us and finally allowed us to return to the arena to select our delegation - which in itself was a minor victory.

When we got there, however, people still decided against sending a delegation. Nobody trusted the police. Instead, many spoke out, denouncing the government. When we started to sing our anthem again, police reinforcements had already arrived and began firing tear-gas into the crowd. We swarmed out of the stadium, choking and half blinded. But the youth didn't take this attack lying down. Accepting the challenge, they started stoning the police, who answered with more tear-gas.

By now things were out of control. There was no effective leadership - including those of us in the Youth Front. The confrontation continued for most of the morning. The police brought in more reserves. Meantime, in another township, police stormed a beer hall because Africans were complaining that the beer was watered down. Here, too, tear-gas was used. When news of this spread, the growing crowd stormed all the township beer gardens, opening the taps to let the beer run out on the floor. Some took advantage of the chaos and robbed the beer hall staff. What began as a peaceful rally was turned into a riot by police repression. Most of the beer halls were ransacked and burned down, as were municipal offices in the townships. That Sunday evening Bulawayo looked like a war-torn city with many buildings still burning.

For the next two days no African went to work. On Wednesday police and soldiers entered the townships, broke into houses and literally forced people back to work with beatings and threats. But the strike lasted for two days and a lot of property had been damaged. Something similar had happened not long before in Salisbury - and African militancy was really beginning to throw a scare into the settlers.

A few weeks after the Bulawayo riot I addressed a meeting in one of the townships. "The authorities were responsible for what has happened here," I began. "Those people who threw rocks were

justified - they were only defending themselves. The police started the violence with their tear-gas."

At this rally, as at other public NDP gatherings, Special Branch agents were in the audience; they even had a microphone at the podium to record everything we said. The day after the rally as I sat at my desk in the bank, three Special Branch men entered. "Put on your jacket and come with us," one of them said. I looked at them a few seconds, then said "O.K.". I had no choice. As we got into their car we were joined by two African plainclothes police who had been waiting outside. I had one white and one African agent on each side as we drove to the central police station. I was fingerprinted, photographed and checked for weapons. Then I was hustled into a courtroom and formally charged under the "Law and Order Maintenance Act" for the inflammatory statements I had made at the previous day's meeting. I applied for bail and was allowed to leave after twenty-five pounds was deposited by friends who had heard of my arrest and rushed to the station. The trial was to be in six weeks. Back at work the manager called me to his office and coldly informed me that I was "suspended" because of my political activities. "If you resign from the NDP," he said, "and promise that you'll abandon your wild political activities, I'll see to it that the charge against you is withdrawn." He gave me a few days to think about it and recommended that I talk it over with my father, whom he knew, and also with two prominent Africans in the city - a school inspector and a Member of Parliament. In the meantime, I would remain suspended from my job.

I left by bus for our farm that same day. I was a bit surprised to find that my parents' attitude was very similar to the bank manager's. "You know my feelings, and you know I support the Party," my father kept repeating. "But you young folks have acted like fools. And you must listen to the advice of older and wiser men. Don't you see what's happening? You might lose your job and spoil your whole career, just because you don't use your head before you act!"

They wanted me to resign my office in the Youth Front and become an ordinary NDP member who paid dues but never participated in Party activities ... just like themselves. After a few days I decided it was a waste of time to argue any more with them, so for the rest of my stay we didn't discuss politics. I worked in the fields like before and when the day's work was over I went around to nearby villages. There I talked to the young people and managed to form a YF branch in the region.

After a month I went to Bulawayo to get membership cards for the branch and report my activities to the regional office. Saturday morning, a few days after I got to town, I went to see a friend. While talking in his house we saw a Special Branch car stop outside. I was afraid they were after me - though I had done nothing illegal since I had been granted bail. I hid in the bathroom and from my hiding place heard them read a warrant for my friend's arrest. Realizing they didn't want me, I went back into the room - to the great surprise of the agents - and asked innocently what was happening. The African officer in charge re-read the warrant. He agreed to give me a lift to town so that I could arrange bail for my friend. We

all crowded into their car and soon they dropped me off downtown.

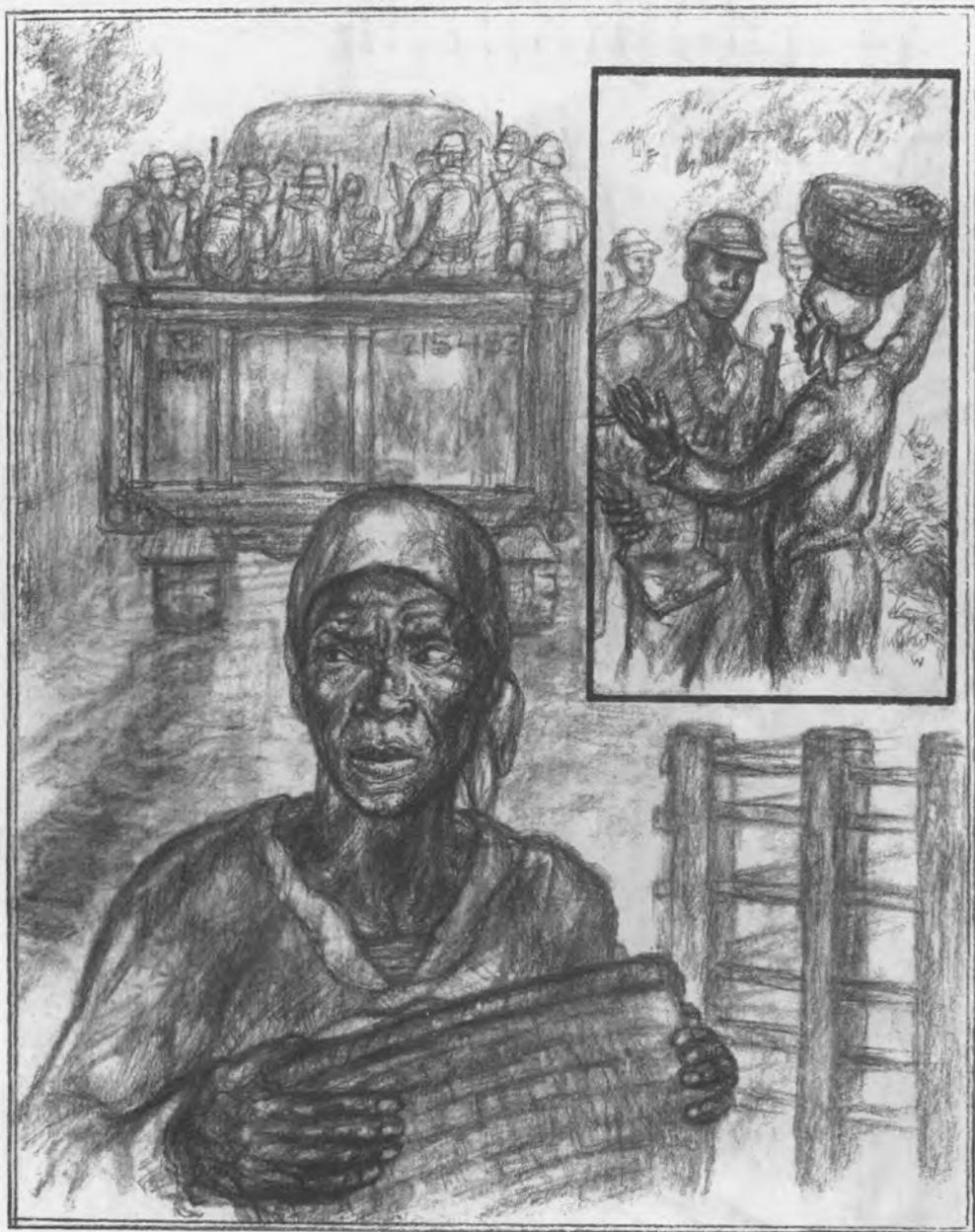
Having seen some friends and raised what I hoped would be enough for bail, I went to the police station. I waited in the outer room reading a paper. A young plainclothes officer walked up to me and said, very politely: "Mr. Moyo, would you care to come to my office for a few minutes?" I went with him and he offered me a seat, casually lit a cigarette and started talking. He thanked me for having come to the station. "You have saved me a lot of work," he said, "because I've been assigned to arrest you." From his desk he produced an arrest warrant dated two weeks back. Then he called in two constables and I was immediately taken to court for a second charge under the "Law and Order Maintenance Act."

