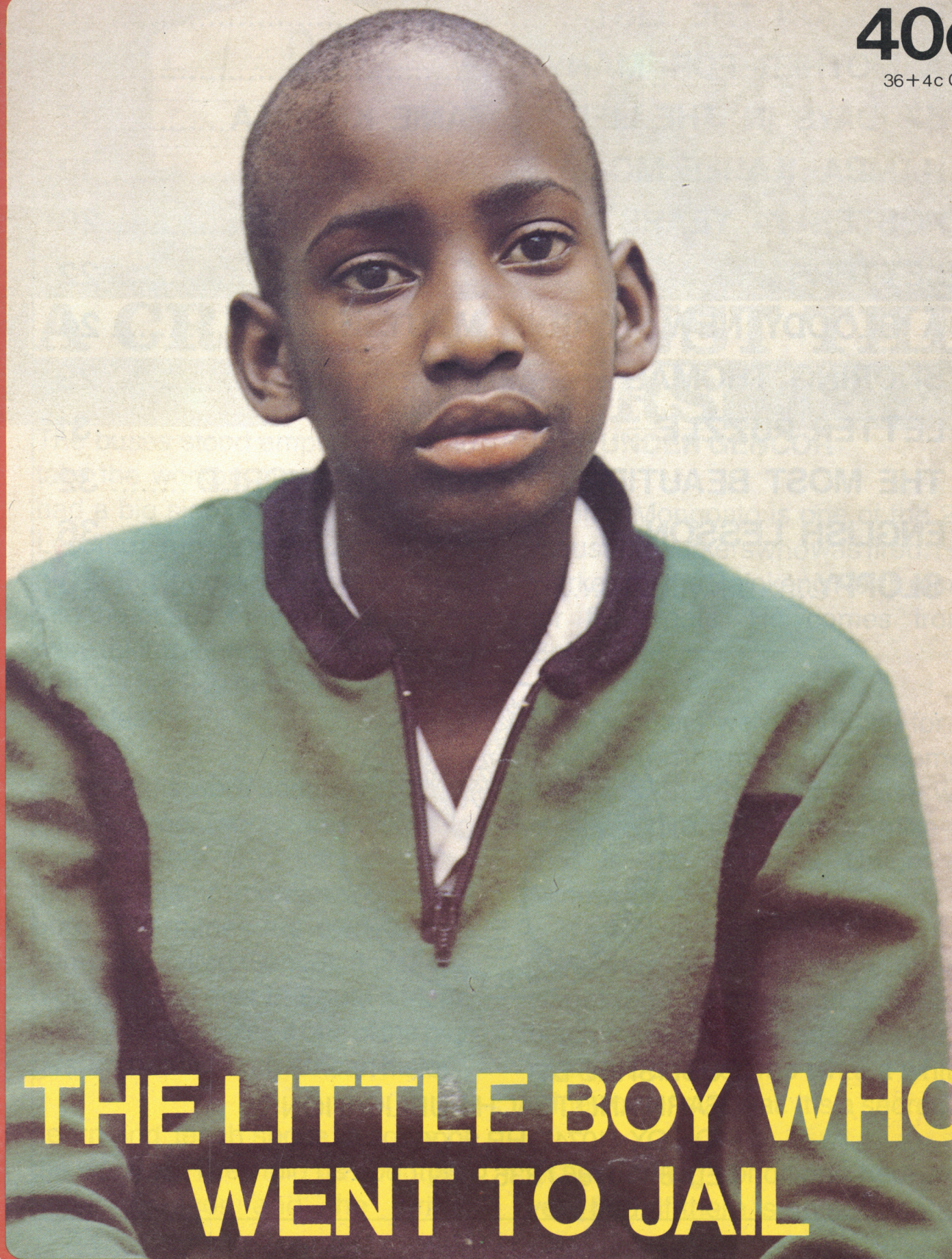


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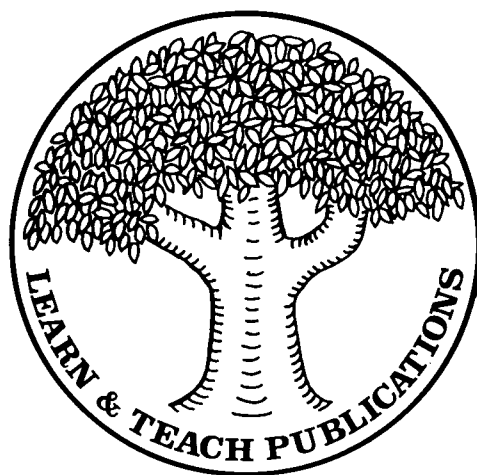
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**THE LITTLE BOY WHO
WENT TO JAIL**

CONTENTS

A CRIME AGAINST THE WORKERS	1
FIRST ON THE LIST	5
A MOTHER FOR MANY	8
57 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF FANIE KUDUKA	13
HAMBA KAHLE MOLLY BLACKBURN	19
POSTER: 74 YEARS OF THE ANC	20
LETTERS	22
A BLOODY NEW YEAR IN MOUTSE	24
SNORING THOMAS	29
LETTER PUZZLE	31
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SONG IN THE WORLD	32
ENGLISH LESSON	36
SLOPPY	40



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A workers' hostel at the Impala Platinum mine.



A CRIME AGAINST THE WORKERS

The buses stood empty, waiting to take the workers home. Each bus had a big sign on the windscreen: Lesotho, Transkei, Kwa-Zulu and so on. As the thousands of workers got into the buses, they knew that they were taking a long journey — a long journey back to hunger and maybe even death.

The hostels were soon empty. The job was done. Twenty three thousand workers were fired from the four Impala Platinum mines near Rustenburg. The mines are owned by a company called Gencor. It was the biggest firing ever in South African history. Some called it one of the biggest crimes in South African history.

Learn and Teach spoke to some of the workers. They told us about life under Gencor and the strike.

LIFE UNDER GENCOR

Boemo Mongoato is one of the 23 thousand workers who was fired. He worked for the Bafokeng North mine for five years. He comes from Botswana.

“The workers were unhappy for a long time on the mine,” says Boemo. “We were not happy because we could not join the union that we like — that is the National Union of Mineworkers (NUM).

“We were also very angry about wages and working conditions. A black mine worker starts at R140 a month. Don't ask me what a white mineworker starts at. It's a secret.

“The working conditions here are very bad. If there is an accident, a



Boemo Mongoato and his family in their Sunday best. They will all go hungry now — like the families of the other 23 000 workers.

black miner can die before they take him to the top. They will often take the white miner up first.

“The white miners don’t like to share the cage (lift) with us. The whites come down last — but they are the first to leave. We black miners must squeeze into the catch like animals. Sometimes you will find only one white worker in the cage — but he will not share.”

Another worker, Agrippa Mathonsi, told us that he supports 13 people on his salary. Every second month he sends money to his mother in

Eshowe in KwaZulu. He told us many bad things but he was most upset about the food.

“I want to talk about the food,” says Agrippa. “They give us food that is good for pigs — not human beings. Cabbage mixed with carrots and water, just like porridge. It’s not cut neatly, just taken and thrown into the pot. I have eaten this type of food for 5 years — since I came here.”

23 DEMANDS ON DECEMBER 23

Stephen Masupha told us how he worked for 10 to 12 hours each shift.

He is from Lesotho and he has a wife and four children. He told us how the strike started.

“In December many of us NUM members had a meeting,” says Stephen. “We talked about our problems. We decided that if we did not get paid extra for public holidays — Boxing Day and New Year’s Day — we should not go down.”

On December 23 the workers gave the bosses a list of demands. There were 23 demands. Some of the demands were:

The workers wanted to join a union they trusted. Their choice was the NUM.

The workers wanted proper death benefits. The workers had to pay R1,54 every month. But they still had to pay from their pockets everytime a worker died on duty.

Workers say they were forced to work long overtime hours without pay. They wanted proper overtime pay.

Extra pay for public holidays like Boxing Day and New Year’s Day.

The bosses refused to talk to the workers about their problems. On

December 26 many workers from different sections went on strike.

THE STRIKE

But it was on the 1st January that workers from all four mines went on strike. The bosses hid behind the law. They said that the mines were in Bophuthatswana — and that it was against the law to strike .

On the next two days the workers went back to work. Stephen Masupha carries on with the story:

“When we got our payslips on the third day of the new year, we saw that we were not paid for the 1st January. On all our slips was written ‘absent without leave’. We then decided not to fight or break anything — we just sat in our hostels. All of us were united. We felt very proud.

“On Monday 6th some workers from Mozambique went back to work. Afterwards the strike got weaker. Other workers also began to think like this. This broke our unity. We were divided. The mine police now started to take our leaders. The strike started to break at Bafokeng first. But at the Impala and Wildebeestfontein mines our unity was very strong. That is why most of the fired workers came from these two mines”

“I and 47 others were seen as leaders and supporters of NUM,” says Boemo Mongoato. “Some impimpis with covered faces pointed us out. The police came and arrested us. We were in jail for 12 days.

