

WAR IN ANGOLA

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THE NEWSLETTER HIGHLIGHTING EVENTS, INFORMATION AND FACTS RELATING TO THE CONFLICT IN ANGOLA AND SOUTH-WEST AFRICA (NAMIBIA) FROM 1975 TO 1989

The English-Afrikaans thing in the SADF

From the WarBlogs (www.warblogs.co.za), written by: The Ancient Armourer

This is a blog, not a scholarly paper. I hope that its title is not too misleading. I have written a narrative, rather than a "balanced" article of pros and cons leading to an academic conclusion. But as an Italian South African who grew to maturity between the mid-fifties and the mid-seventies, my experience of the English-Afrikaans thing has been markedly different from that of many others. So much so that I feel compelled to offer mine as a corrective view. I haven't a drop of either's blood in my veins, and therefore no prior allegiance to either group. What I have done, is simply to tell the story of my relationship with both.

But first, I must declare an interest. I regard myself today as an Afrikaans-speaking South African. I made the transition during the course of my army days, as a direct consequence of my personal experiences. I was once told that I am "very

pro-Afrikaans", as though there is something wrong with this. The underlying presumption is that to be "pro-English" is to be objective, whereas to be "pro-Afrikaans" is to be biased. This is both untrue and untenable. I made a choice for Afrikaans as principal language of communication. In terms of the "popular" prejudice, I made the unpopular choice. But "pro-" or even "anti-" is in this case beside the point, since most of my experiences pre-date that choice. It is the experiences that determined the choice, not vice-versa. Interest declared. Now for my story.

I was born in Cape Town, the son of Italian immigrants, on 4th July 1955. My dad was a professional barber. He owned the Ritz barber shop and hairdressers at the old Ritz hotel. I grew up in the Italian-Jewish suburb of Sea Point during the late '50s. It was an easy-going community. Right from those tender years, I imbibed strong values from my dad. My grandfather was interned in Koffiefontein during WW2, though he was an anarchist, not

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Featured Gallery: 32 Battalion



A widely spread-out 32 Battalion patrol advances through the bush



The typical 32 Battalion soldier, effective and deadly!



The 32 Battalion vehicles here are led by foot through the bush...

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Training base: Serpa Pinto



A South African Liaison Team deep inside Angola, probably around 1975

Link to this story:

<http://www.warinangola.com/Default.aspx?tabid=1276>

"After three weeks his group of trained soldiers was ordered to launch an attack..."

The nineteenth article on the prelude to the participation of the South African Defence Force in the Angolan Civil War:

In the meantime, plans to also establish a training base as Serpa Pinto (Menongue) have progressed. For this purpose Kambuta again visited Rundu. A member of the training team and the operations officer were then sent to Serpa Pinto to investigate the possibilities, upon which they selected an old *flecha*-training camp about seven kilometres south of Serpa Pinto. The camp was speedily occupied by a South African forward team under Maj. J.R. (James) Hills on 13 October 1975. Maj. Frank Bestbier took over the command two days later.

By 15 October training of 244 FNLA soldiers, mostly from places like

Calai, Serpa Pinto, Mucusso, Cuito Cuanavale and Caiundo in the Cuando-Cubango district, had started. Their training was also focused on infantry tactics with support weapons comprising of machine guns and 3-inch mortars. Although there had initially been an acute shortage, sufficient weapons, ammunition and combat equipment were soon supplied by plane from Rundu and Ambriz.

The group of about 250 FNLA soldiers were organised into A Company under Maj. G.H. (Gert) Grobler, B Company under Maj. K.V. (Jock) Harris, and a support platoon. Initially, all leadership down to platoon-level comprised of whites and, later on, some Portuguese as well.

On occasion Holden Roberto, accompanied by other FNLA-leaders,

visited the training base. They were impressed with the standard of training and requested that another 500 men be trained. They had a lot of respect for the South African soldiers because of the quality of the personnel as well as their good human relations.

Unfortunately the training at Serpa Pinto was short-lived. After three weeks Maj. Bestbier and his group of trained soldiers were ordered to launch an attack in the direction of Cuchi, Artur de Paiva and Matala, but due to a shortage of vehicles this attack did not take place. Upon this, his group were taken to Sá de Bandeira by plane where they joined Task Force Zulu. Capt. Gert Coetzer remained at the training camp at Serpa Pinto as liaison officer to Chipenda.