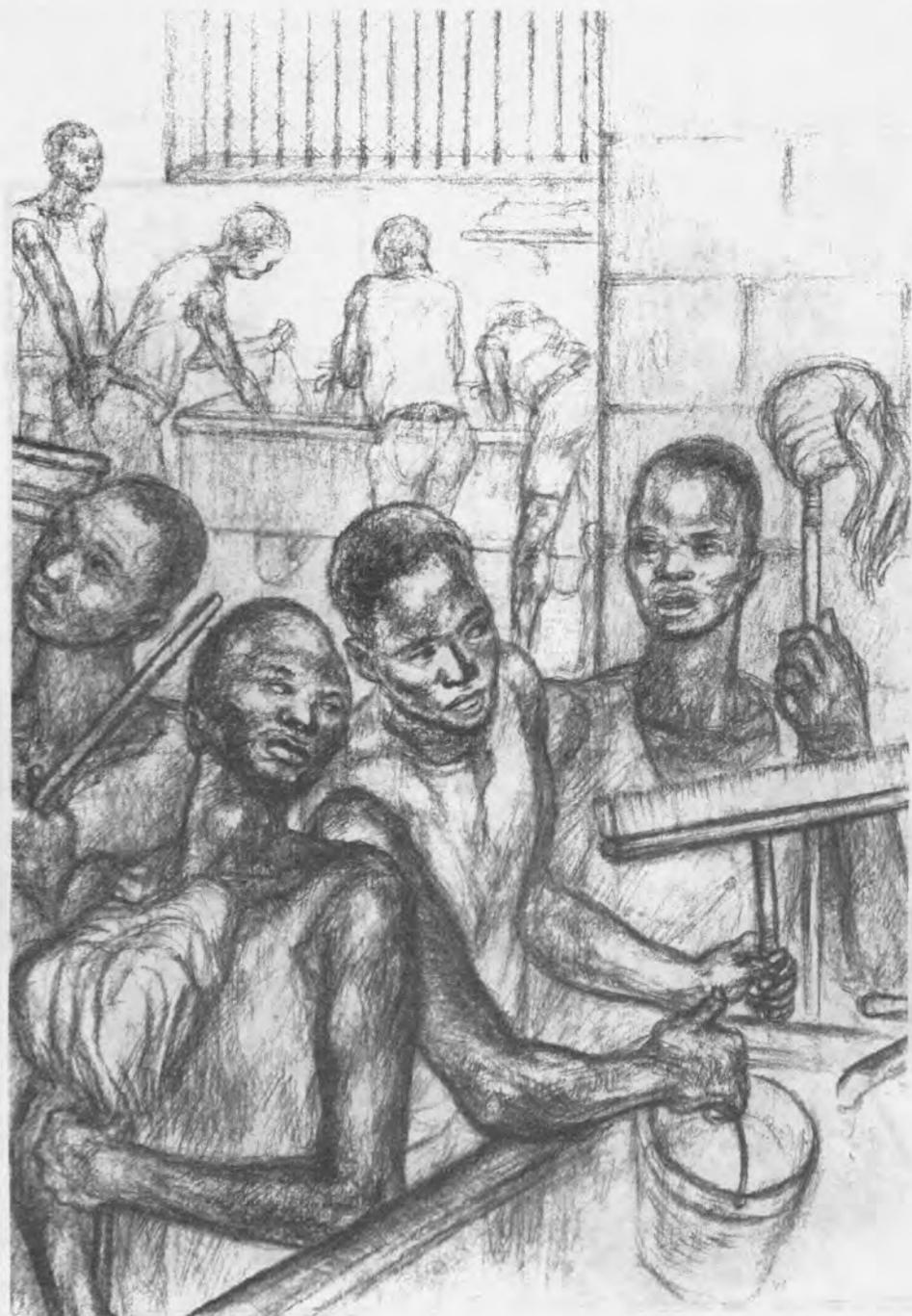
In the meantime my friend had been through court and granted twenty pounds bail. It was paid by some of the Youth Front members. When my turn came the magistrate refused bail, saying he had specific instructions from the Attorney General in Salisbury. I was declared a "security risk," though he couldn't say why.

With six other prisoners, all charged with criminal offences, I was taken to the remand prison. On an open veranda in front of the prison itself, our names and other particulars were taken down. Then we were fingerprinted and told to undress (our clothes were just thrown into a bag marked with our names). Our wristwatches and wallets were registered with the attendant. We remained standing naked for over fifteen minutes on the veranda before a prison doctor arrived to "examine" us. He wasn't the least concerned with our general health; all he wanted to know was if we had any venereal disease. When he finished, some prison clothes (torn shorts and red vests) and two old blankets were thrown to us. The prison officer then made us run to the cells.

So there I was, in prison on a Saturday afternoon. I wasn't really worried about myself, but my arrest came at a bad time. There were some important things I had wanted to do, like report the new branch at the Party Office and discuss a few things with the YF leaders. I also thought: "Tokozile is getting married next weekend. I would like to be at her wedding." As for myself, though I had expected sooner or later to be dragged off to jail, it was still a bit frightening and a shock to me.

The Party got me a lawyer and in a few days he came to see me in prison. He said that under the Law and Order Maintenance Act there was very little chance of me getting an acquittal. "The Magistrates," he said, "don't have much opportunity to exercise their own views in these cases. The verdict is built right into the charge." I realized, of course, that the magistrates were part and parcel of the system of repression - apathetic toward the conditions of the Africans and feeling no moral obligation to give them a fair trial. Whatever I meant to say at the rally, it didn't really matter - the court would choose the most condemning interpretation. After my talk with the lawyer, I fully expected to be convicted and sentenced to a term in prison. The only question was "How long?"





Chapter Five

Baptism of Fire

The first thing I did was to get and read the prison regulations. It was well-known that wardens could be - and usually were - ruthless to African inmates. I didn't want to give them any excuses to treat me badly. At this time I was the only political prisoner in the Bulawayo Remand Prison. Some others, already convicted, were at the maximum security Khami Prison - which was out of town.

I read the regulations thoroughly and realized they were being violated without much concern by the authorities. Prisoners awaiting trial, for example, were not to do any work except clean their cells and utensils. In fact, all African remand prisoners had to clean the White prisoners' cells, wash the White prisoners' clothes and work in the kitchen.

I started to organize the other African prisoners to demand that the authorities abide by their own rules. First I talked to a few I trusted, then together we spoke to some others - a few at a time, during work hours. Some were reluctant to do anything, fearing what would happen to them afterwards. But most agreed. They hadn't know the regulations before and were angry at having been exploited.

When I was sure a majority backed the plan, a message was circulated the next morning calling on everybody to work *only* according to prison regulations. The men acted in a very disciplined manner and the African warden in charge of our compound found no excuse to use force. Instead he went to the superintendent who immediately came to see what was going on. The prisoners stated our case and he promised to look into our complaints. I had decided to remain in the background. I was sure the warders would be looking for the trouble-maker, the organizer.

