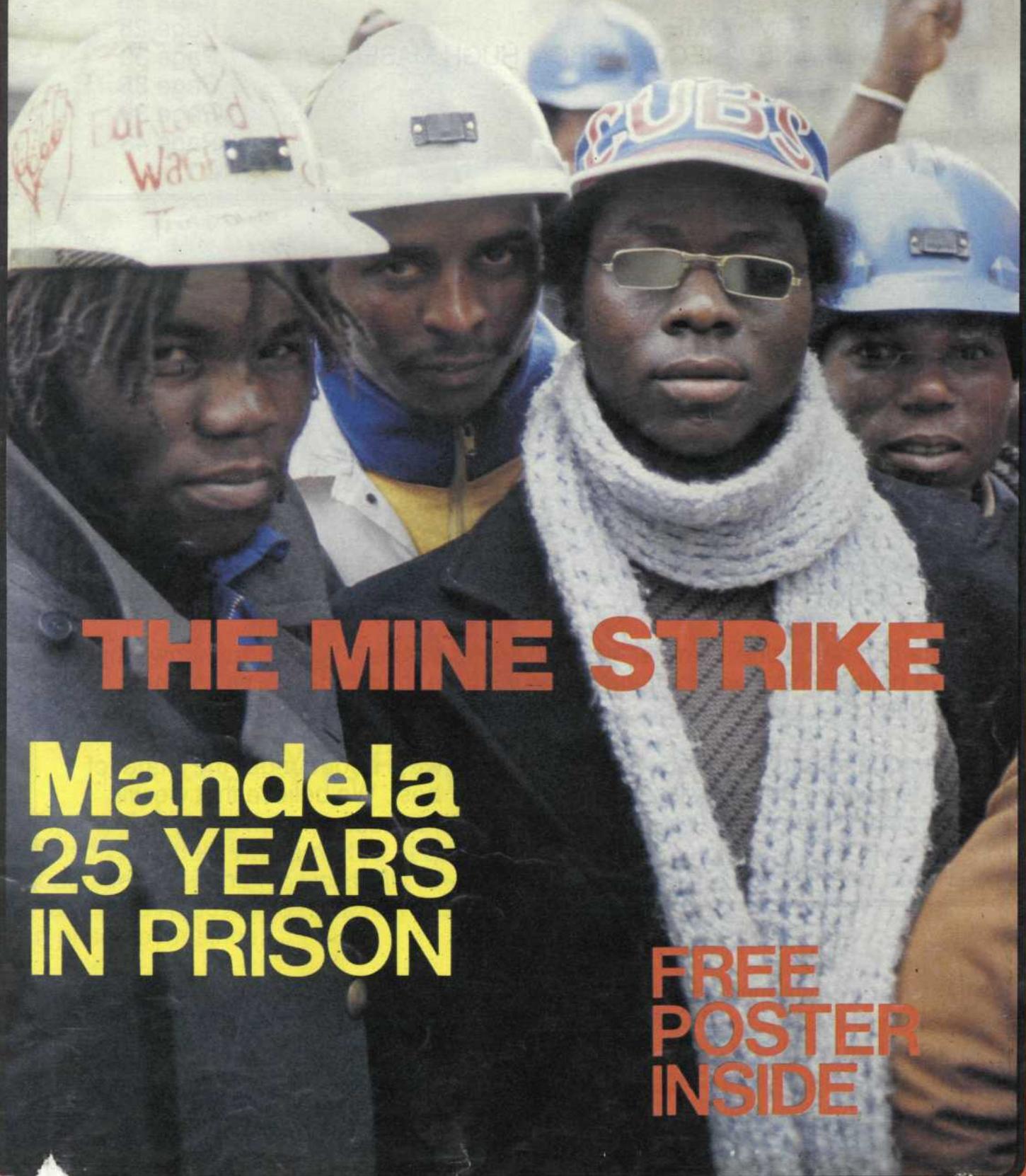


Learn and Teach

NUMBER 5 1987

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THE MINE STRIKE

**Mandela
25 YEARS
IN PRISON**

**FREE
POSTER
INSIDE**

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Cover picture: by Afrapix

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A LETTER TO OUR READERS

Dear Readers,

As you may know, the government has once again made new laws to silence newspapers and magazines. The government can, after giving a warning, close down a newspaper or magazine for three months — or even for good.

Learn and Teach has always tried to talk for those who have no voice in this country. We have tried to write about things that most newspapers and magazines don't write about. We have done this for the last six years without ever breaking the law.

The last magazine, number 4 of 1987, was banned. We do not know why. We believe there was nothing wrong with the magazine. It was honest and fair. We feel the same way about this issue of the magazine.

Times are hard and there is much we can't write about under the State of Emergency. But we will carry on doing our best. We believe that we will be around for a long time to come!

Heyta daar!

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Learn and Teach



MANDELA

25 YEARS IN PRISON

Twenty five years have passed since Nelson Mandela was arrested at a roadblock near the Howick Falls in Natal on 5 August 1962. He has been in prison ever since.

Today, few people know or remember what he looks like. But he has not been forgotten. The spirit of Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela burns on strongly in the hearts of the people.

And so, as a tribute to a great man and a deeply loved leader, we give you the story of Nelson Mandela:

SON OF A CHIEF

Nelson Mandela was born on 18 July 1918 in the village of Qunu, near Umtata in the Transkei. His father, Henry Mgadla Mandela, was a chief of the Tembu people. His mother,

Nonqaphi, was Chief Henry's fourth wife and was known to be a strong and proud woman.

Chief Henry and Nonqaphi must have known something when their son was born. They gave him the Xhosa name "Rolihlahla" — which means "stirring up trouble".

Mandela was the son of a chief — but he was no different to the other young boys in the village. He looked after the family's sheep and cattle. And when the time came to plant, he helped to plough the fields.

At night, after his work was finished, young Nelson loved to sit around the fire with the old people, listening to stories about the "good old days". He loved the stories about the old heroes of the people best of all — such as Bambata, Makana and Sekukhuni.

When the time came, the young Mandela went to the mission school nearby. From day one, he was a good scholar. He read a lot — and was upset to find that the history books at school did not remember the heroes of the African people.

In 1930, Chief Henry Mandela, knowing he was dying, called for his cousin, Chief David Dalinyebo. "I am giving you this servant, Rolihlahla," he said. "This is my only son. I can see from the way he speaks to his sisters and friends that his wish is to help the nation. Give him education and he will follow your example."

After his father's death Mandela went to live at Mqokezweni, the place of the great chief. At the age of 16, Mandela went to the mountain school where he learned the ways of his people and "became a man".

A STUDENT AND A BOXER

Mandela was now a student at Clarkebury College in Transkei. In the school holidays he went back to Mqokezweni. He spent much of this time at the court of Chief Dalinyebo.

He loved to listen to the cases and to hear the wisdom of the great Chief. It was at this time that young Nelson Mandela began to dream of becoming a lawyer.

Mandela wrote his matric at Healdtown, a Methodist Church high school. Chief Dalinyebo then sent him to the University College of Fort Hare where he studied for a Bachelor of Arts degree.

At the College Mandela made new friends. One of his new friends was a brilliant young student by the name of Oliver Tambo, who was one year older than Mandela. Tambo came from a very poor family in the village of Bizana in the Transkei. He had won a bursary to study science at Fort Hare.

Mandela, who was tall and handsome, was popular with his fellow students. He was a good sportsman, well known as a "handy" heavyweight boxer. It was not long before he was elected to the SRC.

Mandela never finished his degree at Fort Hare. He was suspended for leading a strike after the Principal took away the powers of the SRC. He returned home — and found that his uncle, Chief Dalinyebo, had a surprise for him.

His uncle had chosen a wife for him. Lobola was paid and the wedding was already planned. Mandela thought about all this — and decided that

marriage was not for him. He packed his belongings and fled to Johannesburg. He was 22 years old.

A KNOBKIERIE AND A WHISTLE

In Johannesburg Mandela stayed with his cousin, Sdumo Mandela. He got a job at Crown Mines. They gave him a knobkierie and a whistle and told him to guard the gate to the workers' compound.

Mandela did not stay in his first job for long. When he heard that some relatives from home were looking for him, he quickly moved to Alexandra.

In Alexandra Mandela first met Walter Sisulu, who was to become one of his closest friend's and comrade's. Sisulu, also from the Transkei, was living with his mother in Alexandra. She was a "washerwoman" for white families in the suburbs of Johannesburg.

Sisulu — who had worked as a miner,

a factory worker and a "kitchen boy" — was now an estate agent. He offered Mandela a job, with a wage of 2 pounds a month plus commission.

Mandela soon told his friend that he did not really want to work as an estate agent. He wished to study instead. He still wanted to be a lawyer. Sisulu, a true friend, gave him the money to study. Mandela finished his Bachelor of Arts degree by correspondence with the University of South Africa. While he was still a student, Mandela met and married Evelyn Ntoko Mase, a young nurse. They lived together in Orlando, near Walter Sisulu and his young wife, Albertina.

Mandela, now a part time law student at Wits University, got a job at a firm of white lawyers in Johannesburg. Sisulu, meanwhile, had joined the African National Congress. It was not long before he asked his friend to join him.

And so in 1944, the ANC got a new

Youngsters in the village of Qunu, near Umtata, where Mandela was born.





Sdumo Mandela, the cousin of Nelson Mandela. Mandela stayed with him when he first came to Johannesburg.

member — a young man by the name of Nelson Mandela.

THE YOUTH LEAGUE

In the ANC Mandela once again met Oliver Tambo, who was now a teacher at St Peter's in Johannesburg. Mandela, Tambo and Sisulu became close friends — and together with others like Anton Lembede, started the ANC Youth League.

The Youth League brought new life to the ANC, which had become "a body of gentlemen with clean hands." It gave the organisation a new direction. Mandela and his friends worked hard — and learned a lot. It was the time of their political education. In 1949 the Youth League went to the ANC with a Programme of Action. The Youth League said the time of writing letters and petitions to the government was passing. It was time for action.

On 1 May 1950 the police killed 18 people in a Mayday demonstration. On 26 June the ANC called for a stayaway

to protest against the shootings. This was the first stayaway ever called by the ANC.

In 1952 Mandela became President of the ANC in the Transvaal. In the same year the ANC called for the Defiance Campaign against the government's apartheid laws. The ANC was asking its members to break apartheid laws and risk going to jail.

Mandela was chosen as Volunteer-in-Chief of the Defiance Campaign. He travelled round the country telling the people about the campaign. At this time the brilliance of Mandela was beginning to show.

Mandela knew how to talk to the people. When he spoke, he touched their hearts. He was a great organiser, maybe even the best. Mandela was magic. ●

You can read the second half of our story on Nelson Mandela in the next magazine. Don't forget to buy it!



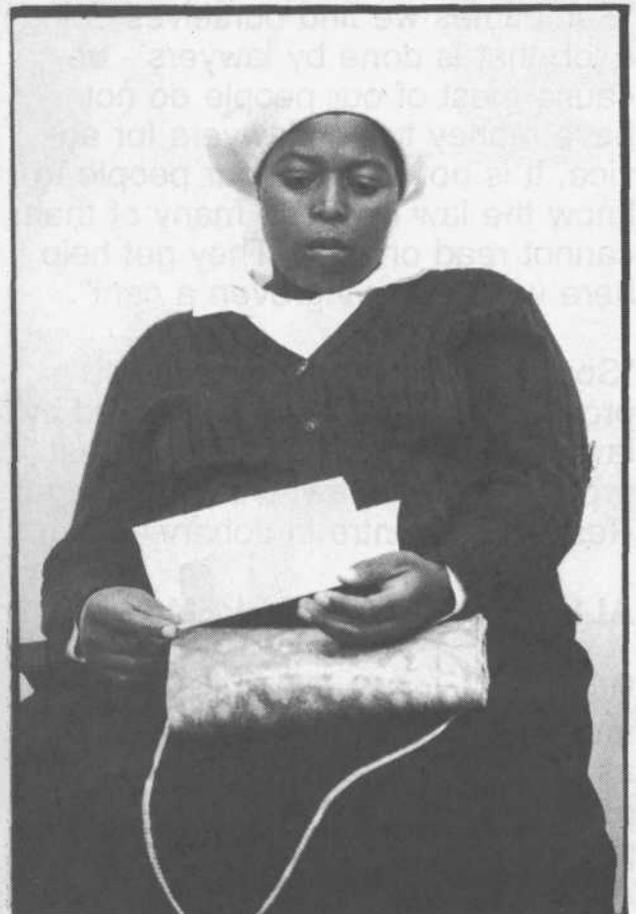
Tembisa - the biggest township on the East Rand.