“In jail there were two workers with bullet wounds. We suffered in jail. We got very little food and no blankets. While we were in jail we heard that they fired 20 000 workers. We could not believe it.

“Then some people from NUM came to help us when we went to court. We got R100 bail. Now I don’t know what I am going to do. I was feeding many people with my money. I feed my wife and five children. I was helping my mother and father, my brother and his four children. I was also feeding my sister and her two children. There will be many hungry mouths now.” ●



These three workers from Impala Platinum join the millions without work.

FIRST ON THE LIST

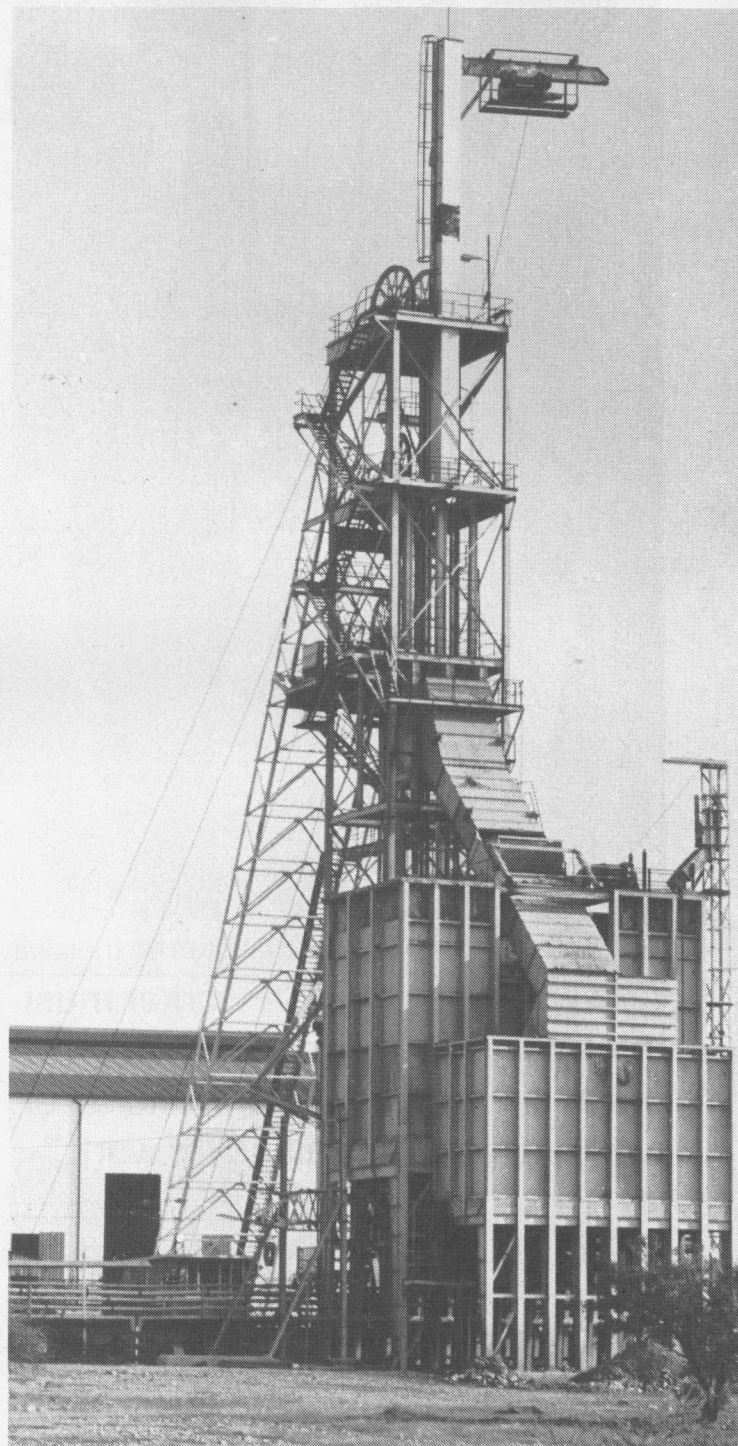
“Gencor is an unholy company,” said one worker. “Not even a baboon can stick it there.”

Many workers feel the same way about Gencor. Ask the 23 thousand workers that Gencor fired from the Impala Platinum Mines in January. Ask them what they think of Gencor. Or ask one of the 500 workers who was fired from Gencor’s Marievale mine last year — after they went on a legal strike.

Workers know that Gencor makes millions of rand every year. They know that Gencor made R236 million last year just from their gold mines — and they know that last year Gencor gave the lowest wage increases in the mining industry.

Workers know that Gencor hides behind bantustan laws. Gencor won’t talk to NUM at their Impala Platinum mines in Bophuthatswana — because Bophuthatswana says that NUM is a “foreign” union. So why does Gencor talk to the “foreign” whites only union of Arrie Paulos?

Workers listen when the boss of mining at Gencor, Johan Fritz, says things like : “Blacks have a different culture. If they don’t know where you stand, they will lose confidence in you.”



A shaft at the Impala Platinum mine.

And when the same man says: “Running a mine is like running an army — you have to have discipline.

And when he says: “If working conditions do not suit the workers, they must find work elsewhere.”



Fired workers from Impala Platinum on their way home.

And when he says: "A worker must think carefully before he strikes. We have a shield — the millions of workers who are waiting for work."

Gencor is not only one of the hardest companies. It is one of the largest companies in South Africa. Besides owning 12 gold mines, it owns platinum, tin and coal mines. Gencor also has shares in the asbestos mines in the northern Cape. Thousands of people have already died of asbestos diseases — and thousands more will die in the future.

Gencor is not only in the mining industry. It has a lot of shares in a lot

of other companies in other industries.

For example, Gencor owns most of SAPPI, a huge company that makes paper. It also owns most of the Trek petrol company as well as a company called Tedalex. Tedalex is the only company that brings Sony, Blaupunkt and Westpoint products into South Africa.

But it doesn't stop there. Tedalex owns all the Ellerines Furniture shops as well as the company that sells Empisal knitting and sewing machines.

“It’s not hard to understand why we have bought Tedalex and Ellerines,” says Gencor in one of their reports last year. “We bought these companies because we want to benefit from black buying power.”

Gencor wants to make money from ‘black buying power’. But how do they treat black people? One old miner says: “Gencor is like a sick, rich old man. The more he gets, the tighter his heart becomes. Such people think that they can behave as

they like. They think that because they are so rich, they do not need any manners. They insult the very workers who have made them so rich.”

The same old miner has a warning for Gencor. “One day, if a new government starts taking over the mines,” he said, playing with his beard, and starting to smile, “Gencor will be the first on the list. If I live to see that day, I will die a happy man.” ●



The start of a long journey back to hunger — and maybe even death.



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A MOTHER FOR MANY



Zora Mehlomakulu of the General Workers Union.

Thandisizwe Mehlomakulu is playing on the floor. His mother, Zora Mehlomakulu, is sitting at her desk. The office around her is not very tidy and her scarf is slipping off. Zora's eyes are sleepy while she talks.

Many workers in Cape Town think of Zora as a mother. And the bosses know that they must be careful when

Zora Mehlomakulu is around. Zora is an organiser for the General Workers Union.

Zora is not only a mother to the workers. Zora has two children of her own, Nosizwe and Thandisizwe. Learn and Teach spoke to Zora. We asked Zora if she found work in the union hard, especially as a mother and a woman.

“A NO - CHANCE BUSINESS”

“I don’t think that I have found working as a woman in the union difficult,” said Zora. “But when I started in the unions, I had big problems. I was only twenty years old.

“I had problems at home. My father did not want me to work in the unions. He thought that politics was a no-chance business. He wanted me to be a teacher, not a union organiser.

“When the people first asked me to join the union, I did not even know if there was an office. I thought that maybe they met in the veld. I only knew the name of the union — the Commercial and Distributive Workers Union.

“I got a big surprise. The union had an office. It was in Queen Victoria Street, in Cape Town.

EXTRA CAREFUL, EXTRA HARD

“The workers wanted the women in the union to wear two-piece suits and high-heeled shoes. They said we must look smart and respectable. I am not a smart and respectable person. I found dressing like this very uncomfortable.

“The biggest problem was my age. The workers thought that I was too young. I had to work extra hard and

be extra careful to win their trust. I also had to behave like a leader. I could not do what other young people did, especially in those days.

“It was a bad time for the unions. The union belonged to Sactu. Many people in Sactu were arrested. Soon all the Sactu unions were working as one. There were not enough people to do the work.”

In 1964 Sactu decided that they couldn’t work in the open any more. Many Sactu people left the country and many were in jail. And some, like Zora Mehlomakulu, quietly waited for the workers to rise again.

HARD TIMES

In 1971 many of the old trade unionists came together. They talked about starting a new union. Zora tells us about it.

“We decided to start an advice office and not a union. The Minister of Labour was hard on unions at that time because the workers were still weak. The government wanted committees for the workers — not unions.

“When the Western Province Workers Advice Office started, we had nothing. We even borrowed a desk and a chair. Times were hard. The workers were scared. They

thought unions led to trouble. The bosses were hard too. They used to throw us out — or call the police.