The English-Afrikaans thing in the SADF

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a fascist. As a result, my dad had to leave school a month before his Matric finals to re-open the barber shop. Before this on many days, with the shop closed, the only breakfast he had before going to school was black, sugarless coffee. But my dad was neither vengeful nor prejudiced. He never wanted his children to suffer the poverty he did, nor the fate of being treated as foreigners in the land of their birth. So for our early years, he was reluctant to speak Italian

with my sister and me. He taught us to be pro-South African and bilingual. He drilled us on our Afrikaans. By the time my sister and I were adolescents, like my dad, we spoke Afrikaans as a good second language. That was the best one could hope for in a Natal English-medium school. But this is jumping the gun a little.

When I was 5 years old, my parents decided to move to Durban. I suppose that if they wanted to make a change, the right time was when I

was due to start school. Mum, whose only official language is English, was quite happy to do so. For my sister, who has my mom's fair skin, straight, chestnut hair and green eyes, this was also fine. She fitted in easily among the largely blonde, blue-eyed, fair-haired Durban English children of the time. For me on the other hand, a swarthy little boy with black, tightly-curled hair and dark brown, almost black eyes, the very image of my Neapolitan grandfather, the move

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South African 81mm mortar team in action

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Featured Equipment: The POMZ-2 and POMZ-2M anti-personnel mines

The POMZ, POMZ-2 and POMZ-2M (ПОМЗ, ПОМЗ-2, ПОМЗ-2М) are three types of Russian-made stake mounted anti-personnel fragmentation mine. The POMZ mine was used during the Second World War. It was superseded by the POMZ-2, and later by the improved POMZ-2M. These mines (and copies thereof) have been used in numerous conflicts, including the Vietnam War, the Korean War, and the War in Angola.

The mines consist of a small TNT explosive charge inside a hollow cylindrical-cast iron fragmentation

sleeve. The sleeve has large fragments cast into the outside and is open at the bottom to accept the insertion of a wooden or plastic mounting stake. On top is a weather cap, covering a standardised fuse well, which in operation is normally armed with an MUV or VPF tripwire fuse.

The POMZ-2M has a threaded fuse well, while the earlier POMZ-2 was unthreaded and the fuse and igniter would sometimes fall out if the mine was disturbed. The POMZ-2 has 6 rows of square preformed fragments, while the POMZ-2M has 5 rows and is

slightly shorter.

The crude fragmentation jacket produces an uneven fragmentation effect. The effective radius of the mine is often quoted as four meters, but a small number of large fragments may be lethal at ranges far exceeding that.

The wooden stakes tend to rot in tropical climates, leaving the mine, if armed, in an extremely unpredictable state.

For more detailed information on the POMZ, see <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/POMZ>



Captured POMZ-2 anti-personnel mines are displayed here

Specifications

Country of Origin:	USSR	
	POMZ-2	POMZ-2M
Diameter:	6.4cm (in)	
Length:	12.7cm (in)	10.7cm (in)
Weight:	2.3kg (lb)	1.8kg (lb)
Height of Stake:	~30cm (in) (but easily varied)	
Charge:	75g (oz) rod of cast TNT	
Fuse:	2 to 5 kg pull	

“...leaving the mine, if armed, in an extremely unpredictable state”

The POMZ-2 anti-personnel mine



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Memoirs of Lieutenant Colonel I.A. Zhdarkin, Part 29



Russian advisors... (photo: © Igor Ignatovich)

"The supply system simply does not work;"

This is the twenty-ninth part of a 52-part series taken from "**We did not see it even in Afghanistan**". Memoirs of a participant of the Angolan war (1986-1988)", by Lieutenant Colonel Igor Anatolevich Zhdarkin

Colonel **Vladimir Nikolaevich Zinoviev**. I have only good remembrance about him. He was very kind and responsive man, and as a chief, he was strict but «square shooter». What is more, he knew how to work with interpreter: he was not fast in his speech, always repeated his phrase if something was not clear to me. It was a great pleasure to work with him.

Every morning, he began by strapping his pistol to his side and then com-

pleted his daily run. In other words, he busied himself with physical exercise.

Not only him, some other our specialists went in for sports and physical training. Of course, when it was possible, because the war continued...

But these habits would end once the cheap local homemade rice vodka had matured, and our people began to drink and make merry.