When I was called to the superintendent's office a few hours later, I knew that someone had talked. He didn't ask about my role in the strike, he simply said he knew I had organized it. "But in a way," he said, "you are right, and I'll see that we stick to the regulations from now on." Then he became very serious. "The point, however, is that if you have grievances, you should bring them to me and not stir up the other convicts. I'll not allow this prison to be used as a political platform for nationalist agitators - make sure you remember that or you'll be very sorry, rules or no rules! Just forget your politics while you're here and you'll be alright!"

I sat quietly listening to his warning, as there was nothing to be gained from arguing. Our action had been successful and this

was the fact that really bothered the superintendent. His warning didn't reduce my feeling of satisfaction.

A short time later another political prisoner arrived, transferred from Gwelo where he had been awaiting trial. The two of us were put in a cell together. We were completely isolated from the other African prisoners and spent our days talking about our cases and politics in general, and reading whatever we could get a hold of. Much of the time I just sat thinking. Our *sadza* meals were dull and meager and time passed very, very slowly.

When the day arrived for my first case, I was handed back my civilian clothes, told to put them on and was driven to the court. There, I met with my lawyer for a short briefing. The proceedings opened with the prosecutor reading out the charge. I pleaded "not guilty." Then the tape of my speech was played and the important parts were replayed for emphasis. I was cross-examined at length by the prosecutor, who tried hard to paint me as a dangerous agitator. In defence my lawyer and I maintained that what I had intended to say in my speech was that if the police wanted respect and cooperation from the people, then they should not provoke the people. "The police were stoned that Sunday," I said, "because the people were furious at being tear-gassed."

Despite my lawyer's efforts the magistrate felt that speeches like mine were responsible for the "lawlessness" in the country. After two full days of proceedings he sentenced me to nine months in prison, six of which would be suspended providing I didn't commit any offence under the same act for two years.

A few days later in prison two Special Branch agents came to my cell to lay a third charge on me under the same Law and Order Maintenance Act. This time for something I had said at a different rally. The Party couldn't afford more lawyers, so instead of accepting legal counsel from the government, I decided to defend myself. A prisoner preparing his own case is exempted from regular work and I took full advantage of this and even had my trials postponed several times.

When they finally came up, about two weeks apart, they proved exact replicas of the first one. I got two terms of three months, added to my first term, and six months suspended in each case. In total, then, I was to serve nine months in prison with eighteen months suspended.

I was removed from the remand section - where those awaiting trial are kept - to the regular prison. The routine was different. We got up at six, washed, had a breakfast of thin porridge and black coffee (without sugar) and then went to work. I was put on the wood chopping crew. Some white inmates sawed logs into pieces about a foot long, then my crew split these into small pieces with axes. A few weeks later I was transferred to a crew making mattresses for the white prisoners. You see, white prisoners all over Rhodesia get beds with mattresses while Africans only get two blankets to spread on the cement floors. At noon we had lunch, *sadza* and vegetables. The workday was over at four and was followed by supper, again *sadza* and beans or a little meat. After the evening meal we were locked up in our cells for the night.

I worked only inside the prison. Some of the inmates worked outside, cutting grass in public places, working in hospitals, on road crews, and so on. Returning at the end of the day, these men had to strip and were thoroughly examined by the warders. Inside workers didn't have to go through this. Working outside, however, had its advantages. Sometimes they got a chance to see friends, hear news about their families and (when the guards turned their backs) get a little extra food, cigarettes or even money from friends. Money wasn't allowed inside the prison, but there was still quite a bit in circulation. There was a lot of gambling and a very active black market in prohibited goods and drugs. At times the warders cracked down on the racket, but often they were in on it so it was impossible to wipe out altogether.

As a political prisoner I was generally respected by the regular prisoners and had very few problems getting along with them. At work they sometimes gave me the easier jobs, taking the tough ones themselves. I objected to this, saying I wanted to do the same work as everybody else. In time I got to know some of the prisoners quite well. We often talked at night about their cases, their criminal activities and the circumstances that landed them in prison. Most common was theft, the majority explaining their actions by unemployment, poverty and an inability to look after their families. Many had been unjustly sentenced because they were without proper defence at their trials. Of course there were some hardcore criminals, sentenced for deliberate murder or assault. I sympathized with some of them, but it was difficult with others. On the whole I can say that I learned a lot in prison I never could have learned from books or from the outside. The problems of the Zimbabwe people took on a dimension of reality they never had for me before.

White prisoners had many advantages - in addition to beds with sheets and mattresses, and relatively comfortable cells (cleaned by African inmates), they got proper pants and shirts (washed by Africans) and their food was far better than ours. They were guarded only by white warders - for an African guard to give them orders would have 'degraded' all Whites.

While I was behind bars the NDP continued to grow and the settlers started to view it as a serious threat. My friends in the YF came to visit me almost every weekend and kept me partially informed about recent developments. They also brought me books, particularly political literature, which I was able to read in my cell before "lights-out." Many African prisoners were interested in the Party and its work. They asked me many questions and we often had long discussions about the nationalist movement and what it could do for Zimbabweans. I even talked politics with some of the warders, for whom their work was "just a job." These few tended to treat me O.K. One said, "Man, we've got nothing against you, you're a political prisoner, not a criminal. Maybe some day the NDP will rule Zimbabwe and I'll be working for you, not the British."

White guards, of course, acted much differently. When the NDP was banned, early in December 1961, one of them came over to me as I was working and said: "Hey you! Now where do you think you are? Bosses arrested, your movement banned, and your plans gone

to hell. If you'd been smart, you'd have stayed in that bank and kept your mouth shut!" Then he gave me the expected "friendly" advice: "When you get out just find a job and forget about politics. Africans will never rule Rhodesia!"

Most of my friends were detained or restricted to their home areas when the Party was banned and for a while I didn't get any visits. Just before Christmas, however, my mother came to see me. She told me not to worry. "Don't fear," she said. "Soon you'll be free and able to come home again. What has happened is an experience every man has to go through."