A FINE HUSBAND CALLED FRANK

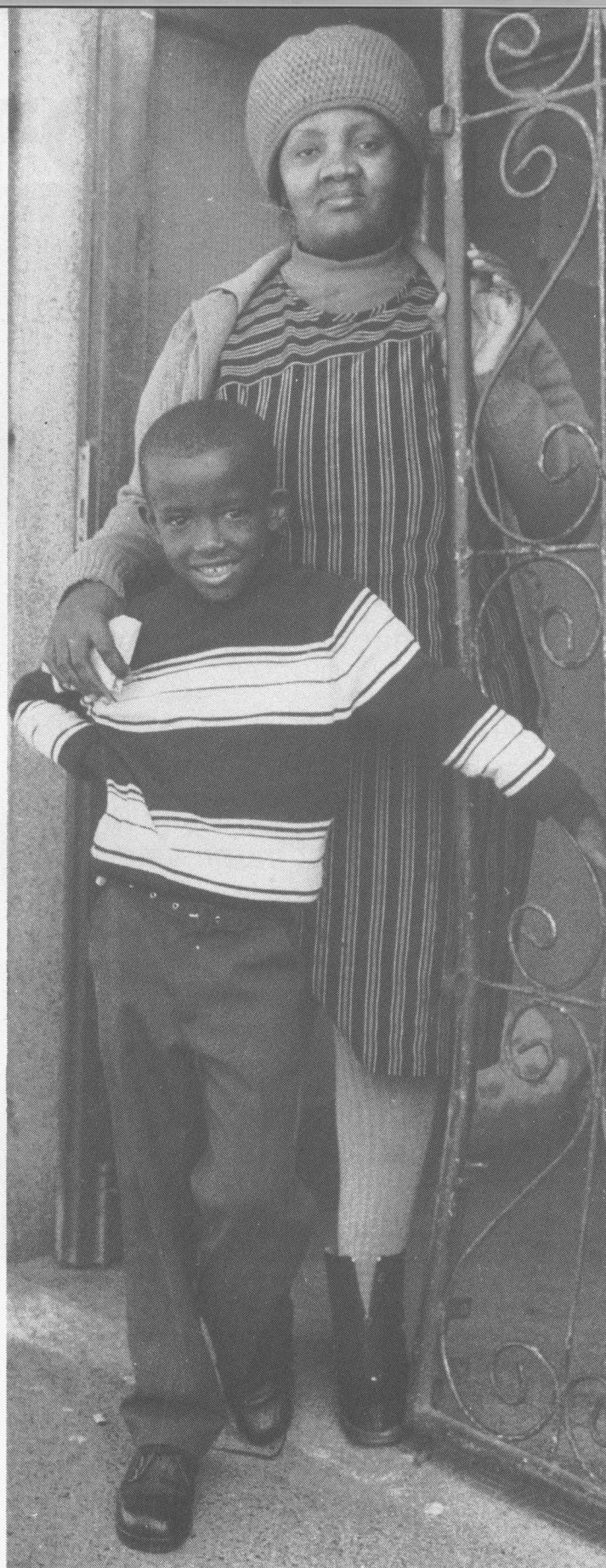
“In the meantime, I was married to my husband, Frank. Poor Frank soon got used to me going out at night to meetings. The workers used to come to our house at any time with their problems. Sometimes we held meetings at the house.

“But Frank has always been understanding. Without Frank we would live in a big mess and we would never eat properly. When I work late, Frank looks after the children. Frank only gets cross sometimes — when I am away too much.

“I looked after the children during the day. Now they are at school. People used to think that it was difficult with the children at work, but it wasn't. In fact, when we first started to organise, the children made things easier.

LEAFLETS IN THE BLANKET

“When Nosizwe, my first born, was three months old, we were busy organising in the docks. Now, you know that you are not allowed to give out leaflets in the docks. So I used to put Nosizwe on my back. Then I



Zora with her son, Thandisizwe.
tucked all the leaflets into her blanket.

“No-one at the gate ever looked at me until one terrible day. Just as I got

to the gates, Nosizwe started to scream. She shook all the blankets. The leaflets flew all over the place.

“The men at the gate came to see what these pamphlets were all about. They were very shocked. Those men thought I was an old woman, coming to do cleaning jobs. They refused to let me through the gates that day. And afterwards I was extra careful at the docks.

“The children always made it easier to get into factories. Even after Thandisizwe was born, I used to take him with me. I would go to factories with him on my back. At the gates, I used to say: ‘My husband works here and I have come with the sick child.’

“The foreman would show me where to go. Then I would choose any ‘husband’ to be Thandisizwe’s father. I would talk my business with that man, saying that there was a meeting or this and that. And then the foreman would show me out.

CAUGHT SHORT AT DORMAN LONG

“Once I was caught at the Dorman Long factory. I went in, as always, looking for my ‘husband’. I went to a room at the back. Then I started a meeting. Suddenly I noticed all the workers looking very hard behind me. I could see in their faces that they

wanted to tell me something.

“The boss had got in quietly while I was talking. But he did not understand me because I was talking in Xhosa. So I said in English: “Not everyone has paid for the hats I knitted. I want my money now”

“But the boss knew that I was lying. Someone was waiting for me outside. She had told the boss I was looking for my cousin. So he threw me out.

“Later when we had more members at Dorman Long, we had a meeting with the bosses. I had long forgotten how they threw me out. But when that boss saw me, he got angry again. He made the union say that we were sorry for telling lies.

GROWING WITH THE CHILDREN

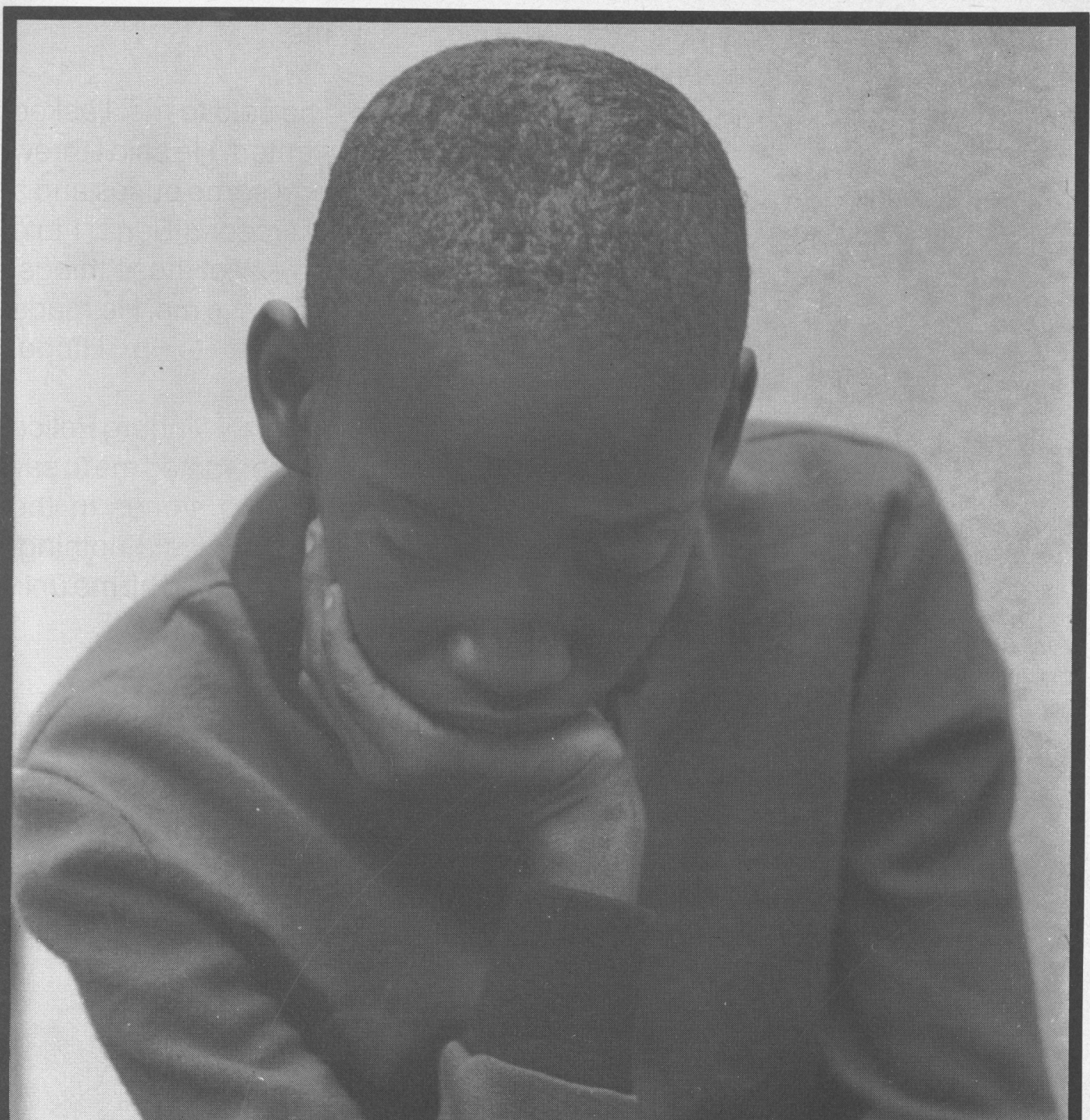
“Things are very different in the union and at home now. My children have grown. They are both at school — except Thandisizwe. He still likes to come to the union and not go to school. Sometimes he creeps into the taxi behind me. When I see him, it is too late to stop the taxi. That is why he is here today.

