

Learn and Teach

NUMBER 4 1982.



Sloppy gets a job

The rights of factory workers

Hamba kahle Mavi qhawe le sizwe

Three years in jail for nothing

20c
excl G.S.T.

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We thank SACHED for the Factory Workers' Rights story on page 16.

What is the LEARN and TEACH organization?

The Learn and Teach organization helps adults learn to read and write. People learn in groups. Learn and Teach helps people start learning groups. We find a co-ordinator (teacher) for the group and we train the co-ordinator.

We also help groups after they start. We visit groups very often to help them. And we print books for groups to read.

In the groups people learn to read and write in their own language. People learn in Sotho, Xhosa, Zulu, Pedi, Venda, Tswana and Tsonga. When people can read and write in their own language, they learn to read and write in English.

We work with groups in many places. We work with groups in Soweto, Johannesburg, East Rand, Pretoria and Northern Transvaal. We also work with organizations that help learners in Durban and Cape Town.

Do you want to know more about learning groups?

Write to: Learn and Teach
P.O. Box 11074
Johannesburg
2000

Or come to see us at: 9th Floor SARB House
80 Commissioner Street
(Cnr Simmonds Street)
Johannesburg

Telephone: 834-4011 or 834-5939

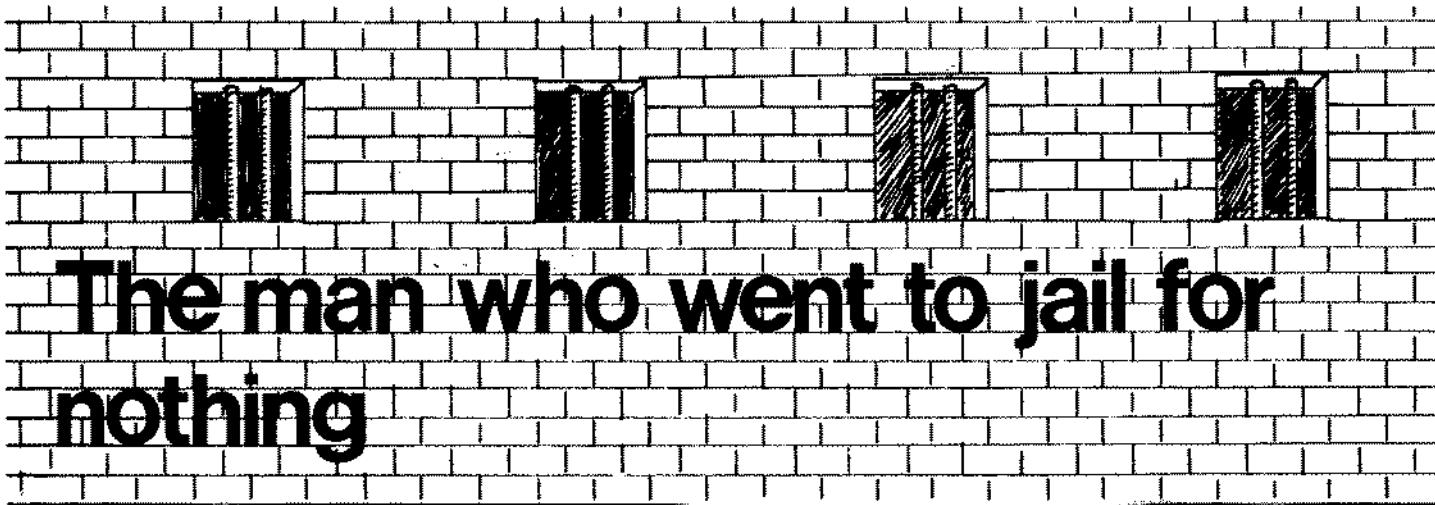


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**Monty tastes freedom after
three years**





The man who went to jail for nothing



Monty Mzinyathi spent 3 years in jail for nothing. He was sent to jail for something he didn't do. He told Learn and Teach the whole story:

"In August 1976 the police arrested my best friend. My friend was a member of a student organization. A few weeks later I heard the police were looking for me.

I was scared of the police. So I went into hiding. I did not go home again. I slept at different houses all over Soweto.

In February 1977 I decided to go to Lesotho. I caught a bus to Witsieshoek. Then I walked. I walked for 3 days and 3 nights. I only had sixty cents with me.

I got to Butha Buthe in Lesotho on the third day. Some people gave me a lift to Hlotse. In Hlotse I met some people I knew. They gave me a lift to Maseru. In Maseru I went to the police. I told them my story. The police sent me to a government office. I told my story again. The government office sent me to a refugee camp.

The refugee camp was called New Europa. At New Europa I met many people from South Africa. I also met people from Namibia and Zimbabwe. In New Europa we studied and played soccer. I got R30 a month. I stayed in New Europa for about three months. Then I got a room in Maseru.

In Maseru I got a job at a firm called Midex. I stayed there for a few weeks. Then I got a job with a friend. I knew this guy from Johannesburg. He was a taxi driver.

I was a conductor on my friend's taxi. Taxis in Lesotho have conductors. The conductors collect the money from the passengers.

One day in June 1977 we had an accident. I went to the Queen Elizabeth hospital. I stayed at the hospital for four days. After I left the hospital I went back to my job at Midex.

In October my girlfriend Sibongile came to Lesotho. She stayed with me. We got married in April.

In October 1978 we went back to South Africa. I thought things were better in South Africa.

On the 7th April the police banged on my door. They came at 2 o'clock in the morning. They arrested me. They also arrested my father and mother, my wife and my two children, and a visitor from Cape Town. At the time my one child was two years old. The other child was 5 weeks old.

They kept my mother, wife and children in jail for nine days. My father and I stayed in jail.

In jail the police said I went to Russia to train as a soldier. They said I was a member of the ANC. They said my father helped hide me when I came back.

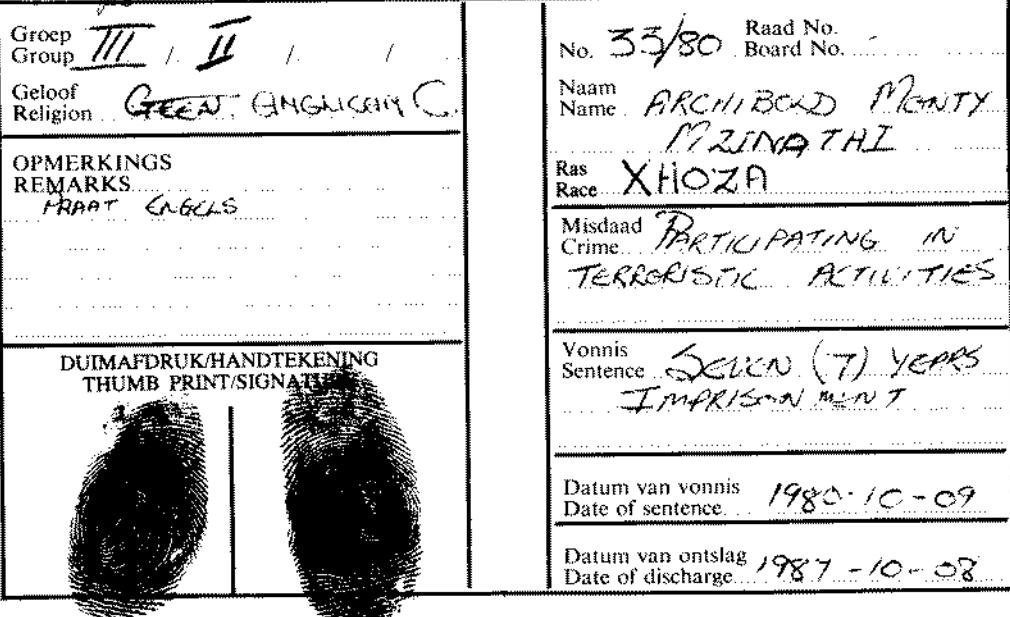
The police hurt me. I was scared of them. I agreed with their story. I told them what they wanted to hear. They took me to a magistrate to make a statement. In the statement I said that I was a member of the ANC and went to Russia. But this was not true. I was in Lesotho at the time.

Eighteen months after I was arrested, I went to court. I told the magistrate I made the statement because the police hurt me and I was scared. The magistrate did not believe me.

My taxi driver friend came to court. He told the magistrate I worked for him at the time. The magistrate did not believe him.

A nurse at the Queen Elizabeth hospital sent a statement to the court. She told the court she nursed me after the accident. The traffic officer from the car accident sent a statement. He told the court he saw me after the accident. The airport in Lesotho sent a statement. They said I never left Maseru airport. (The police said I flew from Maseru to Maputo on my way to Russia.) The airport also said no planes left for Maputo when I was there.

G.P.S		G 353
GEVONNISTE GEVANGENE SENTENCED PRISONER		
Groep Group	III , II	Raad No. Board No.
Geloof Religion	CHRISTIANITY	Naam Name
OPMERKINGS REMARKS	PARTICIPATING IN TERRORISTIC ACTIVITIES	
DUIMAFDRUK/HANDTEKENING THUMB PRINT/SIGNATURE		
No. 33/80 Ras Race		
MisdAAD Crime		
Vonnis Sentence		
Datum van vonnis Date of sentence		
Datum van ontslag Date of discharge		



Monty's prison I.D. card

The magistrate did not believe any of these statements. My lawyers asked the magistrate to take the court to Lesotho. My lawyer wanted the court to speak to the nurse, traffic officer and airport officials. My lawyers also wanted the court to speak to my boss at Midex and the organization that paid me R30 a month. All these people knew I did not go to Russia. They all knew I was in Lesotho at the time.