A VISIT TO THE TEMBISA ADVICE OFFICE

Maria Mathebula, a mother of two children, sat in the office with a very worried look on her face. She had worked for a company for five years. It closed down in 1985 - and she was still waiting for the money she had paid into the pension fund.

The office belongs to the Tembisa Advice Centre - and Maria Mathebula was just one of the people waiting to get help.

After Maria got up to speak to one of the advisers, it was our turn. Dan Mashingoako greeted us warmly and asked us what our problem was. He laughed when we told him that we were from Learn and Teach and our problem was to write a story on the advice centre.



Maria Mathebula from Tembisa.

"You have come to the right place. We help people with all sorts of problems here, so your problem is an easy one for us," said Dan with a smile.

HELP FOR FREE

"The advice centre was started in 1982," said Dan. "It was started by two community leaders, Abel Majola and Leonard Mavuso. Our job is to help the people of Tembisa with their problems - and also to help them learn about their rights."

"We work closely with the Tembisa Civic Association. We share the same office with them. We always consult them before taking any steps or decisions. We always tell people that the Centre, like the Civic Association, belongs to them. So people feel free to come and share their problems with us."

"Sometimes we find ourselves doing a job that is done by lawyers - because most of our people do not have money to pay lawyers for advice. It is not easy for our people to know the law because many of them cannot read or write. They get help here without paying even a cent".

"Sometimes we get very difficult problems that can only be solved by lawyers. We send all these difficult problems to the lawyers at the Legal Resources Centre in Johannesburg.

ALL KINDS OF PROBLEMS

We were joined by Moses Buthelezi and Sonnyboy Mmatle who also work as advisers at the centre. "This is a people's centre. We deal with problems of the young and the old -

even people from the hostel come here for help," said Moses.

"We get many people who have been fired from work without a fair reason. Not only people who are working for the big companies get fired for no reason. It also happens to workers who work for black businessmen."

"Many people do not know how to get money from the Unemployment Insurance Fund. We help people to apply for their UIF money. We also try to help women who get fired for taking maternity leave. We try to help them get their jobs back.

"People also come to us with problems after they buy something, like insurance or furniture," said Sonnyboy. "For example, somebody will buy furniture on H.P. They miss one monthly payment and the shop takes back their furniture. Or the person will miss one or two payments on an insurance policy and lose all their money."

"Some people bring funny problems to the centre. One guy who divorced his wife long ago asked us to tell the court that he wanted his wife back. We told him that the court will not do that and he must rather go and ask his former wife for forgiveness".

THE STATE OF EMERGENCY

"When the government brought in the first State of Emergency in 1985, many people started to come to us for help," said Dan. "They needed to know what they could do when a person has been detained - and what few rights these detainees had."

"Our job is not simple. Sometimes the police give us problems. We are only helping people with their rights under the law but the police think that we are helping the comrades. Some time ago they came and took all our books. They did not bring them back."

"But we feel that we cannot close our eyes even if people make things difficult for us. Our people need our help, especially in these troubled times," said Sonnyboy. "I would like to see advice offices in every community, helping people with their problems."

A HOPEFUL FACE

We thanked Dan, Moses and Sonnyboy for talking to us. As we made our way out, we again met Maria Mathebula. She was now looking a little less worried and a bit more hopeful.

She said the people at the advice centre had received a letter from the pension fund. It said the money will be sent as soon as possible.

The people at the Tembisa Advice were able to help Martha Mathebula. They make no promises, but they always do their best. ●

Three worried men waiting for help at the Tembisa Advice Office.





Striking mine workers at a meeting in a Lenasia.

Afrap

THE MAKING OF HISTORY

The mine workers of South Africa made history last month. For 21 days, 340 000 workers from nearly 50 gold and coal mines went out on strike. It was the biggest strike in the history of this country.

The strike was a long, hard battle. Nine workers lost their lives, over 500 were hurt, and over 400 were arrested. Mine workers and their families also went hungry. They were not paid while they were on strike.

After the strike Cyril Ramaphosa, general secretary of the National Union of Mineworkers, said the strike was an important victory for his organisation. He said the bosses were surprised by the size of the strike — and that the strike lasted so long.

Marcel Golding, assistant general

secretary of the NUM, said the strike was a big achievement. "We took on the Chamber of Mines — the organisation behind the pass laws, the migrant labour system and the hostels."

THE MAIN DEMAND

The main demand of the strikers, mostly members of the National Union of Mineworkers (NUM), was a for a living wage. The workers were asking for an increase of 30 per cent in their wages.

The workers did not win this demand. The strike forced the bosses to pay out higher death benefits and more leave pay. But until the end, the bosses refused to pay higher wages — even though the strike cost them more than R250 million.

Golding said the union decided to end the strike when the bosses began firing thousands of workers. He said over 41 000 workers were fired. The NUM could not allow the bosses to fire all its members. If the bosses did this, the NUM would have lost its members, its leaders and its power on the mines.

WITH DIGNITY AND UNITY

Kgalema Motlanthe, a NUM official, told a meeting at Wits University after the strike that the bosses were prepared to lose any amount of money before they gave in to the wage demand. He said they were also ready to dismiss every single worker on strike — even if this meant closing down some of their mine shafts.

He said by ending the strike, the NUM won another victory. "We went back with dignity and unity," said Motlanthe. "We showed that our union has the strength to bring our members out on

strike for three week. And we showed that the union has the power to ask workers to go back to work when it feels the time is right."

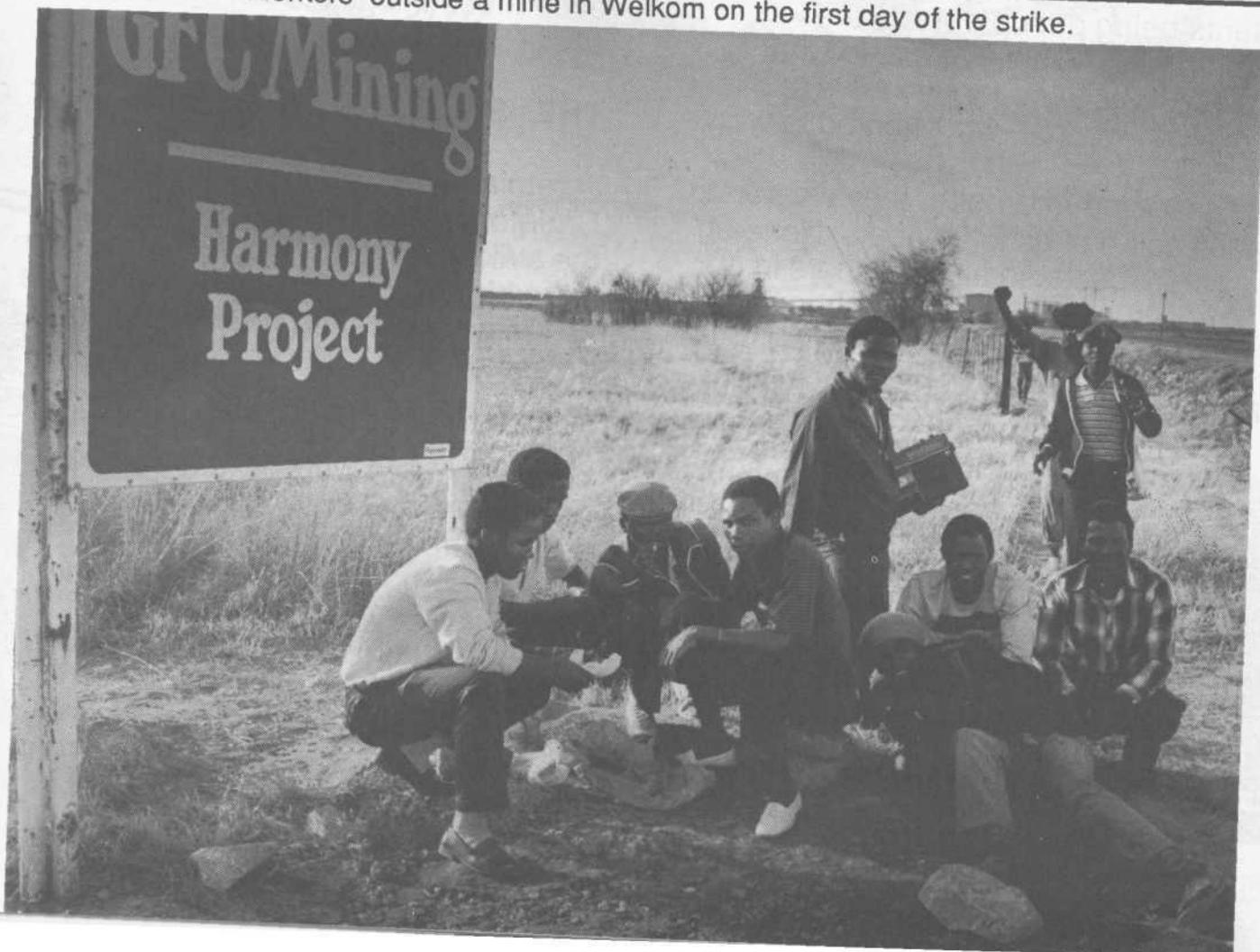
Motlanthe also spoke about the way the bosses tried to break the strike. He said the mine compounds are like concentration camps. During the strike compounds were closed off with barbed wire.

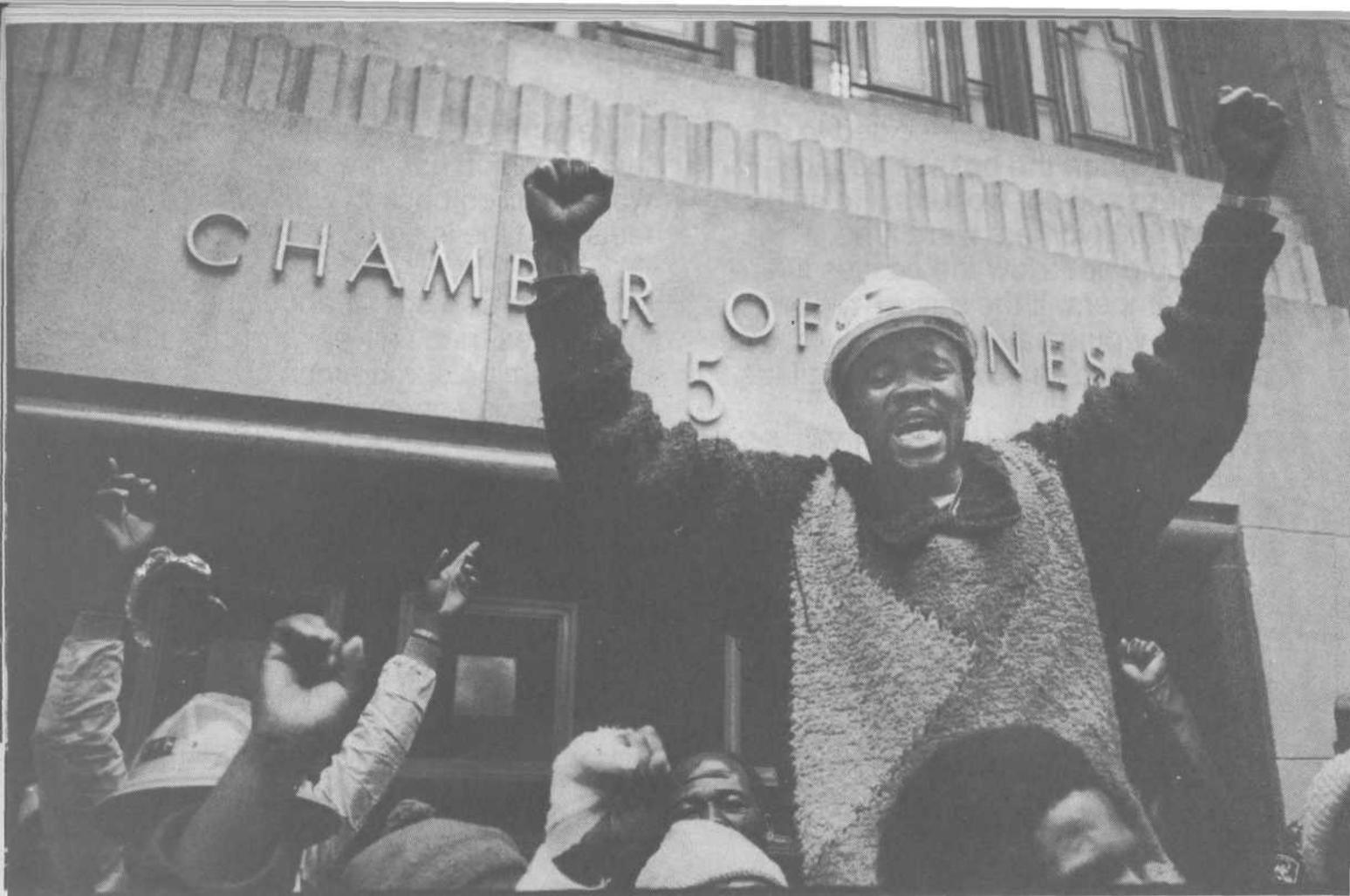
"Mine security are no different to the SADF. They are armed to the teeth," said Motlanthe.