“The union, like the children, has also grown. We don’t have to lie to get into factories anymore. We don’t have to go and look for workers to join



Zora Mehlomakulu does not work in the tidiest office in the world but who would dare to tell her?

the union anymore. So many workers come to us now. The union is strong, like the children. ●



57 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF FANIE KUDUKA

Like so many children these days, Fanie Kuduka of Alexandra Township has tasted jail already. He was inside for 57 days last year — and he is only 11 years old.

“We tried twice to get Fanie out of

jail,” says his mother, Beauty Kuduka. “But each time the magistrate did not give bail. He said Fanie would run away to Botswana. Can you believe it? My son is still a child. He can’t even travel to Tembisa on his own.”

After 57 days and after trying for the third time, Mrs Kuduka got her son out on bail. In January this year, little Fanie went to court. He was charged with public violence. He was found not guilty.

FANIE'S STORY

"I live with my mother, two brothers and two sisters. I am the eldest. I was born on the 15th January in 1974 at the Lombardy Hospital.

I go to Ikage Lower Primary in 12th Avenue. My favourite subjects are English and arithmetic. I like my teacher because she does not punish us too much. Her name is Miss Ncube.

One day in June, at about two o'clock, Miss Ncube told us to hurry home. She said the rain was coming. When I reached 13th Street, the rain came down very hard. I ran into an old shed. I thought I would wait there for a while.

Then I saw a soldier. He walked straight towards me.

WYNBERG POLICE STATION

I wanted to run but I remembered what a friend once told me. He said the police shoot you when you run away. I stood still. I breathed slowly. I didn't want the soldier to hear me. But

then he saw me.

"Kom, kom," he said to me. I asked him what he wanted. He said I threw stones and burnt some buses and a white man's Mercedes Benz. I told him I did not do any of these things. But he did not believe me. He made me go with him to a Hippo.

They took me to the Wynberg Police Station. The police wanted me to say that I was throwing stones in the township. I told them I did nothing. They said that they would hit me until I told the truth.

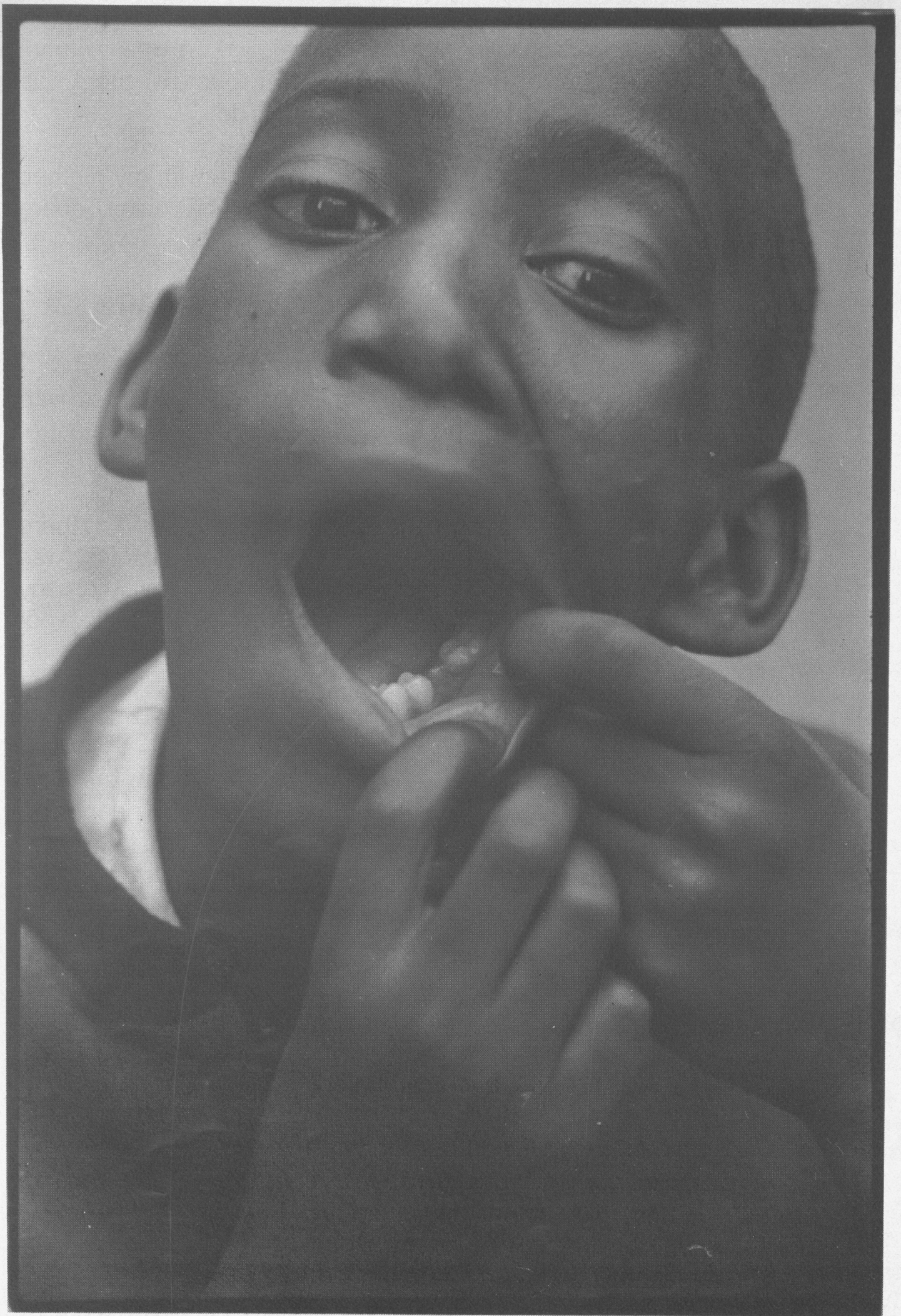
PIPES, FISTS AND BOOTS

They started to hit me with pipes and with fists. They kicked me with their big boots. There were both white and black policemen and they kicked me all over. They only stopped when my tooth came out.

I was bleeding a lot and it was very sore. They said I must make a statement. I was afraid. I wrote down what they wanted me to write.

Then they took me home. My mother was very worried because I did not come back from school and it was already 8 o'clock at night. I was only wearing my uniform and I was very cold.

I hoped that they would leave me but



Fani Kaduka shows the tooth he lost in jail. "They kicked me all over. They only stopped when my tooth came out," says Fanie.

they took my mother with us back to the police station. They showed her the statement. I told her I did not do those things but they told me to keep quiet. My mother began to cry.

Then they sent my mother home. My jaw was very sore and my lips were swollen. I couldn't eat. They locked me up in a small cell. I was scared and it was hard to fall asleep.

THE NEXT DAY

The next day they took me in a car. They told me to point out the boys who I threw stones with. I told them I did not know anything. They slapped my face and told me to do what they wanted.

Then I saw one boy who likes coming to our school and shouting "Siyayinyova" (we must destroy). He also tells us to leave our classrooms. I pointed him out to the police but they said that they could not arrest him. They said that he was their friend. I told them I didn't know anybody else.

Later my mother came and they took me to the magistrate's office in Randburg. They wanted me to sign again. I said to them: "If I tell you the truth, will you let me go home with my mother?"

They said yes. So I told them the truth. I said I did not do it. But the

police just told me to sign my name. So I signed my name — there was nothing I could do.

I did not go home with my mother. They sent me to John Vorster Square instead.

CAR THIEVES AND MAD FELLOWS

At John Vorster I was locked up with 12 grown-up men. I think most of them were car thieves.

The floor was just cement and there was one toilet for all of us. At first I was shy to use the toilet in front of so many other people. But then I saw that nobody cared.

When I got there they told me to take off my school uniform. They gave me a prison uniform. Those uniforms were not made for small people like me. When they took me to the cell, everybody laughed at me and my big uniform.

When we washed our clothes, we washed them in the toilet bowl water and then we hung them on the water pipes. We sat naked in the blanket and waited for our clothes to dry.

Everyday they woke us at four in the morning and gave us tea. After tea we cleaned the cells and the passages. When the cleaning was



FAnie and his mother, Beauty Kuduka, at the DPSC offices in Johannesburg. LEARN AND TEACH

finished, the “jolling” started. There were some mad fellows in the cells.

They made us do bad things. They told us to roll up our blankets — and push them around like we were driving a car. Then they asked you to show them your driving licence. When you said you did not have one, they kicked you and did all sorts of things to you.