But the magistrate said no. He did not let the court speak to the people in Lesotho. Instead the magistrate believed another man's story. The man said I went to Russia.

The magistrate sent me to jail for seven years. My father was set free.

They sent me to Robben Island. My lawyer told me to have hope. She was taking my case to a higher court. This court is called the Supreme Court.

I felt unhappy in jail. I thought I was going to spend seven years there. But the other prisoners in Robben Island gave me hope. They told me not to worry.

I stayed on Robben Island for 18 months before the Supreme Court heard my case. I thought the Supreme Court would hear my case on the 25th, 26th and 27th April. I was very nervous for those three days. But I heard nothing. On the night of the last day I gave up hope.

Two days later a prison guard came to see me. He said "Vat al jou goedes" (Take your things). I thought he was taking me to my new job. I had asked for a job in the kitchen a few weeks before.

But the guard did not take me to the kitchen. He took me to the office. They told me I was leaving. I still did not know what was happening. I thought they were sending me to another jail. They sent other prisoners to another jail a few days before.

Then a prison guard told me I was a free man. They took me to the post office to fetch a telegram from my lawyer. The telegram said I was free.

They took me to the boat. I did not have time to say goodbye to my friends. In Cape Town they gave me a lift to the station and gave me a ticket for Johannesburg - third class.

I did not get on the train. I got a taxi to some friends in Gugulethu. The next day I bought a second class ticket for Johannesburg. This ticket cost me R37 extra.

My family met me at the station. My little girl, Nomathamsanqa, ran up to me and said: "Daddy, please don't leave us again."

I'm glad to be free. But I am still nervous and forgetful. I have bad dreams at night. I want to find a job working outside. I want to give my head a chance to get well again." ●



Hamba kahle qhawe le sizwe



Many people still remember the end of July in 1980. The city of Johannesburg was dirty for nearly two weeks. Nobody swept the streets. Nobody emptied the dustbins. There were big piles of rubbish in every street.

People waited for a long time at the bus stops. But the buses never came. Many bus drivers didn't go to work. And many municipal workers from other departments also did not work.

Ten thousand municipal workers went on strike. They went on strike for nearly two weeks. They wanted more money. A man called Joseph Zenzele Mavi was their leader.

Now Mavi is dead. He died in a car accident

on the 8th of June this year. He was only 44 years old.

Mavi was buried in Soweto on the 26th June. At the funeral, speakers praised Mavi. Mr Government Zini from a trade union called Macwusa said: "Mr Mavi was not an ordinary man. He was a man of the people a man you could trust at first sight. We have lost a tree under which we all sheltered."

Joseph Mavi was born in the Transkei in 1938. He went to school in Umtata. In 1957 he came to work in Johannesburg. He got a job with the water department at the Johannesburg municipality. He worked there until 1959.



Friends carry Joseph Mavi after he won a court case in March 1981

He got a job with a company in Doornfontein. He stayed there for nine months. Then he got a job with the CNA. In 1960 he got a driver's licence.

In 1964 Mavi got a job as a bus driver for the City Council. He was one of the first black bus drivers to work for the City Council.

In 1968 he left the City Council. He wanted to work for his people. He joined the Bantu Federation of South Africa. He worked with great people like James "Sofasonke" Mpanza.

At this time, Mavi became interested in

trade unions. He read all about trade unions. He believed that workers needed to stand together.

In 1970 he joined the African Transport Workers Union. He now worked as a truck driver for a large furniture company. In 1975 Joseph Mavi became president of the union. But he was not happy with the union. He believed the union was not helping the workers.

He went back to the City Council. He drove buses again. The City Council started a union called the Union of Johannesburg Municipality Workers. Joseph Mavi did not like this union. He said the union did not

belong to the workers.

In January 1978 Mavi went to a meeting of the union. But the officials did not let him speak. Mavi walked out of the union. One hundred and thirteen people followed him. Mavi and his followers started the Black Municipality Workers Union (BMWU).

The BMWU grew quickly. Mavi was a good leader. He knew what the workers wanted. He was a worker himself.

Mavi was in jail a lot. The police arrested him for the first time when the workers went on strike. He was arrested at the magistrate's court. He was at Court because he wanted to help the workers. The City Council fired the workers and was sending them back to the homelands. Mavi asked the magistrate to let the workers stay in Johannesburg.

Mavi worked hard to make his trade union strong. But Mavi did not work hard for only municipal workers. He worked hard for all the workers in the country. He wanted all workers to stand together.

A week before he died, Mavi spoke at a meeting at the Johannesburg City Hall. He spoke like he knew he was going to die. He said: "Even if Mavi dies, do not leave the Union. The work must carry on." ●

A MESSAGE TO OUR READERS

GOOD NEWS! You can now buy our magazine at many CNA's and shops in South Africa. Please tell your friends about this.

You can also get the Learn and Teach magazine in the post. For R2.50 we will send you the next 10 magazines in the post. People who live in Lesotho, Botswana, Zimbabwe, Swaziland and Namibia must pay R3.50 to get the next 10 magazines in the post.

Send a postal order with your name and address to:

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P.O. Box 11074
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The fastest man in Africa



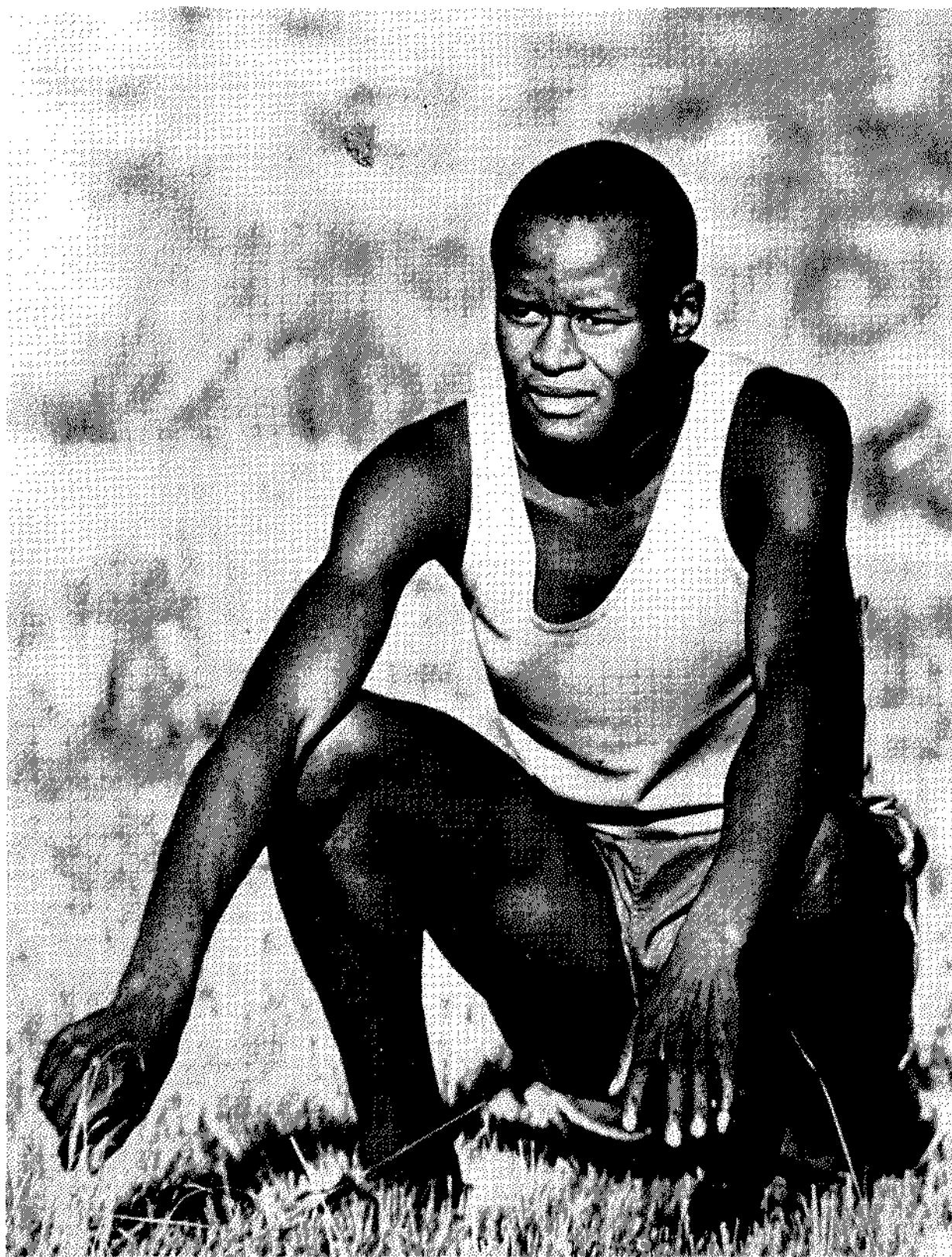
On the 1st May this year Vincent Rakabaele won a 42 kilometre race in Port Elizabeth. He won the race in 2 hours 11 minutes and 44 seconds. So now he is the fastest runner in Africa in this race.

Learn and Teach went to speak to Vincent Rakabaele at Bracken mine in the Eastern Transvaal. "I ran well on that day" Vincent told **Learn and Teach**. "I passed Bernard Rose after 34 kilometres. Then I knew I was going to be the fastest man in Africa. I also run better at the sea. The air is much better at the sea."