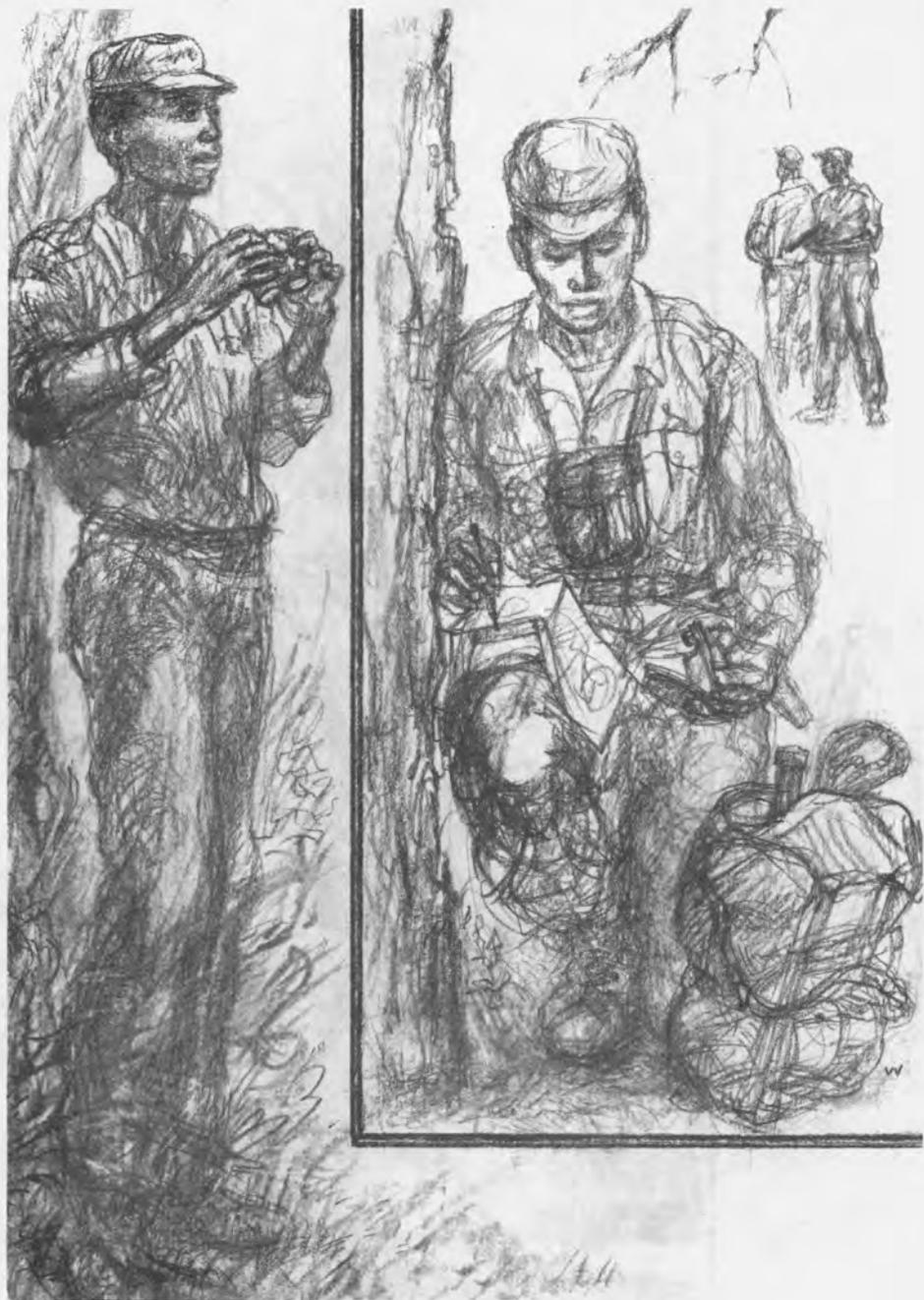
I was encouraged by her attitude and strength. My friends started coming to see me as soon as their restriction orders were lifted. They brought me the news that a new party, the Zimbabwe African People's Union (ZAPU) had already been formed. Ten days after the NDP was banned, ZAPU was founded. Its leadership was almost identical to the NDP's, I had about four more months to serve and was very eager to get out and begin work with the new party.

Early in April 1962 one of the friendly warders told me my release would be coming up soon. In fact, the very next day I was called to the superintendent's office and told that I had been given three weeks remission because of good conduct. I got my clothes ready, cleaned and well pressed, and filled out the necessary papers. Word had been gotten to a friend in the Youth Front and when I walked out through the prison gates, some YF members were there to greet me. First we drove to my house at Mpopoma where my sister and brother had been staying. They were happy to see me and told me all the news about the family. Later in the afternoon my friends took me to the Kwezi Club where a welcome party had been arranged. Many of the YF members were there as well as some of the ZAPU branch officials. It was a homecoming party and there was plenty of food and drinks. As the night wore on I got completely drunk. The next thing I remembered was waking up next morning in my bed. My sister told me some comrades had carried me home late at night. Anyway..., I really appreciated the warm welcome of my comrades.

Later that day, I visited the ZAPU office and was told that I had been appointed Regional Revenue Officer - if I wanted the job. My old post as chairman of the youth district had also been kept open for me. I said I would gladly accept both positions. I had already gone through a sort of "baptism of fire" and I felt strong enough, both politically and physically, to carry on with the political struggle despite the consequences. First, however, I took two weeks to go and visit my family. At the farm they prepared another big welcome. The first evening we discussed my plans for the future. When talking about my new ZAPU appointments, I could see that my parents were not very enthusiastic. Perhaps they had hoped that I'd had enough of politics and would settle down. But they realized it was no use trying to change my mind. My father just said: "Well, you're old enough to look after yourself now and make your own choices. We wish you the best of luck, that's all we can do. But remember, if you have any problems, don't be afraid to come to us. We'll always be ready to help you." I was

very happy about this reaction and we all enjoyed the rest of my stay. When the two weeks were out I returned to Bulawayo to start work in the ZAPU regional office.





Chapter Six

To Struggle for Liberation

Returning to Bulawayo after the two weeks, I immediately began working in the regional office. ZAPU was simply a continuation of the NDP. The structure and most of the officials - including the president, Joshua Nkomo, who was outside the country at the time - were the same. Only the name was different. People did not regard ZAPU as a "new" organization, so the organizational work was relatively easy. Our Headquarters were big and well-furnished, we had sufficient vehicles to meet our needs throughout the country, and we had adequate funds. (The problem was not to solicit money, but to get time to collect it.)

Thus ZAPU was a strong organization right from the start. Unlike the period following the ANC banning, when people were afraid to join another nationalist movement, we now had very few problems in recruitment. People joined readily and I was told that right after NDP was banned there was obvious impatience among the people for a new party to be formed. I think this change was due mainly to the work NDP had done in politicizing the masses and demonstrating the need for a strong nationalist movement. Also, we knew more now about the problems that faced us and past experience enabled us to avoid many mistakes. By the time I took up my position, much of the groundwork had already been laid. For example, no more branches had to be formed since all the old NDP branches were transformed into ZAPU branches.

My main task in this period was to help prepare for the first official ZAPU Conference. This involved working out a new constitution, preparing elections and developing an action program. The settler regime was distressed by our growing strength and we half expected ZAPU to be quickly banned. We wanted to hold the Conference before the ban so as to prepare for any future bans. It became apparent, however, that we weren't going to win the race, so the leadership decided - even before the Conference - to form shadow structures at every level of the organization, from the National Executive down to the branches, so that political activities could go on even if all publicly known officers were arrested.

The ban came the following September, 1962. Early one morning all ZAPU officers were arrested and taken to prisons all over the country. We had learned of the ban a few hours in advance and, at an emergency meeting, the leadership decided that I and a few others in the Youth Front leadership should go underground to carry out essential Party activities. Therefore, when the police knocked

on my door that morning I was gone - already having taken cover somewhere else in town.

I had little difficulty in carrying out my underground tasks. My contacts were people who could move around town freely and take care of the necessary surface activities. I directed their operations and moved only for security reasons. Whenever I had to go outside I used a disguise. We had agents within the Special Branch and knew in advance about police raids. In this way I was able to work underground with surprising ease for over three months. Then, just before Christmas, I needed some books and asked a friend to get them for me. He couldn't do it so one day I decided to go myself. As I walked down the street, and despite my disguise, I was spotted by two old "friends" in Special Branch. They were walking straight toward me. I quickly ducked into a store, but it was too late. They stopped me inside, "You're Temba Moyo, aren't you?" It was more a statement than a question. "What do you want?" I asked, but they just grabbed me and dragged me outside. I didn't resist.

Down at the police station another agent joyfully welcomed me back, "Good to see you again Moyo! You've been hiding yourself very well; but I knew we'd catch up with you one day." He didn't bother to ask where I had been, but said they'd been looking for me day and night. I said, "I haven't been hiding at all! You must have come to my house while I was out having a beer or visiting friends."

Later I was taken to my house by a group of policemen who ransacked the place thoroughly - even dug up the garden. An officer told me there had been acts of sabotage while I was underground and I was the chief suspect. I guess they expected to find explosives in my yard. They found nothing except for some useless papers in the house. I wasn't worried. I knew there was nothing there to incriminate me ... just some letters from Doris and a few photographs. It was late afternoon before they finally took me back to the station. There, after some private discussion, the officer told me, "You'll be restricted to the area of your family's farm until further notice!" He seemed very angry.