I want to say some words about the homemade rice vodka and more about the so-called drunkenness. In fact, as I became persuaded during two years in Angola, if we hadn't gotten drunk from time to time, we would have simply gone crazy – without a doubt. Some peoples' nerves

would have simply given in and no wonder: a foreign country, a strange environment, the war and the bombardments ("25 hours in day and night", as we joked bitterly)... You give the task to the Angolans, but they can fulfill it or not... The supply system simply does not work; many times the letters from our homes did not reach us and so on... Of course, nobody ever said that things would be easy. Therefore, a lessening of personal stress was in any case necessary.

– **And what does rice vodka mean?**

– We had rice after it was taken for consumption, was fermented. Of course, sugar was added. And if there was vodka, it too was added.

Afterwards we took an ordinary army canister

Afterwards we took an ordinary army canister, about nine litres, filled it with that liquid, corked it up and placed on the top of the dug-out in which we were living. It would ferment three to four days under the sun after which it would be drunk.

– **How hot was it?**

– Over 40 degrees. One time, while I was working in the "Pechora" complex, the Luanda Higher Command began to provide us with grape juice. Well, we drank this grape juice once and again we drank it, but then Sergey Rymar spoke up "But what are we doing?" Let's distil home made hooch from this". Well, we all fixed our gaze on him, won-

dering just how he proposed to do this.

"Well, these are grapes, after all! What are we talking about? Hand over the canister of grape juice, the sugar and the yeast. Don't worry, everything will be all right!"

In fact, the first attempt was unsuccessful. And why? Because the canister exploded. It was made of plastic. And Sergey said, "Indeed, I was wrong about something. It should have been done another way. And the second time, when we used a metal canister, we said, "Sergey, you are on the whole a master.

– **And how strong was it?**

– Likewise more than 40 degrees.

– **About decorations.**

– And now, as they say, to go smoothly to another topic, what was the prize for the efforts of our specialists? Our specialists not only instructed the Angolans but themselves participated on Angolan territory in military activities against the UNITA bandits and against the South African army. And it was a very interesting approach – how to appraise this feat accomplished by our comrades-in-arms under such and such circumstances?

To be continued next week in Part 30...



Russian advisor taking a ZPU 14.5mm machinegun for a test drive (photo: © Igor Ignatovich)

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Historical Account: Operation Hooper: The third attack on Tumpo Part 2

Extract taken with the author's permission from: "War In Angola - The Final South African Phase", by Helmoed-Römer Heitman.

The Attack

82 SA Brigade was ready to attack on 22 March, leading elements of Regiment De La Rey having already moved off to their assembly area at 06h00. Unita's 5th Regular Battalion had arrived as planned and Gerhard Louw was shocked to find that it had shrunk to fewer than 240 men. They boarded trucks and moved off with his force. The main force moved out in two columns led by the tank squadrons. The last elements had moved off to their as-

sembly area by 15h00. The last stages of the move were hindered by the fact that several of the tanks still had no night vision equipment; that reached them only at 18h00 in the assembly area. The force then moved off to its forward assembly area at 21h00, with the Unita infantry riding on the tanks. A dune caused some delay soon after 02h00. When several of the trucks could not get over it at the first attempt. The Kwevoel carrying one of the mine-rollers burnt out its clutch attempting to get over this dune, and had to be towed. It overturned a little later while being manoeuvred around another dune, and was left behind for the time being.

The forward assembly area was reached by 04h00. The drivers' night vision periscopes were removed and replaced with the daylight ones, and the force was ready to move off.

Colonel Fouche moved his headquarters to high ground north of the Chaminga at 22h45, and arrived there at 01h30. He was accompanied by Generals Liebenberg and Meyer, and Colonels Deon Ferreira and Nel. The movement of the various combat elements also went smoothly, the route having been clearly marked by 32 Battalion. Gerhard Louw's combat group moved out of its forward assembly area at 05h00 and reported passing the



Olifant Main Battle Tank in action at the Army Battle School during an exercise

"...brought a direct hit on one of the Fapla D-30 positions and silenced it."

The Mirages arrived over the area

control point south of the Dala at 06h00.

The Mirages arrived over the area at 06h10 but were thwarted by a thick cloud layer at 800 feet, and had to return to base.

At 05h15 the artillery observer on the high ground east of Tumpo was shelled by Fapla. At 07h00 Fapla began shelling the 120 mm mortar battery north of the Dala source. This is thought to have been observed fire, as it shifted after every salvo and came nearer to the position each time.

