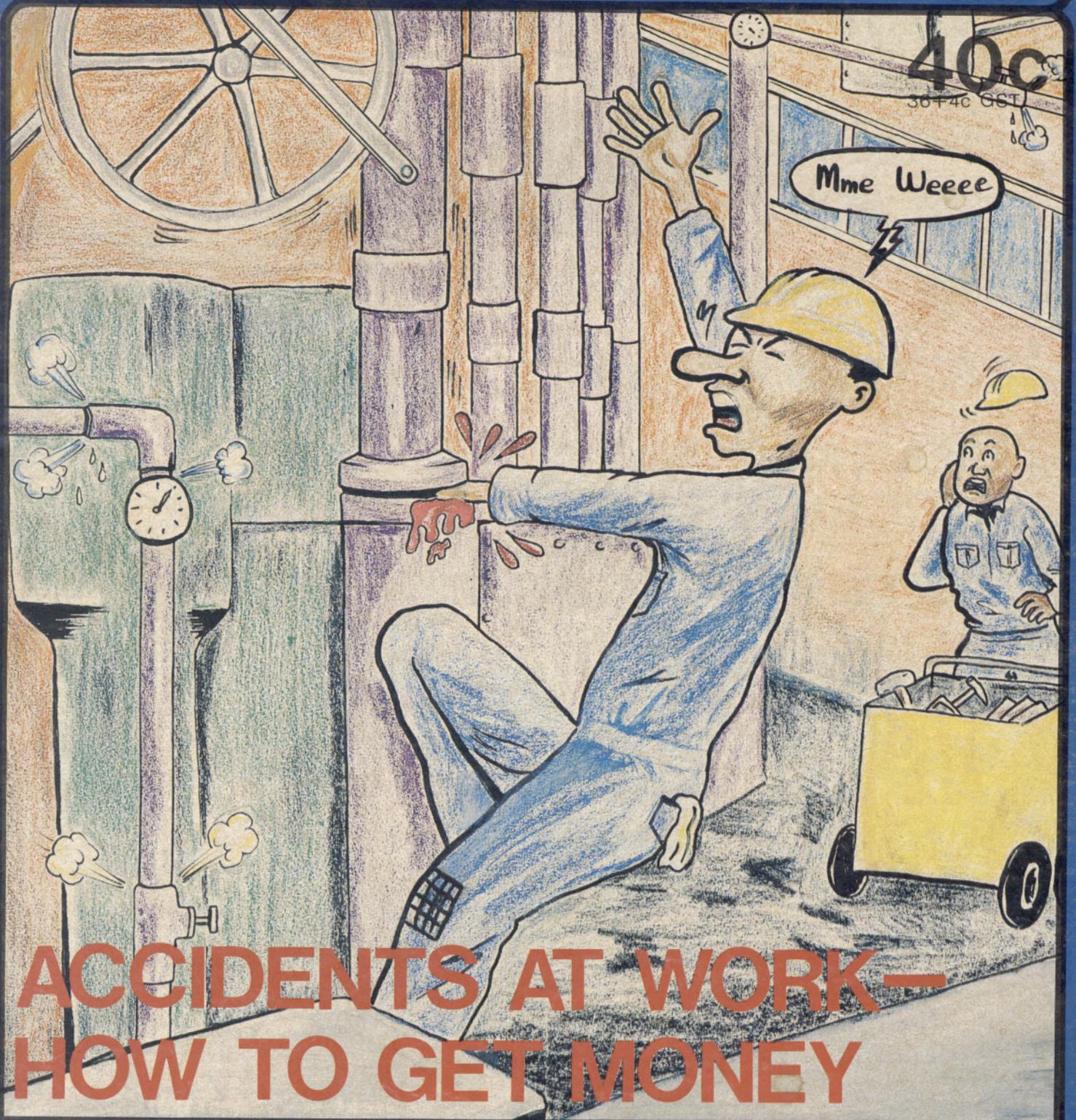


# Learn and Teach

NUMBER 4 1985



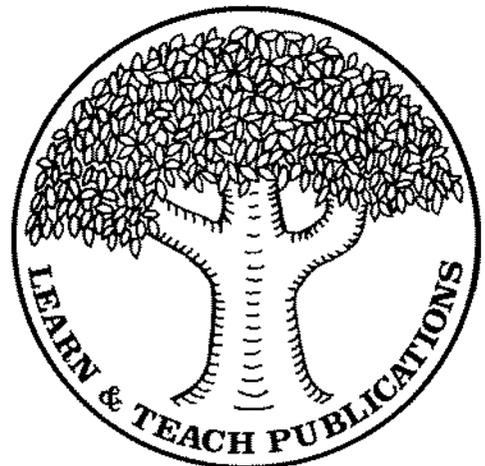
## ACCIDENTS AT WORK — HOW TO GET MONEY

THE STATE OF EMERGENCY  
30 YEARS OF THE FREEDOM CHARTER  
THE SINGING UNIONS

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# HAMBANI KAHLE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE SOIL

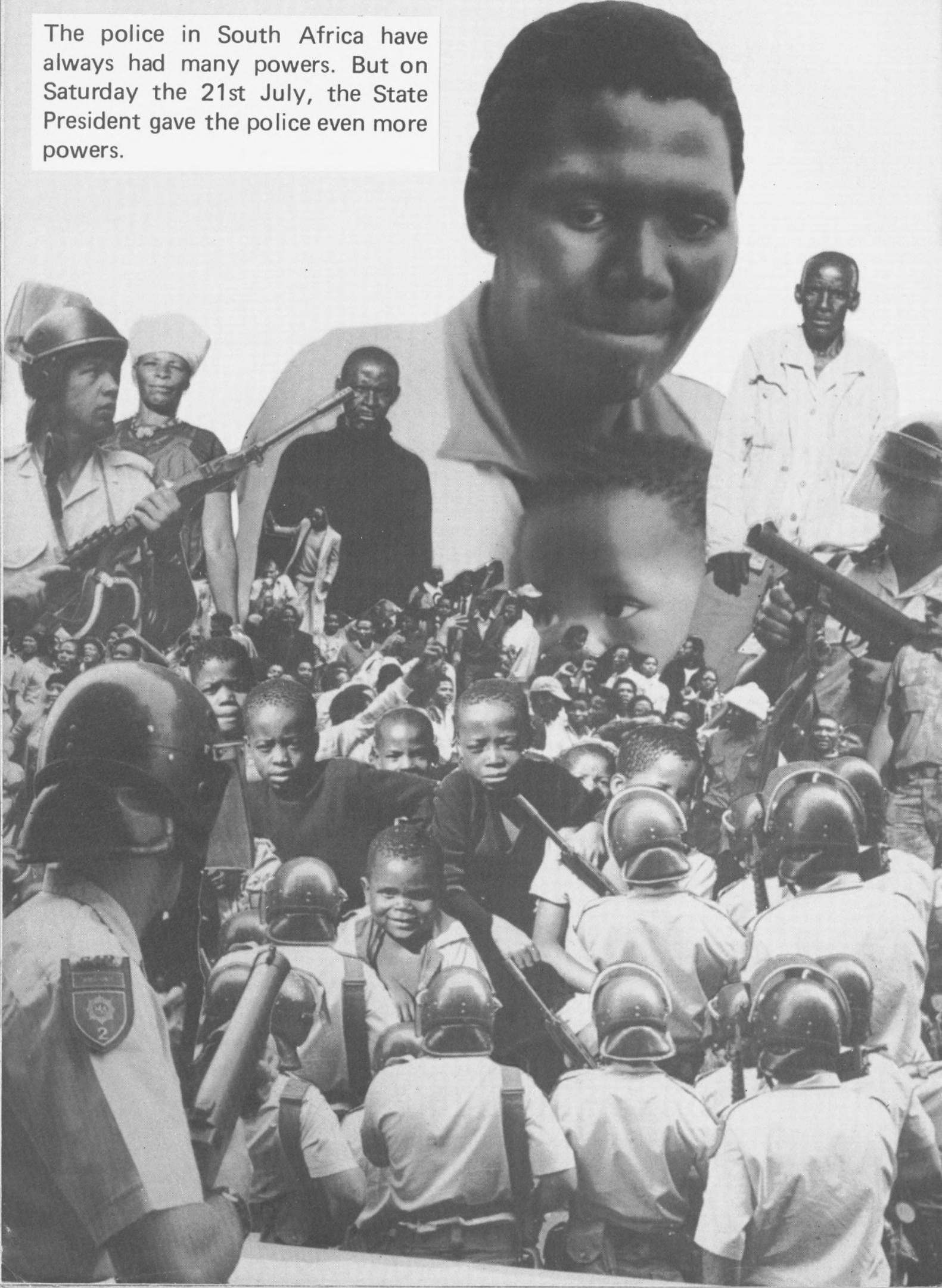


Matthew Goniwe of Cradock, Murdered --- like so many others.

They who would not give in  
Have been done to death  
They who were done to death  
Would not give in.

# WE WILL NEVER FORGET

The police in South Africa have always had many powers. But on Saturday the 21st July, the State President gave the police even more powers.



# THE STATE OF *EMERGENCY*

The police in South Africa have always had many powers. But on Saturday the 21st July, the State President gave the police even more powers. He gave them these new powers in 36 places in South Africa. He said that these places were now under a state of emergency.

Uitenhage  
Port Elizabeth  
Cradock  
Graaff Reinet  
Jansenville  
Steyterville  
Humansdorp  
Balfour  
Bedford.