Sometimes these men tried to “stok” us. First they draw on your body with a pen — and then they use a knife or a sharp piece of metal to make the drawing last for the rest of your life.

My mother came to visit me three times a week and I spoke to her through the bars. She always brought me food and clothes. But they did not let me take anything from her. And they did not let her stay for long. They let her stay for only five minutes. I used to cry when she left. She had tears in her eyes as well.

BACK HOME

Now I am back home. There is one thing I know. I don't like policemen. If somebody makes trouble with me or hurts me, I won't go to a policeman. They will arrest me instead of the other person. They will say that I was doing this or that, things that I didn't do.

I cannot walk here in the street by myself because one policeman wants to kill me. He comes to my home and they say I am at school. At school they tell him I have gone to a doctor. I think this policeman is angry because they let me out from John Voster Square. After school one of my sisters has to walk with me. I don't go anywhere by myself anymore.”

LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING

Fanie Kuduka took his mother's hand. He had told his story and he didn't feel like talking anymore.

Fanie has suffered a lot. But he is lucky. He is lucky because he has such a caring mother. Beauty Kuduka knows her son needs much love and understanding.

She goes to him when he has bad dreams at night. She listens when he wants to talk. And she does not get angry when he sits all by himself in the yard for a long, long time. She knows that Fanie is hurt inside.

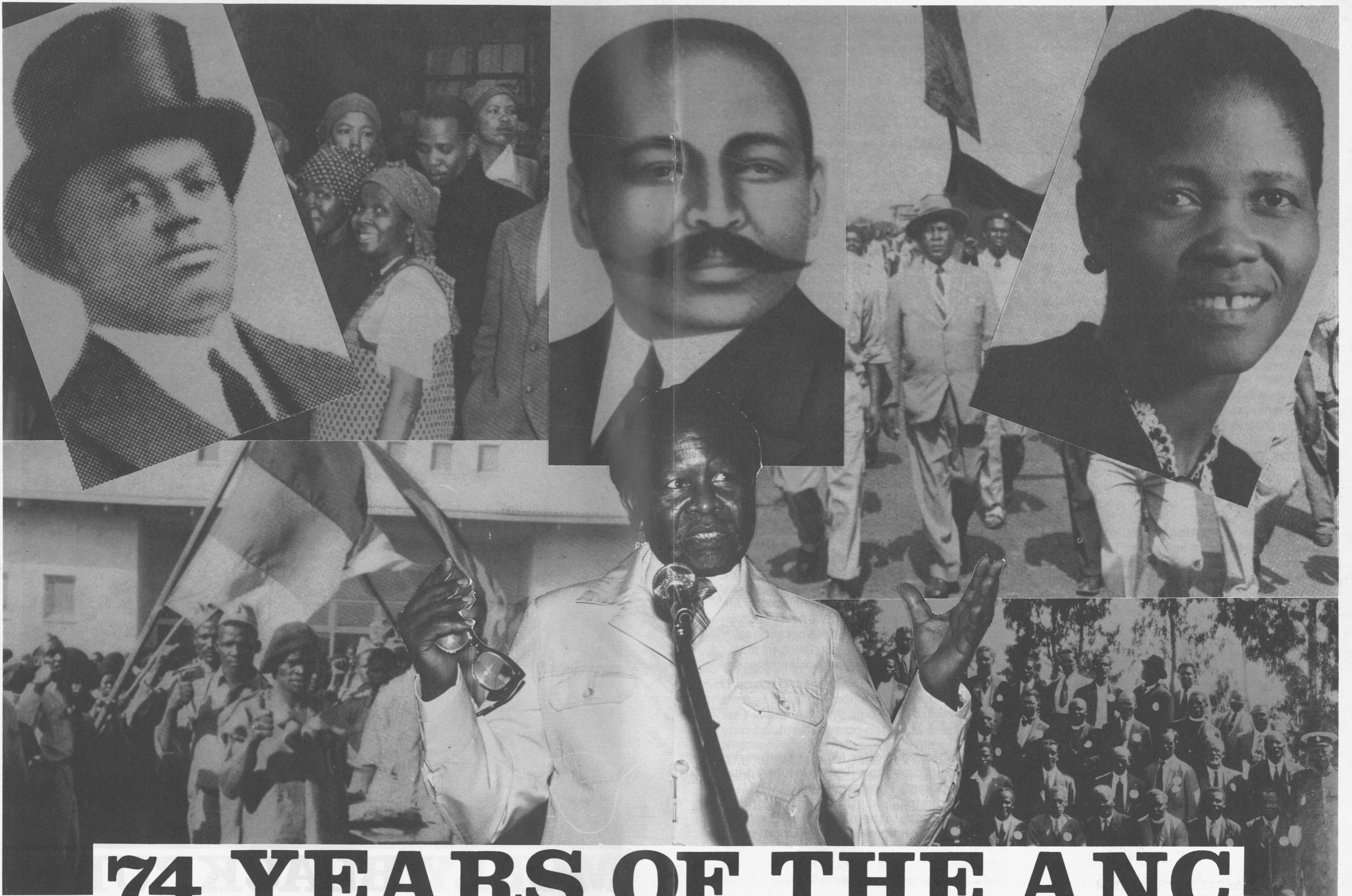
Fanie now goes to a special doctor every week for help. The doctor is trying to help Fanie get well again. Mrs Kuduka is also thinking of sending Fanie to the Transkei so that he can be far away from this “angry” policeman.

But Fanie will come back again. He will come back strong and healthy. The future belongs to him. ●

HAMBA KAHLE



MOLLY BLACKBURN



74 YEARS OF THE ANC



74 YEARS OF THE ANC

LETTERS

Dear Learn and Teach

I am happy to hear that Learn and Teach helps people with their problems. But I will be happier if you can help me too. I bought a tracksuit from an advertisement in Pace magazine. Then I ordered another tracksuit. My friend also ordered a tracksuit. We both sent R5 as a deposit. But these people only sent us catalogues, no tracksuits. Please help us with our problem.

Joel S. Ramoipane
BENMORE

Thank you for your letter, Joel. We spoke to Pace Magazine about your tracksuits. Pace say they will talk to the people who sell the tracksuits. Then Pace will write to you with the answer. But if you do not hear from them, write to us again. Good Luck. —editor

Dear Learn and Teach

I send greetings to everyone at Learn and Teach. And I say keep on writing good stories for us. I want to order a T-shirt with "One Country and One Federation" on it. Please send me one soon. I will pay for it when it comes to the post office.

Daniel S. Monama
PRETORIA NOORD

**Thank you for your letter, Daniel. We are sorry to say that we do not sell those T-shirts. But you can get one from:
COSATU, Harrister House, 65 Harrison Street, Johannesburg, 2000.
We hope you enjoy wearing your T-shirt when you get it.** —editor

Dear Learn and Teach

I have my matric but I have been unemployed since 1984. Please send me some books for workers. I am losing my mind. I wish to die because I was not born to suffer.

Simon Matlou
ORLANDO EAST

We are very sorry to hear about your problem. Many people cannot find work these days. We do not have books for workers, only our magazine. But if you write to these people they will help you.

1. ILRIG, Box 213, Salt River, 7924

2. S.A. Labour Bulletin, Box 31073, Braamfontein, 2017
3. Labour History Group, Box 143, Salt River, 7925
4. Ravan Press, Box 31134, Braamfontein, 2017.

We hope you find some good books to read from these people. —editor

Dear Learn and Teach
GARDEN BOY VIEWS

Understanding between black and white in this country is poor and one way. Blacks know plenty about whites while whites know next to nothing about what blacks think. That is why they keep on coming up with the "Garden Boy Views." The white baas speaks to the black man who works for him. The black man lies to the white baas. He says that he likes Kallie Knoetze, or that he likes the bantustans. Then the baas is happy and the black guy keeps his job. The baas has not heard the truth. The baas does not know that he has only been told what he wants to hear.

Hamilton Lovemore Tshehla
MAMELODI

Thank you for your poem, Hamilton. We like to know what people are really thinking. And we like our readers to know what other people are thinking. —editor

Dear Learn and Teach

Greetings to all the readers and the staff of Learn and Teach. I am a petrol attendant at a garage in Kimberley. I have worked there for one year and eleven months. But I am still not registered. We work 60 hours a week but we are only paid for 55 hours. We work on holidays but we never get holiday pay. We tried to talk to the boss but all he says is, "If you don't want to work here, there are many people looking for work." Is there a union that we can join?

Noah Peter Malebogo
KIMBERLEY

Thank you for your letter, Noah. We are sorry to hear your problems. There is a union for garage workers. They are called MICWU — Motor Industry and Combined Workers Union. We spoke to them. They said that they will be happy to help you. They will visit you at home. If you want to write to them, this is their address:— P.O.Box 25421, Ferreirasdorp, 2048. Their phone number is 011 838 5877/8 —the editor.