By 07h10 the South African artillery was ready to begin its fire plan. The gunners of Regiment

Potchefstroom University opened proceedings with a bombardment of the main objective, one gun firing smoke. Fapla replied with a counter-bombardment almost immediately, but it was inaccurate and did not hinder the guns at all. They did, however, carry out a counter-bombardment of their own, which brought a direct hit on one of the Fapla D-30 positions and silenced it. The shelling of the 120 mm mortar battery meanwhile continued. The South African artillery carried on with preparatory and counter-bombardments while the main force advanced. The gun placing smoke on the objective began to develop techni-

cal problems after a time, but by then the other guns of the battery were already firing white phosphorus, so it did not matter much.

Louw had some navigation difficulties at first, but he was soon back on the marked approach route. Just before 08h00 the forward observer's vehicle began giving problems. Fapla now also began to shell them, though not very accurately. The start-line was crossed at 08h15, ten minutes early. The force was, however, too far west and reported at 08h16 that they were almost on the edge of the Cuito flood-plain.

With his force deployed
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South African Olifant tank on the move at Army Battle School

The English-Afrikaans thing in the SADF



A Bosbok light reconnaissance plane of the SAAF taking off

"If English children go to a nursery, where do Afrikaans children go?"

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was to generate a tsunami of woes.

Durban was in those days a stronghold of English-speaking liberalism. They referred to Afrikaners as "Dutchman!", "Hairyback!" "Rock-spider!" "Crunchie!" "Kydaar!" etc. One popular joke was "If English children go to a nursery, where do Afrikaans children go?" Answer: to a rockery. My friends' parents spoke all the time of England. They seemed to prefer it to their native South Africa. They weren't going to be guilty of racism or discrimination or apartheid. The reality was significantly different.

A good number of my friends' parents sup-

ported the Progressive Party, others the United Party. This is how I experienced their liberalism, their tolerance for other races:

They used the term "touch of the tar brush" to refer to me. Only much later did I realise that this phrase actually impugned my mother's virtue – fortunately not at the time. I would probably "go to Mansfield High" where most of the other "darkies" like Greeks, Lebanese, Portuguese and people of questionable racial origins [i.e. i.e. classified white but with possible "coloured" antecedents] went. I was seldom invited to the birthday parties of my peers, though there were one or two who invited me home after school. I mostly

was sent home quite early.

My nickname amongst my fellow pupils was "kaffir" – no joke! "Don't use his pencils, they stink," "Don't swap sandwiches with him, his mother puts s-h-i-t on them" are the sorts of things they used to say. Did they think these up all by themselves, these Grade 1-4 children? I very much doubt it.

I remember that in English we once had to compose a description of a fellow pupil and see if the rest of the class could recognise whom we were describing. Ashley Forrest's description was: "He smells like a kaffir and eats like a kaffir and looks like a kaffir..." by which point the whole class had identified me raucously. The

Did they think these up all by themselves?

teacher's response? "Ashley, dear, it isn't nice to say things like that." Nothing more – in a liberal English-medium school.

I think that had I been of the race classification "coloured", they might have been kinder. But a darker-skinned person classified as "white" was definitely persona non grata in that particular community - too close to home for comfort, perhaps. This, in turn, suggests something of their real underlying attitudes towards other races.

I raise these issues not to engender hostility, so much as to show how Natal English liberals reacted when confronted

with "other races" so close to home. They had some other choice circumlocutions, too. For example: "We don't need the Group Areas Act. They could never afford to live in our area." It is not difficult to work out who "they" were, either. As a young outsider, this was my first experience of Natal English Liberalism. I was very much on the receiving end. I had never encountered racism like this before, and it shook me, even though I was still only a small boy.

At the same time, I was constantly hearing about the wicked prejudice, the stupidity, the mental inferiority of the [verkrampste]

"Dutchman" and his hateful prejudices against the blacks. Another "joke": What do you call an English-speaker if you take out half his brains? Answer: A moron. And if you take out all his brains? Answer: An Afrikaner. You can imagine a little kid taking all this at face-value. If the "Dutchman" was worse even than the English-speaker, how terrible must he be in comparison? This experience formed my background to the whole English-Afrikaans thing. My first encounter with it, then, was with the Natal English-speakers and their practical racism as compared with their

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Puma helicopter in flight

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Uittreksel uit "Ag man dit 'WAS' lekker in die Army" - van Danie Matthee