## WHAT PLACES ARE UNDER A STATE OF EMERGENCY?

### IN THE TRANSVAAL:

Randfontein	Benoni
Roodepoort	Delmas
Randburg	Brakpan
Johannesburg	Nigel
Alberton	Heidelberg
Vereeniging	Germiston
Vanderbijl Park	Boksburg
Sasolburg	Springs
Kempton Park	Westonaria

### IN THE CAPE:

Adelaide  
Fort Beaufort  
Albany  
Bathurst  
Alexandria  
Pearston  
Somerset East  
Kirkwood  
Hawkley

## WHAT DO THE EMERGENCY LAWS MEAN?

Under the state of emergency, the police are not the only ones with new special powers. The emergency laws give the railway police, the army, and people from the prisons the same new powers. What are these new powers?

1. They can search your house and take away anything they want.
2. They can stop any meeting.
3. They can arrest you and keep you in jail for 14 days. If they want to keep you longer, the Minister of Law and Order can sign an order — and then they keep you for as long as they like.

4. The head of police can stop the newspapers from writing anything about the places under the state of emergency.
5. The newspapers cannot give the names of people in jail – even if someone says their son or daughter is in jail. The papers can only print the names that the police give to them.
6. The emergency laws give the police many other powers. In some places they have started curfews. This means people cannot walk in the street after a certain time. For example, in the Eastern Cape and Vaal townships, people can't go out from 10 o'clock at night until four o'clock in the morning.

And in many townships, schoolchildren can't walk in the streets during school hours. They must stay in the school grounds.

7. You cannot do anything if you are unhappy with the police or other people with special emergency powers. You can't take them to court – no matter what they do to you.

---

## THE RIGHTS OF PEOPLE IN DETENTION

People who are detained under the

emergency laws have very few rights:

1. Your family can bring you clothes and some money to buy cigarettes and things like soap. You can't get any books for reading or for study. You can only read a Bible.
2. Your family can visit you – but only if the Commissioner of Police gives permission.
3. You must get one hour of exercise a day.
4. The district surgeon (doctor) must visit you.
5. They can lock you up all on your own. And if you break their rules in jail, they can punish you. They can fine you – and if they want, they can even whip you.

---

## WHAT TO DO IF SOMEONE IN YOUR FAMILY IS DETAINED

1. **Finding a detainee:** Find a good lawyer to help you. The police do not always listen to the families of detainees.

If you do not know a good lawyer, you can get help from two organisations. These organisations are the Detainees Parents Support Committee (DPSC) and the Detainees

Support Committee (Descom). These organisations work together. They will help you to find a lawyer.

If you want to know if the DPSC has a branch in your area, write or speak to them in Johannesburg. Their address is: 2nd floor, Khotso House, 42 De Villiers Street, Johannesburg. Their phone number is (011)23 – 6664. The box number is: P.O. Box 39431, Bramley, 2018.

Ask the lawyer to find out if your relative is in detention – and at what jail they are holding your relative. The lawyer must speak to the Police Public Relations Division in Pretoria. Their telephone number is (012) 21 – 2063.

2. **Parcels:** Detainees can get clothes and money – if there is a shop in the prison. If there is no shop, they can get food parcels.

Ask the lawyer to help you get permission to take parcels. If you are short of money, tell the people at the DPSC. They can give you track suits, food parcels and money for detainees.

3. **Visits:** You can ask for visits.

You must say why you want to visit. You also have to give your name, address and your identity number. Once again, ask the lawyer to help with visits.

4. **Doctors:** If the detainee has a sickness or health problem, you must tell the doctor at the prison. The DPSC has a list of names and phone numbers of prison doctors.
5. **Help with money:** If the detainee is the breadwinner in your family, speak to an organisation called the Dependants Conference. They will give you money for rent and food. You can speak to them at:

King Williamstown	(0433)20511/ 23165
Queenstown	(0451) 3446
Cape Town	(021) 452100
Durban	(031) 3013944
Pietermaritzburg	(0331) 54819
Transkei	(0477) 23653
Port Elizabeth	(041) 28201
Northern Transvaal	(01521)3872
Johannesburg	(011) 282251

6. **Start a care group:** Try to start a care group with the detainees friends and family. The group should meet and take care of the detainees affairs. For example, the group must tell the detainee's employer about

the detention. They should also try to pay the detainees' rent and accounts. And the group can also work together packing food and clothing parcels.

The group should meet often.

They should try to help the detainees' family – and to keep their spirits high. And if the detainee was working in an organisation, the group should try to carry on the detainee's work. ●



# WHEN A WOMAN'S WORK IS NOT ENOUGH

Nokuzola goes to work with a heavy heart. Every night she has to clean ten dirty offices, one corridor and a cloakroom. She works from six o'clock in the evening until three o'clock in the morning.

This kind of work is enough to make anybody unhappy. But Nokuzola has an extra problem. The supervisor at work is in love with her. Or, he says he is. Every night he asks her to make love to him.

Every night she say no. But she is very worried. The supervisor is getting tired of waiting. He says he will get her fired — unless she gives him what he wants. Nokuzola has children to feed in Soweto. And she supports her parents too.

This story is not new. It happens all the time. Many women are bothered by men at work. Sometimes it's the supervisor, sometimes it's the boss, sometimes it's a fellow worker. This problem is called sexual harrassment, or love abuse.

In May, there was a meeting about women workers in Noordgesig. Many speakers spoke about the

problem of sexual harrassment.

Adrienne Bird, who is the education officer at Fosatu said: "There are many different kinds of sexual harrassment. For example, when men call women names like 'bitch' or 'cow'. Or when men feel free to touch a woman's body. Or even worse. Some managements think that women must make love to the boss. They think that women must buy their jobs with their own bodies. Jobs for sex. This happens a lot in South Africa."

At the same meeting Elizabeth Makhanjwa spoke. Elizabeth is a shop steward in the Transport and General Workers Union. She is also a night cleaner. Elizabeth told the story of a fellow worker.

"There was a young woman who worked with us," she said. "One of the security guards wanted to have sex with her. He offered her R10 a night. The woman needed the money very badly — and so she took his R10. Then one night while they were busy in the toilet, the supervisor came and caught them. The woman was afraid and she ran away. So she lost her job. All because of R10."

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME  
I'M A WORKER, NOT A TOY!



“But,” Elizabeth says, “there is even a worse problem. In Soweto we have supervisors’ children. Our husbands suffer. They have to feed children who are not theirs.”

“Mama” Lydia Kompe also spoke at the meeting. She is the branch secretary of the same union. She said that women who work at night suffer most from sexual harrassment. She asked what will happen now that the Immorality Act has gone. Now white men can have sex with black women. Things will get worse. Now there is no law that protects black women in any way.

For a long time women were too ashamed to talk about sexual harrassment. They told nobody — not even their unions. But now this is changing.

Women have begun talking about sexual harrassment — and trade unions are now trying to fight this problem. They have made a start.

“There was a story of sexual harrassment at the Unilever Factory in 1983,” says Piroshaw Camay of CUSA, a big group of unions. “A manager was bothering a white woman worker. The woman was asked to leave the company. The woman was not a member of the union. But all the black workers were — and they went on strike. The union won an agreement

from the company about sexual harrassment.”

Another union, CCAWUSA, told Learn and Teach about two women who suffered from sexual harrassment — and who lost their jobs afterwards.

“Both times we asked the women to lay charges with the police,” says Vivi Masina, an organiser at the union. “But the women were married and they didn’t want the story to get around. This is one of the biggest problems. But the union still fought for the women. We got them their jobs back.”

Vivi also spoke about the problems women have when they go to the police. The police are often not very caring. They ask the women all kinds of questions — and they often do not believe her story.

A group of trade union members at the Dunlop factory fought the problem in a different way. They laid a trap for a personnel officer. The personnel officer was selling jobs for sex. When a new worker came to the factory, they saw him take her into his office — and lock the door. They quickly called the manager. The manager came and caught the personnel officer having sex with the new worker. The manager fired the personnel officer.

The woman did not get fired.

A shop steward at the factory wrote about what happened. He sent the letter to many trade unions. He said it was a good example of how workers can stop sexual harrassment. He ended the letter by saying: "It was far better than allowing workers to assault him as they wished. We just refused and promised them that we would

solve the problem. And now they are all happy."

The shop steward who wrote the letter was a well known man. He was the late Andries Raditsela, the man who died from brain injuries two hours after the police were finished with him. Raditsela is dead, but the struggle against sexual harrassment goes on. ●



"Mama" Lydia Kompe of the Transport and General Workers Union speaking about the problems of sexual harrassment — and the need to fight it.

# THE HOME OF UMQOMBOTHU



Having a tasty sip and talking about this and that at Mama Ndou's.

**Y**ou will always find people at Mama Ndou's place. They stay there until 9 o'clock in the evening, when Mama Ndou chases them home.

And so the customers lick their lips and have a last sip of Mama Ndou's famous umqombothi. They don't complain. Closing time is closing time.

And anyway, Mama Ndou's customers need their sleep. They are not as young as they used to be. Most of Mama Ndou's customers

were born about two hundred years ago.

Ask Mama Ndou why her customers are so old and she will say: "In the old days black people could only drink umqombothi. They were not allowed to drink anything else. So many old people just stayed with it."

But her customers do not agree. They will give you different reasons. One old man says: "One isikala (jam tin) here costs 35 cents. When I buy beer at the bottle store, I pay R1.35, or more with GST." Another

old man says: "One drink at Mama Ndou's gives me powers like Sloppy in your magazine — that is why I come here. Then I forget my age."



When you see Mama Ndou's house in the day, it looks like any other house in Soweto. She has a small garden around her three-roomed house and she looks after it well. There are some trees and a maize patch. The maize patch is the most important place. Mama Ndou cooks and stores her beer in it — so that the police won't find it.

In the evenings and at week—ends in the summertime, the customers sit on benches under the trees. Mama Ndou likes her customers to stay outside. But when it is cold, they come inside and sit around the stove to keep warm.

But sometimes things get too warm because of Mama Ndou's beer. One of her customers tells us how Mama Ndou's beer nearly brought him big trouble.