Dear Learn and Teach

I am tired of walking the streets of Cape Town looking for Learn and Teach. When I wanted to buy the last magazine I went to the CNA in Woodstock, in Mowbray and in Rondebosch — no Learn and Teach. So I went to town. At one shop, the lady asked ME if they sold Learn and Teach. Then she said that it is always banned. In the end I found Learn and Teach at the big CNA in the Golden Acre — under some business magazines. I opened it and the mistake slip fell out. The mistake slip was so good that I bought two magazines. At home I read one in magazine in peace while everyone else fought over the other one. Jeff, who lives with me, said that "A night out with the winners" was the best. He was the 1984 sportsperson of the year at our swimming club. I thought all the stories were good, but I thought the mistake slip was the best.

Martin Nicol
CAPE TOWN

Thank you for your letter. We like to know that people like our magazine. But we are worried — do you really think that the mistake slip is better than our stories? —the editor.

Dear Learn and Teach

I am 18 years old. I am doing an English course at the language Institute in Maputo. I read your magazine there. I liked the story about Babsy Mlangeni. I like the music of South Africa. I would like to read the story of Brenda and the Big Dudes. I like your magazine because it helps my English. But it also tells me about the past, present and the future. I want penfriends in South Africa. I like music and writing letters very much. Please put this letter where lots of people will read it.

Filipe Romiao
MAPUTO

Thank you for your letter, Filipe. We like to hear from our faraway readers. We will write about Brenda but at the moment she is very busy. So we have to wait. We also want to know about your country — we do not know much about Mozambique. Maybe you can write and tell us. And for readers who want to write to Filipe, here is his address: Language Institute, 135 Commandant Cardoso Street, Maputo, MOZAMBIQUE. We wish you luck with your English. —editor.

Dear Learn and Teach

I work for a hotel with branches all over South Africa. We have big problems at work. For

example, we work on holidays but we do not get extra pay. I am never happy at work. I want to know what to do.

Sizwe Mngweu
WILDERNESS

Thank you very much for your letter, Sizwe. Things sound bad. Talk to the other people at work. You need a union to help you. There are two unions that help people in hotels. They are:

**C c a w u s a
P O Box 7135
Johannesburg
2 0 0 0**

or

**Hotelica
P O Box 1409
Johannesburg
2000**

Write to them and tell them your problems. They will help you. Good Luck. —editor.

Dear Learn and Teach

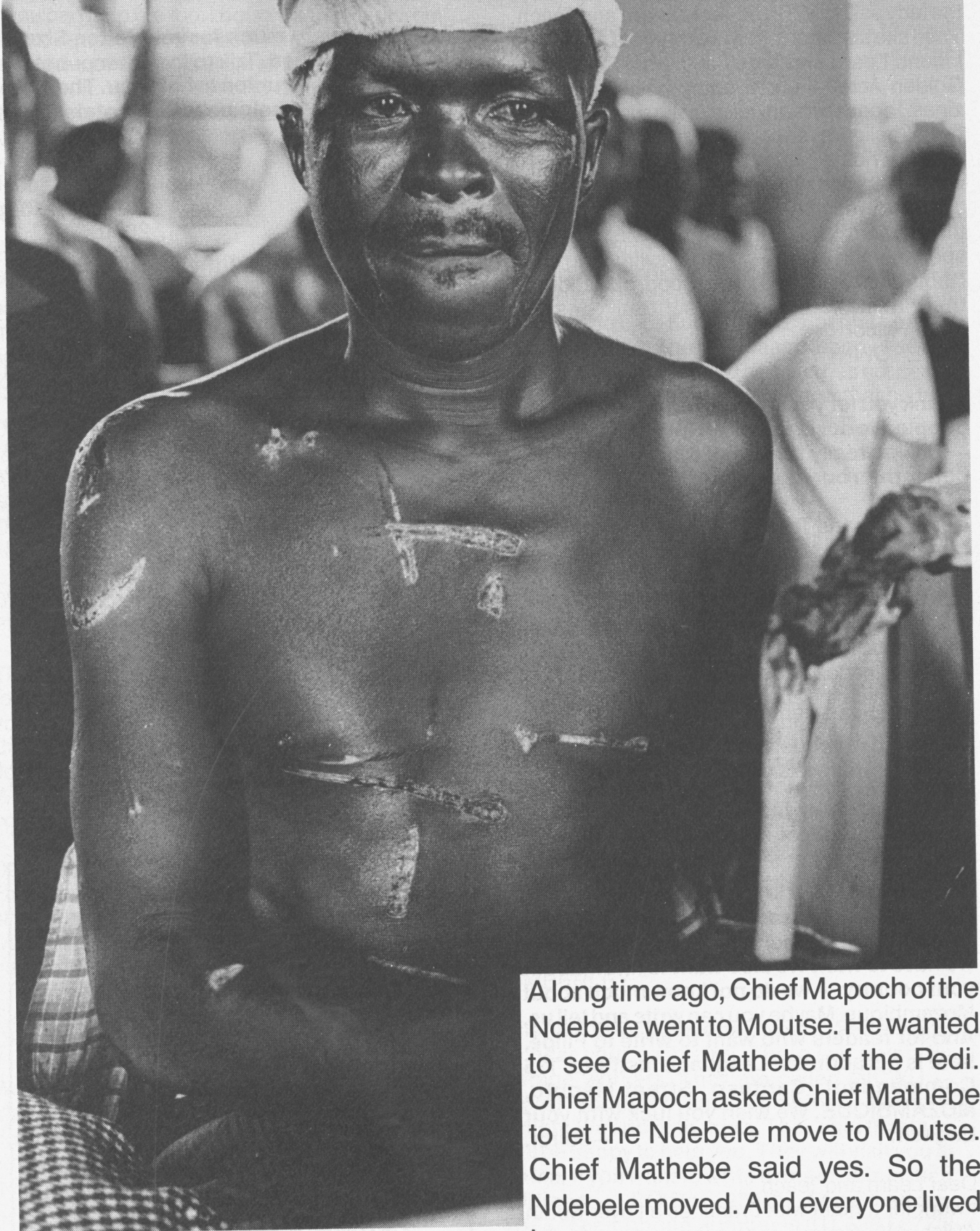
I know that you are a magazine for the people. I want to bring good news to teachers and student-teachers who read the magazine. Teachers are forced to join teachers organisation such as the T.U.A.T.A. and N.A.T.U. But these organisations do not help teachers. Now there is a new organisation for teachers. It is called NEUSA — National Education Union of South Africa. People who want to know more about it must write to P.O. Box 15833 Doornfontein, 2028 or P.O. Box 33963 Jeppestown, 2043.

Concerned Citizen
LENYENYE

Thank you for your letter. We have put it in the magazine so that people who want to find out about NEUSA can write to them. Thank you for sending their address. We are sure it will help. —editor

*Dear Readers,
Do you want to get the next
8 magazines in the post? Send
us a R5.00. Postal order. If
you live outside South Africa,
write for rates. Companies and
rich people who want our
magazine, please pay our
donor subscription rate of R25.00.
Write to.
LEARN & TEACH PUBLICATIONS.
P.O. BOX 11074
JOHANNESBURG. 2000.*

A BLOODY NEW YEAR IN MOUTSE



A long time ago, Chief Mapoch of the Ndebele went to Moutse. He wanted to see Chief Mathebe of the Pedi. Chief Mapoch asked Chief Mathebe to let the Ndebele move to Moutse. Chief Mathebe said yes. So the Ndebele moved. And everyone lived in peace.

But today there is no peace in Moutse. As one man said, "I was born right here in Moutse. I grew up with the Ndebele. But now the Ndebele think we are their enemies. In all my fifty years, I have never seen fighting like I have just seen here in Moutse."

A PRESENT FOR KWANDEBELE

The South African government wants Moutse to be part of KwaNdebele, the 'homeland' for the Ndebeles. Moutse is a present for KwaNdebele. The South African government likes KwaNdebele because KwaNdebele is taking "independence". Moutse will help KwaNdebele because Moutse is rich and KwaNdebele is poor.

The South African government spoke to the people in Moutse. They said if people do not want to be in KwaNdebele, then they can move to Immerpan 80 kilometres away.

One young man said, "I won't go to Immerpan. I do not even know where it is. My father was born here. I was born here and I will stay here." And that is what most people in Moutse think.

The people of Moutse don't want to be part of KwaNdebele. Nor do they want to move. They told Dr Piet Koornhof long ago. But Koornhof

said, "If you are going to make trouble about KwaNdebele, you are very foolish."

MOUTSE SPEAKS BUT NO-ONE LISTENS.

The people of Moutse did not make trouble. But they did have meetings. People spoke out at the meetings. Young people said, "If Moutse is part of KwaNdebele, then we must get KwaNdebele passes. Then we will be visitors in South Africa. But now we have South African passes. So it is much easier to get work."

And the old people said, "We do not belong to KwaNdebele. Our customs are not the same as the Ndebele". One old man said, "I do not like these homelands. But if I must belong to a homeland, then it must be Lebowa, not KwaNdebele"

But no one listened to the people of Moutse. The South African government did not listen, nor did the KwaNdebele government listen. And on the 1st January this year, Moutse became part of KwaNdebele.