TEARGAS AND BULLETS

Simon Fako, a worker from Western Deep Levels South Mine, told Learn and Teach how mine security shot workers at the mine. Fako, who was on the Carletonville Regional Strike Committee, said many workers were injured.

Workers outside a mine in Welkom on the first day of the strike.





About 500 workers waited outside the Chamber of Mines in Johannesburg while their leaders spoke to the bosses inside. Afra

"We were sitting peacefully in our rooms," said Fako. "Suddenly we saw tents being put up outside the compound. When we asked what those tents were for, we were told they were for workers who wanted to work.

"That same afternoon, they wanted to take some of us to the tents. None of us went because all the miners in our mine were on strike. Then they tried to bring some people to cause fighting among ourselves. That also did not work because we were all united.

"We did not sleep that night. At four in the morning, they came into the compounds. They forced us to go to these tents. We refused. Then they used real bullets, rubber bullets and teargas on us.

"Many were injured. Some workers lost their eyes, others were shot in the stomach and testicles. Many of the

injured were arrested when they went to the mine hospital for treatment. But even these things did not break our spirit."

THE STRIKE COMMITTEES

Jeremiah Majwale, also a worker in Carletonville, spoke about the work of the strike committees in the strike. "We were elected onto the strike committee by the workers after they voted to go on strike," said Majwale.

"We felt very proud to be on the strike committee. We were able to serve the workers — which also means we were serving the nation.

"In a sense we were controlling the strike. Our task was to make sure that the strike went on legally. We also reported emergency messages from the union — and sent messages from the workers back to the union.

Dance Comrade
Twinkle Toes, dance!

VIVA

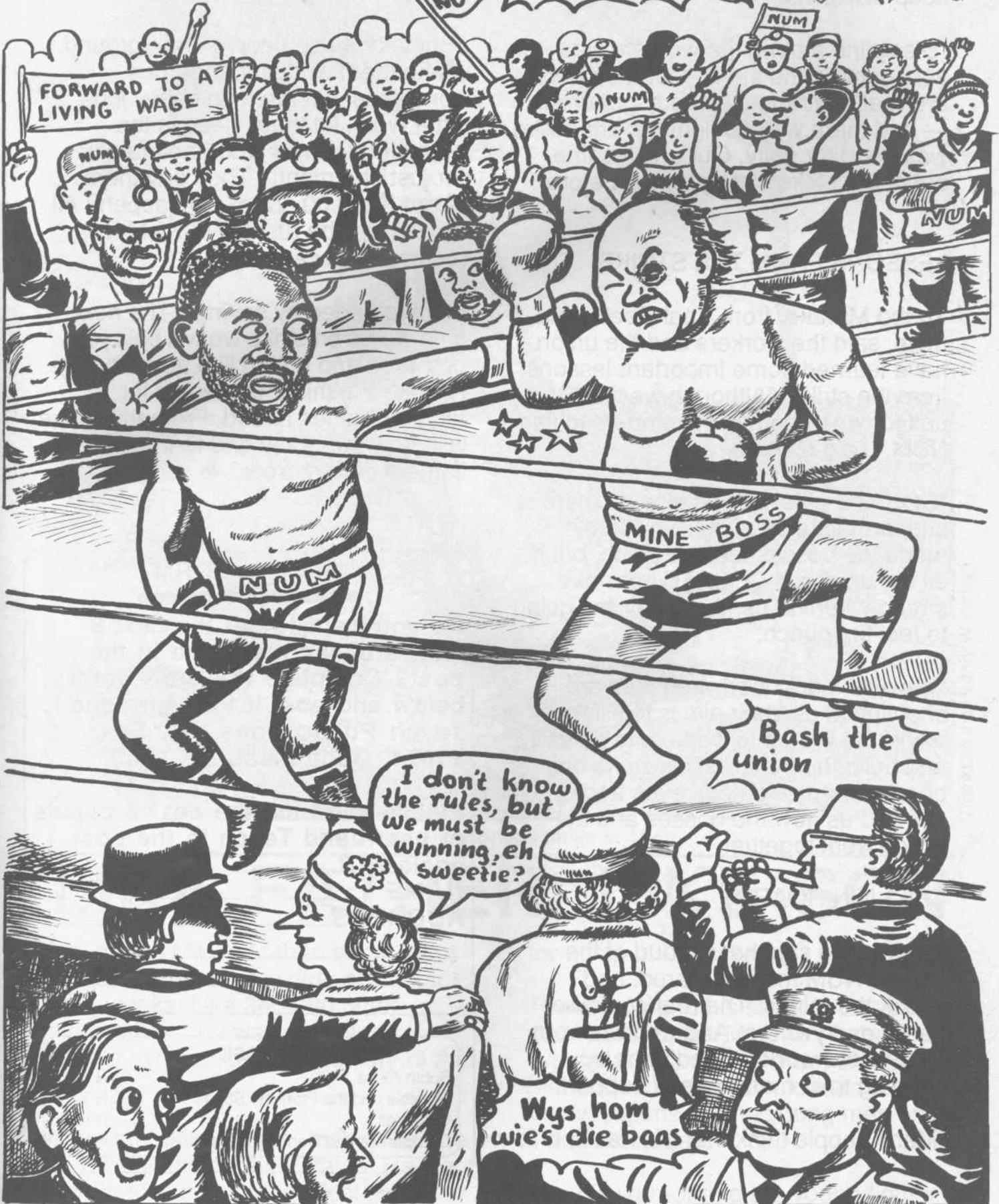
VIVA

Moerr hom, com

VIVA

Hola! The
Amandla Special

Heyta
daar. NUM!



FORWARD TO A
LIVING WAGE

NUM

NUM

NUM

NUM

MINE BOSS

I don't know
the rules, but
we must be
winning, eh
sweetie?

Bash the
union

Wys hom
wie's die baas

"Our daily task was to help workers who were injured and to watch out for people trying to cause fighting between the workers. We helped to keep discipline."

"Discipline among the workers was very good in the strike. Our members are real comrades. Nobody got drunk — and there was no fighting. The strike was good for unity. Our union came out of the strike stronger than before."

LESSONS FROM THE STRIKE

Thabo Marake, from Vaal Reefs gold mine, said the workers and the union have learned some important lessons from the strike. "Although we were united, we need more members to join NUM," said Marake.

"COSATU unions must also do more to support those on strike. This strike made the bosses feel the pinch, but if all the unions in COSATU are more strongly behind us, then they are going to feel the punch."

"We also learnt that when they are shooting at us, their aim is to kill the union. So it is up to workers to defend and build their union. This strike has opened many workers' eyes and showed us how the bosses and the police work together."

THE LION ROARS

But Morake said he is proud of the union. "NUM the lion roared, and shook the mines. The roar could be heard everywhere. And workers from all over the world roared back by sending their messages of support."

"Many people think that it is 'fashion' to

go on strike since COSATU spoke about the living wage campaign. The bosses say that workers are just looking for excuses just to go on strike and do nothing."

"But take these people underground. Make them work in dangerous conditions. Let them do heavy jobs. After work, let them sleep in the compounds away from their families for just one month. Then pay them about R280.00. What will happen? All of them will be rushing to NUM for membership cards."

Marake ended by saying: "The next time we go on strike we will be prepared and united like never before. A strike like this prepares us for tougher battles ahead. From this strike will grow the brave and fearless fighters of tomorrow." ●

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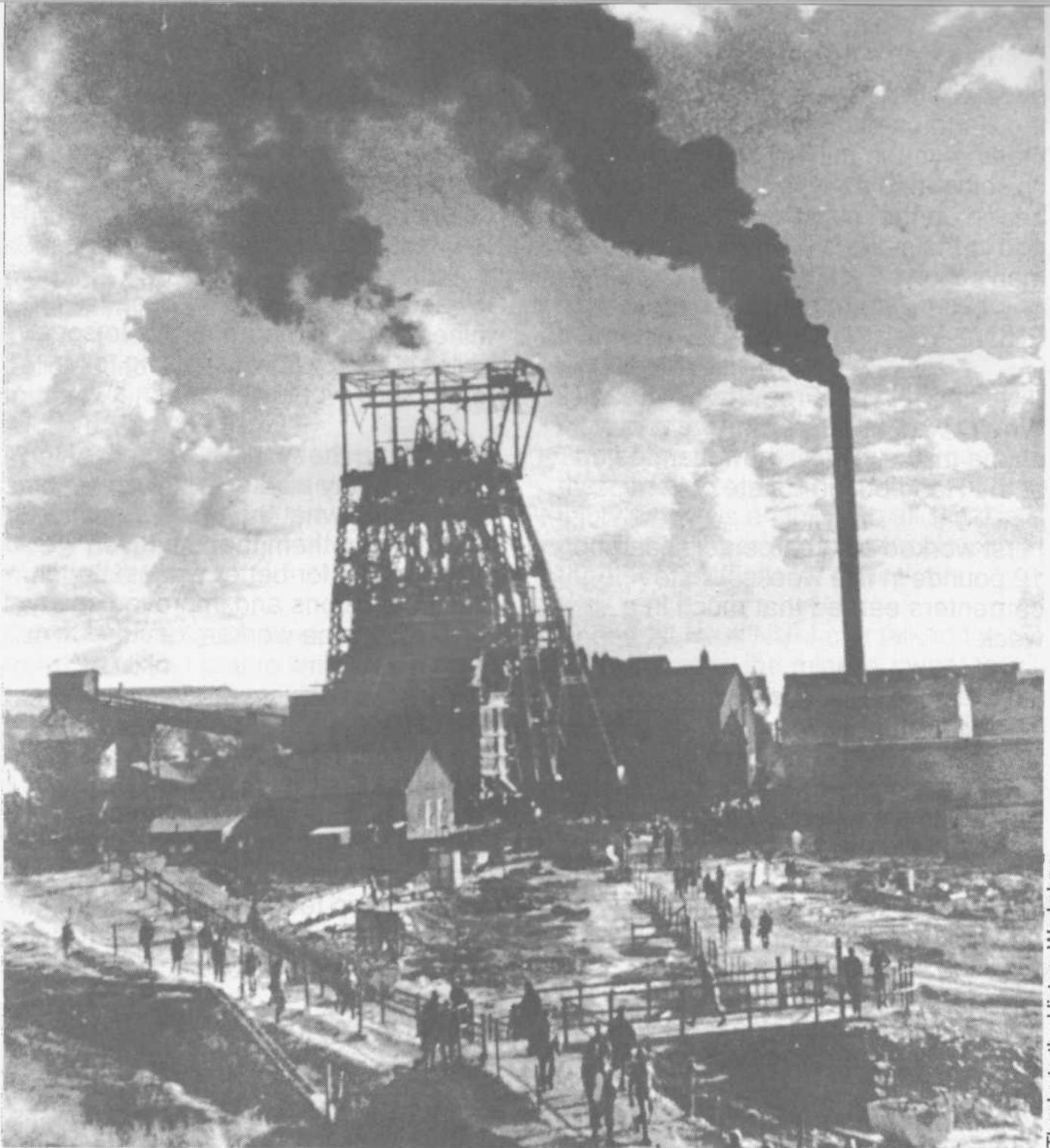
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Thanks to the History Workshop

The great mine workers strike in 1946.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

Last month Marks Mabeo had a lot of time on his hands. He did not work for three weeks. Like 340 000 other mineworkers, he was part of the biggest mine strike in the history of this country.

When the strike began, Mabeo left the hostel at Randfontein Estates. He went back to his home in the West Rand

township of Mohlakeng.

There he found his step-father, an old man called Oupa Mike Motlhabé. The two sat and spoke for many hours. Mabeo found that the old man had many lessons for the young men on the mines today.

The old warrior told the young fighter

about the times when he too worked at the Randfontein Estates mine. He said that the young miners of today were finishing an old battle that his friends began on the mines over forty years ago in the strike of 1946. This is the old man's story:

FROM THE FREE STATE

"I was born in the Free State in 1921. When I was 16 years old I went to work on the mines. That is how I landed up at the Randfontein Estate gold mine.