Vincent Rakabaele was born far away from the sea. He was born in the mountains of the Sefekaneng District in Lesotho 33 years ago. He was the oldest child in a family of four boys and three girls.

In 1960 the Rakabaele family suffered a terrible hardship. Vincent's father was killed. "My father was working in Germiston" says Vincent. "One day some tsotsis attacked him. Then they tied him on a railway line."

After Vincent's father died, the family was short of money. Vincent's mother sold most of the family cattle to look after her children. In 1969 Vincent left school to help his mother. He only spent six years at school.



Vincent went to work in the mines in South Africa. He got a job at the Marievale mine near Nigel. He worked underground for a while. But underground work frightened him. He asked for another job. He got another job in the mine hospital.

One day in 1972 Vincent watched some men running at the Marievale mine. He enjoyed watching the runners. He decided he also wanted to run.

"I trained with the other runners" says Vincent. "My first race was over 100 yards. I came last."

Some other runners told Vincent to try a longer race. He ran in a race over a mile. He finished fourth. But Vincent was not happy.

Vincent then ran in a three mile race. In this race he finished second. Vincent was still not happy.

Vincent decided to try a longer race. He ran in a marathon. A marathon is a 42 kilometre race. Vincent won the race.

Since that time Vincent has won many more races. He has run for Lesotho in New Zealand, Algeria and Canada. And in 1980 he ran in the Olympic Games in Moscow.

"The Olympic Games were very exciting," says Vincent. "We stayed in a big village with sportsmen from all over the world. Everybody spoke different languages. We spoke to each other with our hands.

"I did not run well in Moscow. I came 23rd in the marathon. I was sick before the race. I had stomach trouble. And I did not like the weather. One day was hot and the next day was cold. But I will run better in the next Olympic Games in America in 1984."

Vincent has one big wish. "I want to run the fastest marathon in the world" says Vincent. "But I must still train very hard. And I must run against more runners from other countries.

"I must say one last thing. I like winning races. But winning isn't everything. I love running. When I run I feel like I'm flying. I feel so free." ●



Vincent Rakabaele with his mother, his daughter Lerato and his son Koni

LEARN AND TEACH



A job in the sky

Johannes Chiyi is a window cleaner. He cleans windows outside the big IBM building in Johannesburg. The IBM building is 21 stories high. He told Learn and Teach his story:

I am now 29 years old. I am married and I have one child. My wife and child live at my home in Greystown, Natal.

Before I came to Johannesburg, I worked in a hotel in Durban. I worked in the hotel for a few years. In 1957, I decided to come to Johannesburg. People told me I can make money in Johannesburg. That is why I came to find work in Egoli.

The first job I found was this job. At the job, I found other people who had worked here for a long time. They knew all about the job. They showed me what to do. They did not teach me for a long time. I learned the job quickly.

When we clean the windows, we stand in a steel box outside the building. We call this steel box a cradle. I was very scared when I went up in the cradle for the first time. I

said to myself: "If I die, my wife and parents will be sad. And nobody will send them money anymore."

Now I am not scared anymore. I go up in the cradle everyday. Sometimes I forget that I am cleaning windows on the 20th floor. I just clean the windows and think about my home and other things.

We work in groups of four people. Two people work outside in the cradle and two people work inside the building. We all clean the same window at the same time. Then we clean the next window. We take six weeks to clean all the windows in the building. After we finish cleaning all the windows, we start again.

We use pink soap to clean the windows. The soap is like a dish-washing soap. We also use sponges and a rubber thing. The rubber thing is called a squeegee. The squeegee takes the water and soap off the windows. Then the glass dries quickly.

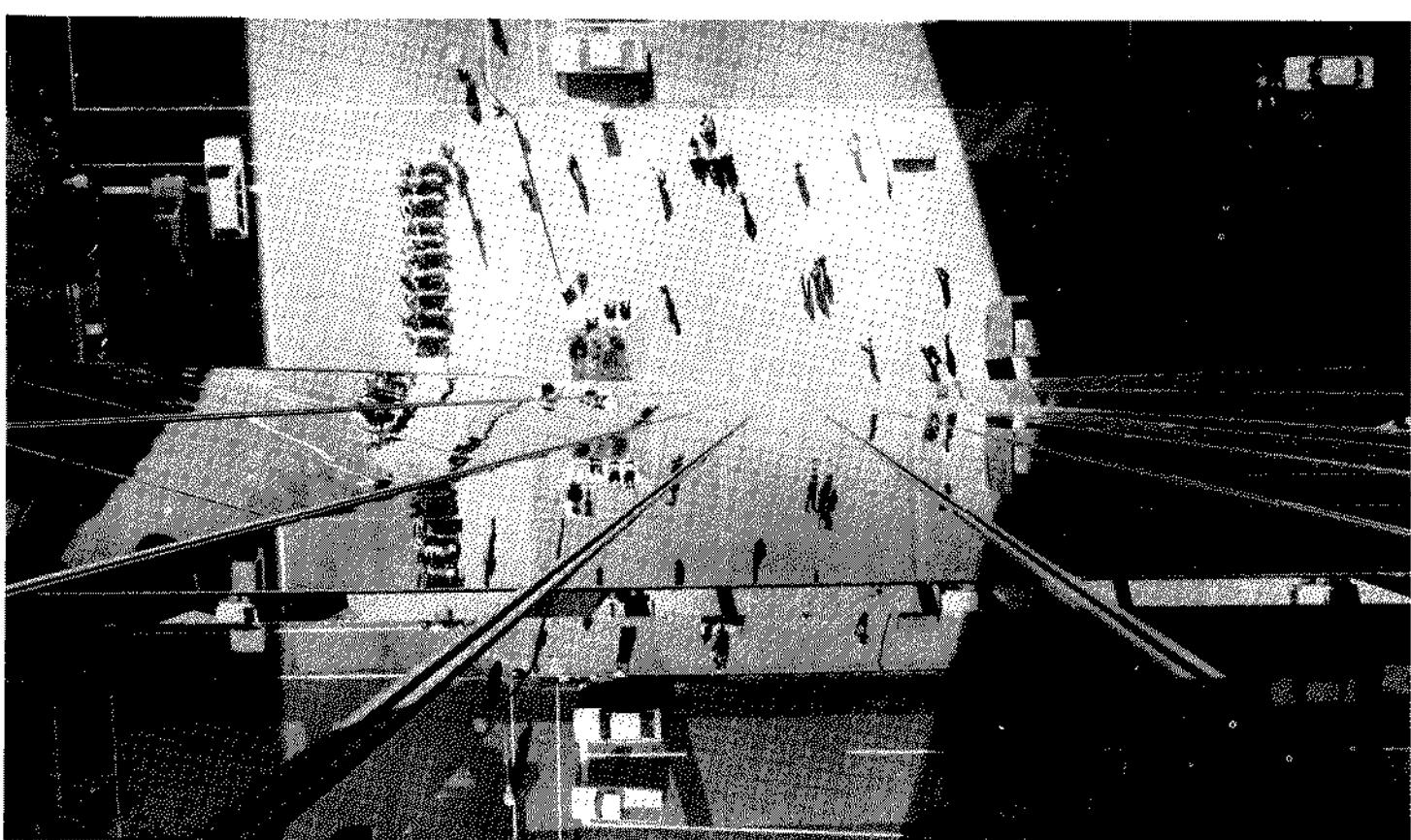
Sometimes we drop water or something from the cradle. Then we see people in the street waving or pointing at us. Maybe they swear at us. Or maybe they laugh at us. We do not know.

I say that I am not scared anymore. But I know that my job is dangerous. I can do everything right. But things can still go wrong.

One day last year we were working on the tenth floor. The cradle made funny noises and did not go up or down.

I tried doing everything I knew. But nothing happened. Then the cradle started moving from side to side. I did not know what to do. I thought I was going to die.

Then the cradle started moving again. Somebody fixed the machine on top of the building. I nearly cried with happiness. I hope such a thing never happens again. ●



This is a picture of the street from 21 floors up.



Casey goes to a wedding.

Here is another story by Casey Motsisi. This story is about a person Casey knew. The person was Kid Playboy. One day the editor of Drum Magazine spoke to Casey. The editor told Casey to go to a wedding in Alexandra Township. The editor wanted Casey to write about the wedding for Drum magazine.

DRAWN BY G. HABOTX

① Casey dressed for the wedding. He put on his smartest clothes.



Casey thinks; "Casey old boy, you don't look bad!"

② At the wedding Casey met the bride and bridegroom. Casey knew the bridegroom.



Casey thinks; "Hey, that's Kid Playboy. A long time ago he took my girlfriend away."

③ Kid Playboy looked very scared. Casey thought Kid Playboy was scared of him. But then Casey saw that Kid Playboy was looking at a woman behind Casey.