'n Vriend van my, Deon du Plooy, wat in die Artillerie op Potchefstroom was het my die volgende storie vertel: Hy was een van die bemannings van die vuurpyl lanseerders (MVL) wat met 'n oefening op Potchefstroom geskiet het. Die ouens by die "OP" se werk was om die koördinasies oor te gee aan die MVL bemanning om hulle teiken wat ongeveer 4km weg was uit te wis. Die koördinasies is per radio oorgegee en elke MVL het eers net een vuurpyl gelanseer om te kyk of hulle op teiken is. Toe die bevel gegee word om te vuur kom die ouens by die "OP" agter dat iets groot verkeerd geloop het want die eerste vuurpyl val v&e

van die teiken af en tussen 'n klomp perde van die Berede eenheid. Daar word toe oor en weer op die radio geskree om te staak vuur maar dit was te laat want elk van die vuurpyl lanseerders het alreeds hul eerste vuurpyl gelanseer. Daardie dag het 'n paar perde ges-

nuwel en beskuldigings is oor en weer na mekaar geslinger en niemand wou erken dat hy 'n fout gemaak het nie. Die ouens by die "OP" s&e hulle het die regte koördinasies gegee en iemand by die vuurpyl lanseerders het dit verkeerdelik oorgegee en die ouens by die

vuurpyl lanseerders het weer ges&e dat hulle verkeerde koördinasies van die "OP" af gekry het.

Onder Korporaal H Matthee
1992



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The English-Afrikaans thing in the SADF

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theoretically liberal politics. It was against this background that I later met my first Afrikaners.

But as yet I had not met a single identifiable Afrikaner – nor, in all likelihood, had most of my peers and their parents – though with hindsight, there were two kids with Afrikaans names in my Grade 3 class, namely Stephanie van der Westhuizen and Bruce Marais. Both, though, were fluent English-speakers. I have no idea what language they spoke at home, and it would never have entered the heads of any-

one at Sherwood Government Primary School to ask.

My first two years of high-school were spent at Kearsney College, a boarding school at Botha's hill [pronounced Bow-tha's Hill], which was run on the British model, with hospital corners and prefects' dormitory inspections, lots of caning and slipping, quite strong regimentation and very serious cadets every Friday. Our everyday school uniform was kakie drill, and we marched [but not in step] in squads of two columns from the koshuis to the school, dining room etc. At Kearsney I got to

know several Afrikaans-speaking teachers, all of whom taught me...well, Afrikaans. Mnr Zaayman, Jannie Storm and Gerrit Burger they were. They were all pretty ok guys, very much like all the other teachers. No notable prejudices, all three highly intelligent and interesting. The phenomenon of the Afrikaans-speaking teacher thus passed right over my head. Jannie Storm was my Housemaster, and as a bit of a tear-away, I did get caned by him with fair frequency. But that had nothing to do with his being Afrikaans as such. Other-

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"Our
everyday
school
uniform
was kakie
drill"



South African troops dismounting from a Buffel armoured troop carrier

The third attack on Tumpo Part 2



Ratel 20 Infantry Fighting Vehicle moving through the burning veldt

"...one tank was knocked out with a direct hit."

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in combat formation but with only one of the mine-rollers available. Louw had to risk advancing through the minefields with his tanks. His force moved up on to the dunes south of the start-line and began its advance to contact. The tank on the far right flank hit an anti-tank mine a little before 08h35. The Fapla artillery reacted immediately, and shelled Louw's force. This shelling was inaccurate, and only one Unita soldier was wounded. The South African artillery fired counter-bombardment from 08h40, and also shelled the Fapla positions in front of the attacking

force and their escape routes. An armoured recovery vehicle was brought up and pulled the immobilised tank out of the minefield.

The engineers moved up and fired a Plofadder across the minefield at 08h50. This deployed poorly and failed to detonate, forcing the engineers to detonate it manually. The engineer Ratel then moved forward to check the field but hit an anti-personnel mine. Three other anti-personnel mines were lifted nearby. Louw ordered the firing of another Plofadder. This one deployed properly, but also failed to detonate. The engineers now had to sweep their way to the Plofadder to deto-

nate it, walking forward in the midst of the increasingly heavy Fapla shelling.

Fapla forces on the west bank now began to react: five tanks and a BM-21 moved up from south-east of Cuito Cuanavale, soon followed by three more tanks. By 10h07 the attacking force was under fire from the tanks on the west bank. The artillery observer brought G-5 fire down on this tank force from 10h15, and one tank was knocked out with a direct hit.