"One night, after I had been at Mama Ndou's, I felt very wise. My wife was very angry when I got home late. She said that she would throw hot water in my face. She said people would laugh when they saw me. And I would have to stay at home. But then she left the kitchen for a minute.

"I quickly grabbed the pot on the stove. I threw the hot water out and filled it with cold water. When she came back, I said I was not afraid of her or her hot water. That made her very angry. She grabbed the pot and threw the water in my face. But it was cold. So I laughed at her and said, 'you see, umqombothi makes me wise'."



Mama Ndou has not been making beer for a long time. She started in 1982 when her husband died. She was left with no—one to help her. And she wanted to keep her children at school.

School is important to Mama Ndou. She did not go to school at all. Her father was too poor. So, she just married and followed her husband to town. That was the custom in those days, about 40 years ago. There was no law to stop wives from coming to town with their husbands, like today.

Mama Ndou did not know how to make money. Also she did not want to leave her children alone. She decided that she must sell something from home. But she did not know what to sell. Then she remembered what a friend once told her. Her friend said that she made good beer. Mama Ndou knew her friend was right. She knew how to make beer. After all, it's one of the things her mother taught her.



And so Mama Ndou decided to make money from beer. But she wanted to test it first.

"I invited a few men from around," she tells us proudly. "I gave them the beer I had cooked. I remember all of them saying it was good — better even than the beer in cartons that comes from machines."

Since that day, Mama Ndou has not looked back. She makes enough money to look after herself and her children. Her children are now living in Venda, her home. She lives with two of her grandchildren in Soweto. They are too young to drink umqombothi. But they know that it pays the rent.



"Running a shebeen is not easy," says Mama Ndou. "I get up every morning at 6 o'clock. I make a fire. Then I boil 50 litres of water for the beer. When the water is boiling, I add the mealie meal and mthombo (malt). After that, it must all boil for six hours.

"While the beer is cooking, I clean up. Often there are many empty sikalis to wash. And I must keep the yard clean and tidy. Then I must also cook food for myself and my children.

"When the beer has finished boiling, I take it off the fire and leave it to stand. It must stand for the whole

day and night. It will only be ready for drinking the next day.

"I don't like working so hard but I also like having a shebeen. There are always people here. I never get lonely. People do not come for beer alone. They also come to talk.

"They talk about many things. Some talk about their families, far away in the homelands. Others talk about their girlfriends, here in town. They talk about soccer and the horses. They talk about their problems at work, and problems with money.

"But on Sundays people are quiet. They are thinking about work on Monday."



Most shebeen owners have the same bad dream night after night. They dream about police raids. But Mama Ndou says that she is not troubled by the police. Last year two policemen came to see her. But for Mama Ndou they were not a problem.

"I was visited by two policemen from the Soweto Council," says Mama Ndou. They said they wanted to arrest me. I gave each one 50c to leave me. Then I saw one was interested in the beer. I gave him some. He drank it so fast, I couldn't believe it. He asked for a second isikala. This time he asked the other policeman to join him. They both said that the beer was great. Today they are still my customers."

Mama Ndou says that the two policemen brought many friends to come and enjoy her beer. She also thinks that they told their friends not to worry her. Ever since that time, the police have left her alone. But Mama Ndou is also careful. She doesn't have stokvels or play fahfee. She says these things bring the police.



When shebeen owners are not dreaming about police raids, they dream about customers stealing from them. But if you ask Mama Ndou about it, she just laughs. But one of her best friends and best customers tells a story about stealing.

"One night, Mama Ndou wanted to go to the shops while we were drinking at her place. So we said she must go. We said that we would watch the beer for her.

"As soon as she left, my friends and I thought we would take a couple of isikalis. Mama Ndou would never know. But the beer was too strong. I do not know what happened. The others said I fell into the big beer pot. And that is how Mama Ndou found me — with my head in the pot. But, as you can see, we are still good friends today," he says, laughing.



Mama Ndou says she is not going to run her shebeen forever. She is

waiting for one of her children to come. Then she can rest and her child can run the shebeen. She will teach her child the secrets of umqombothi — just like her own mother taught her.

So don't worry, all you customers at Mama Ndou's. When you are 300 years old in a few years time, you will still be able to wet your lips with Mama Ndou's magic drink. So lets drink to that. Cheers! ●



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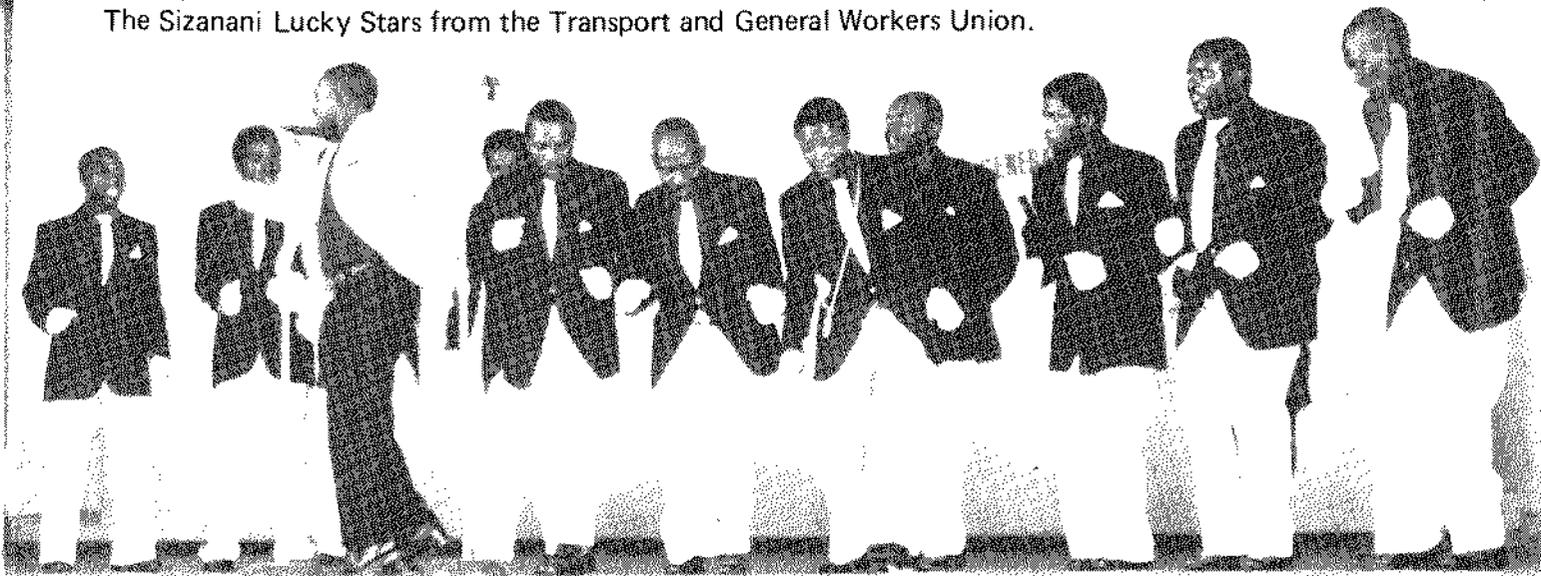
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# The Singing Unions

When we think of trade unions, we think of people at work. We know that trade unions help people to look after themselves and to speak for themselves. But we do not think of singing when we think of unions. And there we are wrong.

If you go to a meeting called by one of the Fosatu unions, you will know why we are wrong. There you will see people in bright uniforms. They come on to the stage and sing beautiful songs. These are the choirs from the singing unions.

Their songs are different to other choirs. They do not sing just any songs. They write their own songs. And these songs are about themselves and their problems, at home and at work. But most of all these songs are about their unions.

## THE BRAITEX CHOIR

Khosi Maseko is a singer in one of

these union choirs. She is a member of a union called the National Union of Textile Workers (NUTW). She tells why their choir is different:

"I have sung in choirs ever since I was at school," says Khosi. "Then I sang in the church choir. The church choir was very strict with training. We sang classical music — and there was never any dancing.

"The Braitex Choir is very different. We sing for workers. We tell them about unions in our songs."

You can hear this if you listen to their songs, like this one:—

"Hlanganani Basebenzi nibe munye  
Ukuze siqophe abaqashi ngeningi."

"Come together workers

and be one.

So that we can defeat the bosses with our numbers.”

Khosi was one of the people who started the choir at the Braitex factory. She spoke to a shop steward, Tiny Mabena. Tiny knew the best people. She knew the good singers from the meetings — the ones who stood up and sang loudly.

Soon they had 20 people and a date to sing! They were going to sing at the big, yearly meeting of their union. They had to work hard to be ready in time — practising during the week and not just at week—ends. But they were ready in time and people enjoyed listening to them. That was the beginning. Since then the Braitex Choir has sung at many meetings.

## SIZANANI LUCKY STARS

Sizanani Lucky Stars is another choir in Fosatu. Their members all belong to the Transport and General Workers Union (TGWU). They had a different beginning. Sizanani started ten years ago. They sing in the Mbube competitions in Natal.

“We have many problems,” says Gerald Buthelezi, one of the singers. “Our biggest problem is transport. It is very difficult to get all the members together when we have to practise or sing somewhere.”

But even with their problems, they have won many competitions. As their leader, Boy Michael Dladla says, they are ‘dangerous’ — and other choirs in the Mbube competitions must be careful of them.

About a year ago, Sizanani changed. They no longer sang in competitions only. When their union had their big yearly meeting, they went to sing, like the Braitex Choir. So they started to think about other songs, songs about workers, like this one:—

“Anoyibhasobha lempimpi  
Yiyo ezothutha izindaba.  
Yiyo ezothuthela umqashi  
izindaba.”