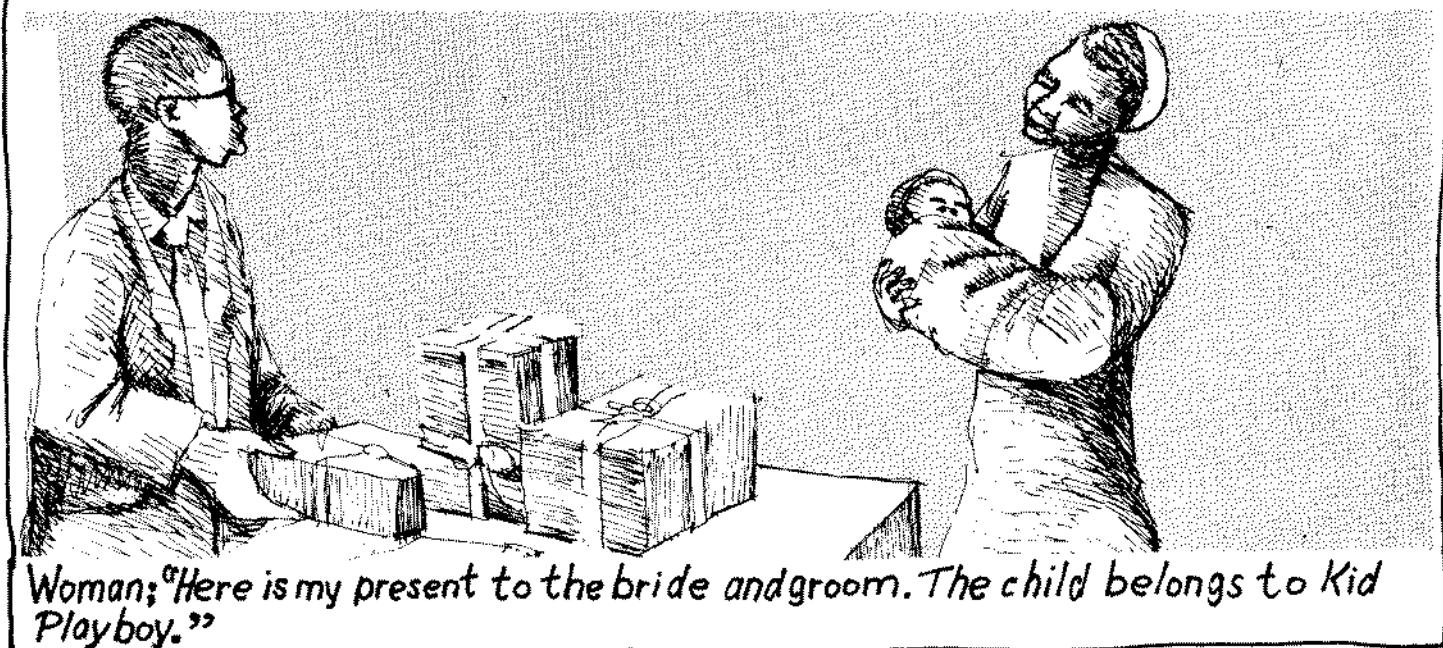


Casey thinks; "Why is Kid Playboy looking at that woman with the baby?"

④ Then the Mabhalane started to speak.

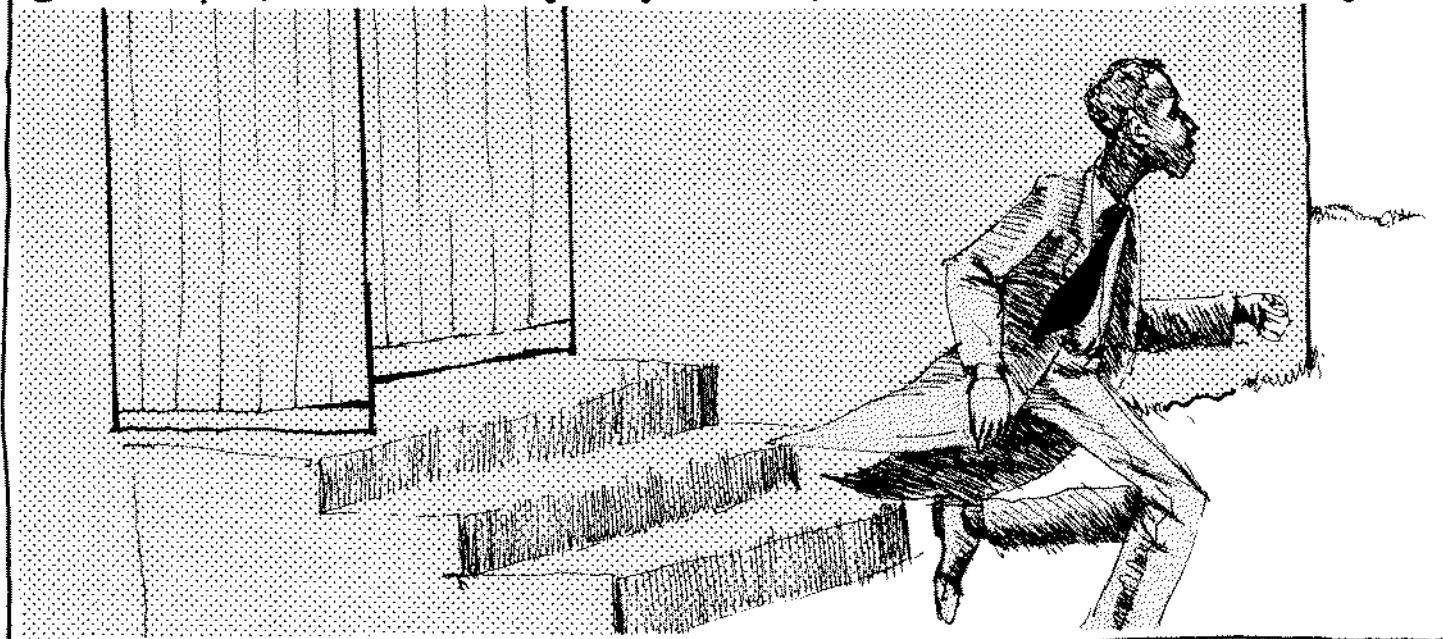


⑤ People gave presents to the Mabhalane. Then the woman with the baby went to the Mabhalane.



Woman: "Here is my present to the bride and groom. The child belongs to Kid Playboy."

⑥ Kid Playboy left the wedding in a great hurry. Nobody ever heard from him again!



Factory Workers' Rights

Are you a factory worker? A factory worker works at one of these places:

- * At a factory
- * At a business that fixes, paints or cleans things
- * At a business that prints things
- * At a place that makes electricity
- * At a place that kills animals

If you are a factory worker, there is a law to look after you. This law is called the **Factories Act**. The **Factories Act** tells your boss what he must do for you.

A boss can do more than the **Factories Act** says. But a boss cannot do less

Maybe your boss is doing less than the **Factories Act** says. Then you can get help. Do not talk to your boss. Maybe he will fire you. First talk to someone from your trade union. He will help you. If you are not a trade union member, you can write to us. We have a list of people who can help you. We will send you that list.

Write to: **Learn and Teach**
P.O. Box 11074
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Now read what the **Factories Act** says:

46 Hours a Week



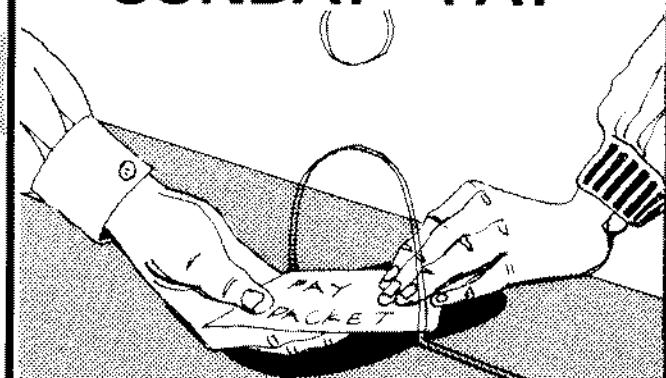
You must not work more than 46 hours a week. Lunch breaks and tea breaks are not counted in these 46 hours. They are extra time.
*Do you work 6 days a week? Then you must not work more than 8 hours a day.
*Do you work 5½ days a week? Then you must not work more than 8½ hours a day.
*Do you work 5 days a week? Then you must not work more than 9½ hours a day.

OVERTIME



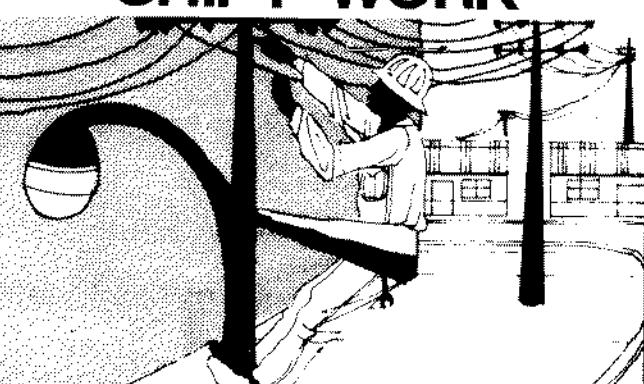
Maybe you sometimes work more than 46 hours a week. Then you are working overtime. You must get money for overtime. The overtime wage is your wage plus one third of your wage. For example: Mandla Xuma earns 60 cents an hour. One third of 60 cents is 20 cents. So his overtime wage is 60 cents + 20 cents. He must get 80 cents an hour for overtime.