I first worked as a carpenter. I earned 12 pounds in five weeks. White carpenters earned that much in a week.

I lived at the Randfontein compound. The compounds were very crowded. In my room there were 42 people. The beds were lined up one on top of the other. We were not given any blankets — we had to buy them ourselves.

The miners who worked underground used to get thin porridge in the morning before their shift started. The porridge was served from a big bucket. Once a week, on a Friday, we were given a piece of raw meat to cook.

Conditions underground were very dangerous. The stopes were very narrow and miners had to crawl around there for twelve hours a shift. Many miners were killed underground. Most were killed in rock falls. It was not a safe place to be in.

J.B MARKS — A STRONG MAN

There was a young union on the mine in those days. I remember the time I met Mr JB Marks from the African Mineworkers Union.

I first met Mr Marks in 1945. He was a good man. He was also very strong. He was an ex-teacher. He came from Johannesburg to tell us about the union. I said I would help him organise the workers.

It was a difficult job to do because the mine bosses did not want us to speak about it. If they saw us talking to Mr Marks they would chase him away.

Organising the workers was also difficult. Many workers did not understand what the union stood for. I explained to them that the union would help us fight for better wages, better living conditions and improved safety. After this some workers decided to join.

Every Wednesday Mr Marks used to meet us at the Robinson compound concession store. Some of us had to keep watch in case the mine police came. I would give him the names of the new union members plus their membership fee of sixpence. If the mine police were looking for him, he would come to my house.

Sometimes Mr Marks sent his comrade, Mr Majoro, to see us. They were both very busy. In Randfontein there were five compounds. Mr Marks and Mr Majoro had to visit them all.

The union wanted the mine to pay workers 10 shillings a shift — an increase of 8 shillings. The bosses refused. They would not listen to the union. So the workers told the union to organise a strike.

THE STRIKE IN 1946

Before the strike started we handed out pamphlets. These pamphlets explained to the workers the reasons

for the strike and when it was going to start.

On 12 August 1946, the strike began. The government police came to the compounds at three o'clock in the morning. They chased us out of the compounds. They forced us down the shafts. But we refused to work. The police used guns and teargas. Many miners were hurt.

The bosses called a meeting. They said we were doing something dangerous. They said the strike was illegal because our union was not recognised.

During the strike Mr Marks gave me forms to fill in. I had to write down how many miners were striking, as well as their names. The police got hold of these forms, and we were questioned. I was warned to stop telling people about the union.

On our mine the strike lasted only two days. On other mines the strike lasted for five days. The police were too strong for us.

After the strike Mr Marks could not come as often as he used to. Then they arrested him. Next I heard he left the

country and was in the Soviet Union. I believe he died there.

A HARD NUT TO CRACK

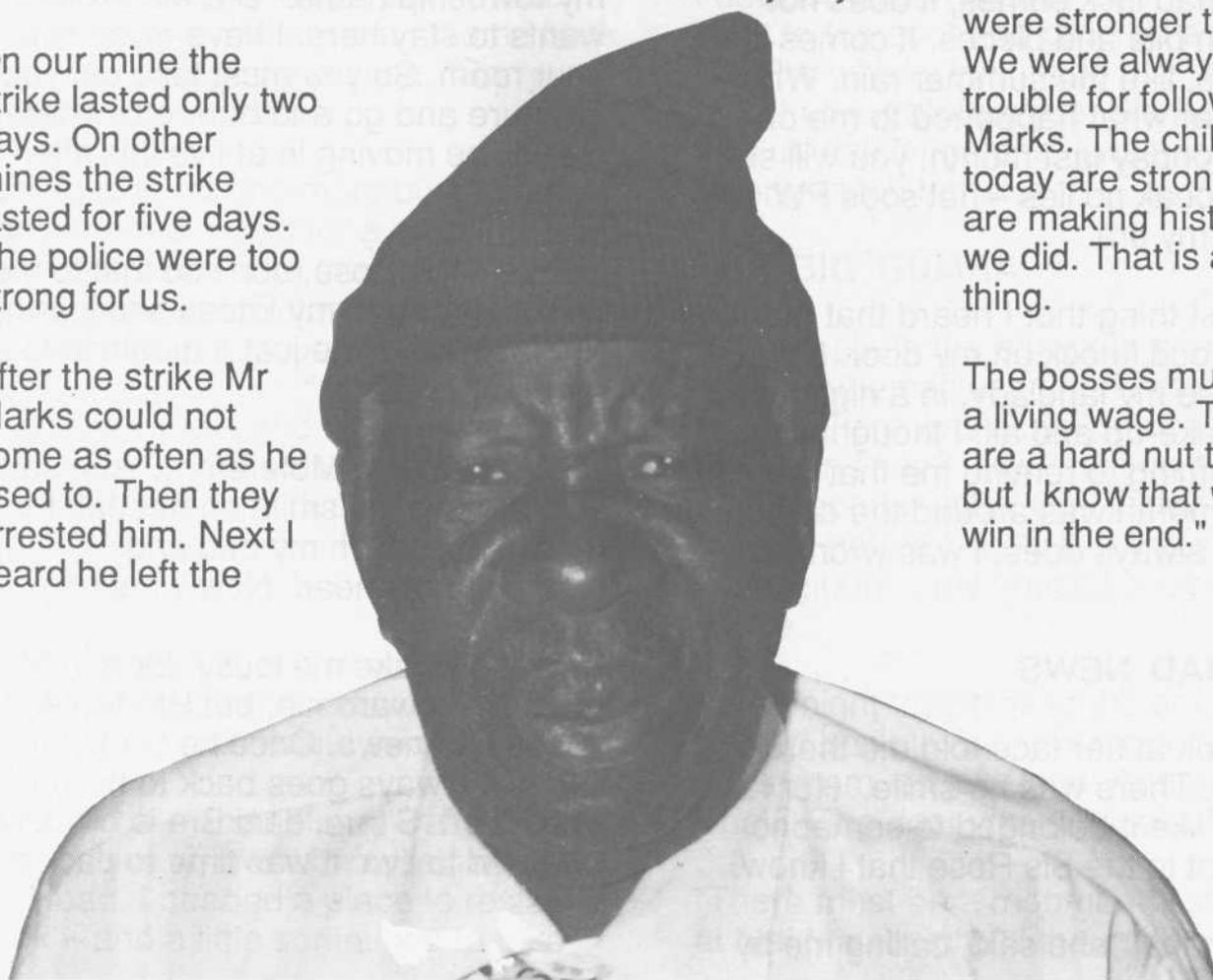
I left the mine in 1957, after 20 years service. When I left I got no long service award. I tried many times to get my money but I was not successful.

This strike today is just as difficult as our strike was. But the NUM is good. They are strong. They have brought the workers together. They say an injury to one is an injury to all. That is good. It is important that people come together and fight for their rights.

Today, at least NUM can talk to the bosses and to the miners. I want to know why the bosses do not listen to NUM. The union warned about the strike. Why didn't they listen?

In my day the bosses and their friends were stronger than us. We were always in trouble for following JB Marks. The children today are strong. They are making history like we did. That is a good thing.

The bosses must pay a living wage. They are a hard nut to crack but I know that we will win in the end." ●



Oupa Mike Motlhabe

A NIGHT UNDER THE STARS



When bad luck comes, it does not come in bits and pieces. It comes in buckets, like the summer rain. When you hear what happened to me one blue Monday last month, you will see that I speak no lies – net soos PW Botha, my bra.

The first thing that I heard that morning was a loud knock on my door. It was Sis Rose my landlady, in a night gown, with make-up and all. I thought she was coming to remind me that the end of the month was around the corner, as she always does. I was wrong this time.

THE BAD NEWS

One look at her face told me there was trouble. There was no smile. Her face looked like it belonged to someone else, not to the Sis Rose that I know.

"Mseshana," she said, calling me by

my township name. "Bra Moferefere wants to stay here. I have given him your room. So you must take out your furniture and go and huur elsewhere. He will be moving in at five this afternoon".

"Please, Sis Rose, don't do that to me," I cried, falling to my knees and kissing her feet. "Give me just a month to look for another place."

"Tell that to Bra Moferefere," she said with a crocodile smile on her painted face. I just sat on my bed and scratched my head. Now what?

Now, don't take me lousy. Ek is 'n Mjita en nie 'n coward nie, but Bra Moferefere is bad news. Once he takes out his Okapi it always goes back to his pocket with blood. S'true, daai Bra is blind. Me, I wanted to live. It was time to pack my bags.

A RIDE TO TOWN

I got a ride to town in Baba Malahle's old coal truck. I put my things in the store room at work and told the boss my story. He just shook his head – but I think he believed me. He had not heard this story before. He gave me the day off and told me to go and find myself a place.

"So where will you look for a room?" asked one of my workmates. "Why not try Hillbrow?" said another.

"Why not," said I. It seemed like a good idea. After all, they say Hillbrow is mos a klein America. Darkies and Lanies live together. It is a 24 hour place – good for a young mjita like me.

KNOCKING IN HILLBROW

I went into many buildings in Hillbrow. I knocked on many doors but no-one wanted to give me a room. "Come back next year," said one person. "Sorry, no animals," said another.

I decided to try one more building. I knocked and asked for a room in my sweetest voice. The man took one look at me and said: "Before you find yourself a room, buy yourself a mirror!"

Then it clicked – and I knew why I was having no luck. I was covered from head to toe in coal dust from Bra Malahle's coal truck. I looked like a real 'vuilpop'.

I was feeling lost and down. My feet were sore and my heart was heavy. I wished the earth would swallow me up.

But it didn't – and I slowly walked back to my office in town. I was feeling bad, bad, bad. I needed a place to rest and think – and a little something to take

the pain away.

THE SPOT

I went into the spot around the corner from work. It's called Jamesons and it's a friendly place. I bought a beer, wondering where I could sleep that night.

The beer was tasty but it didn't do the trick. I changed to hard stuff. I ordered a whisky – real 'Isikhilimikwik'. My mind relaxed a bit and I decided where I would sleep that night. I went back to the storeroom at work.

When I got to the office, I knocked on the door for Bab'uMantshingelane to let me in. I knocked again – and again. Still nothing. "Maybe he's gone to Mai Mai for a skali of Umqombothi," I said to myself.

I decided to come back later. I went back to the spot and ordered another tot. The whisky told me to buy more. I forgot about Moferefere, Sis Rose and Bab'uMantshingelane. I was now feeling much better.

THE BIG GUMBA

The people in the bar were beginning to enjoy themselves – and before I knew it there was a big 'gumba'. Well, what can I say? I like nothing better than a good gumba. So I joined in the fun and before I knew it, I was jiving the 'dali ngibone', my special boogaloo dance.

At midnight they closed the bar and I walked back to my new room, the store-room, on jelly legs. And guess what? The door was still locked.

"There must be a mqombothi stokvel at Mai Mai tonight," I thought to myself.

There was no other way of getting into the building. I stood there shaking from the cold. Even the `isikhilimikwik' was not helping. I walked around, looking for a warm place.

A SONG WITHOUT A TUNE

I saw some people sitting around a fire next to Park Station. They called me over and told me to come and share their fire.

I sat down and warmed my stiff hands. "Skyf my Bra?" asked one of them. I gave them all cigarettes. They all looked drunk and their voices were high.

The one they called `Mhobholo' took out a bottle from his torn overall and drank what was inside. It was a bottle of `Speedtrap', pure methylated spirits. The others were busy drinking Zebra Beer cartons. Mhobholo was drinking alone and did not want to share his 'Fire' with them.

They were a group of happy ouens. Mhobholo started to sing a song which did not have a tune. "Jy maak geraas, gaan sing in Hell," shouted Kobus, with a mouthfull of Zebra beer. He could no longer sit straight. His face was shining with sweat and from time to time we had to stop him from falling into the fire. The Zebra was kicking him very hard.

After a few minutes Kobus was snoring like ten elephants. Everyone was complaining about the noise that he was making – except Mhobholo, who had quickly followed him to the world of dreams, still holding onto his bottle of 'Speedtrap.'

Zambi slowly stood up and took the bottle from Mhobholo. "What a tough

world this is," I thought to myself. These 'outies' were drinking themselves to death. The fire was almost finished and it was no longer warm.

A KÊREL FROM NOWHERE

Just then another `kêrel' appeared from nowhere. I looked at him. "Believe me, s'true, I tell you, he was a real lanie – white, just like Terreblanche. He sat next to me with a Zebra in his hand and greeted everyone in Jan Van Riebeck's taal, pure Afrikaans. "Jong, Apartheid is finished," I said to myself.