By 10h45 the situation had quietened, and Louw's force found itself left in peace for a time.

Continued next week, in Part 3: .

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The English-Afrikaans thing in the SADF

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wise, nothing particular struck me about them.

Then my folks moved to Pinetown, and they wanted me at home. I was enrolled at Pinetown High School [PHS], a massive bilingual state school. As was the practice in Natal, it was parallel rather than dual medium; that is, the English and Afrikaans streams were separate rather than mixed in the same class, as was the tendency in the Cape. It was here that I got to know Afrikaners on a

day-to-day basis for the first time. The familiar prejudices of my English-speaking peers remained the same, but they were unsustainable over and against the teachers and the pupils I saw in school every day. The Afrikaans-speaking kids were just like any other kids to me. There was no evidence justifying the sneering hostility the English-speaking kids showed towards them. The Afrikaans-speaking teachers were much like the others; perhaps a little tougher and more direct in their expression. That was ok

for me; in fact, I thrived under them. One of them, old Mnr Stemmet, was a bit cane-happy, but so were a couple of the English-speaking teachers. I was a lazy little sod, but my Std. 8 class-teacher, Mnr A.L. Venter, got me up from 20th into the top three with, amongst other things, his excellent teaching and his eina and particularly whippy thin cane. He gave me, I think, my very first taste of vasbyt.

Continued next week, in Part 2...



Alouette III helicopter bringing in a casualty to a waiting ambulance

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This past week, "Somewhere on the Border..."

1 SA Infantry Battalion was established as 1 SA Infantry Training Battalion at Oudtshoorn on **26 January 1951**.

The All African People's Conference was held in in Tunisia during **January 1960**.

January 1961 saw the first French Panhard AML-60 and AML-90 manufactured under licence in South Africa as the Eland-60 and Eland-90.

January 1962 also saw the establishment of the following units: 2 SA Infantry Battalion at Walvis Bay, 3 SA Infantry Battalion at Lenz, 4 SA Infantry Battalion at Middelburg, 5 SA Infantry Battalion at Lady-smith, and 6 SA Infantry Battalion at Grahams-

town.

On 26 January 1973, SWAPO attacked the Singalamwe Police Station.

A Bantu Training Centre for Black Permanent Force members was established at Baviaanspoort near Pretoria in **January 1974**.

UNITA was definitely the strongest force in southern Angola in **January of 1975**.

An interim coalition government for Angola, under the High Commissioner Brig-Gen. Silva Cardosa, was established on **31 January 1975**.

On 28 January 1976, the personnel of Task Force Zulu were released from duty and

could return to their homes.

On 26 January 1978, six platoons of 32 Battalion and an 81-mm mortar group were taken by road from Elundu to a point north of Chana Oshipala 4km south of the border.

On 28 January 1978, the 32 Bn platoons moved north across the border up to Chana Namixe, about 6km north of the border, without encountering SWAPO.

January 1979 saw the first intake of female volunteers into the SA Medical Services.

During **January 1980**, Elements of SWAPO's 'Special Unit' penetrated into the commercial farming districts to the

south of Owambo and some begin to operate inside western Kavango.

The SA Prime Minister announced on **31 January 1984** that South African forces were beginning to disengage from Angola.

It became clear during **January 1985** that the JMC was not going to produce any worthwhile result, as SWAPO infiltration was continuing and was actually noticeably increasing with the beginning of the rainy season.

SWAPO's **1985/86** infiltration was delayed, partly by the late rainy season resulting in the rivers being in flood and only sparse vegetation to provide cover.



TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE SADF AND SWATF!

Write the names of the units represented by the flashes below each one.

Find the answers in next week's issue!

Last week's unit flashes:



The Musicians School was established in Voortrekkerhoogte as part of the

Administrative Service Corps, where prospective musicians underwent the same basic training as any other member of the ASC at the Army Services School, also in Voortrekkerhoogte. After completion of their basic training, musicians could advance their musical talents at the school and/or join the professional military bands of the SADF.



1 South African Infantry Battalion (1 SAI) was established as 1 SA Infantry

Training Battalion at Oudtshoorn (hence the ostrich feathers on the unit's first insignia) in 1951. The unit was reconstituted as 1 SA Infantry Battalion in November 1967 and moved to its current base at Tempe, Bloemfontein, in November 1973. The unit mechanised in 1976 and the unit insignia was finally changed to the Badger.