SUNDAY PAY

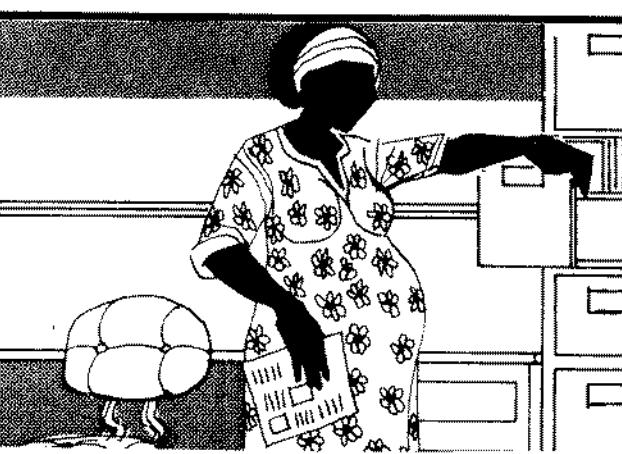


Maybe you work on a Sunday. Then you must get Sunday pay. Sunday pay works this way:
If you work less than 4 hours on a Sunday, you must get a whole day's pay.
If you work more than 4 hours on a Sunday, you must get 2 days' pay, or overtime pay and a day off in the next week. Your boss must pay you for this day off.

SHIFT WORK



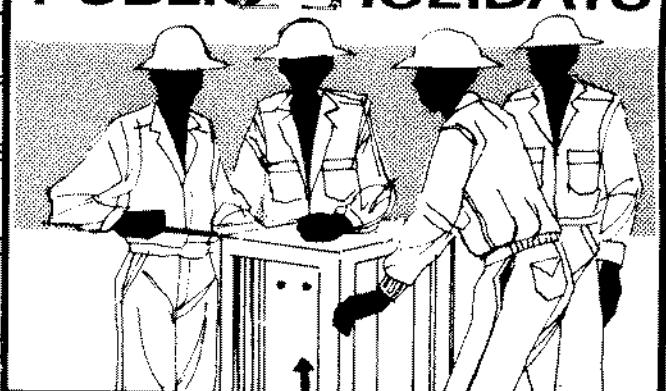
Some places work all the time. For example, a power station works all the time. These places need workers all day and all night. These places work 7 days a week. They have 3 shifts a day. Each shift is 8 hours long. Workers at these places must not work more than 48 hours a week.
If these workers work on a Sunday, they must get 1½ days' pay. Every week these workers must get off 24 hours at one time.



MATERNITY

A pregnant woman must not go to work for the last 4 weeks before the baby is born. And she must not go to work 8 weeks after the baby is born.
A woman can get money when she takes time off for a baby. She gets this money from an administration board or Commissioner's court.

PUBLIC HOLIDAYS



There are 5 public holidays for all workers. Workers must get these days off with pay or get double wages. These holidays are:
Good Friday
Ascension Day
Day of the Vow
Christmas Day
New Year's Day

SICK LEAVE

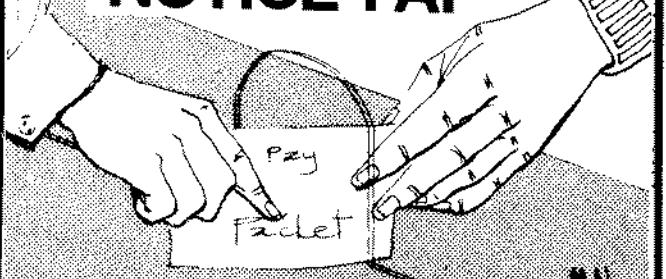
When you are sick and can't go to work, you must get paid. You get paid for sick leave.
*Do you work 6 days a week? Then you can take 12 days sick leave a year.
*Do you work 5 days a week? Then you can take 10 days sick leave a year.
These days are only for sickness. If you are not sick, you cannot take sick leave. Maybe you are sick for more days than your sick leave. Then your boss will not pay you for the extra days. You must get money from the Unemployment Insurance Fund.

PAID HOLIDAY



You must get a paid holiday after you have worked for 1 year. You must get 2 weeks paid holiday every year. This does not count sick leave or public holidays.
Your boss must tell you when to go on leave. But after you have worked for a year, your boss cannot make you wait more than 4 months for leave.

NOTICE PAY



If you are fired, your boss must give you notice. Notice works this way:
*Do you get paid every week? If you are fired, your boss must let you work for another week. Or he must give you an extra week's pay.
*Do you get paid every month? If you are fired, your boss must let you work for 2 more weeks. Or he must give you an extra 2 weeks pay.
When you leave you must also get paid for any holidays you didn't take. This is called leave pay. You must get about 1 day's pay for every month you have worked.

Henry Nxumalo

The greatest journalist of them all



The man who made DRUM famous

Many great journalists have worked for Drum magazine. But Henry Nxumalo was the greatest. He made Drum famous.

People all over Africa and the world read his stories. His stories were about black people's lives in South Africa. In these stories, Henry spoke up for the workers. Thousands of people said he was a friend who shared their troubles. They called him Mr. Drum.

Henry Nxumalo was born in Port Shepstone in 1917. Henry's parents had 7 children. Henry was the eldest.

When Henry was at school, his father died. The family was short of money. But Henry wanted an education. He worked in the school kitchen to pay his school fees.

When Henry left school, he did domestic work in Durban. But Henry hated domestic work. He ran away to Johannesburg and found work in a boilermaker's shop. In his spare time he wrote for the newspaper Bantu World.

The newspaper offered him a job as a messenger. But Henry also did not like messenger work. He told the newspaper that he wanted to write. After a while they let him write. Henry wrote about sport.

The Second World War started in 1939. Henry joined the army. He went to Egypt and England.

Henry saw a new world in England - a world without apartheid. Henry forgot about "Europeans only". He made friends with British people and other Black people in England.

Then the army sent Henry back to South Africa. In Johannesburg Henry worked for newspapers again. He married a pretty young nurse. Her name was Florence.

Henry joined Drum in 1959. At this time Drum had stories about tribes, chiefs, religion and farming. Very few people bought the magazine.

Henry and his friends told the editor to change Drum. They said Drum must be a magazine for city people.

One man said: "Hey man, why does Drum write that stuff, man! Tribal music! Tribal history! Chiefs! Give us jazz and film stars, man! We want Duke Ellington, Satchmo and pretty women! And tell us what is happening here man, on the Reef!"

Soon Drum had stories on jazz, soccer, boxing and women. More people started to buy Drum. But a magazine called Zonk sold more than Drum. The boss of Drum wanted Drum to be the best. How could they get more people to buy Drum?

Henry had the answer. He knew that people wanted articles on politics. Henry said people wanted to read things that happened in their lives. So Henry started to write about the lives of black people in South Africa. These stories made him famous.



Henry's first big story was about the lives of farm-workers in Bethal. In 1952 he went to his editor and said: "By the way, have you heard about a place called Bethal? Bethal is a farming district in the Eastern Transvaal. They grow potatoes there. Of course, there is a lot of flogging there."

"Flogging?" asked the editor.

"Yes, Bethal is famous because the farmers beat up their workers".

"How do you know about Bethal?" asked the editor.

"I went there about 3 years ago with a priest. We looked around the farms. I'm sure things haven't changed. Bethal means the House of God," laughed Henry.

Henry dressed up like a farm worker and went to Bethal. In Bethal he spoke to 50 workers. They were all unhappy. They told him the farmers were cruel. They told him about farmers like "Mabulala" (The killer) and "Fakefutheni" (Slave-driver). And 32 workers said the farmers had tricked them to sign a contract.

Henry visited the workers' compounds. He said: "The compounds look like jails. They have high walls. They are dirty. They are often next to a cattle kraal. The workers breathe the same air as the cattle."

After a few days Henry phoned Drum and asked for a photographer. The photographer took pictures of the farms, the compounds, and the farmers with their whips.

But Henry and the photographer had a hard time. Often farmers chased Henry and the photographer. Sometimes the photographer told the farmers he was interested in farming. And Henry said he was his servant. Henry went back to Johannesburg and wrote the story. The story was called "Bethal Today". The article was by "Mr Drum".

All the copies of Drum sold out. The government did not like the story. The Prime Minister said: "Drum wrote the story to make trouble". The farmers in Bethal bought hundreds of magazines. They burnt them. They did not want people to read how they treated their workers.

After the story about Bethal the farmers treated their workers a little better. People also learnt about the danger of contracts.

Mr Drum became famous. Many people wrote letters to him. People asked: "Who is this wonderful Mr Drum?"