"Kêrels, die winter is kwaai jong. Julle ken kerels, ons is almal mense. Ek like julle. Laat ons sommer net die vuur share," said the mlungu, with his face inside the carton of Zebra.

There was silence. No one answered him. Then Zambi said something I never thought he could say. "Hey, Piet you must not think you are better than us because you are a Van der Merwe. Kyk ons is almal in hierdie jive. We all sleep under the stars, drink Zebras and Speedtrap. You go and fetch boxes and planks for the fire, or you go. Daar's nie 'n baas hierso nie," said Zambi, looking happy with himself.

Piet did not want to fetch wood for the fire. He stood up and shouted: "Jy wil ook nie jou Zebras met ouens share nie." He left without saying another word.

SOBER - LIKE A JUDGE

The Zebra and Speedtrap had done good work. My friends no longer cared about the fire. But me, I was feeling cold. My whisky had done nothing. I was sober like a judge. I asked Zambi to help me look for boxes and planks for the fire.

We found boxes, made more fire, and talked till the sun came up. Zambi told me how he came to Johannesburg. "I come from Lebowa, my bra. I came to look for a job. Jy ken mos daai Phatudi has got no jobs for us."

"So ek het hierso gekom. Maar daar's ook nie werk hier nie. I stayed at Mzimhlophe Hostel for some time but I left because they wanted rent. I came to town met die ander ouens and just stayed with them. It's better than Phatudiland, my bra."

At six in the morning we put out the fire. "Thanks for the fire outies," I said, shaking their hands. "Maar slow down met die zebra en speedtrap. Too much is no good, my Bras. Izabonana ne."

I walked back to the office, hoping that Bab'uMantshingelane was there to open the door – and praying that I would never again have to spend another night under the stars! ●





Cornelius Sibeko, a shopsteward from Piet Retief, with COSATU President Elijah Barayi and General Secretary Jay Naidoo.

A Taste of COSATU

Cornelius Sibeko, a 32 year old worker from the Bison Board paper mill in Piet Retief, visited Johannesburg for the first time in July this year. When he left, Sibeko said his four days in Johannesburg were the most important in his life.

It was not the tall buildings or the nightlife in the big city that Sibeko found exciting — it was meeting 1500 comrades from all over South Africa at Cosatu's Second National Congress at Wits University.

Sibeko, or Mugabe as he is known in Piet Retief, is a shop steward in the



Paper Wood and Allied Workers Union (PWAU). He was sent by the workers from the forests and paper factories in the Piet Retief area to be their "eyes and ears" at the Congress.

After the Congress Sibeko spoke to Learn and Teach. He told us what the Congress meant to a worker from a small town like Piet Retief:

AN EYE OPENER

"I tasted the strength of Cosatu for the first time at the Congress," said Sibeko. "I saw President Elijah

Barayi and General Secretary Jay Naidoo in the flesh and blood.

"When I came to the Congress, I thought it was going to be difficult for me because I come from a small town. I had the same feeling when the union first came to Piet Retief in 1983. I believed that unions were only for workers from the big cities like Johannesburg — and not for a place like Piet Retief."

"The Congress was an eye opener for me. I learned that all workers, from every city, dorp and farm, are welcome in COSATU. We all have the same kind of problems and we are fighting the same struggle."

"I am proud that I was part of a meeting that spoke about the future

direction of COSATU and the workers' struggle."

DECISIONS HAVE MEANING

Sibeko said the workers in Piet Retief will be pleased when he tells them about the Congress. He said the decisions of the Congress will have much meaning back home.

"The workers will be happy with the decision to stop the bosses collecting rent for the government.

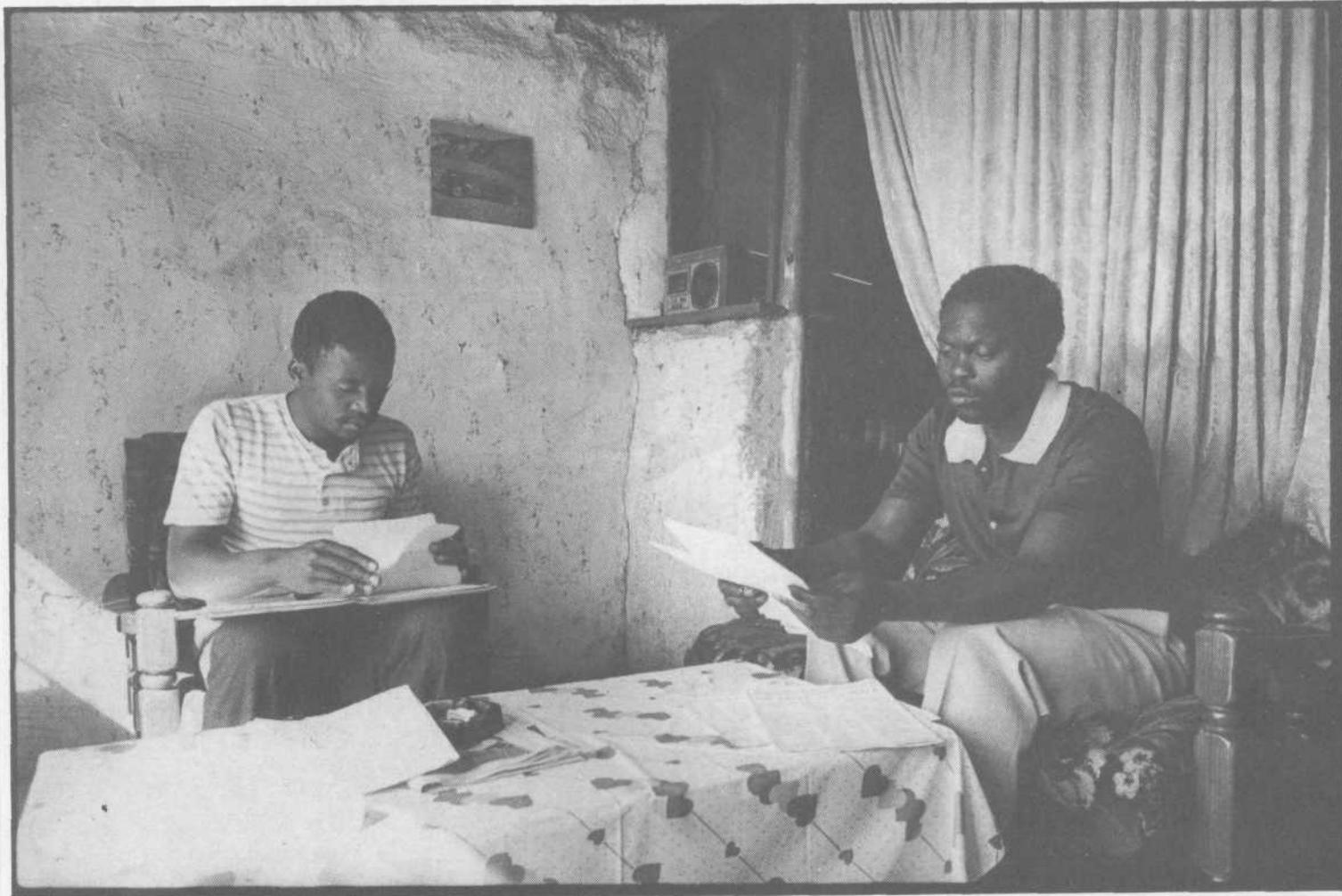
Thandukukhanya Township in Piet Retief, where I come from, was the first township to boycott the paying of rent in the Eastern Transvaal. We are still not paying rent. Some of the members of the rent committee are also PWAU members.

Cornelius Sibeko with his comrades at COSATU'S Second National Congress in Johannesburg.





Sibeko on his way to work at the paper mill in Piet Retief.



Sibeko, at the home of one his comrades, getting ready for Congress.



Afrapix

Cornelius Sibeko with his comrades at a union meeting in a church in Piet Retief.

"The decision to carry on with the 'Hands Off Cosatu Campaign' and the 'Living Wage Campaign' will help us to defend ourselves from our enemies. We were kicked out of our office in Piet Retief after Cosatu House and other union offices were burned down. Now every PWAU member's house or hostel room in Piet Retief has become our office.

"A decision was made at Congress that Cosatu must come up with an education programme for workers. It is a good thing. Workers of today are students of yesterday. I went through this Bantu education, and I know it is not right."

THE FREEDOM CHARTER

Sibeko was pleased that Congress

adopted the Freedom Charter as a "guiding document". The Freedom Charter was agreed to by the African National Congress and other organisations at the Congress of the People in Kliptown in June, 1955.

"The Freedom Charter is history," said Sibeko. "We have decided to follow our parents who drew up the Charter, fought for what it stands for, and even died for it."

He was also happy to hear about a union for domestic workers.

"The new union for domestic workers — the South African Domestic Workers Union — was praised by many speakers at Congress. It is time that we stand up and organise the women of Piet Retief into a strong domestic workers' union."

PRAISE FOR COSATU

Sibeko said that he would tell the workers in Piet Retief how leaders from the UDF and the South African Youth Congress (SAYCO) praised COSATU at the Congress. "They praised COSATU for its growth and for the way it fights for the workers of this country," said Sibeko.

And he would tell them what Rev. Frank Chikane, the new General Secretary of the South African Council of Churches, had to say. "He told us about the role of the church in the struggle and the difficult times we are facing. People like Rev. Chikane make us see that the good will always win against the bad."

Sibeko said the workers back home would laugh when they heard how everybody cheered when President Barayi said: "I am here to bury Botha, not to praise him."

STRONGER THAN BEFORE

"The government says COSATU is bad. But messages from all over the world were read at the Congress. All the messages wished us well in our struggle.

"The Congress was long and tiring," said Sibeko, as he got ready to go home. "But I am going home feeling stronger than before. I am ready for the struggle ahead." ●



APOLOGY

We would like to apologise to Rev. Frank Chikane, the General Secretary of the South African Council of Churches, for the mistakes we made in a story about him in the last magazine. In the story we said that Rev. Chikane told us that his church was burned down in Kagiso in 1976, two weeks after he started working there. We said that the church was burned down because people did not look upon the church as a helping hand. Rev. Chikane says that this is not true and that he did not say this.

We also made another mistake in the story. We said that Rev. Chikane was one of the 22 UDF leaders charged in the Pietermaritzburg Treason Trial. He was one of those charged — but he was one of 16, not 22.

Once again, we give our full apologies to Rev. Chikane and hope that our mistakes did not cause him any harm or trouble. We believe that we have learned an important lesson from our mistakes and we will do our best to make sure that it does not happen again.



9 August 1987 - a Womens' Day meeting in Johannesburg.

Afrapix

SISTER OF MERCY

The Saint Mary's convent in Kagiso is not hard to find. The double storey building is in one of the oldest parts of Kagiso, in a place called Vlei One. The big, white building stands out like a light in this dark and dusty part of the township.

But since 12 June last year, the light in Vlei One has not shined so brightly. On that day, a very special person was taken away from the convent — and from the people of Kagiso. Her name is Sister Bernard Ncube.

Sister Bernard was detained together with other leaders from Kagiso and the nearby township of Munsieville, and held under section 29 of the Internal Security Act. Last month she was

charged with "sedition" and "assault".

Sister Bernard, who is the President of the Federation of Transvaal Women (Fedtraw), has done much to help the people of Kagiso and Munsieville.

She spent many years teaching at St Mary's Catholic School in Munsieville and St Peters in Kagiso. Sister Bernard also worked for the Self Help Centre in Kagiso, helping students from poor families to get bursaries. These are some of the things she has done to help the people - and that is why people in Kagiso call her "Mmarona" - which means "our mother."

So special is Sister Bernard to the Kagiso township that many people



Sister Bernard's parents, Mr Benedict and Mme Anna Ncube, outside their home in Dube Soweto.

think that she was born there. But that is not so.

PROUD PARENTS

"Sister Bernard, or Naniki, as we used to call her, was born in Pietersburg," says her father, Mr Benedict Ncube. Mr Ncube and Sister Bernard's mother, Mme Anna Ncube, live in Dube, Soweto.

"When Naniki was still young, we left Pietersburg and came to live in Johannesburg," says Mr Ncube. "We stayed at a place called Edenvale where Naniki started her schooling. She later went to Village Main school in Johannesburg. She then went to train as a teacher in Lesotho. She was a very clever child and always passed with high marks. We were very proud of her.

"When she decided to become a Sister, nobody was surprised. Our family has always been religious. I remember our daughter used to sing this hymn, 'Nna ke tla direla Morena' which means 'I will serve the Lord'."

"When we moved to Dube in 1956, she did not come with us. She went to stay with the other Sisters in Krugersdorp. She visited us often and always told us about the people of Kagiso.