“Beware of this informer  
He’s the one who’s carrying the news  
He’s carrying the news to the boss”

## CLOVER CHOIR

Sizanani Lucky Stars are not the only choir from the Mbube competitions who sing workers’ songs. The Clover Choir also began to sing worker songs when a union, Sweet Food and Allied Workers Union, came to their dairy. Their songs go like this:—

“Ngiyacela kuye uFosatu



The Braaitex Choir from the Braaitex factory. They are all members of the National Union of Textile Workers.

Siyacela kuye uFosatu  
Asikhanyisele indlela.”

“I am asking you Fosatu  
We are asking you, Fosatu  
To light our path”

### HERE, THERE AND EVERY— WHERE

The union choirs come from far and near. The metal workers of Brits also have a choir. They belong to a union called the Metal and Allied Workers Union (MAWU).

They got together after a strike. All 300 workers used to meet in the Catholic Hall everyday. And so when they started a choir, they

sang about their strike and about their union. They sang:—

“Ke Fosatu  
Ke ya rona ethusang badiri  
mobathapi  
Hore batle babone  
Ditshwanno tsa bona  
mabathaphing  
Amandla awethu  
Niyabasaba  
Asibasabi Siyabafuna”

“This Fosatu is ours  
It helps the workers against the bosses  
So they can get their rights  
The power is ours  
Are you afraid of them?  
We are not afraid, we want to get them”.

And then there is also the K—Team from the Kellogs factory on the East Rand. They tells us about one of their songs before they sing it. “This song is about Andries Raditsela, a shop steward for the Chemical and Industrial Workers Union. He was arrested by the police. Then they set him free. Two hours later he died, from head injuries.”

These are not the only choirs. There are many others. There is the Umbrella Choir, the Frame Choir, the Pretoria Auto Plastics Choir, the Simba Quix Choir and still more. They are all from different unions and different places.

### THE UNIONS HELP THE CHOIRS AND THE CHOIRS HELP THE UNIONS

The unions are pleased with the choirs. The workers are proud of them even if they don't sing themselves. The choirs help the unions with their work. They help because they sing about what is

happening in the unions or even in the country. The choirs also help to make long meetings more interesting. They show that the unions are not about work only.

“We try to bring new songs to the workers,” says Khosi. “We try not to sing old songs. People just get bored with this. Or the workers will join in — and a large meeting of workers will sing more powerfully than the choir anyway.

“Workers have taken some of our songs — and now they sing these songs in meetings. We have to work hard looking for and writing new songs.”

The choirs show the new feeling of working people today. They show us that people feel strong in themselves, strong to stand up and sing their own songs, strong to help people know their problems, and strong to do something about them.

---

The union choirs have now made a record. If you want to buy the record, send R7.00 to Worker Choir Record, P.O. Box 27513, Bertsham, 2013. If you want a cassette tape, send R6.00 to Worker Choir Tape at the same address.

---



The K—Team from the Kellogs Factory on the East Rand.

# Letters from our readers

Dear Learn and Teach

I have a standard 9 boy living with me. This boy bought shoes from Pick a Pair in Tzaneen. His brother paid for the shoes. When he got home, he saw that the shoes were too big. He wanted to change them. But he didn't know that he had to have the cash slip. He took the shoes back to the shop. The shop took the shoes. Then they said he had stolen the shoes. They said if he argued with them, he would be arrested. I had to give the boy money to pay for the shoes. This means that the shop sold one pair of shoes twice. I am asking for legal advice.

Phetole Makgopa  
PIETERMARITZBURG

Dear Phetole

We gave your letter to the Campus Law Clinic. They say that it is difficult because of the cash slip. The cash slip is your proof that you paid for the shoes. It is important to always keep cash slips. With a cash slip, you can always take the goods back. The Law Clinic wrote to the shop. They asked for your money back. They need to know how much you paid. Thank you for your letter. With or without the cash slip, it sounds that the shop did not treat the boy well. —editor

Dear Learn and Teach

I want you to tell me about the new tax laws. I am a citizen of Bophuthatswana but I work in South Africa. I get R225.00 per month. I am married with two children. In your story about the new tax law last year, you say that I do not have to pay tax.

Also, I do not get a payslip — just a cheque. We have no medical aid and no allowances. Lastly, the women are badly treated where I work. If a woman falls pregnant, she must resign — there is no maternity leave. So the women get no money while they are away. When they come back, they are like new workers or there is no job for them. Please reply soon.

Simon Mokgosi  
ZEERUST

Dear Simon

Thank you for your letter. First the tax. You are quite right — you should not pay tax. You must ask your boss for a payslip. Then you will see if they are taking tax from you. The boss must give you a payslip. The payslip must say how many

hours you worked. It must say how much money you get and how much money they take off. And now the women. It sounds that your shop treats women badly. The law says women must get four weeks off before the baby is born — and eight weeks afterwards. She can get money from the U.I.F. for this time. But perhaps you should also write to a union called CCAWUSA 2nd Floor, Khotso House, 42 De Villiers Street, Johannesburg, Tel: (011) 23-6127. They help shop workers and pregnant women. Good Luck.

—editor

Dear Learn and Teach

I come from the district of Naphuno. I live at Pharare at New Phepene. There we are suffering. We do not get water. There are only springs in the ground, but no taps. The government of Lebowa does not care. We sometimes get sick from the water. When we go to the clinics, they always swear at us. And the government does not build schools for us. We waste our money on bus fares — we have to travel far to work. Please speak to your government for us. We want to be like Lebowakgomo and Seshego. We want a location, water, electricity, tarred roads, a cinema, a stadium and a library.

Thomas M.  
LEBOWA

Dear Thomas

Thanks for your letter. We cannot talk to our government -- they are the same as the Lebowa government. The Lebowa government gets most of their money from the South African government. And it is not only in Lebowa that people suffer. It is the same in all homelands. We can only hope that one day it will be better.

—editor

Dear Learn and Teach

I really liked the story about the swimmer, Mokatjo Spencer Mota. Please send me his address. I want to know how to swim. Spencer's story has made me feel very keen about swimming. I want to know that one day the water in the pool is waiting for me.

Notty Naves  
MOROKA

Dear Notty

Thank you for your letter. We are pleased that you

liked the story about Spencer. Spencer is not in Soweto at the moment. If you want to learn to swim, write to:—

Amateur Swimming Association of South Africa (A.T.A.S.A.)

President: T. Seotsanyana

11238 Orlando West Exention

P.O. Orlando

1804

Tel: (011) 949-4903

Dear Learn and Teach

I am a reader of your magazine. I want to talk about Springbok Patrols — about the bad way they treat their workers. I also want to talk about Mr Bartman's threat to take Learn and Teach to court if you printed the story. We want his address. We want to write and tell him that we know how he treats his workers. And that we do not like it.

We have organised one security firm in Port Elizabeth. But our constitution stops us. So I ask the other unions to organise these workers — not just in the Transvaal, but everywhere.

Nomonde Mgunane  
General Workers Union  
PORT ELIZABETH

Dear Nomonde

Thank you for your letter. Since our story in the magazine, five more workers from Springbok Patrols have gone to the Black Sash for help. They all said that they were badly treated.

We are also very sorry to hear that you are now in detention. We hope that you get out soon. We hope that you see your letter in the magazine.

—editor

Dear Learn and Teach

I read your magazine. I see that you help many people. So I am asking for help from you. I worked at East Rand Engineering in Klerksdorp. I started in 1949 and left in 1979. I worked there for 30 years. I was only away twice. When I left, they gave me my wages, R56.12, and R43.21. The next week they gave me only R42.28. I have asked many people for help but did not get any. Please help me. I have been struggling for my back pay for seven years.

Godfrey Sibanda  
KLERKSDORP

Dear Godfrey

Thank you for your letter. The Campus Law Clinic phoned East Rand Engineering. They do not give back pay. But they do give long service bonuses.

They say they pay these every five years. Did you get this. Also they say they have a pension fund. Have you got any pension money from them. You must write and tell us. Please send a payslip if you have one, your number with the company, and your reference number.

—editor

Dear Learn and Teach

Please help me. I worked at Modderfontein Dynamite factory for 20 years — from May 1956 to May 1976. They gave me my blue card when I left. When I got home, I went to the labour office at Mahwelereng. I wanted to sign for U.I.F. They took my blue card. They told me to come back after three weeks. I went back after three weeks. They showed me a letter from the labour department in Pretoria — the letter said I will never get any money because I decided to leave Modderfontein. But this was not true. Modderfontein fired me. I had a fight with a white man. That is the end of my story. I still don't know where my blue card is. Please tell me what to do.

Nelson Lekalakala  
Kempston Park.

Dear Nelson

Thank you for your letter. We are sorry to say that we cannot help you. You waited too long. They will not give you money from 1976. But they should have given you money in 1976. If you leave your work or even if you are fired, you must still get money from the U.I.F.

You must tell your employer to write to Modderfontein. They must ask the Labour Department for a new card for you. Then, if you stop working, you can get money from U.I.F.

—editor

Dear Readers,  
Thank you for writing.  
Please write your name  
and address clearly. Write  
to us at;  
Learn and Teach Publications  
P.O. Box 11074  
Johannesburg 2000.

# THE DANGERS OF LIQUOR

You can get a sickness called Pellagra from Liquor. Liquor eats up the vitamins in your body - and your body need vitamins to be strong. If you have Pellagra, you will feel itchy. Your skin gets swollen in places and your eyes get sore. You can also go mad from Pellagra.

Liquor can poison your liver. You will then have a sickness called Cirrohsis. Your eyes go yellow. Your stomach get swollen and you vomit blood. Many people die from Cirrohsis. They die a painful death.

Liquor can damage the nerves in your feet. Then you won't feel anything. You will not be able to walk properly. The doctor may cut off your feet or toes.