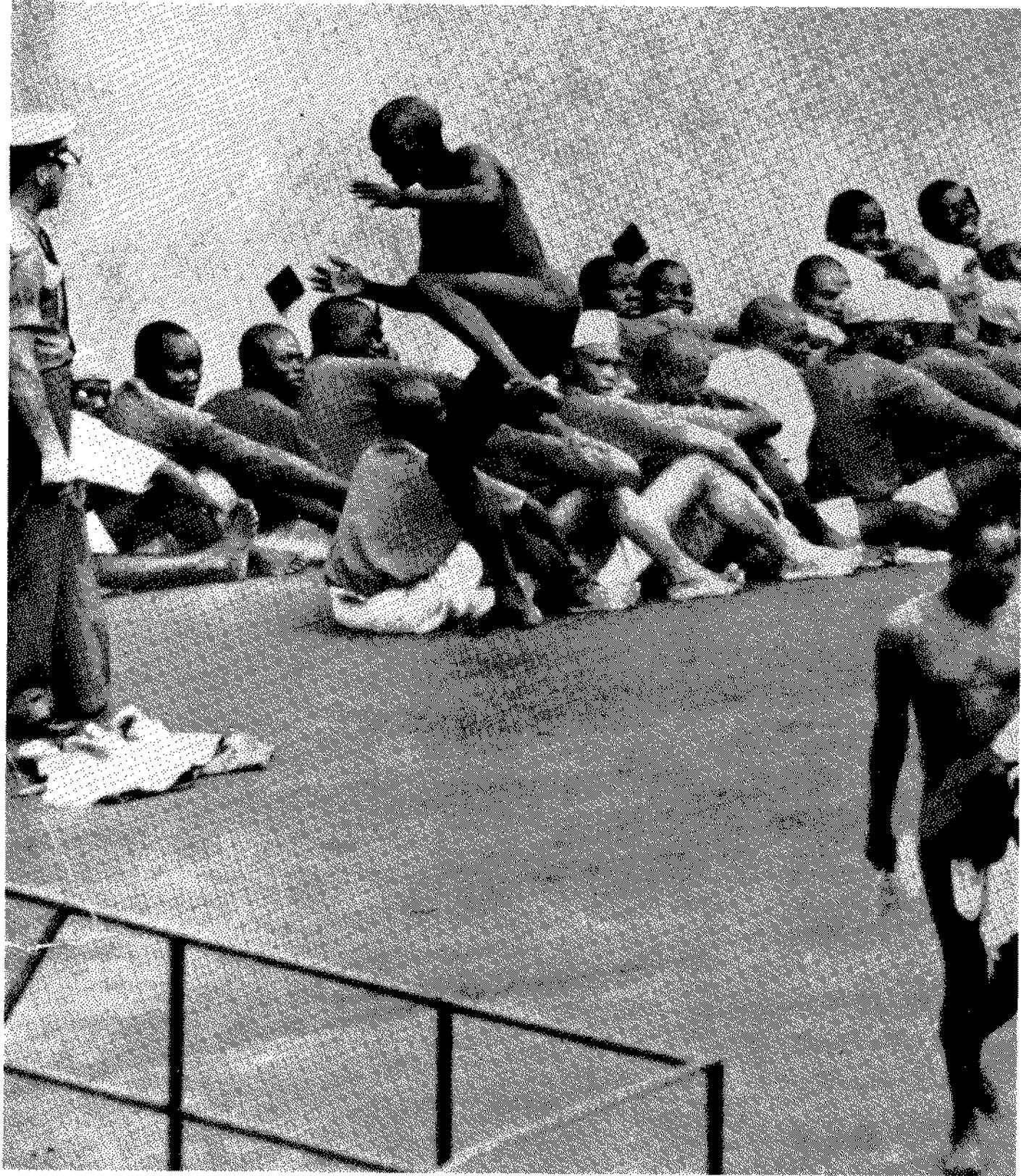
Mr Drum wrote more stories about farm workers. He visited the wine farms in the Cape and the sugar farms in Natal. He wrote stories about the workers on these farms. Mr Drum told the world about the suffering of people in South Africa.

Henry also wrote stories about life in the towns. One of his stories was about gangs and tsotsis. There were many famous gangs like "The Russians" and "The Americans". Henry and other Drum journalists wrote about the gangs. The work was dangerous. The gangsters often wanted to kill the Drum journalists.

But the work on gangs was sometimes funny. Drum wrote a story called "Clean up the Reef". The story said the police must clean up the gangsters and tsotsis. The police decided to listen to the story. They arrested hundreds of tsotsis and gangsters.

One night the police arrested Henry in a pass raid. He spent the night in jail. The jail was full of tsotsis. Henry asked the warder what was happening.

"Ag, haven't you read Drum, man? We're cleaning up the Reef", the warder said.



Henry's next famous story was about jails. Many readers asked "Mr Drum, why don't you write about jails?" People wanted Henry to write about the hard life in prison. They wanted him to tell the world about the bad food, the dirty cells, the beatings and the "tansa dance". The prisoners danced naked to show the police they didn't have any tobacco. Drum decided to do an article on the Fort. The Fort is a jail in Johannesburg.

First Drum needed a photograph of prisoners in the Fort. Drum journalists thought about this problem. Then they saw a big building opposite the Fort. The Drum photographers went to the top of the building. They told the owners that they wanted pictures of Johannesburg. But instead they took pictures of the prisoners in the Fort. They got a photograph of a prisoner doing the tansa dance.

Drum had the photograph. But now they needed the story. One journalist said: "I'll go to jail."

"No" said Henry, "I'll go. I'm Mr Drum."

"Do you think you can get in to the jail?" the editor asked.

"That will be easy," said Henry. "My problem is always how to stay out of jail."

So Henry tried to get arrested. But he had problems.

First he went to Boksburg without a permit to visit a friend. His friend phoned the police and told them Henry was coming. The police waited for Henry. They took him to the police station. But at the police station the sergeant said:

"Ag! Don't be silly, man. Go away and don't do it again."

The next day he caught a train without a ticket. The ticket collector came to check the tickets. Henry refused to pay. The ticket collector called a policeman. The policeman said "Go to someone and ask him to lend you the money."

"No!" said Henry. He was arrested. The next day he went to court. But the magistrate told Henry to go home.

Henry tried again. He put a big bottle of brandy in his pocket. In those days black people were not allowed to drink. Henry walked up and down outside Marshall Square police station. The police did nothing. He started to sing and shout. The police still did nothing. Henry got drunk and started a fight. The police arrested him. The next morning Henry went to court.

The magistrate gave Henry 5 days in jail or 10 shillings fine. The court interpreter was Henry's friend. He wanted to help Henry. He paid Henry's fine.

The next night Henry tried to get arrested again. He walked around Johannesburg without a pass. A policeman saw him and asked for his pass.

"I haven't got one," Henry said.

He was arrested and the magistrate gave him 5 days in jail. At last Henry was inside the Fort. When he came out he wrote a story about the Fort. The story was called "Mr Drum goes to jail".

After the story, life in the jails got a bit better. The police did not make prisoners do the "tansa dance" anymore.

The Orlando tsotsis gave Henry a party. They said: "Mr Drum, we liked your story. You did a good job."

Henry's next famous story was about farm workers. This time the story was about farm

workers in Rustenburg. Farm workers suffered in Rustenburg. One farmer killed a worker. People called the farmer "Umabulala umuntu" (He who killed a man).

A reader wrote to Drum: "Why doesn't Mr Drum have a look around here? Rustenburg is like Bethal."

Henry dressed up as a farm worker and went to Rustenburg. He got a job on the farm of "Umabulala umuntu."

Henry worked at the farm from 5 in the morning till 7 at night. He slept in a dirty compound. The workers told him many stories about the cruelty of "Umabulala umuntu." Workers said the ghost of a dead worker came back to the compound at night.

One day Henry sat under a tree when it rained. The farmer called him and beat him. Henry decided to escape. He went back to Johannesburg and wrote his story. People wrote letters to thank Mr Drum for his story. They praised him for his bravery. This story about the Rustenburg farm workers was one of his last stories.

One night in December 1956 Henry went to visit his cousin Percy Hlubi. Percy lived in Western Township. Late that night Henry told Percy that he had to do a job in Newclare.

Percy said: "Henry don't go now. It's late and dangerous. Can't you go tomorrow?" "Never put off for tomorrow what you can do today," answered Henry.

The next morning Percy's wife got up and went to work. On the way she saw a body lying on the grass. The body was covered in blood. She went to have a look. She saw that it was Henry. Somebody had killed Henry in the night. He was only 37 years old.

Henry Nxumalo, tried to make the world a better place. He died doing his job. He was the greatest journalist of them all. ●



What is the word? write your answers in the spaces we have done the first one

- 1) Meadowlands is part of _____ Soweto
- 2) What trees are made of _____ _____
- 3) The part of the body we taste with _____ _____
- 4) What you put a letter into _____ _____
- 5) What you can see on very cold mornings _____ _____
- 6) Maputo is the capital of this country _____ _____
- 7) We use this to chop firewood _____ _____
- 8) Parts of the body we hear with _____ _____
- 9) We dig holes with this _____ _____
- 10) A place children learn at _____ _____
- 11) What is the capital city of Angola _____ _____
- 12) The coldest time of the year _____ _____
- 13) You buy this on a bus _____ _____
- 14) What we breathe _____ _____

here are the answers

1) Soweto	2) Wood	3) Tongue	4) Envelope	5) Frost	6) Mozambique	7) Axe	8) Ears	9) Spade	10) School	11) Land	12) Winter	13) Ticket	14) Air
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Letter puzzle

Look at the pictures and fill in the right words
find the right words here

seven, picked, clothes, late, screwdriver, jumped,
queue, bed, letter, door, bus, wardrobe, sat, pot,

Dear Lerato,

Today I am tired. I worked hard and got home at _____ o'clock.

I was late because the _____ was late.

I stood in a long _____



When I got home I greeted my mother.

We made a _____ of tea.

We _____ down to drink our tea.

Then I heard a loud scream from the bedroom. I _____ up _____ and ran into the bedroom.

The _____ was lying on the floor. I heard noises from inside the wardrobe. My mother and I lifted up the wardrobe.



Little Sipho was sitting in a pile of
---  ---. The wardrobe
---  --- was broken off. Sipho said that
the wardrobe fell on him.

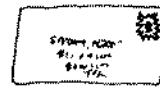
Well, I was angry and tired.

I was glad that Sipho did not hurt himself.

I ---  him up. We went back to
the kitchen. We made more tea.

Then we found a ---
and put the door back on.

Now I'm going to 

Please write me a --- 

Much love,
Sadidi.

can you make a sentence?

to Trade I join a Union want

Write the words in.

Try and make two words from each of the words below.