11 Field Postal Unit was established as a fully-fledged citizen force unit in 1964

after negotiations between the Post Office and the SADF. Initially the unit was manned by 25 volunteers from the ranks of the Post Office. In December 1975, 14 members from the unit were sent to Grootfontein to help establish an organised mail distribution system and become the main receiving and distribution point in the operational area.



South African infantry train to win the firefight

Schedule of Events

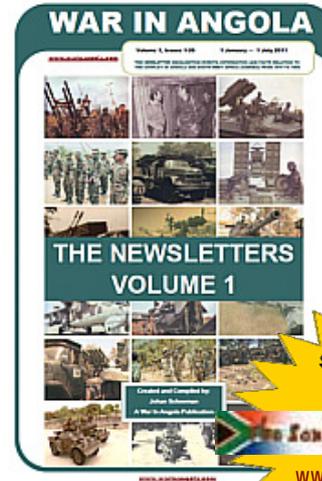
- **5 February 2012 — MOTH BORDER BOYS PARADE: Bergvliet**
- **6-8 February 2012 — 5th Annual Military Radar Summit, USA**
- **9 February 2012 — SA Military History Society Cape Town: The South African Navy's Role in Operation Savannah**
- **9 February 2012 — SA Military History Society Johannesburg: The American Civil War on Water: Introduction to the naval aspect; and All Quiet on the Western Front**
- **9 February 2012 — SA Military History Society Durban: Jackie Fisher and the Dreadnaught; and The Work of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission**
- **9 February 2012 — 61 MVV SKOUER-SKOUER, Muldersdrift**

FEBRUARY 2012

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
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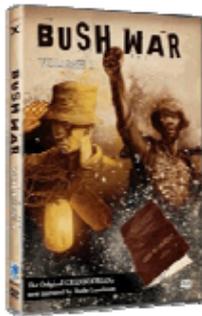
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THE NEWSLETTER HIGHLIGHTING EVENTS, INFORMATION AND FACTS RELATING TO THE CONFLICT IN ANGOLA AND SOUTH-WEST AFRICA (NAMIBIA) FROM 1975 TO 1989

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Johan Schoeman

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Last week's latest topics on the Forums

Link to the Forums:

<http://www.warinangola.com/Default.aspx?tabid=590>

RE: Please feel free to post your views and comments by 4man

Posted By n/a on 12/1/2011 3:03:53 PM hello i live in yorkshire near castleford were i understand mr marchant is after his release if he comes on this forum i would be very grateful if he would sp...

Repatriation of the mortal remains of the Ebo Four by host

"Dear Friends You are hereby cordially informed that the Angolan authorities have now also given their consent for the exhumation and repatriation of the mortal remains of the Ebo Four. Key role...

RE: The attack on 16 Brigade: 9 November 1987 by steveh

"The noise was deafening as we moved forward past 12 Bravo and took their place in the advance formation. Bullets kept smacking and pinging off the armour and I was straining

to see anything other th...

RE: Engineers in Oshakati by Chris (Broer) (guest)

Hier is ek weer vir hulp Is daar medaals gegee indien jy langer as 6 of 9 maande op die grens was behalwe die diens medal en propatria

RE: Engineers in Oshakati by Broer (guest)

Onthou asb die datum 03-06-2012 dit is die dag van die muur van herrnering by die monument WE WILL REMEMBER THEM

RE: 2 Special Service Battalion by Need2Know (guest)

Thank you for the link Johan, Appreciate it! So this was a armour regiment. How easy was it in the 1980's to transfer between regiments? Lets say from this armour regiment to other regiments? ...

RE: Engineers in Oshakati by ammazulu (guest)

Happy 2012

RE: 14 Light Artillery Regiment by Tjooops

PLEASE PLEASE forgive me, again the age played it's mistakes on me! It is NOT 14 Light Regiment (Which was in fact fact an "berede" horseback regiment according to Wikipedia! I was in fact in 18 Li...

RE: 2 Special Service Battalion by johansamin

I also don't have much on 2 SSB, other than what is here: <http://www.warinangola.com/Default.aspx?tabid=1239&Parameter=65> I do have a bit more on 1 SSB, which is here: <http://www.warinangola.com>...

RE: 14 Light Artillery Regiment by Tjooops

Hi Johan, Yeah, I can't really remember ALL the details, but found a fantastic write-up on Wikipedia on 44 Parachute Brigade. I was at Cuito in 1988,