Liquor can give you heart failure. Liquor damages the muscles of your heart. Then your heart can't pump blood. Your heart will stop. Many people die from heart failure.

Liquor can make lots of small holes inside your stomach. Liquor can also make one big hole in your stomach. Then you vomit blood. You will need an operation to save your life.

Liquor can damage the muscles in your hips. Then you can't walk or sit properly.

Liquor can make you go mad because it poisons your brain.

Liquor can damage your eye muscles - and then your eyes will shake a lot.



## 14 WAYS TO DRINK LIQUOR SAFELY

- \* Don't drink liquor on an empty stomach. Eat food before you drink liquor. Or eat when you are drinking liquor.
- \* Drink liquor slowly. Take small sips of your drink.
- \* When you've finished your drink, wait a bit. Don't have another drink immediately.
- \* Don't have "neat" drinks. A neat drink is liquor by itself. Always mix *brandy, whisky, gin* and other spirits with something else. Fruit juice or water are the best things to mix with drinks. Doctors say cold—drinks like *Coke, Sprite* and *Fanta* are not good to mix with liquor. You get more drunk when you mix these cold—drinks with liquor.
- \* Don't drink until you get drunk. Stop drinking when you feel dizzy or a little drunk.
- \* Don't drink liquor alone. Drink with other people.
- \* Don't be scared to say: "No, thank you". Some people think they must drink liquor when other people drink liquor. These people are wrong. Don't drink liquor if you don't want to.
- \* Try not to drink liquor in the daytime.
- \* Don't drink liquor when you take medicine. Medicine and liquor together are dangerous. You can get very sick.
- \* Don't drink liquor before you drive. Most road accidents happen when people drink.
- \* Don't drink liquor when you feel sad or unhappy. Do something else. Go for a walk. Or talk to somebody.
- \* Take time off from liquor. Try not to drink liquor for a week or a month. Show yourself that you don't need liquor.
- \* Try not to drink liquor when you feel lonely or sick. Lie down or go outside and get some fresh air.
- \* Don't always go to places where people drink. Make friends with some people who don't drink.

Remember: Liquor can't take away your troubles. Liquor can only make more troubles.



The Congress of the People.

## **VOICES FROM KLIPTOWN**

In 1953 Professor Z.K. Matthews, one of the leaders of the ANC, went overseas. When he visited other countries, he was asked the same question over and over again. What kind of country did most people in South Africa want? Professor Matthews could say that most people hated apartheid. But he could not answer the question.

When he came back to South Africa, he had an idea. There should be a big meeting to decide what people really wanted. And so on the 25th and 26th June, thousands of people all over South Africa came together in Kliptown. The meeting was called the Congress of the People.

The people came together to tell the world what they wanted. They put all their demands together onto one piece of paper. And they called it the Freedom Charter.

The Freedom Charter is now 30 years old. But for many, many people, the Freedom Charter is still very much alive. The Freedom Charter still tells the world what they want. Their demands are still the same.

A new book called "Thirty Years of the Freedom Charter" is coming out soon. In the book, people talk about the Freedom Charter. These people

were around at the time. Let us listen to what a few of these people say. The story begins with the volunteers – the young people who went to every corner of the country to collect demands from people.

## COLLECTING THE DEMANDS

**Martin Ramokgadi:** We wanted to spread the message of the Freedom Charter all over, towns and countryside. We wanted it to become a strong movement. I was a volunteer. I collected demands from the towns: Benoni, Springs, Krugersdorp, Sophiatown, Sharpeville. A volunteer had to be simple and sincere. We had to listen. We wanted people to tell us.

**A.S. Chetty:** We were a group of very hard working chaps here in Pietermaritzburg. We'd get up very early in the morning. We didn't eat breakfast or anything of the sort. Wear your khaki uniform and charge along. Then come three or four o'clock in the afternoon, we would meet and talk about what we had done.

**Mrs Sibanda:** I was one of the people who collected the demands in Cradock. The people spoke about their problems and we wrote them down. One of the problems was water. We didn't have taps in the location, we had to walk to town to fetch water. It would take almost the whole day.

Another problem was going to fetch wood. We'd be stopped. They would take the wood to the police station and we would be fined for that. Also our houses were made of zinc and we had no money for materials to build houses. Also there were no toilets.

**Wilson Fanti:** We asked the people in Stutterheim and from my home in Mgwali for their views. Even people on the farms were asked. One of the demands was land. These people believe in land for their livestock. Because the land had been taken away from them, the people could not feed themselves as before. So the first question was the land.

**Billy Nair:** While the magazine was at the printers, Billy Nair was detained. If we tell you anything that he said, we will be breaking the law.

**Dorothy Nyembe:** In Cato Manor I was calling a meeting every Wednesday. The audience would raise their hands. We would write down the demands,

all the demands. Also we went house to house. I would say: "Here I am. I come from the ANC office. I am the voice of Chief Luthuli."

**Amy Thornton:** Blouvillei was a squatter camp, one long sand dune up and down. I remember the main complaint was passes, passes, always passes. Houses, jobs, those issues also came up.

**A.S. Chetty:** There was one fellow, I remember. I went on explaining the Freedom Charter. I went on and on — and in the end the man says: 'Ay man, how much donation do you want?' I told him I was not asking for a donation but I was explaining the Freedom Charter. And he says: 'Ay, you talking so long. Here you are man, take five shillings and go!'

## TRAVELLING TO KLIPTOWN

As the weekend of the Congress of the People came closer, people were chosen to go and speak for others in Kliptown. These people were called delegates.

Thousands of delegates and their friends travelled great distances to Klip—town. But many people had problems along the way. On Friday 24th June, the police were out in full force.

**A.S. Chetty:** We left Pietermaritzburg in very good moods. We took a lot of musical instruments. We sang songs on the way, as far as Heidelberg, our first stop.

At Heidelberg you've got to show your permits if you're an Indian, to get into the Transvaal. About five of us didn't have permits. Okay. We were marked fellows and we couldn't get permits. When we got to the border post, we decided to work a plan now.

So we started making a hell of a noise with the musical instruments. We couldn't, of course, sing freedom songs or anything of the sort. But we started making a hell of a clanging noise, you see. And the cops came out and said: 'What's going on here?'

We had one fellow who was very funny, you know, he was a hell of a nice chap. The fellow says: 'Aw, hello baas. How are you baas? The cop says: 'What do you want?'

'No baas, we want to go to Johannesburg.'

'Where's your permits?'

'Okay baas, we'll give you permits now. Don't worry .''

So the fellow walked into the police station itself. The lorries were parked outside, you see. Then this fellow says: "Hey, July Handicap coming up very soon, hey."

Then the cop says: "Yes. Got any tips?" The fellow says: "Definitely, I give you the tips, don't worry. Try this horse, definite winner. Try that horse, number two winner."

He gave him the whole lot. The cop was so dumb he took down the names of the horses that guy gave him. Meanwhile, it's a full card, you see. All this was to play for time — to give us a chance to get on the cop's nerves.

Meantime, we're busy making a noise outside. So the cop says: "Okay, don't make a noise, hey. All these people are sleeping here in Heidelberg. You mustn't make a noise. Please, you must go." We managed to get all three trucks through.

Members of a women's organisation bring their demands to Kliptown.





Men coming to speak for the people in the countryside.

## A SEA OF HEADS

The Congress of the People started after lunch, on Saturday the 25th June. Once again, the police were there in full force.

**Ellen Lambert:** I woke up at four o'clock that morning. We were filled with excitement. Do you know what I wore that day? I wore khaki pants and a black, green and gold sweater. In those days very few girls wore pants.

**A S. Chetty:** The crowds were coming in. We got there about 11 o'clock. The meeting itself was going to start at three o'clock, half past two, something like that. And the crowds were pouring in, and pouring in. God, I tell you, by the time we were ready at three o'clock it was just a sea of heads.

You know, we couldn't understand where these people were coming from. Busloads. Lorry loads. Motor cars. People walking by foot. They were coming from everywhere.

**Elliot Tshabangu:** We were seated there, all of us. Two bricks, two bricks and a long plank. It went on the whole day. Speaker after speaker. It was my first time to see so many people in one place. All the speakers were saying different words, but meaning the same thing.