I was driven to Midlands under Special Branch guard. First we went to the local Native Commissioner and I was introduced as "one of the new breed of dangerous nationalist leaders." The Native Commissioner would be responsible for seeing that I kept within my area of restriction, which had been set as a three-mile radius from our farm. This meant that I could visit only one other farm. Everything else was out of bounds. I was told to report to the NC's office once a week, but when I argued that the office was outside the three-mile radius set they decided to send police about once a week to check on my at home - unannounced, of course. If caught outside the restriction area, I would be charged and taken back to prison.

We stayed overnight at the NC's quarters and went on to the farm next morning. My family was surprised to see me, especially with the Special Branch men. I quickly explained what was happening and they laughed - partly from relief and partly because they were just happy to have me back home. It was summer and they

needed my labor ... which added to my father's pleasure. Only my youngest sister and brother were at home. My grandparents were ageing and my uncle's two kids were too young to be of much help. So there was a lot of work for me to do in the fields.

My arrival also gave my father an opportunity to do some other things he had to attend to and to visit some relatives and friends. At times I was all alone in the fields. I started very early; usually I spanned the cattle before five and finished around noon. This left my afternoons free and often I went off to read in the bush. And occasionally, without my parents knowing, I went to visit Youth Front members outside my restriction area. I trusted my sister and told her where I was going. When my mother asked her where I was she would shrug and say: "Who knows ... I saw him take off into the bush with some books under his arm not too long ago."

Once I went to see some YF comrades in their village, about five miles away. I took my father's bicycle and rode along a small forest path. I was afraid I might meet the police on the road. While at the village of these friends two police officers, one black and one white, arrived at our farm to check on me. My mother told them that I was somewhere out in the bush reading. They asked my sister if she knew where I usually went. She said, "Well, sometimes he goes down to the river, other times he just follows the cattle. So I can't really say. He could be anywhere in the forest." She was sent out by the officers to search for me, and she walked around in the bush shouting loudly so they could hear her from the farm. She moved slowly, doing her best to gain time. After a while the policemen settled down to wait for me. My sister happened on to my little brother and managed to have him sneak into the house and grab a few of my books. Then she sent him out to the trail to intercept me when I returned and tell me the police were there.

It was dusk before I came back. About a mile from the farm I met my brother. He told me the situation and handed me the books. I hid the bicycle carefully and walked quickly across the fields. As I entered the house my mother greeted me with visible relief but outward complaining, "Where have you been? Thought I told you not to read so much when there's work to do!" I calmed her and turned to the policemen. It was obvious they were quite angry... probably suspecting I'd been out of my area. The white officer said they'd been determined to wait the whole night and the next day, too, if necessary, to see me back on the farm. I assured them that I never went anywhere, didn't even have any friends in the neighborhood. So what could I do but work and read? They looked at me, then got up and left, still not really convinced by my story.

This was my first summer at home since I left school. At Christmas all my brothers and sisters came home and the whole family had a great time. One morning in January, while I was ploughing the field, my mother came running up to me, kissed me and said excitedly, out of breath, "Guess what's happened?" Then she told me that on the six o'clock news they had announced that all restriction

orders had been lifted; that every restricted person was now free.

This was a gesture by the Rhodesian Front, the European party which had just won the elections over the ruling United Federal Party. I was almost too surprised to dare believe her. Having followed the election, I found it strange indeed that the Rhodesian Front, composed mainly of the most reactionary settlers, would make a move like this. Anyway, I out-spanned the cattle and went home to listen to the next newscast. It confirmed what my mother had said. I was extremely happy and wanted to leave for Bulawayo immediately, but yielded to my mother's pleas that I stay until the worst of the season's work was over.

Two days later some YF friends came up from Bulawayo. They thought that maybe I hadn't heard the news and came to tell me. They stayed for a day and helped in the fields. We talked about recent events and what was happening back in town. At the end of January most of the heavy work was done. My parents could get by without me now so I decided to return to Bulawayo.

When I arrived I found many others also released from restriction. We had no official party now but due to our clandestine preparations before the ban, ZAPU was still functioning. On orders from the leadership, we started to prepare for another Conference - a mass general meeting to determine the course and elect the leadership for the Zimbabwe nationalist movement. We renewed our old ZAPU contacts and mobilized our people in the former branches and districts. We explained what was happening, saying that our plan was merely a continuation of the work initiated before the ban; that it was necessary because ZAPU never held its National Conference before it was outlawed. For a time we were able to operate very freely and most Africans still recognized us as representing the aspirations of the Zimbabwe people.

Before the Conference, rumors started spreading that some leading members wanted to drop ZAPU and form a new official party. The leadership as a group, however, decided that such a decision couldn't be taken by the Executive alone; that it would have to be decided by the people at the Conference. But later, as we pushed on with our preparations for the Conference, we learned of other problems within the leadership, culminating in rumors about a new party formed by the dissatisfied minority of ZAPU leaders.

As a Youth Front officer I started an investigation to check on these rumors. I could find no trace of any new party in our district, reported this to the regional leaders and went on with my work. All over the country delegates were elected from branches, districts and regions to attend the Conference. It was to be held on the Cold Comfort Farm near Salisbury and came to be known as the "Cold Comfort Conference." The number of delegates from the Bulawayo region was very large, especially from the rural areas. We had planned to hire buses, but there were so many people going that we had to hire special railway coaches instead.

A number of important decisions had to be made at the Cold Comfort Conference, including whether to form another party, and how to deal with the new rival organization, ZANU,* formed in December, 1962 by dissident ZAPU leaders. So there were many

important matters regarding the future of the Zimbabwe nationalist movement which had to be considered. On the question of a new party there was general agreement that the experience of ANC, NDP and ZAPU proved that any future organization would also be banned before it had an opportunity to become effective. ZAPU would not be abandoned, as simply taking a new name would be useless. Instead we decided to form the People's Caretaker Council, an interim "legal" body to represent and mobilize the Zimbabwe people. It would be headed by an executive and its officer appointed from among active nationalists. Unlike ZAPU, the PCC would have no offices, vehicles or property of any kind. It was merely a group assigned to act on behalf of the people and in regular consultation with them. Nkomo was elected President and with the Executive was given wide powers to carry out any activities - legal or illegal - designed to gain freedom for Zimbabweans. A National Council was also formed to advise the President. We in the Youth Front were to work under the direction of the Executive.

More than five thousand people attended the Cold Comfort Conference. It lasted from early morning until sunset and it took several hours to clear the area when it was over. It was very well prepared and organized, delegates spoke from a platform and people expressed general agreement on all important issues. Thus we managed to cover a lot of ground during our one day Conference despite the large number of participants.

When the Conference was over I returned to Bulawayo to await further instructions. There wasn't much to do while waiting. We held a few secret meetings to discuss the results of Cold Comfort and ways of maintaining the underground ZAPU network. A month later I received instructions to go to Northern Rhodesia with three other Bulawayo Youth Front members. The Executive met immediately after the Conference and selected a number of people to go abroad to be trained for the inevitable armed struggle against the Rhodesian regime.

We left on the Lusaka train late one night. The Federation** was still in existence at this time so there was no border control to prevent us from entering Northern Rhodesia. However, some Special Branch agents on the train asked about our destination. We told them we were headed for Victoria Falls, so when the train stopped there we got off and left the station as if heading toward the township. Once out of sight, we turned back, re-entered the station from another direction and jumped onto the train just as it was leaving. No problems after that. We arrived safely in Lusaka the next morning.

We were met by a ZAPU representative who had just established an office in the city. He told me I was to be his assistant, keeping records and doing other office work. There was little to do, however, and after a time I became bored, feeling I wasn't doing or

* The Zimbabwe African National Union.