"When my daughter was detained last year, I was heartbroken. I do not even know why she was detained. She was only doing what God wanted her to do. She has always wanted to help people. Why do they detain those who try to stop the suffering of others?"

A WONDERFUL TEACHER

Many people who know Sister Bernard

feel the same way as her parents. Phola Mkhize was taught by Sister Bernard at the St Peter's Mission school in Kagiso. Phola remembers how all the students loved and respected her.

"When you came into our class, you would not think that Sister Bernard was a teacher there. There was always laughter and happiness in our classroom. She told us that teamwork was very important. She always told us to help one another.

"She never beat us. If you made a mistake, she would tell you to pray and ask for forgiveness from God — and not from her. In that way, she was different from the other teachers. We liked her so much that we used to visit the Sisters at the Convent just to talk."

A TRUE CHRISTIAN

"It is her belief in God that makes her work so hard for her people," says a young man from Kagiso, who did not wish to give his name.

"She says that Christians always pray for food, clothes and houses — but she believes the people must fight for these things if the government does not provide them.

"As a Christian, she wants to see peace in this country. The Kagiso community love her for this. We remember how she helped us when we were boycotting the Greyhound buses in 1986. She asked the courts to protect us from the police. She told the court what the police were doing to the people of Kagiso."

THE BIRTH OF FEDTRAW

But for Sister Bernard, it was not

enough to be a sister, a teacher and a helper in the community. She wanted to join hands with other women in the fight for a free and just South Africa. In December 1984 she helped to start FEDTRAW — an organisation for women in the Transvaal.

Ma-Vesta Smith, who is now vice-president of FEDTRAW, will not forget the day she met Sister Bernard. "I met Sister Bernard at a meeting a few years ago. It was on the 9th August - the day that is called "Women's Day."

"There was no FEDTRAW at that time. Also, there were very few women's groups. At that meeting Sister Bernard spoke about the need for unity among women. She said women must unite so that they can be strong. She told us that a nation can only be strong if the women are strong.

"We started organising womens' groups in the Transvaal. Sister Bernard was a hard worker and everybody soon liked and respected her. After much hard work, FEDTRAW was born. We elected Sister Bernard as our first president.

"When she was detained, we felt lost without her. She was so loved and respected in FEDTRAW that we again elected her president while she was in detention.

"Our work is difficult with the State of Emergency — and it is difficult without Sister Bernard. But we will still march forward. We will work hard to lead South Africa to a peaceful future — because that is the wish of Sister Bernard. We must make sure that her wish comes true." ●

A long way from home



Atrapix

On the road to nowhere - after being forced to leave his home in Mogopa.

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"As a lawyer I have seen a lot of suffering because of the apartheid laws. But I do not think I have seen people suffer more than the people from Mogopa."

The lawyer was speaking at a meeting in Johannesburg last month. The meeting was called to tell the sad story of the people from the village of Mogopa, in the western Transvaal.

It is story of how a proud and peaceful people were robbed of their land - and how they have become strangers in the country of their birth.

LIVING IN PEACE

"Our parents and grandparents sold their cattle to buy the land at Mogopa in 1912," said Ntate Ephraim Pooe. The old man came to the meeting from a place called Bethanie near Pretoria, where he has lived since the government forced the people off their land in 1984.

"When our parents arrived there was no water at Mogopa. They dug the land with their bare hands to find water. They lived together peacefully, sharing the land."

"In 1931 my people bought the farm next door because the tribe was growing. We built roads, schools and a church. It was our land and we were proud of it."

Ntate Pooe then told the meeting how their problems started. The government decided to move the people because Mogopa was a "black spot" in a white area. They wanted to move the people to a place called

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Learn and Teach

Pachsdraai near the border to Botswana.

The government had secret meetings with a leader who no longer had the respect of the people from Mogopa. The leader, Jacob More, told the government that the people of Mogopa agreed to move. But most of the people of Mogopa did not agree - and when the time came, Jacob More left for Pachsdraai with only ten families. The people of Mogopa thought they were safe. But they were not safe for long.

THE BULLDOZER

At the end of June 1983, government officials came back to Mogopa with a bulldozer. They knocked down the school, the clinic and three churches. They took away the water pump and stopped buses from coming into Mogopa.

Some of the people at Mogopa decided to move to Pachsdraai. By late August 1983, 170 families had moved to Pachsdraai. But over 350 families stayed on at Mogopa.

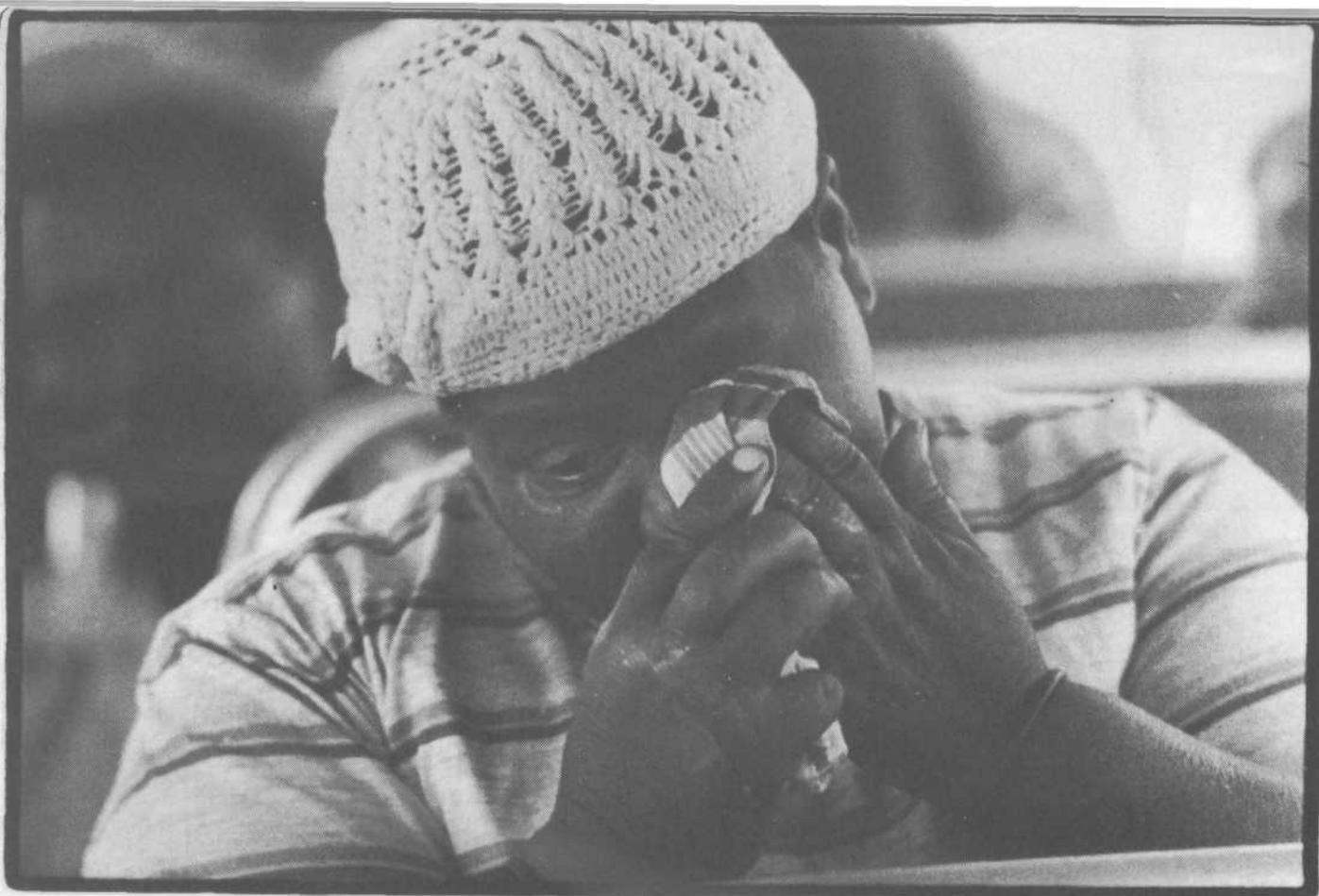
Soon afterwards, the government officials came back to Mogopa. They told the people that they had 10 days to leave Mogopa. On the night before they were to be moved, Archbishop Tutu, Alan Boesak, members of the UDF and Black Sash came to sit and pray with the people. When the government officials and the police came the next day, they saw who was there - and left the people of Mogopa in peace.

The people of Mogopa got back to work. They fixed the school and the clinic. They got the buses going again. Once again, the people of Mogopa thought they were safe.

The bulldozer came to Mogopa in 1983 and knocked down the school and churches.

Afrapi





Afrapix

The sad journey from Mogopa to Pachsdraai.

THE LAST DAY

On the 14 February 1984, at three o'clock in the morning, the police arrived. They cut the telephone wires and surrounded Mogopa. This time there was nothing the people could do.

"They took us away to Pachdraai by force," said Ntate Pooe. "We had no guns, we could not fight back. They loaded our things onto the trucks, without our help."

"They took us to Pachsdraai near Zeerust. But we did not stay there for long. There was nothing there."

Ntate Pooe said his people went to a place called Bethanie, just outside Pretoria. Bethanie is the home of Mamogale, the great chief of the Mogopa people.

"Life is very hard for us in Bethanie," said Ntate Boya. "We are not settled there. If a place is not yours, you can't

enjoy it. We are just people living with the hope of God.

"We can't plough and our people cannot get work. Old people like me do not get our pension money. Many of our people have died in Bethanie. A doctor told us that our people have died because the water is no good."

EVERY LEGAL WAY

The meeting heard how the Mogopa people have tried every legal way to get their land back. They have written letters to the government - and they have spoken to many different government officials.

The Mogopa people fought the government in court. In 1985 the Appeal Court in Bloemfontein said the government was wrong for moving the people from Mogopa. But the government did not give the people their land back. They just changed the law.



Adele More with her children outside her house in Mogopa.



Adele More outside her new "house" in Pachsdraai.

Afrapi

The meeting heard how the government hurt the people of Mogopa once again in July this year. With the help of the churches, the people of Mogopa bought a farm called Holgat near Lichtenburg in the western Transvaal. The Mogopa people were going to share Holgat with the workers already living there - and with the Machavie people, who were forced off their land 16 years ago.

The farm was paid for and the people got ready to go to their new home. Then last month, all of a sudden, the government told the Mogopa people that they could not live on the farm. The government said it wanted to build a big farm school there.

The farm has been for sale for many years. And now, when the people of Mogopa have found a new home, the government decides it wants the land for a school!

ROTTING IN THE SHADE

"At Bethanie we are rotting in the shade of our shacks," said Lucas Kgatitsoe, another leader of the Mogopa people. "We are suffering because the white government does not treat black people like human beings.

"We have followed the law and

we have tried to be honest with the government. But how can people live nowhere?"

Lucas Kgatitsoe told the meeting his people have decided to go back to Mogopa. He said that his people believe that it is their right to go home.

"We are the rightful owners of the land at Mogopa. We are going back without guns, and without a wish for a fight. We ask the government please to leave us alone. We are a destroyed community."

And as the people of Mogopa get ready for the long and dangerous journey back home, we at Learn and Teach send them this message: "Tsela tshweu, may your journey be peaceful. You have suffered enough!" ●

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Afrapix

A NEW RECORD FROM HUGH MASEKELA

"TOMORROW"

"Bring back Nelson Mandela.
Bring him back home Soweto
I want to see him walking down
The streets of South Africa.

"Bring back Nelson Mandela
Bring him back home Soweto
I want to see him walking hand in hand
with Winnie Mandela."

With this song our own king of song and trumpet, Hugh Masekela, opens his new album. The album is called "Tomorrow" and it will make music lovers open their ears. Some say it is Bra Masekela's best album yet.

The first song, 'Bring him (Nelson Mandela) back', is a song with a deep African beat. Masekela's golden voice

cries for the release of Nelson Mandela, the ANC leader who is serving a life sentence at Pollsmoor Prison.

He sings of the pain and sorrow of Winnie Mandela and how he wishes to see Mandela walking hand in hand with his wife in Soweto. "Buya Mandela isizwe sikulindile, Buya Mandela uWinnie usekhathele," sings Masekela. You will not know whether to cry or jive for this one.

MAYIBUYE I AFRICA'

He follows with a soulful song called 'Mayibuye' which opens with Bra Hugh blowing his trumpet like a bird. "Mayibuye i Africa," he sings, calling for the return of South Africa back to its

people. This song will have everyone singing along with it. It is a freedom song that will be sung everywhere — from Soweto to Gugulethu. The song closes with the sweet, soft sound of Masekela's trumpet.