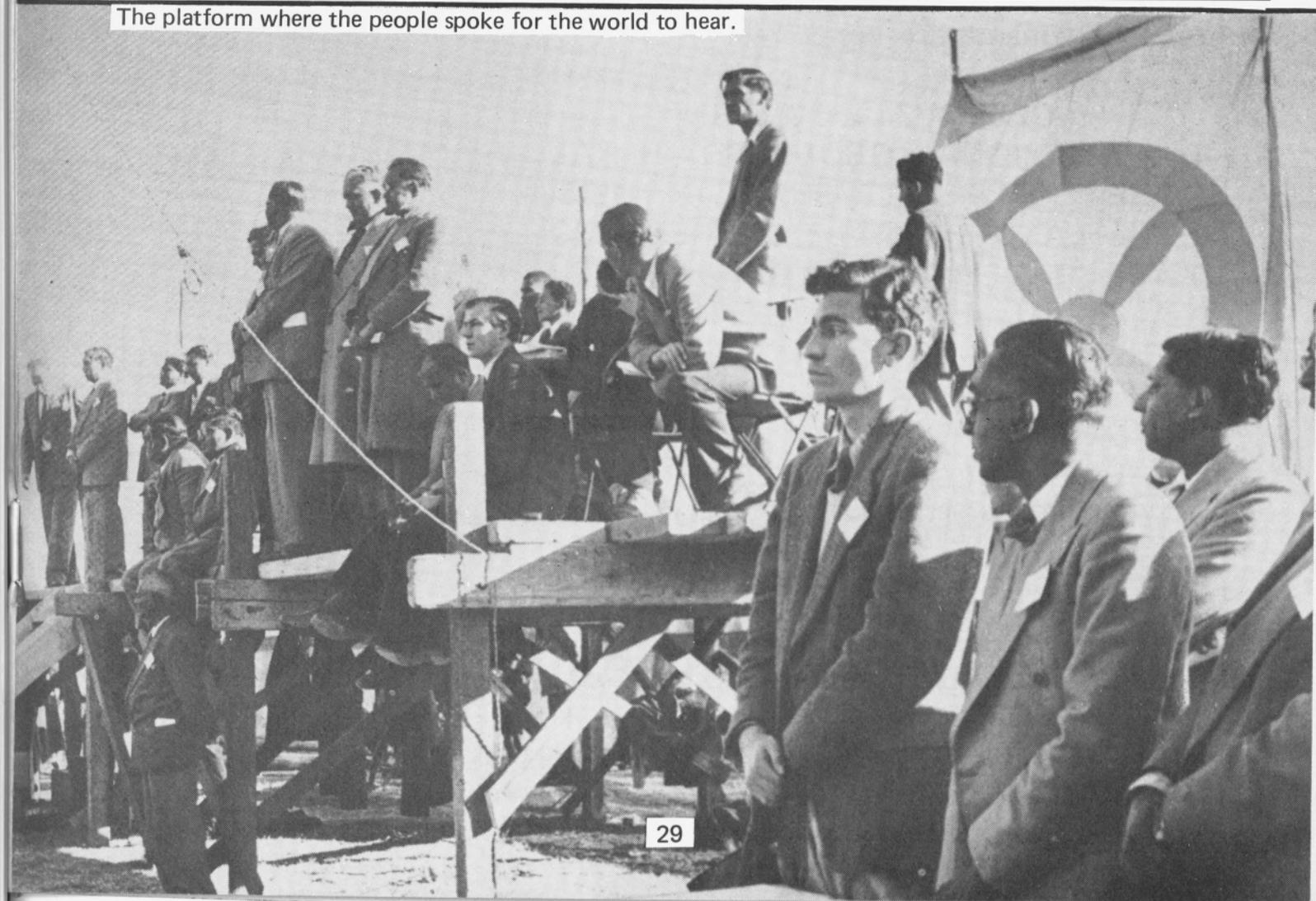
**Solly Esakjee:** It was a beautiful day. It was a perfect day. I would say that God wanted this day, just to come. And then just before the police raided the place, there was a helluva big sandstorm.

**Dorothy Nyembe:** Chief Luthuli had sent a letter to the South African government to send delegates. Late in the afternoon on Sunday, when we we looked around, we saw 300 police with their horses. The people said: the government had now sent it's delegates!

**A.S. Chetty:** And I tell you the crowd was just getting angry. They were ready to attack the cops and lose their lives in that place. Next thing Ida Mtwana gets onto the platform and said: "Comrades, this is the hour. Please do not do a thing. Let's start singing." And she started singing. And this big cop couldn't do a thing.

**Billy Nair:**

The platform where the people spoke for the world to hear.



**Philip Kgasago:** As we left on our way out, we were searched. Every document was taken from us. They were calling us one by one taking all, everything. All we had in our pockets, and everything. Putting them in big envelopes. Writing where you stay, addresses.

**Billy Nair:**

**A.S. Chetty:** Leave your docket here, out you go. Leave your docket here, out you go. When a cop starts writing, you know how long it takes. It finished after eight that night for the ones at the end.

## THE FREEDOM CHARTER

And so the work was done. The Freedom Charter was there for all to see.

It begins:

We, the People of South Africa, declare for all our country and the world to know: that South Africa belongs to all who live in it, black and white.....

The main demands are:

- \* THE PEOPLE SHALL GOVERN!
- \* ALL NATIONAL GROUPS SHALL HAVE EQUAL RIGHTS!
- \* THE PEOPLE SHALL SHARE IN THE COUNTRY'S WEALTH!
- \* THE LAND SHALL BE SHARED AMONG THOSE WHO WORK IT!
- \* ALL SHALL BE EQUAL BEFORE THE LAW!
- \* ALL SHALL ENJOY EQUAL HUMAN RIGHTS!
- \* THERE SHALL BE WORK AND SECURITY!
- \* THE DOORS OF LEARNING AND OF CULTURE SHALL BE OPENED!
- \* THERE SHALL BE HOUSES, SECURITY AND COMFORT!
- \* THERE SHALL BE PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP!

It ends:

Let all who love their people and their country now say, as we say here:  
"THESE FREEDOMS WE WILL FIGHT FOR, SIDE BY SIDE,  
THROUGHOUT OUR LIVES, UNTIL WE HAVE WON OUR LIBERTY."

## THE PAPER-BITER



*When the special branch police searched the Freedom Charter documents saved by Katie Hess, she stuffed the papers into her mouth.*

# A WOMAN EATS "FREEDOM CHARTER"

**Police Swoop On Cape Town Meeting**

**A PUBLIC MEETING** on the Grand Parade, Cape Town, of Coloureds and Africans was broken up in disorder last week when special branch police arrested the vice-president of the South African Congress of Trade Unions, Mr. C. Sibande.

He was taken into custody with a number of other Africans.

The crowd was shocked. Meanwhile, armed police stood about 50 yards away.

The meeting followed the four days' S.A.C.T.U. conference in Cape Town.

When Mr. Sibande and two other Africans were put into a police car a large crowd surrounded the vehicle and cried: "Mayibuye I Afrika."

There was an emotional stir as people shouted: "We are with you, comrades," and "Liberation is nearing."

The police attempted to secure "Freedom Charter" documents signed by members of the audience. One young woman, Katie Hess, stuffed the papers into her mouth.

She then bit them to pieces with her teeth.

Mr. Ganief Salié of Stone Street, Cape Town, was asked to produce a permit allowing him entry into the Cape, as the police suspected him of being an Indian from the Transvaal.

After a heated argument Mr. Salié and Malay was left alone.

"Post" learns that, working on information that Mr. Sibande reached Cape Town by train five days before, the police made the arrest as he was not allowed to remain in an urban area for more than 72 hours.

Mr. Sibande signed an admission of guilt form and paid 15. He was, however, allowed to stay over for the following day.

Mr. Tempest Nazo said that he had shown his pass to the police and was taken into custody but was released an hour later.

Mr. H. Gamede, of Johannesburg, was exempted after showing his papers and was released.

(See page 3)

**A Moffie's Boy Friend Tells All**

See Page 17

**Chamberlain's Cough Remedy stops your family's coughs and colds quickly and safely!**

Men, women, children and babies all find that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy soothes sore throats and makes chest pains feel better. It clears the tubes in head and chest and makes breathing easy. Stop your family's coughs and colds by taking Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It tastes good... it works quickly.

Always keep Chamberlain's Cough Remedy at home. It works best because it makes your cold loose, so that you can easily get rid of the germs and phlegm that poison your body.

**CHAMBERLAIN'S**

## £45,000 FRAUD ALLEGED

Golden City Post, 11 March 1956.

## SPREADING THE GOSPEL

**Elliot Tshabangu:** From Kliptown it was our duty to tell people what we decided at Kliptown. I entered each and every house in my area. I spread that gospel.

**Solly Esakjee:** There were report back meetings in every area. We had report back meetings, big and small, on sport fields, homes, halls.

**Martin Ramokgadi:** It was a most funny thing. When we read the Freedom Charter to the branches they were surprised. For example, when the branch in Alexandra heard the demand about housing and security, they thought their very own demand was put into the Freedom Charter. When they heard that everybody from different areas had brought this demand, they were definitely surprised.

**Francis Baard:** I remember one time after that, we were in Cape Town, talking to some people about the Freedom Charter. One of the girls who was with me there was carrying her Freedom Charter with her, and there comes the security. They came up to her .....

**Eileen van der Vindt:** And so the girl swallowed the Freedom Charter, quick. But the newspaper snapped a photo. And there she was, next Sunday, front page of the Golden City Post .....having just chewed the Charter.

## MANY YEARS LATER

While the magazine was at the printers, Christmas Tinto was detained. If we tell you anything that he said, we will be breaking the law.

This story comes from a new book called "Thirty Years of the Freedom Charter". The book is coming out soon. If you want to find out more about this book, write to RAVAN PRESS, P.O. Box 31134, Braamfontein, 2017.

There is also another new book on the Freedom Charter. It is called "Until We Have Won Our Liberty". If you want it, send R3.00 to: CRIC, 9 De Korte Street, Braamfontein, 2001

# English Lesson



## *Buying by Mail Order*

Dear Learn and Teach.

I saw an advertisement in a magazine for a lovely blanket. The advertisement said I must send R15,00. I really wanted that beautiful blanket so I sent R15,00.

Then I waited. The blanket arrived after 6 months. And it was not beautiful. In the advertisement it looked thick and warm. But it was thin, very thin. Also, it came with a slip. The slip said I must still pay R30,00.

They must be mad – R45 for such a thin blanket. So I took the blanket, wrapped it and posted it back. Now I wait for my R15,00. But I don't think that I will see it again.

from  
**ANGRY.**

---

Has this happened to you?

And do you know what to do? Buying by mail order is easy. But it is also easy to be cheated. Here are some ways to protect yourself when you buy by mail order.

## WHAT TO LOOK FOR:—

- The name and address of the firm.
- That they will give you your money back.
- That you have read the advertisement properly.

Some advertisements can confuse us—  
like this one. 

### A. Ladies Fifi Skirt

Made from 100% wool. This fashionable garment is available in all your favourite colours.

SIZES: 34 — 44

PRICE: R44,90

### B. Silky Ladies Blouses

Beautifully designed and tailored. Long sleeves. Available in all your favourite colours.