**The Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland (1953 - 1963) comprised what is now Zimbabwe (Rhodesia), Zambia and Malawi. (O.G.)

accomplishing very much. More youth arrived from Zimbabwe every week. Then, during the summer we were divided into groups of ten and finally, in June 1964, my group was sent to the Soviet Union for military training. Two of us were from the Bulawayo region and the rest came from Salisbury, Gwanda, Gwelo, Umtali and Nkai. We knew each other from the past Party activities and had no problems within our unit. We worked hard and learned as much as possible. We knew we would need all the skills we could get on returning to Zimbabwe. After twelve months of intense training we returned to Zambia and rejoined other comrades who had trained elsewhere.

In 1963 the movement started a sabotage campaign in Zimbabwe against the power supply lines and industry essential to the colony's economy. At first these actions were carried out by local militants trained in Zimbabwe. But by the time my unit got back, several small groups of well-trained cadre had already returned to Zimbabwe to reinforce the locally trained militants. We were all eager to start. After a short period of briefing we split up and slipped across the border individually or in small groups.

My major responsibilities were reconnaissance and establishing a network of reliable contacts so as to escalate our operations. Of course, I had to be extremely careful. The settler regime knew there were ZAPU militants in the country and did its best to track us down. But we moved ahead. I participated in several actions against railway lines, power pylons and transformers. We concentrated our work in the urban areas and this required the cooperation of many Party members.

A few attempts were made to blow up police stations, but unfortunately none were successful. In some cases detonators were defective and on one occasion the charge was discovered just before it was set to explode. Our main problem was lack of adequate materials. We were forced to rely on whatever we could get from contacts within the country. Often explosives were too old or partly destroyed, making them unstable and dangerous to work with.

The political impact of our campaign was tremendous. Despite counter efforts by the regime, news of our operations spread quickly and became the main whispered talk among Africans in the towns, between villagers meeting at a dip-tank, among students in the schools and across the tables at beergardens. Though living an underground existence, I was still able to see that most people were fully in support of our actions. Many Whites, of course, were frightened by the violence and left the country. Others felt their government wasn't doing enough to stamp out the ZAPU "terrorists" and demanded stronger measures to protect European life and property. White mistrust and hostility towards all Africans grew rapidly.

It was in this context that Smith unilaterally declared Rhodesia "Independent" of Britain in November 1965 and simultaneously imposed a State of Emergency. Curfews and various other restrictions and repressive measures made it very difficult for us to move and most of us had to lay low for several months. Many of our contacts also had to go underground. By infiltrating the movement, Special Branch had managed to learn some of our plans and arrest several

key ZAPU men. Those caught who had participated in sabotage operations were sentenced to death. Most of the others were given prison terms of ten or fifteen years.

It was under such circumstances that this plan of operations came to a halt. Most of us who were still free were scattered all over the country trying to avoid arrest by Special Branch agents hunting for us day and night. I managed to elude them for several months, partly by luck and mainly by being extremely cautious. In mid-1966, almost a year after I re-entered Zimbabwe, I slipped out again and reported to our external headquarters.

ZAPU experiences from this early campaign led us to a serious reassessment of the Party's strategy for the armed struggle. After much discussion it was decided that our next campaign would have to combine sabotage and open guerrilla combat operations. Many militants had left Zimbabwe for military training and were now waiting abroad in the ZAPU camps, preparing to go and fight the settlers.

After I reported on my activities inside I was given a short period to rest and then assigned to a fifteen-man unit about to enter Zimbabwe. Again my primary responsibility was reconnaissance and operations.

During the 1966 campaign we carried out missions in the Lupane and Urungwe areas of northern Zimbabwe. This was the first time ZAPU forces engaged the enemy in open combat and as the campaign unfolded our lack of experience led to many errors. The enemy, however, which had mobilized its forces after our previous campaign, also lacked experience. We therefore managed to score some important early victories.

I remember one time when my unit, after carrying out several missions, ran short of supplies. The commander assigned a comrade to go buy some food at an African store about five miles from our base. This was dangerous, of course, but we were starving. So the fighter put on civilian clothes and set off. The enemy, however, knowing there were ZAPU units in the area, had posted an agent at each local store. As our man left with his load of canned goods and several loaves of bread he was spotted. The police trailed him and he walked quite a distance before realizing that he was being followed. Then he quickly changed directions and tried to lose them in the bush. Soon, however, an enemy helicopter spotted him. He dropped the food and ran, firing his pistol at the Special Branch men who were still following on foot. After a short chase the helicopter hovered at tree-top level above our comrade. He was ordered through a loudspeaker to lay down his weapon and surrender. There was no possibility for escape so he gave himself up. Disarmed and handcuffed he was taken to the store and interrogated both by the Special Branch and army. He told them he had entered the country as part of a three-man unit. Then he was driven to the police station and the beatings and torture began. Finally, he broke down and told the true story. Immediately they set out demanding that he lead an enemy unit to our camp.

Earlier, from our temporary camp we had heard the shooting and

seen the helicopter land in the bush. Soon, after our comrade failed to return with the food, we assumed he'd been captured. We quickly broke camp and hid in the undergrowth of a nearby hill where we had a good view and defensive position.

As they entered the forested area the Rhodesian troops spread out in a horseshoe formation with our captured comrade in the middle, closely guarded by two Special Branch men. As they approached our abandoned camp he suddenly threw himself into some dense brush and ran off, handcuffs and all. The enemy forces took up the chase, but didn't shoot, as they wanted him alive. Reaching our camp, with the enemy not far behind, he found it abandoned, then just continued running ... right in our direction.

From our hideout we could now follow what was happening. We waited, letting the pursuing troops approach very close. Then we opened fire. The ambush panicked the enemy and the ensuing battle lasted but a few minutes. The Europeans withdrew, leaving several dead and wounded behind. One of our comrades, unfortunately, was also killed. We found his body and gave him a hero's burial in Zimbabwe soil. That same night we left to join other ZAPU forces at a base twenty or so miles away.

Our 1966 operations didn't last very long, despite some successful engagements with the enemy. Not only were our men inexperienced in battle, but our equipment was insufficient and often faulty. Again, our military and political preparations for going inside had not been adequate and this cost us the lives of many comrades. The enemy had modern equipment and a fairly good intelligence network. After their initial surprise and defeats they launched a counter-offensive, bombing the areas where our forces were camped and deploying special units at strategic points to ambush our guerrillas as they tried to flee the bombing zones. Observation planes and low-flying helicopters continually surveyed the area and ground forces moved in after bombing raids to carry out mopping-up operations. Many ZAPU guerrillas were killed or captured in these 1966 actions. Those of us who managed to escape either went into hiding or slipped back across the border ... hardened by our experiences, but demoralized and frustrated by our setbacks.

Soon after my return, ZAPU started preparing for its next offensive. The flow of new recruits from Zimbabwe was steadily increasing and our training programs were made more rigorous and better adapted to the local conditions. But the enemy was changing its strategy also. Realizing it was seriously threatened, the settler regime entered a military alliance with South Africa and Portugal, and South African forces soon arrived in Zimbabwe to guard the Zambezi escarpment to block the re-entry of our guerrillas. The interconnection between the nationalist struggles in South Africa, the Portuguese colonies and Zimbabwe were now becoming increasingly clear. It was obvious that Vorster would never remain on the sidelines while European colonialists were in trouble in Rhodesia, Namibia, Mozambique or Angola. As often said by the South African racists: "We'd rather fight the terrorists along the Zambezi than in the streets of Pretoria." In response to this

racist alliance, ZAPU formed an alliance with the African National Congress of South Africa early in 1967 and our two movements began to coordinate their training programs.

That August, together with ANC, we launched a powerful campaign of both sabotage and open combat. While the center of our operations was in the Wankie area in north-western Zimbabwe, we were also active in Lupane and Urungwe. This three-pronged 1967 offensive caught the enemy by surprise. They may have expected a frontal attack in the area along the Zambezi, but they had definitely not believed us capable of infiltrating large units deep inside the country. This campaign had been well-prepared and previous combat experience by some of our fighters increased the fighting level of our forces. As before, the enemy used bombers and helicopters, but this time their impact was much less.