We have done the first one

father

fat

anybody

her

moonlight

cannot

beside

nowhere

understand

anybody

inside

postman

everybody

sunflower

football

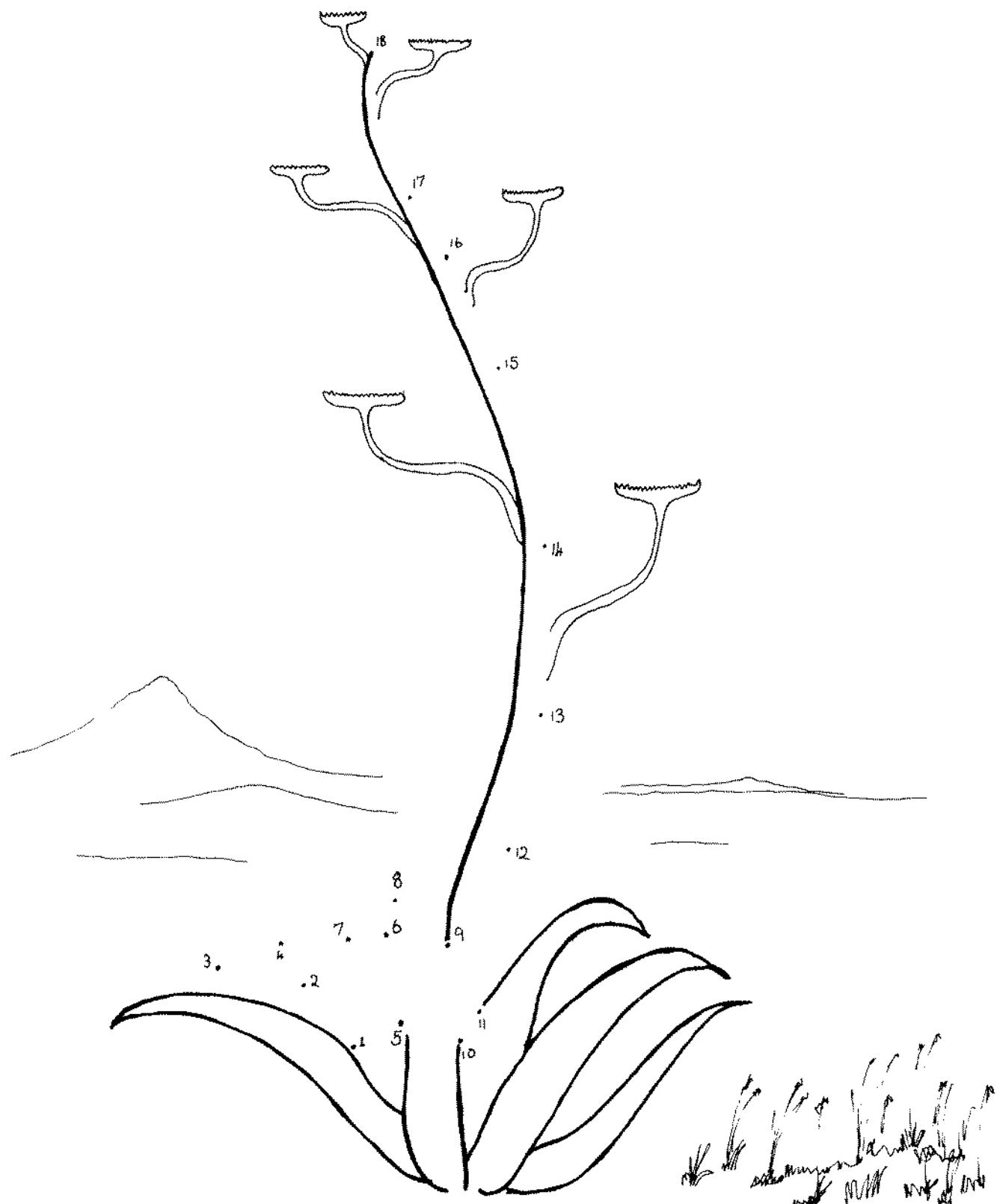
fat	her

here are the answers

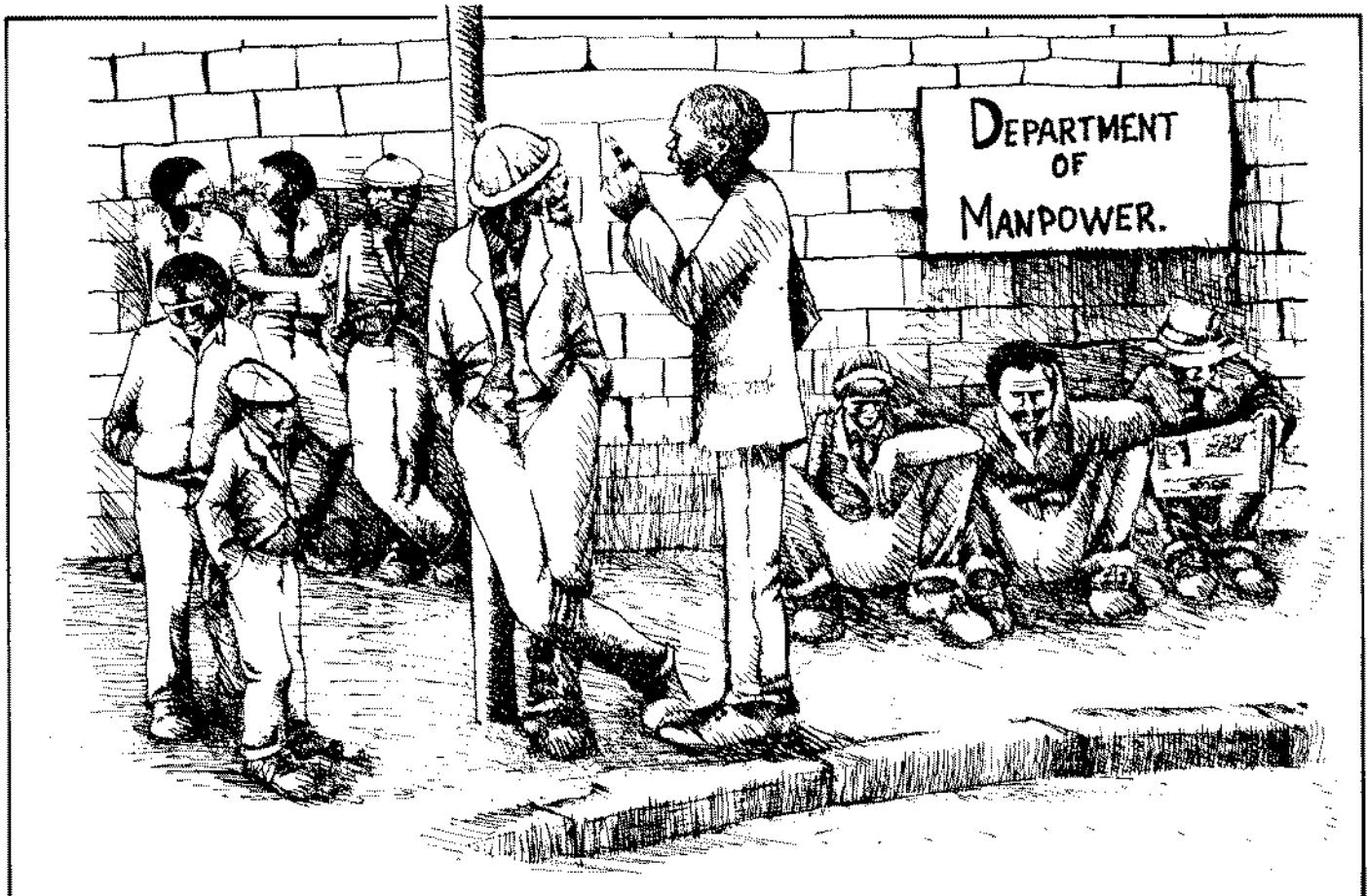
any body, moon light, can not, be side, no where
or now here, under stand, any body, in side,
post man, every body, sun flower, foot ball,

Make a picture

Draw a line from 1 to 2. Now draw a line from 2 to 3 and keep on drawing till you get to 18.



look at the picture. try to answer the questions.



- 1) How many people can you see in the picture? _____
- 2) How many women can you see? _____
- 3) How many people are sitting down? _____
- 4) How many people are leaning against the wall? _____
- 5) How many people are wearing hats? _____
- 6) How many people are reading? _____
- 7) How many people are leaning against the pole? _____

here are the answers.

- | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|
| 1) | 10 | 2) | 0 | 3) | 3 | 4) | 6 | 5) | 5 | 6) | 1 | 7) | 1 |
|----|----|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|

Letters from our readers

Dear Learn and Teach

I come from Soshanguve. But I stay in Taung. I am a form 2 student. I am also a photographer. Can I send you some photographs for the magazine? Please reply in the magazine.

Ezekiel G. Letwa.

Thank you for your letter. Please send us some photographs. We are very interested. We will pay you R10 for every photograph we use. Or you can write a story and take pictures for the story. We look forward to seeing your work.

Editor.

Dear Learn and Teach

Thank you for your magazine. Your magazine helps people. I liked your story "Say Goodbye to Skin Lightening Cream." I'll be very happy if they ban skin lightening creams because black is beautiful.

Lydia Kanana
Kwa-Thema.