SKOSANA 'WELCOMES' MOUTSE

People in Moutse were worried. No-one planned parties for the New Year. Everyone waited — what was going to happen now that Moutse was part

of KwaNdebele. But the people of Moutse were still surprised.

Chief Minister of KwaNdebele, Chief Skosana, was ready for Moutse. He was angry because Moutse did not want to be under him, or be part of his "country". So he sent his "Imboloto" to welcome Moutse to KwaNdebele.

The Imboloto went to Moutse early. One man tells us about his New Year in his new country. "I woke up at about four o'clock in the morning. People were shouting in the village. I got out of bed to go and look. Just then someone started to bang on my door.

A "present" from KwaNdebele.

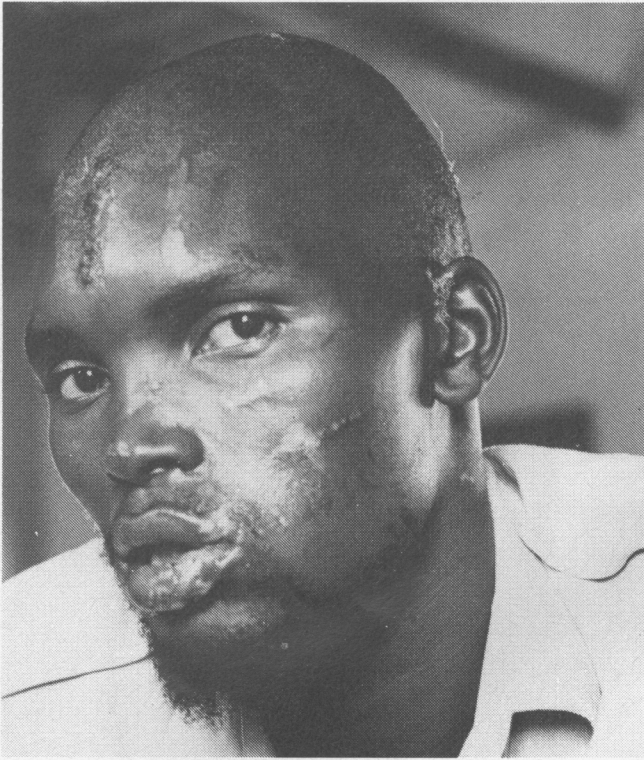


They stayed behind and paid the price.

"I was scared. So I picked up my kierie. Then I opened the door. A man was standing outside with a kierie in his hand. There were other men behind him. I hit the man on the head and then I ran as fast as I knew how. I didn't know those men but now we call them Skosana's Imboloto, or thugs."

SWIMMING IN BLOOD

Another man from Moutse told us this. "We tried to fight these Imboloto. But there were too many of them. I tried to run but they caught me. They beat me with a sjambok. Then they



One more South African in pain.

put me on a lorry with lots of other men. The lorry took us to Siyabuswa in KwaNdebele.

“At Siyabuswa, the Imboloto took us off the truck. They told us to go into a hall. But we first had to walk between two lines of men. They beat us with sjamboks as we passed. When we got into the hall, they told us to take off our clothes and swim.

“There was water on the floor of the hall. The floor was very slippery because there was soap in the water. The Imboloto beat us nearly the whole night — they beat us until there was blood in the water.

“The Chief Minister of KwaNdebele, Skosana, was there, with another government minister, Mr Ntuli. They helped the Imboloto to beat us. They

both had sjamboks in their hands.

“During the night, in between beatings, the Imboloto said we could go — if we burnt the shops in Moutse and if we brought our leaders to KwaNdebele. But we will never do that.”

PEOPLE RUN TO THE BUSH

The Imboloto took the Moutse men on New Year's morning. By the afternoon, the people of Moutse had hit back. Two policemen were killed. The South African army arrived. They helped the police to search. They went to each and every house in the Moteti area of Moutse.

Some people in Moteti were so frightened that they left their homes. They just ran into the bush around Moutse. They left the old people and children behind. The police sjambokked everyone they found. Now even the old people and the children are hiding in the bush.

The people in Moutse are living in fear all the time. They are scared the police will beat them or arrest them. And they are scared that the Imboloto will come back again and again. They are scared that the Imboloto will beat them or kill them.

THE FIGHT GOES ON

Everyone in Moutse is fighting in their



The clinic was full after the “Imboloto” came to Moutse.

own way. One man told us, “If they want to stamp my pass, it is good. Then I won’t have a pass. I won’t have a pass with a KwaNdebele stamp in it. I will starve before they give me their stamp.”

Even the teachers of Moutse are fighting. The teachers will not sign KwaNdebele forms. They do not know if they will be paid. Many teachers have left teaching because they do not want to work for KwaNdebele.

We also spoke to a shop owner in Moutse. This is what he said. “Let me tell you, right now, if Moutse goes to KwaNdebele, my shop licence must

have a KwaNdebele stamp. But if they put their KwaNdebele stamp on my licence, I think I am going to leave that licence.”

WHO MADE THE MISTAKE?

Chief Mathebe, grandson of the chief who let the Ndebele come to Moutse, says, “I am very sad. We would not have all this trouble if my grandfather was not kind to the Ndebele. I think he made a big mistake.”

But it was not Chief Mathebe who made the mistake. The governments of South Africa and KwaNdebele are making the mistake. They must leave the people of Moutse in peace. ●



PENNY
HACKETT

JOB FINDING

A STEP BY STEP
GUIDE

Help from:
friends
government

Applying
in person
by post
by telephone

SNORING THOMAS CAN TELL A BOOK BY IT'S COVER

One morning, on my way to work, I bought a newspaper. Then I jumped on the train. I could not breathe because the train was so full. I tried to open my newspaper, but I did not have enough space.

Anyway I squeezed myself between two fat 'aunties' in front of me. Now I could open my newspaper. By mistake I opened the wrong pages — the jobs page. Anyway, maybe there was a really interesting job going, I thought to myself. But it was not an interesting job that caught my eye. It was this ad: "ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A JOB? We can provide you with a step-by-step guide on Who, How, and Which job to find. This service is available at R30,00 only. Write to Job Finding....."

This sounded good. Lots of my friends don't have jobs. So I thought I would send thirty rand of my 'back-pay'. Then I could help all my friends. So, that afternoon, before I caught the train home, I sent my thirty rand to "Job Finding".

I didn't know what to expect. What services come through the post? After a few weeks, I got a note in the post. There was a parcel for me at the post office. I went to fetch it. When I got home, I opened the parcel. It was a book from Job Finding and it was called....Job Finding.

I thought that this book looked a bit small for R30. But then I thought —

you can't judge a book by its cover. I told all my friends to wait. By the time I finished the book, they would all have jobs.

So I sat down on the sofa to read it. The first chapter of the book is on how to choose a career. The book tells you about the good and bad things of different jobs — from a worker, to an office worker, to a manager.

This is very funny, I thought. If I tell my friends about choosing, they will laugh at me. Jobs are so short today. Also if you are black in this place, you cannot choose, no matter what PW Botha says.

I tried chapter two. Chapter two is about looking for a job. This will be more useful than chapter one, I said to myself. The book shows you how to write a letter to a boss. But, I thought, these letters look very funny. They are not like the letters that I learnt at school. Something is wrong somewhere.

Then I looked at the cover. I saw that the book was not South African. It was about looking for jobs in Britain. The book talks about O-levels, Government Jobcentres, Industrial Tribunals. "What are all these things?" I asked myself.

Maybe this book is very useful in Britain. And maybe it can help people a

little here, telling you to look smart if you go for a job but any fool knows that. So it was thirty rand for nothing. You can buy new trousers and look very smart, for thirty rand. That will help you get a job, more than this silly book.

Then I saw the price of the book on the cover — one pound ninety in Britain. Now, I don't know much about money — but I know that one pound ninety is not thirty rand.

I phoned a friend who works in a book shop. I asked her about the price. She said: "If the book cost one pound ninety in Britain, at the most, it will cost R10 here. It sounds like someone is cheating you again."

My friends came to see me — they were tired of waiting for my help. When I told them about the book, they were very angry. They said, "How can you waste your money like that? If we had thirty rand to spare, we would go to town and look for work ourselves."

As for me, I will just read my comics. You see, comics don't cheat. No-one gets angry when you read comics. Comics don't promise to help people — and they don't cost thirty rand. These "Job Finding" people think that we are fools.

Thomas

Heyta daar. See you next time. ●

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 20 words. We have done the first one.

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

Here are the answers

to, woman, lonely, thursday, teacher, of, farmer, friend,
 salary, by, love, study, people, land, crowded, night, leaders,
 we, field, win,

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SONG IN THE WORLD



E. Sontonga

The hall was full like a tin of sardines. Inside the people were hot and stuffy. Some people were getting excited, some were losing their tempers.

The people in the hall belonged to different political organizations.

Some belonged to AZAPO, others to the UDF. Many were just worried about the problem they came to talk about — black education. Should the students go back to school this year or should they carry on with the boycott?