One comrade told me of an incident when his unit was under attack from the air. Instead of running away, they took cover till the planes left, then ambushed the enemy ground forces as they came running - shooting at every bush and yelling for our guerrillas to surrender. They came naively into the trap of our ZAPU fighters who, when they opened fire, annihilated the entire enemy unit.

Throughout this campaign I was assigned to reconnaissance and operations. My missions took me far into the country, even into the cities. My main objectives were to keep track of the enemy personnel and equipment movements and seek out suitable targets for sabotage. Several times I was personally involved in combats I helped plan.

My experiences during an assignment in early 1968 illustrate some of the problems we faced in our guerrilla struggle. I was in a seven-man unit sent to carry out reconnaissance in the Mtoko region east of Salisbury. We crossed the border late at night carrying packs of fifty pounds in addition to our weapons. Our mission was expected to take about three weeks and our orders were to avoid all contact with the enemy. The settlers' communications system, however, is well developed. Roads cover the entire country and when crossing these we had to be extra careful to cover our trail and avoid enemy patrols. The Zambezi escarpment was also regularly patrolled by spotter planes.

We walked only at night until reaching the forests. Our progress therefore was quite slow. After a week of hiding during the day and marching at night we were still far from our destination. Our food supply was getting low and rations were down to one meal a day. It was the dry season and our only food supplement was the *xhakuxhaku*-fruit. It doesn't taste good, but chewed for a long time it cuts down thirst and hunger.

Early one morning as we stopped while still heading south through the dense forest, a comrade and I were sent to patrol the area before we set up camp for the day. We soon came to a place where the bush was so thick it was almost impenetrable. We decided that I would cut straight through while he circled around. Struggling through the heavy undergrowth, I suddenly came upon a pair of lions with two young cubs. The lioness and the cubs ran away,

but the male remained crouched, watching me. As soon as I spotted the lions I froze, standing motionless but very much afraid. I couldn't shoot as it might alert the enemy. So we just stood there, the lion and I, staring at each other for a long time. To me it seemed like hours. Finally, the lion yawned and strolled casually towards its family as if I wasn't even there. I waited for awhile, then turned and ran away as fast as I could. I headed in the general direction of my comrades but would have run right past them if they hadn't seen me and shouted. I stopped and slowly continued patrolling the area in another direction.

A few days later we reached our assigned area of operation. We carried out our reconnaissance mission without any problems or detection by the enemy. One night on our return, however, as we passed through a populated area, our local scout suddenly made a signal to halt. Out of the dark came the sound of deep snoring. The scout and one comrade went to check. They returned in a couple of minutes reporting that a small enemy patrol was camped for the night along the trail just ahead of us. They must have felt quite secure. Without posting guards, and leaving the fire flickering, they had simply gone off to sleep. Our unit leader quietly ordered us to pull back. In a while we stopped and discussed our situation. Most wanted to attack the enemy unit. We could use our knives, take their weapons and slip away quietly. However, we had been given specific orders to carry out our mission and avoid contact with the enemy - and this is what we did, even if it meant forsaking a combat opportunity. The scout was ordered to take us in a semi-circle around the enemy camp.

This was hard for me to accept - orders or no orders. I thought that even if we didn't attack them, the enemy would spot our tracks in the morning and initiate a search for us which might result in a combat anyway. But we moved off along another trail, changing directions frequently and trying to hide our tracks.

The rest of the march was extremely difficult. We had to walk some daylight hours due to our shortage of food. We feared the enemy knew of our presence in the area as there were considerably more helicopters and Buccaneers over the region than usual. They flew very low and a few times we were sure they'd spotted us. After almost forty-eight hours of forced marching, we finally reached and crossed the border, our mission successfully completed.

Our struggle increased the morale of the Zimbabwe people. Our fighters were for the most part well-received by the African population and in much of our work we depended directly on their cooperation. Many operations could never have been carried out without the support and willingness to run great risks of our underground civilian contacts.

Of course, there are also a few cases where our "contacts" were in fact double agents in the pay of the Smith regime. On another of my reconnaissance missions in 1969, such a traitor nearly succeeded in trapping our entire unit. After marching several days from the Zambezi, we arrived at the village of our contact. As was our practice, only one guerrilla entered the village, leaving his gun behind. The rest of us waited at the edge of the forest.

Our comrade went to the contact's house and was received very well. After a short briefing on recent operations, the villager said he had some important information on enemy movements that he had to get from another house. Our comrade was perceptive and sensed the contact's subtle nervousness together with his willingness to accept a very dangerous task without hesitation. His suspicion was aroused and as soon as the villager left the hut, he slipped out of the house and into the bush where we were hiding. After he told us of his doubts we decided to move closer to the hut and observe what would happen. A few minutes later our "contact" returned with two Africans and a European in civilian clothes - obviously Special Branch agents. One African agent was posted outside while the others entered the hut with our "contact." The European was very angry when he found the place empty. We heard some shouting and screams as they started to beat the informer. Perhaps they thought he had tried to lead them into an ambush. In any event, he was taken away. Later we learned he had been imprisoned and tortured for several weeks. Meanwhile, we had quietly slipped away and made it safely back to our base.

Over the years we have lost a number of Zimbabwe patriots due to the treacherous activity of Africans in the employ of the British. ZAPU has never showed mercy toward these traitors. When caught, they are firmly dealt with by our fighters or by the people themselves.

The increased level of our operations brought ZAPU under heavy enemy pressure. There is no point in trying to conceal the fact that we suffered heavy losses. Many of my comrades were killed in battle and many are suffering in the regime's prisons. But the settler regime also suffered serious defeats, and it was only after reinforcements arrived from South Africa that they managed to succeed in their counter-offensive. During the heavy fighting in 1967-69, there was a near crisis in the white Rhodesian population and many Europeans fled the country.

Several of our captured comrades - both from ZAPU and ANC - were killed for refusing to cooperate with the enemy. Torture such as electric shocks, the use of pliers on the men's genitals, etc., was frequently employed. And sometimes prisoners were hung underneath flying helicopters, dragged behind vehicles or left with poisonous snakes in their cells.

To prevent the people from cooperating with ZAPU the settlers started a campaign of terror against the peasantry ... mass arrests, beatings, burning out villages, etc. In desperation they resorted to these methods of terrorism and incredible brutality to intimidate the African population and prevent our campaign from becoming a mass uprising. And it is clear that the Smith regime still believes that only by harsh repression against Zimbabweans - by turning the country into an efficient police state - can the tiny European minority retain its privileges. Most of the settlers realize this and are prepared to employ any and all methods to protect their interests.

From Wankie and Urungwe our operations spread out to cover most of northern Zimbabwe. Some of the most intensive actions took place

in Lupane and Sipolilo in 1968 and 1969. Then early in 1970 we escalated our activities, starting with an attack on Victoria Falls where our men overran a South African camp of forty soldiers and destroyed important installations at the airport. The inability of the regime to cope with our guerrillas caused considerable demoralization in its ranks and Smith started threatening Zambia, which he claimed was responsible for our actions.

I am confident that our campaign would have intensified and the struggle for national liberation in Zimbabwe moved significantly forward except for the emergence of serious political problems within ZAPU. Around 1969 political differences hardened within the ZAPU leadership and, little by little, the schism and accompanying demoralization filtered down through the ranks. The situation in our camps became tense and increasingly difficult. After a while, we were almost completely debilitated and no longer able to supply our forces at the front. Our political work with the Zimbabwe masses also suffered considerably. The smoldering split eventually paralyzed all military operations and increased demoralization among the masses and militants alike. Our guerrillas inside had to go underground or try to make it out of the country.