SIZES: 34 — 44

PRICE: R19,90



## YOUR RIGHTS

- To return the goods if you do not like them and to get your money back.
- To get the goods you want soon after you have sent the money. If they take too long, they must return your money.

## WHAT TO DO.....

When you pay Keep something to show that you have paid. Like the slip from a postal order.

If you have to sign for the goods Write 'received unexamined'. This means you can always return them if you are unhappy with them.

If you are unhappy with your goods Return them within 7 days:- this is 7 days after they have been posted to you.

When you return goods - Keep the slip to show that you have posted them.

If you are unhappy with the mail order firm:-

Write and complain to them. If they do not help you then write to the magazine or newspaper where you saw the advertisement. If you need more help then write to or go and visit one of the BLACK SASH offices.

CAPE TOWN  
5 Long Street  
Mowbray  
Cape Town  
7700  
Tel:(021)664381

GRAHAMSTOWN  
The Deanery  
P.O. Box 102  
Grahamstown  
0184

PIETERMARITZBURG  
Ubunya House  
165 Pietermaritzburg Street  
Pietermaritzburg  
Tel:(0331)26-368  
Open 9--12 a.m. Monday to Friday  
Closed on Wednesday

PRETORIA  
Presbyterian Church  
294 Schoeman Street  
Pretoria  
Tel: (012)323-4488  
Open Tuesdays-Thursdays  
and Saturdays 9-12 a.m.

EAST LONDON  
1 Mimosa Road  
Vincent  
East London  
5247

DURBAN  
2 Central Court  
125 Gale Street  
Durban  
4001  
Tel:(031)69215  
Open 8--12 a.m. Monday -- Friday

PORT ELIZABETH  
2 Court Chambers  
Main Street North End  
Port Elizabeth  
Tel: (041) 54-6906

JOHANNESBURG  
Khotso House  
42 de Villiers Street  
Johannesburg  
2001  
Tel:(011)337-2436

## Read the questions and write down the answers

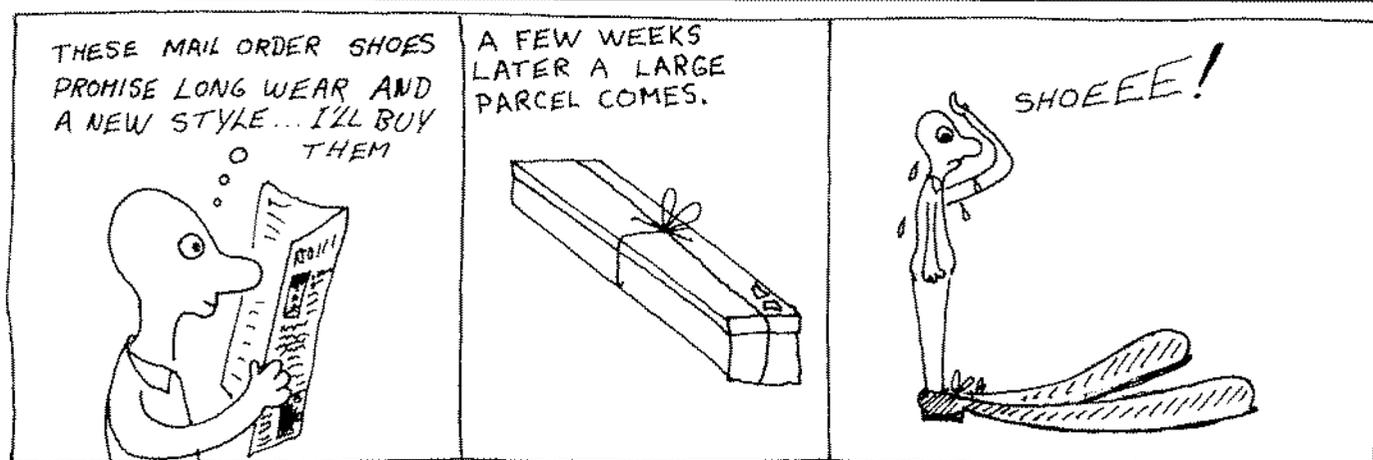
- 1) How can mail order cheat you?
- 2) What must you look for in a mail order advertisement?
- 3) Look at the "SPECIAL OFFER" advertisement. How much does the skirt cost - R19,90 or R44,90?
- 4) When must the company send your money back to you?
- 5) What can you do if you are unhappy with the goods?
- 6) What can you do if you are unhappy with the company?
- 7) What must you do when you send the money?
- 8) What must you do when you post the goods back to the company?
- 9) Who can help you fight the mail order companies?

### SPECIAL OFFER

**A. Ladies Fiji Skirt**  
Made from 100% wool. This fashionable garment is available in all your favourite colours.  
SIZES: 34 - 44  
PRICE: R44,90

**B. Silky Ladies Blouses**  
Beautifully designed and tailored. Long sleeves. Available in all your favourite colours.  
SIZES: 34 - 44  
PRICE: R19,90





# What's the word for....?

1. The part of a knife you cut with:
2. The thing people shave with:
3. The part of a road over a river:
4. The small gun the police carry:
5. A person who cannot see.
6. The part of a road through a mountain:
7. The place where people catch aeroplanes:
8. The outside of a book:
9. The sand next to the sea:
10. When the police stop and search cars:
11. A woman who is fat with a baby.
12. The part of a road people can walk on:
13. The fruit we make wine from:
14. The thing we make butter from:

**Here are the answers**

1. blade    2. razor    3. bridge    4. revolver    5. blind    6. tunnel    7. airport  
 8. cover    9. beach    10. road block    11. pregnant    12. pavement    13. grapes    14. milk

# Find the words

Look at the letters. Words are hidden in the letters.

Try to find the words. Draw a line under each word.

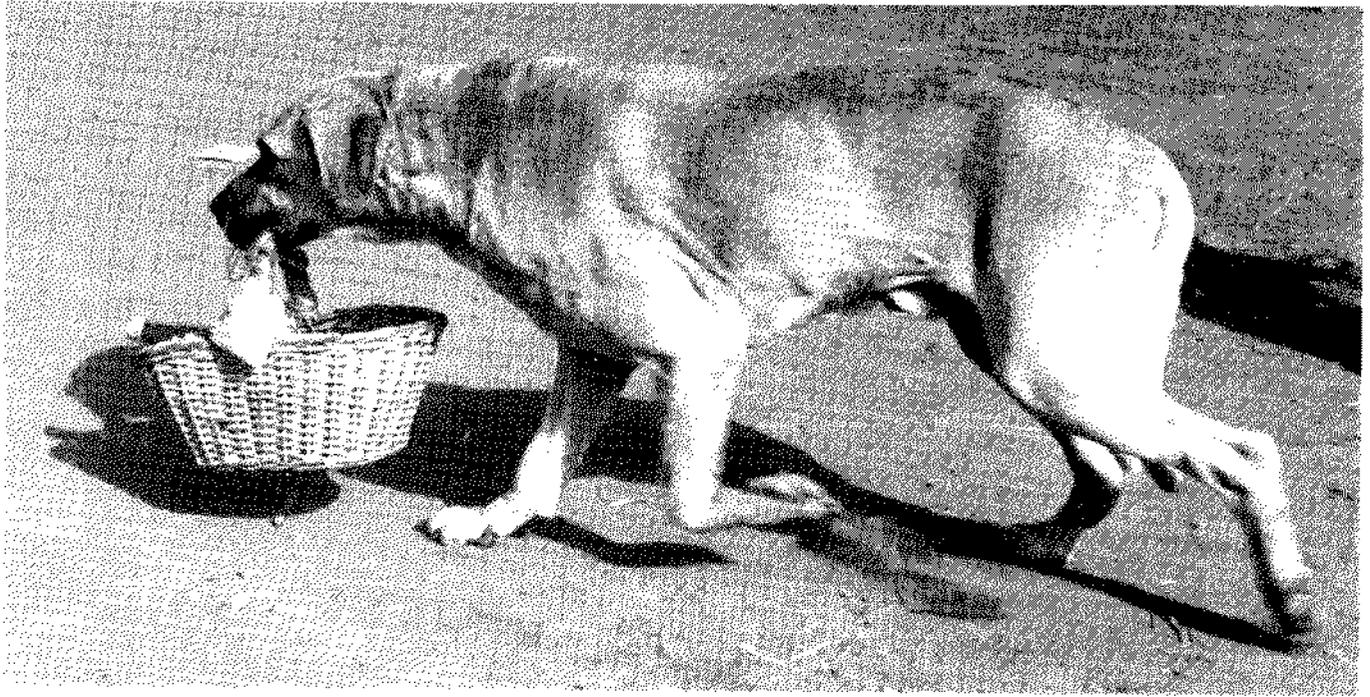
Look for 16 words. We have done the first one.

f	<u>s</u>	<u>k</u>	<u>y</u>	r	o	a	n	d	t
d	o	j	a	z	z	f	g	e	a
T	u	e	s	d	a	y	t	y	d
o	z	s	m	k	d	r	e	s	s
e	f	i	r	e	h	r	e	d	f
d	a	n	c	e	c	h	n	o	q
r	v	a	w	d	s	i	n	g	t
z	u	n	d	e	r	o	s	k	y
b	l	u	e	b	l	s	e	a	u
c	b	e	a	c	h	e	f	x	c
r	e	w	o	r	k	e	r	s	n
m	l	a	u	g	h	d	t	s	u

Here are the answers

sky; dance; tuesday; beach; and; red; laugh; jazz; sea;  
workers; fire; under; dress; blue; sky;

# *When dogs go shopping*



Am I dreaming? Here I am saying hello to a dog. The dog gives me his right front leg and we shake hands. "Meet Lucky," says Jacob Mpatlanyane, the owner of my new friend.