"Ke bale" is a Mbaqanga track which Bra Hugh plays in his own special way, with his trumpet adding magic to its tune. This one will take you right back to the days of Kofifi or Sophiatown where he grew up. It is South African from the first note to the last. Wear your dancing shoes for this one!

In 'London Fog' Masekela sings about how he wishes to leave England and come to sunny South Africa to see his parents and his people. He sings of how he wishes that his friends would write him a letter and tell him about the health of his family and loved ones.

THE SECOND SIDE

The second side begins with a freedom song "Everybody is standing up". In this one Masekela warns the South African government that the day will come when they will have to "step aside and make way for freedom."

He sings: "Look out Botha, everybody is standing up and fighting for freedom. Oh yea, I want to be there when the people celebrate freedom." We wish you live to see that day, homeboy.

Masekela follows with another freedom song called "Bird on the wing." It starts with a trumpet solo by Hugh which goes right into the heart of the listener. The solo is followed by beautiful voices calling on the government to take out the soldiers and police from Soweto and other townships. "Khiphan' amaphoyisa laph' eSoweto Khiphan 'amasotsha,"

sings Masekela. This song will leave listeners crying for more.

IN A HAPPY MOOD

Next comes "Something for nothing." In this song the sweet sound of the trumpet will lift your spirits towards the sky. You will again find yourself on the dance floor doing your thing. He sings about how his people want money and freedom. "Sifun'imali Sifun' inkululeko," sings Masekela, in a happy mood.

The closing song "Serengeti" is a happy song. He sings about the the mountain of Kilimanjaro and the beauty of Africa. It is a beautiful ending to a beautiful album. Bra Hugh, we are proud of you.

Long live the son of Kofifi! ●



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Letters

BY AIR MAIL
FLUGPOST PAR AVION

Dear Learn and Teach,

I see that you are asking readers to send their own stories for the magazine. I want to know if I can write a story which is interesting, but also sad. Can I send you a story about workers on strike, or a rape or a murder in my area? Would other Learn and Teach readers like to read such stories?

I would also like to sell your magazine. I work in a transport company and I meet a lot of people every day.

T.J.
BOTSHABELO

Thank you for your letter. We would love to read your stories - even if they are sad. Please feel free to write about anything you like.

We will also be happy for you to sell the magazine. We will give you the magazine for half price - but we will have to charge you for postage. We will send you 25 magazines for a start. If you sell them all, we will send you as many magazines as you want.

Good luck!

Dear Learn and Teach,

Greetings to all your readers. Thank you for a magazine which teaches us so much. I am a 16 year old girl. My problem is bad skin. I have got so many pimples. I want to know how to get plastic surgery. I think plastic surgery will help me, but I do not know where to go or how much it will cost.

Worried Schoolgirl
WASBANK

Thanks for your letter. We are sorry to hear about your problem. Your skin is bad because your body is changing - from a girl into a woman. Many teenagers have bad skin, with lots of

pimples. But the pimples should go away after a year or two. Plastic surgery is not a good idea. It is very expensive - thousands of rands for one operation. And in your case, when you are so young and your body is changing day by day, it is not the answer to your skin problems.

There are some things you can do for your skin. Make sure it is always clean - wash it with soap and water in the morning, at lunchtime and in the evening. Do not put on greasy creams, or make up. Do not squeeze or touch the pimples - this will make them worse. Do not eat greasy foods or too much sugar. Try not to eat cakes, sweets and cooldrinks. Rather try to eat healthy foods - like fruit and vegetables. Even if it takes quite a long time, don't give up. Your skin will clear up in time.

Dear Learn and Teach,

Thank you for your lovely magazine. I have learnt a lot from it. I work for the Post Office. I am working as a labourer, getting a labourer's salary. But I am a matriculated guy. When I joined the Post Office in 1985, they promised to send me to a technikon to study to be a technician. I have complained to the Chief Technician, but he just tells me to wait. The reason I joined the Post Office was because I believed their adverts in the telephone book. They offered training for technicians - but now I find myself working as a labourer. What can I do to save my future from drowning?

Unhappy Worker
BENMORE

Thank you for your letter. Unfortunately, you did not give us your full name and address, so we could not ask the Post Office why they are not sending you for further

training. A spokesman for the Post Office said you must apply in writing for a transfer from your present job to a trainee technician's job. This application must be sent to the regional personnel office by your boss. The spokesman said that if your boss refuses to do this, you should speak to the personnel department. You can speak to anyone at this telephone number (011) 222-0033. The personnel department will advise you what to do.

Dear Learn and Teach,
I hope that Learn and Teach can help me to get my money back. In April last year I bought a jacket for R83,61 from African Wholesalers in Cape Town. They sent me the wrong size, so I sent it back to them. I wrote them two letters, but got no reply. Then I wrote a third letter and they replied. They said I would get my money back in 10 days. But I am still waiting.

Lesawana Makhabane
WELKOM

Sorry to hear about your problem, Lesawana. We spoke to Ms Campher from African Wholesalers. She said that they cannot find your order. Please write to her again. She needs to know where you sent the order from. By the way, we have had other complaints about African Wholesalers.



Dear Learn and Teach,
Greeting to all your readers and staff. I like your beautiful magazine so much. I call it 'the voice of Africa'. My problem is that I want to further my talent in drawing. Where can I get a sponsor so that I can set my talent free?

Samuel
ALEX

Thank you for your letter, Samuel. We think you should talk to the Alexandra Art Centre. This group helps artists in Alex. They have a workshop at 31 2nd Street, Marlboro. The centre runs lessons in fine art, pottery, silk screening and photography. They also have courses in music and dance, creative writing, architectural drafting and cookery. The registration fee is R10 a year. The centre is open from 9am to 6pm, Monday to Saturday. You can get more details from the centre, or by telephoning (011) 887-4278/9.

Dear Learn and Teach,
I am a man of 20. I am writing on behalf of the workers at a cleaning company in Pinetown. We have lots of problems - workers are fired for no reason, we are fired without notice and get no notice pay. Women are not paid during maternity leave and workers who come late are sent home without pay. We work so hard for R80 a month. When we ask the boss to talk to us about these problems, he says if we don't want to work there, we must leave. So we decided to ask Learn and Teach to help us. We think you will know what to do. Please send us books about working laws - notice pay, maternity leave and so on. And tell us which trade union we can join. Help us soon - we want to take action against this cruel boss.

Cleaning Workers
PINETOWN

Thank you for your letter. We will send you some books and other information on workers' rights. The

union for cleaning workers in Natal is the Transport and General Workers Union, which is a member of COSATU. Their offices are at 9 Imperial Lane, Pinetown. Tel (031) 720021. We spoke to them about your bad wages and working conditions. If you contact them, they will try to help you. We hope you win your struggle soon.

Dear Learn and Teach,

Please help me to get my unemployment money from UIF. I paid money to the UIF from 1982 until September 1986. I lost my job and was in prison from September until March this year.

I claimed UIF on March 25. I am still waiting for my money. I can't even go to town to look for a job because I have no money. When I was working, I was forced to pay UIF. But now that I am unemployed and starving, they are not forced to pay me. Please find out why I am not getting my money.

J. Seokomane
LENYENYE

Thank you for your letter, Mr Seokomane. Thank you for giving us all the details of your UIF claim. This helped us to find out why you are still waiting for your money. We spoke to Mrs Kruger at the UIF head office in Pretoria. She said that your claim has been approved, but you have not been paid because the UIF head office has not yet got the forms from the Lenyenye magistrate's offices. They must send forms to prove that you have been to 'sign on' there every month since making your claim. If you do not sign every month you will not get your money. Mrs Kruger said that people usually sign for three or four months before they get their money. She said that you must make an affidavit (a sworn statement, stamped and signed by a commissioner of oaths - a policeman or your local postmaster). The statement must give your full name,

**address and reference book number. You must give all the details of your UIF claim. You must also say that you have been to the local offices to sign. Then you must send this affidavit directly to Mrs Kruger at this address: Mrs Kruger
Department of Manpower
P. O. Box 393
Pretoria 0001
Tel: (012)324-1100**

She promised to make sure you get your money. Please let us know what happens.

Dear Learn and Teach,

Greetings to all your readers and staff. I am a boy in Std 5. We stay on a farm here in Vryburg. My father gets R80 a month, and my mother gets R40. I attend school at Dryharts. I must have some money for food when I go to school. But my parents haven't got money, so they said I must leave school. But I don't want to leave school. I started to steal from shops - the first time, the shop owner called the police, and the second time, he called the police again. So the magistrate said if they catch me the third time, I will go to a 'stoutskool' (reform school). I know I must stop stealing, but then I know I will suffer too much. What can I do?

Dada
VRYBURG

We were sad to read your letter, Dada. We were sorry to hear what a struggle it is for you to get an education. We think you should speak to your school principal. It is possible for the school to help you get a bursary from the Education Department. Tell your principal that you were stealing food because you were hungry, and that if you do not get food, you will not be able to carry on at school. If the principal can't help you, please write to us again, and we will try to find someone who will help you.

Dear Learn and Teach,

We greet you in the name of the UDF. We live in Kimberley and life is fine, except that we are living under the apartheid regime. We are members of the Galeshewe Youth Congree, which is a member of the South African Youth Congress (Sayco), which is a non-racial organisation. We are both 13 years old. We were so pleased to read the letter from Saul in Johannesburg. We were happy to hear that there are whites of our age in the struggle. Please send our message to him:

"We love to be friends with people in other places who are in the struggle. We know that one day we will come to Johannesburg and we will want to meet people like you. Comrade, send us your address so that we can meet one day."

Young comrades
GALESHEWE

Thanks for your letter. We gave it - and all the other letters - to Saul. He replies in the next letter:

Dear Friends,

I want to thank people who answered my letter in Learn and Teach. It was very special for me to get your letters. I hope that we will be good penfriends. I hope that we will meet one day. Since writing to Learn and Teach, I have met many people from different organisations and I have also become involved in the struggle. I have been working with people who are working for non-racial education. I was very interested to hear about the democratic organisations which people belong to, and I want to learn more about them. I look forward to learning more from my new friends.

Saul
Johannesburg

Dear Learn and Teach,

I have a problem with American Savings Hampers of Johannesburg. Last year I was an agent for this company. I sold hampers to people and collected money from them. The company closed down out of the blue. They sent me a claim form and I sent it to the liquidator. I waited a long time but got no

word from them. My customers were very cross and I had to pay them back out of my own pocket. I am a pensioner and I am unemployed now. This is a nightmare to anyone - pink, black or yellow. Please help me to get my money back.

Willie Voyi
Port Elizabeth

Thank you for your letter, Mr Voyi. We are sorry about your bad luck. American Savings Hampers in Johannesburg has also closed down. We have written to the liquidator asking what has happened to your claims. We have asked him to write to you.

When a company cannot pay its bills and is forced to close down, we say it goes into liquidation'. The liquidator must sell everything belonging to the company and then pay all the people who are owed money. These people are called 'creditors'. Because there is not enough money to pay all the creditors, the liquidator will try to pay everyone some of the money they are owed. For example, if the company owes a creditor R100, the liquidator can decide to pay them R40. The other R60 is lost - the creditor cannot get it back. It takes many months for creditors to get their money from the liquidator. If you do not hear from the liquidator in the next few weeks, you should write again and ask how long it will be before your claim is paid.

Dear Readers,

Thanks for your letters. If you have a problem or want to say something to other readers, write to us.

You can also send us drawings, poems and stories for "Readers Write". Please write to :

**Learn & Teach Publications
P.O. Box 11074
Johannesburg 2000**

ENGLISH LESSON

PART ONE: EASY ENGLISH

READ THE STORY ON PAGE 25 AND FILL IN THE MISSING WORDS

1. Sister Bernard's surname is.....
2. She lives in a convent in
3. She was born in
4. Her parents used to call her
5. She helped to start in 1984.
6. She says women must so that they can be strong.
7. She was the first of FEDTRAW.
8. is Vice-President of FEDTRAW.

ANSWERS

1. Ncube 2. Kagiso 3. Pietersburg 4. Nanki
5. FEDTRAW 6. unite 7. President 8. Ma-Vesta Smith.

CAN YOU FIT THESE WORDS IN THE STORY?

the in he a was she her for them to

Sister Bernard detained in June 1986. None of the members of family has seen her since. is remembered by her students as wonderful teacher. A young man from Kagiso said it was her belief God that made her work so hard her people. said she believed people must fight for food, clothes and houses if government does not provide She called on women unite for a peaceful and just South Africa.