All fruitful work that had been done since the start of the armed struggle in 1966 was virtually destroyed, and as for our forces outside, the crisis even went so far as to threaten to divide us along tribal lines - a tragic setback for a movement which had been genuinely nationalist since its founding. Most of the militants and middle cadre tried to resist this trend, but as the pressures mounted, many comrades succumbed. It took over two years before the counter-revolutionary forces at work within the political struggle could be discovered and we were able to act against them.*

By October 1971 the internal problems were sufficiently resolved for us to resume serious work. The level of struggle in Zimbabwe was at its lowest point in over a decade and our military position had deteriorated horribly. Our determination, however, after this fierce internal struggle, was greater than ever.

The first step was to carry out a thorough reorganization of ZAPU. We set up a Revolutionary Council as our highest executive organ, comprising both military and political leaders. We reorganized our army, the Zimbabwe People's Revolutionary Army (ZPRA) to implement plans of the Revolutionary Council and then began the difficult task of preparing to resume the armed struggle. Our entire inside network of contacts had fallen apart; we had no secret supply routes or bases; many comrades couldn't even be located; the enemy had further reinforced its defences, and people were confused and demoralized. Nevertheless, we did have experienced cadre who vigorously took charge of our new military training programs. Our tactics were altered, with field commanders being given

*The crisis resulted, among other things, in the formation of the Front for the Liberation of Zimbabwe (FROLIZI), early in 1972. FROLIZI's leadership was drawn from dissenting elements within both ZAPU and ZANU. (O.G.)

great opportunity for tactical flexibility in selection of targets, plans of operation, etc. It took seven months from the beginning of our reorganization to the reopening of the armed struggle.

At present, our tactics emphasize small unit sabotage operations, including mining operations within the enemy communications network. Preparations are also underway to escalate our activities. Our short-term military objective is to develop the struggle with great care being given to ideological clarity, internal security and discipline and intensive political mobilization of the masses. Soon we will again present a real threat to settler rule in Zimbabwe.

Backed by their Portuguese and South African allies, most Rhodesian settlers are preparing to do anything necessary to retain their present power and privilege. It is also clear that only a united Zimbabwe people prepared for a protracted armed struggle will be strong enough to challenge settler domination. When in 1971 the Zimbabwe masses came together in the African National Council and rejected the Anglo-Rhodesian "settlement" proposals, we felt the time was right to resolve our differences and pool forces with ZANU. In March 1972, after long discussions, ZAPU and ZANU formed the Joint Military Command, made up of leaders from both organizations. Our aim is to form a united army capable of achieving results which we cannot otherwise achieve. We are fully aware of the problems this type of alliance may bring about. But we also know that we are all Zimbabweans and that whatever problems may arise can and must be resolved in a fraternal manner. Now that counter-revolutionary elements within both organizations have been exposed and removed, we believe we can move ahead more rapidly along the path of liberation.

Our major task is to mobilize the masses of Zimbabwe, since without a solid mass base of support the struggle is bound to fail. The enemy, of course, is bent on intimidating the masses and destroying the seed of revolution long implanted among the people. But they will fail. The Zimbabwe people cannot and will not accept a life of perpetual subjugation. Political developments have led the masses to an increasing rejection of settler oppression and domination. And they are gradually realizing that the only way to attain their freedom is through armed struggle. I think their growing militancy, displayed in part by the formation and practice of the African National Council and also by their support of our present campaign, is a positive sign that they are ready to accept the difficulties and sacrifices that inevitably accompany a prolonged armed struggle.

Sometimes I look back over the path I've taken. I see and try to resolve the contradictions within myself. At times I find it hard to stick with the struggle, not knowing when it will end or even if it will bring the hoped for results. I'm not sure at those times whether I will be able to persist through to the end. There have been occasions when very dark clouds have hung over ZAPU; when it seemed doubtful that we could continue the struggle, and I have cursed myself for even getting involved in the revolution.

Looking back on the time before joining the NDP I would ask myself: "If you'd stayed with the bank and become a senior clerk, wouldn't you have been better off? And what about your parents; wouldn't they too have been better off?"

When these thoughts bother my mind I find it very difficult to concentrate on my tasks. A few times I met old Zimbabwe friends who had settled in Zambia or elsewhere abroad. They had nice houses, drove expensive cars and lived well with their wives and children. On the surface they seemed quite happy. Their children had security, their folks back home were well taken care of. I must admit that I often envied them their positions - not only for my own sake, but also for that of my family.

In fact, only recently my parents rebuked me for staying with ZAPU. They pointed to men my age who had never gotten involved in politics and who were now successful businessmen, able to support their ageing parents. Even my sisters and brothers have pleaded with me to change my situation: "Why can't you get a leave from the Party?" they asked. "Why can't the Party send you to university to get a degree so that you can earn some money, get married and help your parents?"

These are some of the problems and contradictions which every militant in the national liberation struggle has to live with and try to resolve. Very few among us come from rich or well-off families and to some extent we all face the same familial pressures. My young sister keeps writing me, my parents keep writing me - and all the time they ask me why I continue in the struggle.

In addition, there are also times when we have had problems and sharp contradictions within the organization. Sometimes, I've had disagreement and arguments with ZAPU comrades, and been criticized severely for mistakes I've made ... even called names and rebuked. In situations like this I frequently get demoralized and think: "How the hell did I ever get involved in all this?"

But then I ask myself: "What if you decide to abandon the struggle? Will it be better then? Will it benefit the people, or the comrade who has criticized me? What would the real consequences of my quitting be?" Sure, with my education I could be leading a fairly comfortable life in Zambia or at home. But what is the reward of living in comfort when the masses of my people still suffer in poverty and degradation? How would I feel being one of a few privileged individuals in an oppressed population?"

My answers have always been the same. "To me, such a life wouldn't be worth living...." When such problems arise, therefore, I try to analyze them objectively and conclude: "It's no use thinking of what *could* have been. I am me! With my values and purpose in life! I must continue until all Zimbabweans can live in freedom and security."

Much has changed since the struggle began. Some of the early Youth Front leaders - the ones I used to admire - have dropped by the wayside. Ten years ago we were thousands, today only a few of us remain. Some are dead, some are in prison, but most simply dropped out of the struggle. New members, however, are increasingly

entering the Party - especially young people who are responding in ever greater numbers, to our call to join the struggle to liberate Zimbabwe. When I look at these new recruits, anxious to start a new revolutionary life, I can't help but think: "And if I abandon the struggle? What kind of example would that be for the young ones just entering the organization? Would they too leave later if the going gets rough? How can I drop out and have any right to expect others to fight? If I really want to see Zimbabwe liberated, who do I expect to do the liberating? If I can't persist in the struggle, why should the others?"

Having asked myself these questions, I always come out stronger than ever. I am now determined to make my full contribution to the liberation of Zimbabwe and my people ... however long and difficult the struggle may be!



Illustrated by Selma Waldman

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From the Introduction...

"...Temba Moyo was born forty years after the people of Zimbabwe had suffered their last defeat at the hands of British invaders and their muskets. The young Ndebele of his grandfather's generation comprised the force of King Lobengula's regiments, cheated and slaughtered as they were to clear the way for Britain's quest for gold, land and other riches...

"Like thousands of young Zimbabweans in similar situations, Temba became bitter and dissatisfied with the place allotted him in the colonial set-up: 'Many, like myself,' he tells us, 'had good education and no physical handicaps whatsoever. Yet not one of us earned enough to save even a few shillings a month. Every penny went for necessities. We realized that under the settler regime our material prospects were bleak. Thus, we thought, it was necessary to try to end this system. Only a few young Zimbabweans failed to appreciate this fact...'"