"Hello Lucky, how do you do!" I say in a very quiet voice. I don't want any of my chommies to hear me talking to a dog. The dog nods his head and licks my hand. I wish everybody was so friendly.

After I meet Lucky, Jacob calls him. "Lucky boy, come here. Etle mo. Kom hierso. Tana la. Iza apha," says Jacob to his dog.

Now I start wondering. Can this dog really understand all this? Anyway, Lucky goes to his master and fetches a basket. Inside the basket is a note. Jacob is sending his dog to the shop to buy something.

Lucky walks up the street towards the shop. He walks into the shop and comes out a few minutes later. There is something in the basket. This is just what I need, I say to myself. I must go home and train my own dog. Then I will never go into a shop again.

And so I ask Jacob to tell me how to teach a dog to do all these tricks. "Alright, I will tell you. But you must first meet my other two dogs," says Jacob. "I want you to meet Brixton and Breakdown."

Oh no! Not again. I carefully look around. Good, I don't see anybody I know. Then with a nice, friendly smile on my face, I put out my hand and say hello. But these two don't look so happy. They are not smiling back at me.

The two dogs growl. All I can see are some very big teeth. And then one of



Jacob Mapatlanyane with his two friends, Brixton and Breakdown.

them looks at my leg and licks her lips. I think it's time to go home. I turn and run. I don't even say goodbye to Jacob. I am in a very big hurry.

I run like the wind with only one word on my lips. "Voetsek, voetsek," I scream. My legs feel like jelly and I can hear my heart beating like a bongo drum. Then I hear something else. Sounds like people laughing. I stop and look around. The dogs are nowhere near me. But every kid in the neighbourhood is there. And they are laughing and laughing. Very funny! Don't kids do their homework any—more?

I go back to Jacob. He is not laughing and I will always like him for that. Brixton and Breakdown are no longer growling. They give me a friendly smile and I smile back. I shake hands with them and say that I am very pleased to meet them. Of course, I am talking in my quietest voice again.

"Do you want to see some more tricks?" Jacob asks me. "Do you want to see them score goals like their favourite soccer player? Or do you want them to show you how we saw a car knock down a man in Jabulani? The car hit the man and then just drove off. I told the dogs to remember the accident. If the police catch the man, the dogs must show the court what happened."

I look at Jacob with wide open eyes. And he thinks that I think he is a little crazy. He isn't wrong.

Jacob starts talking to his dogs. "Breakdown awu sibonise ukuthi loya muntu owa shayiswa yi moto eJabulani wenzani. (Breakdown, show us what happened to the man who was knocked down by a car in Jabulani)," he tells the dog.

Breakdown stands up and looks around. Then he drops to the ground. He shivers and shakes — like he is in terrible pain. Then he lies very still.

Jacob looks at me and sees that I am lost for words. He brings me a cup of tea. I take a few sips and my tongue begins to move again. "When did you start training dogs?" I ask him.

"I started training animals in 1933," says Jacob. "You see, I was the oldest son in my family. My father trained horses and so I also had to train horses."

Jacob tells me that he once trained a horse called Mandate. "This horse once won a big race at the Turfontein race course. The horse was 13 years old when he won the race," Jacob says proudly.

In 1949 Jacob stopped training horses. He stopped because he thought the horses were not treated well. "If you want a horse to win a race, you must hit the horse with a whip. I do not like to see animals suffer like that," says Jacob.

Because of his love for animals, Jacob has stopped eating meat. He thinks it is wrong for people to kill animals for

meat. I don't say anything. I can still taste my lunch in my mouth.

Jacob tells me that his dogs became famous in 1981. "In 1980 I was retrenched from my job," says Jacob. "I didn't know what to do. So I decided to earn my living by training my dogs. I now go around the townships and give shows. I make a few rands this way."

I can't believe it. Some dogs help to pay the rent. I tell Jacob about my fat, lazy dog at home. All he does is eat and sleep, eat and sleep. And he has done this since he was born, 15 years ago. I ask Jacob how I can train him.

"You must pat your dog when it does

something good," says Jacob. When he does something wrong, you must hit him with a piece of folded newspaper. And you must always make your dog stand on your left hand side. But don't worry, I think your dog is too old. You can't teach him anything."

I think about my dog sleeping in the yard back home. I'm sure he would agree with Jacob. I now know that I will have to do all my own shopping in future.

Just before I go, Jacob calls Brixton and Lucky. He wants to show me how they run like horses in the races on TV. Yes, Jacob's dogs watch TV. What else is there to say? ●



Eyeball to Eyeball. Who do you think is taller?

# SLOPPY

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN



A robbery takes place on a top floor of a building in the city...

Give me that bag of money or else —

Gasp! Oh no!

A rich old man thinks fast.

I hope someone good finds it!

GRAS!

Meanwhile... down below in the street

Glug. Let's buy some beer!

BOTTLE STORE

What with? Pennies from heaven! Har Har!

BONK

Duh! Pennies from heaven!

My only slurp worry is — I've an idea! Open up a spot! Then you'll always have beers and money

CHOMP

Ekse! Great idea! So what are we waiting for?

So...

Slop! Where did you get the money to buy all that?

You won't believe it, Lizzie —



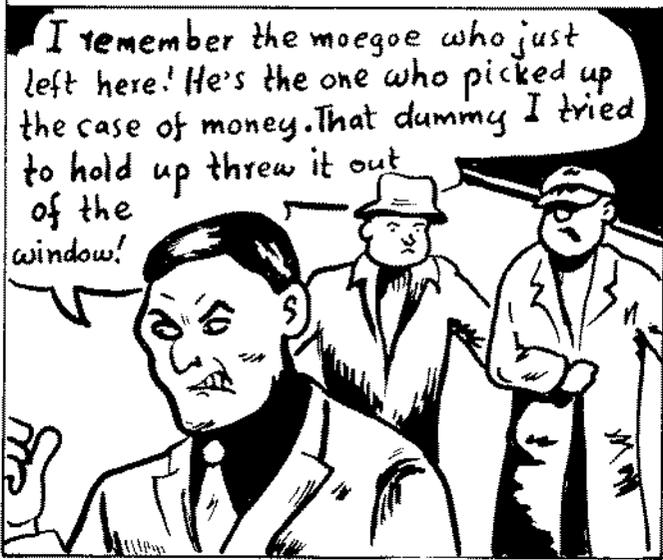
So you need 10 cases of beer on credit! No problem! As long as you pay up before Saturday!

Jim! Give these gentlemen 10 cases!

Whew! Thanks!



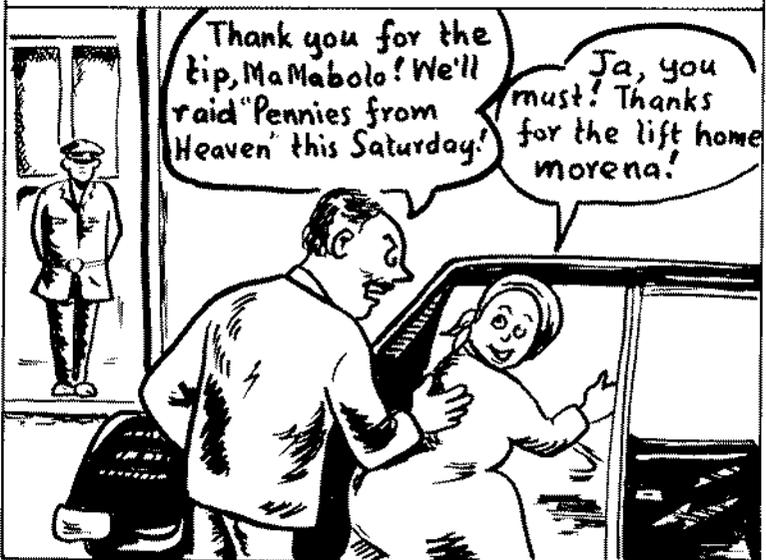
But there's something Dampy did not know about the man. As soon as they're out, the man calls his two friends...



We'll wait for them to sell all their beers! Then on Saturday we raid them and take all their money, profit, furniture and all!



Meanwhile...the police have just got a tip about Sloppy's shebeen. It is from another shebeen owner who is jealous...

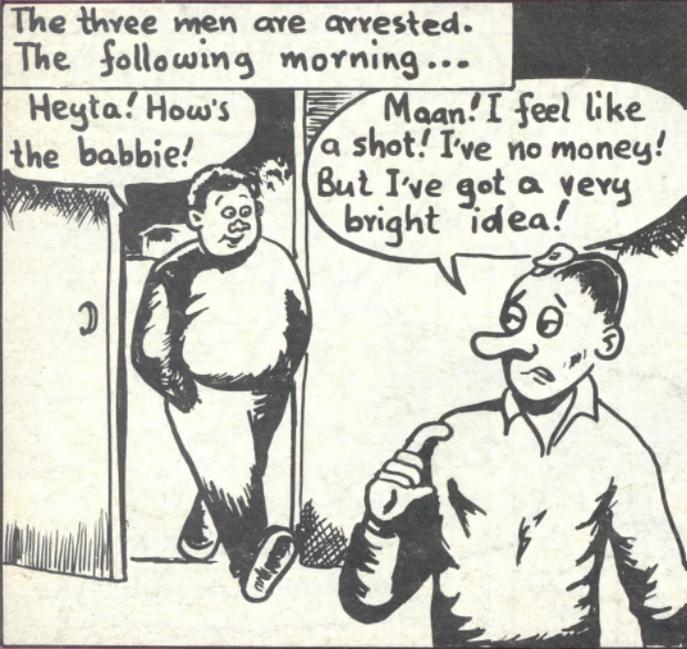


That Saturday at "Pennies from Heaven"



On the other side of town...





# Learn and Teach

NUMBER 3 1985

40c  
36+4c GST

# A LETTER TO A FRIEND IN JAIL