Dear Learn and Teach

I liked reading your number 3 magazine. It was fun. Some things did bother me. What are the 'people' that you mention on page 1? Who is Herry Cooper that you mention on page 19? My English is not very good, but even I, for whom you are writing, know that you are not doing a very good job. Please would you try harder, as you are doing more harm than good.

Dr Roger Coldwell
Sociologist
Cape Town.

You must be joking!

By the way, you missed another mistake. On page 21 we say the squatters in Alex went to shool.

But keep it up, Dr Coldwell. If you find a mistake in this issue, we'll send you a free subscription.

Editor.

Dear Learn and Teach

I like your magazine very much. But I don't like the stories about boxing and soccer. Sports stories are a waste of time. Please write stories that help people. Write stories about workers and workers' rights. Thank you for your magazine. I will write again.

B.S. Motha
Kwa-Thema.

Thank you for your letter. We write sport stories because many people like to read about sport. But we will write more stories about workers and workers' rights. We hope you like the story on factory workers' rights in this issue.

Editor.

Please write to us. Tell us what you think of the magazine. Tell us what stories you want to read. Or write to us if you have a problem. We will try to help you. Our address is:

Learn and Teach
P.O. Box 11074
Johannesburg
2000

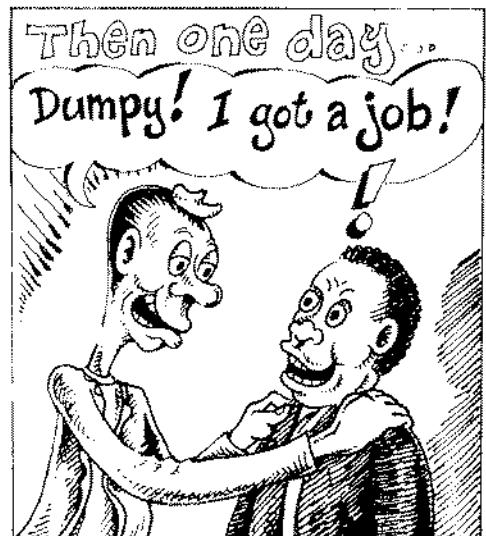
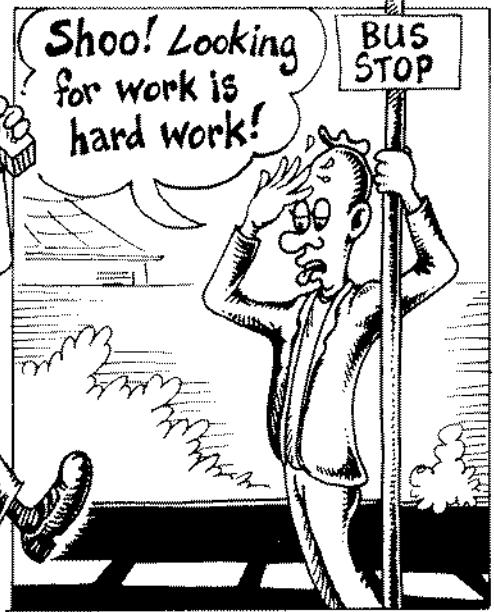
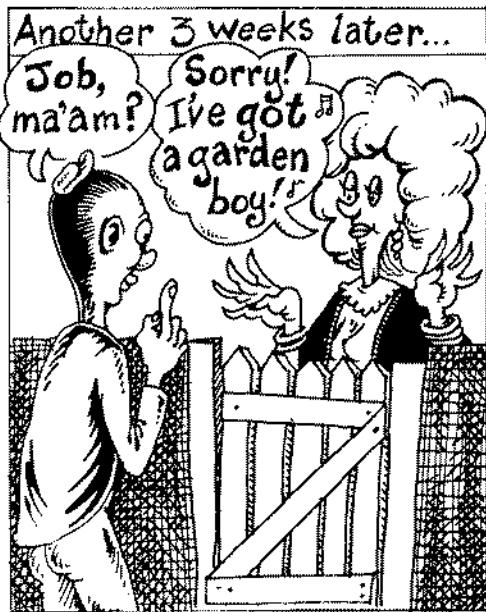
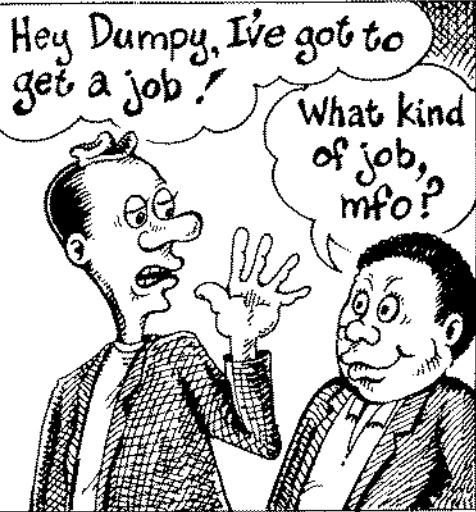


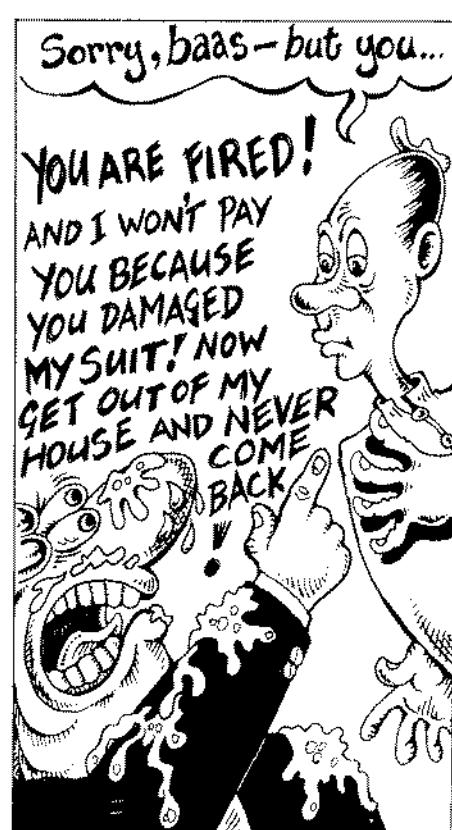
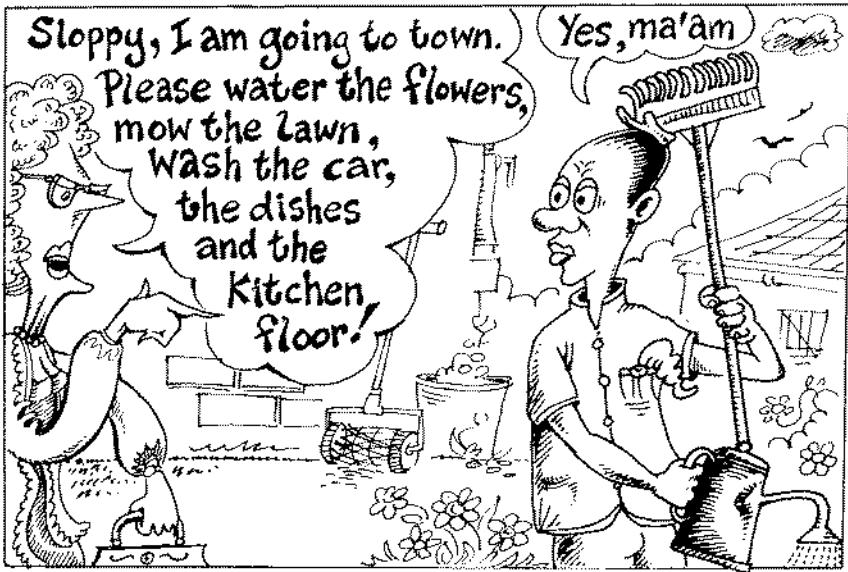
SLOPPY

GETS A JOB!

I'm the guy
with lots of luck!
Sometimes
it's even
Good Luck!

© Motshumi/Mazin 1982.





BACK AT DUMPY'S HOUSE...

But Dumpy, it was his own fault I spilt the soup!



Don't worry, Mfo! The Law says he must give your full pay and one month's Notice Pay!

Strue?

!

He is not allowed to take money off your wages for damages.

Hey Dumpy... come with me to see him tomorrow. Maybe we can still get the money!



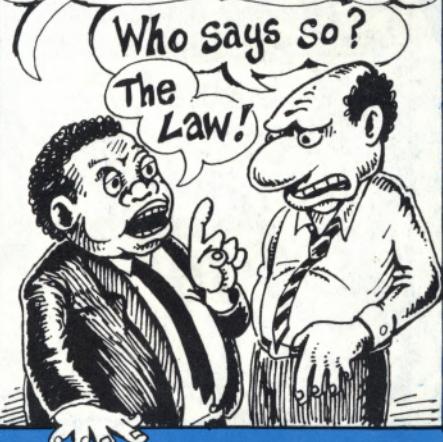
The next day...



You! I told you never to come here again!



You must pay Mr. Sloppy his full wages and one month's notice pay!



Rubbish! Now go away!

Excuse me sir, may I use your telephone? What for?



All right! Wait here. I will get the money!



AND SO...

LATER, AT LIZZIE'S HOUSE

Let's have a dinner party to celebrate!



I want to telephone my Lawyer!

Lawyer! But I'm a respectable man! I don't want any trouble!



Domestic workers remember: If you are fired, your employer must give you notice.

That means you work for another month and get paid. Or your employer must pay you for the time you have worked and give you notice pay. Notice pay is an extra month's pay. AND an employer can't take off money when you break or damage something.