ANSWERS

1. was 2. her 3. She 4. a 5. in 6. for 7. He 8. the 9. them 10. to



DO or DOES

Tick the right word in each sentence.

Example: The buses do/does not always come on time.

1. The women at FEDTRAW do/does not know when Sister Bernard will be released.
2. Do/does you know Kagiso township ?
3. Do/does your grandmother live with you ?
4. Do/does anyone have a watch here ?
5. Yes, we do/does know Sloppy and Lizzy.

ANSWERS

1. do 2. Do 3. Does 4. Does 5. do

IS or ARE

Again, tick the right word in each sentence.

Example: The Saint Mary's Convent in Kagiso is/are not hard to find.

1. The mine bosses is/are not always fair.
2. Many people is/are very sad that Sister Bernard was detained.
3. What is/are the number of your house ?
4. Mr Chabalala and his son is/are going to the bank today.
5. Many workers is/are working in the mines now.

ANSWERS

1. are 2. are 3. is 4. are 5. are

WAS or WERE

1. A lot of people was/were detained last year.
2. What was/were the things you bought at Christmas ?
3. Was/were she at the stokvel last month ?
4. Mr Chabalala and his son was/were in hospital yesterday.
5. Many people was/were dancing at the NUMSA launch in May.

ANSWERS

1. were 2. were 3. was 4. were 5. were

PART TWO NOT SO EASY

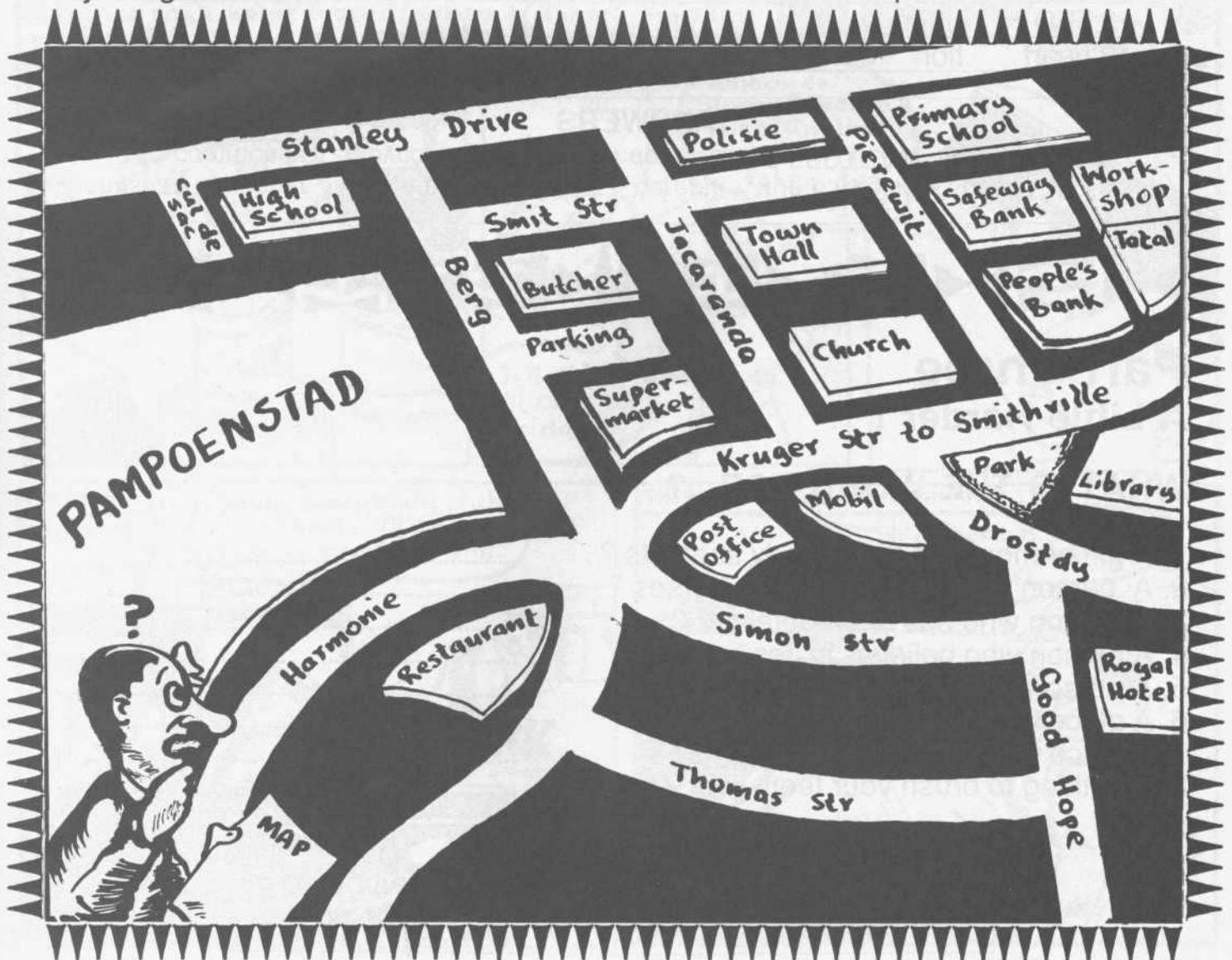
GIVING DIRECTIONS

(See the map of Pampoenstad)

You meet an English-speaking stranger at the Restaurant in Pampoenstad. Look at the map and explain to him how to get to :

- (1) The Post Office
- (2) A garage that will fix his car
- (3) A hotel
- (4) Safeway Bank
- (5) Stanley Drive
- (6) Parking for the Supermarket
- (7) A park
- (8) The Primary School
- (9) A place where he can buy good biltong
- (10) Drostdy Street

Play the game with a friend. Don't let him or her look at the map!



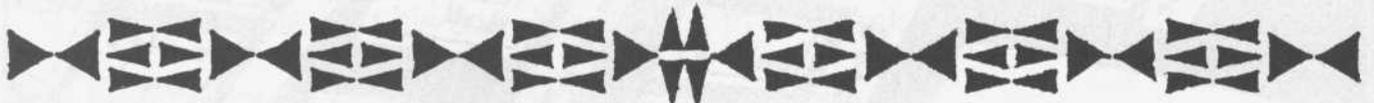
PUTTING THE WORDS TOGETHER

Below are 16 important words from Sister Bernard's story. Each word is in 2 pieces. Match the pieces in Part A to the pieces in Part B, and write the full words in Part C. We have done the first one for you.

Part A	Part B	Part C
1. chris	te	christian
2. tea	broken	
3. bir	TRAW	
4. pro	cher	
5. Sis	tian	
6. pa	th	
7. tru	ter	
8. Ka	ud	
9. spec	rents	
10. Sec	e	
11. comm	giso	
12. boyc	ial	
13. uni	urity	
14. deten	unity	
15. FED	otting	
16. heart	tion	

ANSWERS

1. christian 2. teacher 3. birth 4. proud 5. Sister 6. parents 7. true 8. Kagiso 9. special 10. Security 11. community 12. boycotting 13. unite 14. detention 15. FEDTRAW 16. heartbroken



Part Three A Little Harder !

WHAT IS THE WORD FOR...?

1. A gift of money to help needy students ?
2. A person who likes to play the horses ?
3. A person who has been detained ?
4. A person who believes in Jesus Christ ?
5. A person who takes photographs ?
6. A place where mineworkers live ?
7. A place where people buy beer ?
8. The thing to brush your teeth with ?

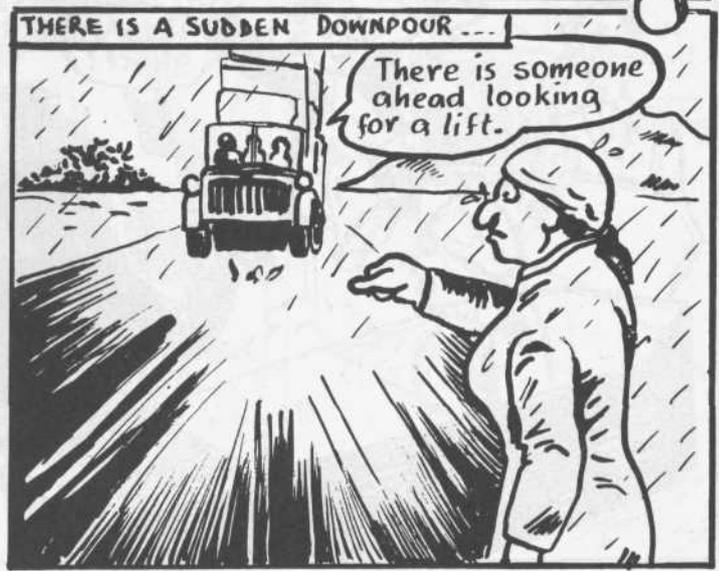
ANSWERS

1. bursaries 2. gambler 3. detainee 4. christian
5. photographer 6. hostel 7. shebeen 8. toothbrush

SLOPPY



SLOPPY AND COMPANY ARE GOING BACK HOME FROM PAMPOENSTAD.





THE MAN DRIVES OFF. SLOPPY AGAIN LOADS THE PARCELS ONTO THE TRUCK



HALF AN HOUR LATER...



SLOPPY SOON FINDS ONE...



AFTER RE-PACKING THE PARCELS AND FILLING UP WITH PETROL, SLOPPY DRIVES ON. FINALLY...



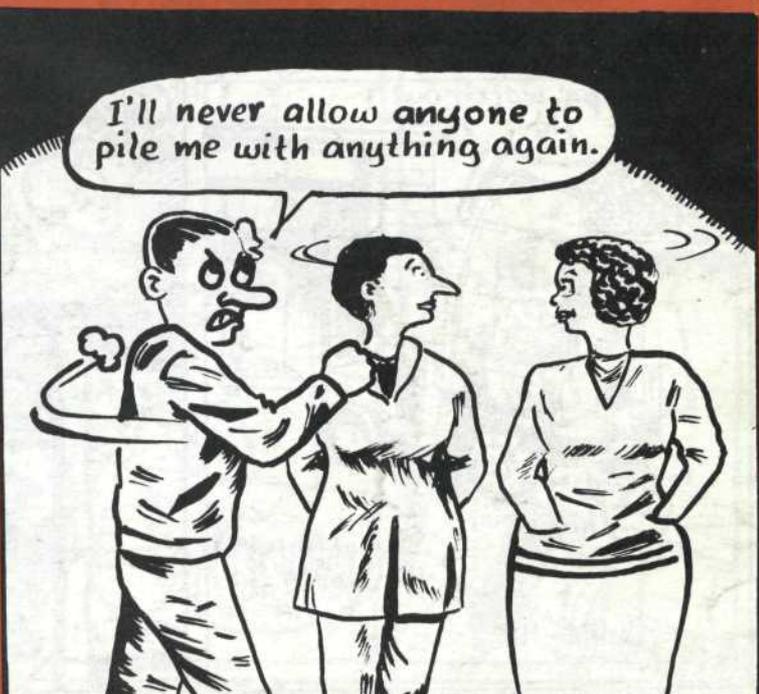
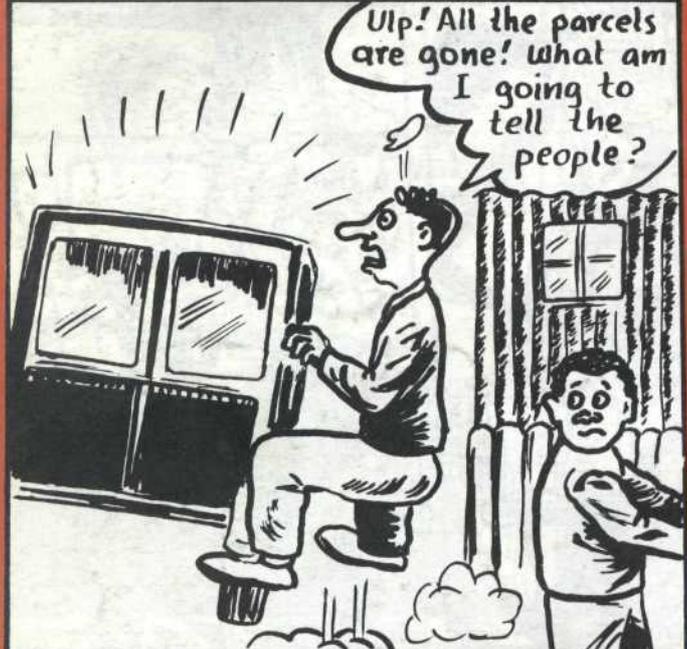
PARCELS FALL OFF...



... INTO WAITING HANDS...



SLOPPY MANAGES TO STOP AT HIS POZZIE.



JUST THEN...



AND...



THE END