There was more shouting, more arguments. Then the meeting ended. Everybody stood up. There was silence. No more fighting. And then with fists in the air, the people joined together to sing the beautiful, sad words of Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrica. It is a song that brings people together.

SONG FOR THE NATION

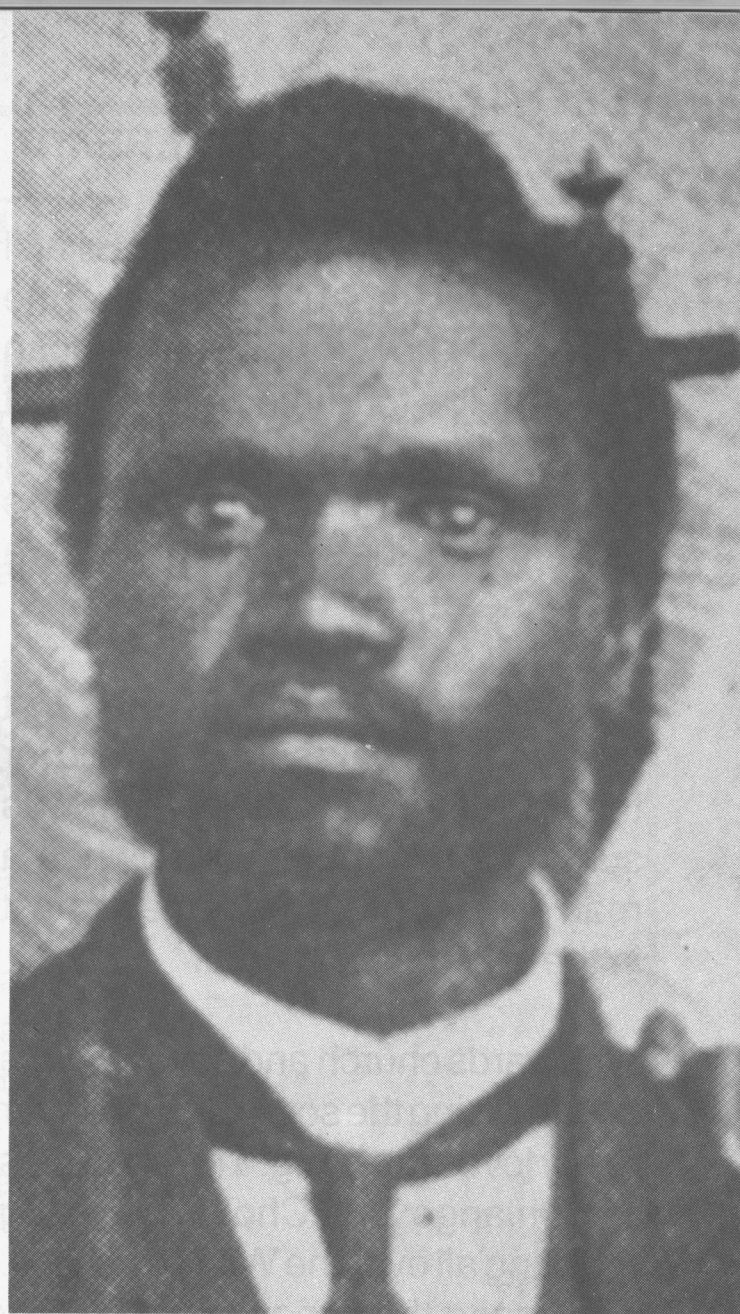
Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrica is loved by millions of people in South Africa. Most people believe that Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrica is the national anthem of South Africa — even if they learnt otherwise at school.

It is the song of a new nation, struggling to sing its song. The song cries for an Africa where there is no more hunger, poverty, apartheid and suffering.

“When the ANC was still young, its leaders decided to end all their meetings with this song. Many other organizations decided to do the same,” said a famous teacher and writer, D.D.T. Jabavu. He said these words in 1934. His words are still true today.

THE MAN BEHIND THE SONG

A man by the name of Enoch Sontonga wrote the first verse of Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrica in 1897. He was a teacher in the township of Klipspruit.



Enoch Sontonga

“Enoch Sontonga had a gift for song,” said Jabavu. “He sang with his pupils and he sang in the church. He sang wherever he was invited to sing — weddings, parties, churches, anywhere.”

Sontonga wrote many songs. He wrote songs everywhere and on anything. He wrote most of his songs on pieces of paper — even Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrica. Later he collected them all in an old exercise book.

A SONG FROM A HEAVY HEART

Enoch Sontonga wrote Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrica 70 years ago. The words of the song tell how hopeless African people felt at that time. They had lost nearly all of their land. The guns of the white men were too strong. As Jabavu said, the song comes from a heavy heart.

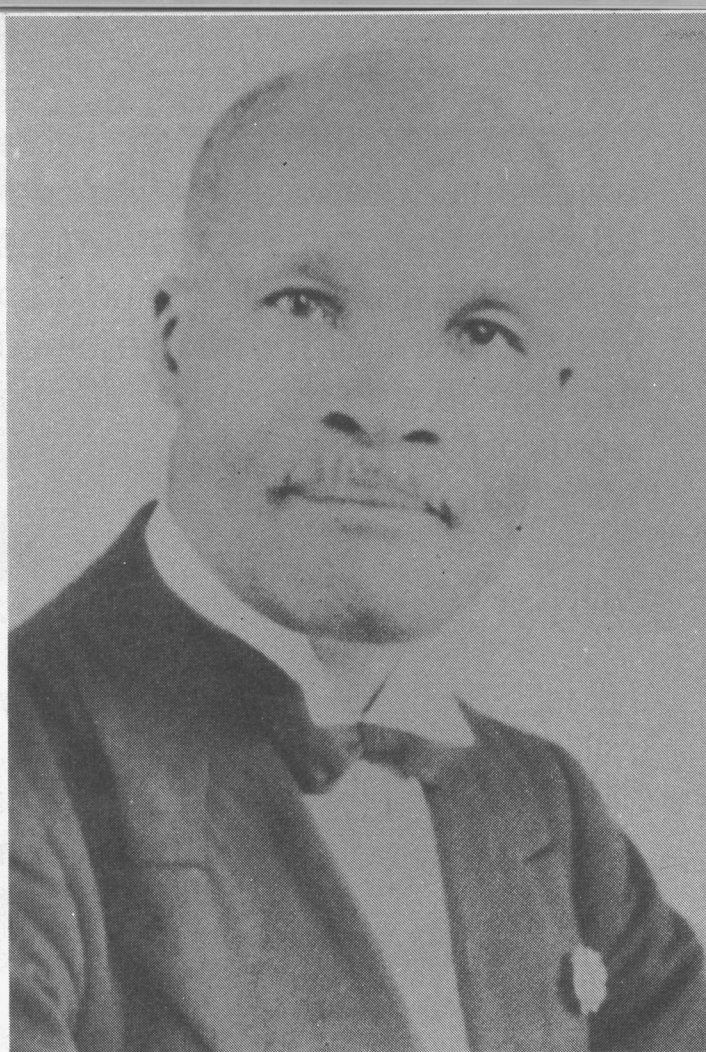
Enoch Sontonga died in 1897. But the song was only sung in public for the first time two years later. It was sung at a big church party when a man called Bowen became a priest in the Methodist Church.

Afterwards church and school choirs began to sing the song. But one choir really loved the song. The choir was the Ohlange Zulu Choir. They sang the song all over the Witwatersrand. They sang the song wherever they went.

SAMUEL E. MQHAYI

But the song was not yet finished. It only had one verse. A Xhosa poet decided to help. His name was Samuel E. Mqhayi. Like Enoch Sontonga, he was a school teacher. He was a very clever man and a great writer.

In 1927 Samuel wrote seven more verses. He finished the great work that Sontonga had started. He died



Samuel E. Mqhayi.

on July 29, 1945 in a small township near King Williams Town.

A SONG FOR AFRICA

The people of South Africa are not the only ones who love Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrica. The people of Zambia, Zimbabwe and Tanzania have also taken it as their national anthem. In Zimbabwe they call it "Ishe Komborera Afrika."

There is not much else we can tell you. And so for all those who have asked and for everybdoy else, we leave you with the words of the most beautiful song in the world—a song that touches you deep inside and makes you feel that you belong. ●

NKOSI SIKELEL' I'AFRIKA

Nkosi sikelel' iAfrika
Maluphakamis'u phondo lwayo
Yizwa imithandazo yethu
Nkosi sikelela
Thina lusapho lwayo

Nkosi sikelel' iAfrika
Maluphakamis'u phondo lwayo
Yizwe imithandazo yethu
Nkosi sikelela
Thina lusapho lwayo

[Woza moya] Woza woza
[Woza moya] Woza woza
Woza moya oyingcwele
Nkosi sikelela
Thina lusapho lwayo

Morena boloka
Sechaba saheso
Ofedise dintoa lematsoenyeho

[Oseboloke] Oseboloke
[Oseboloke morena] Oseboloke
Sechaba saheso
Sechaba sa Afrika

Makube njalo
Makube njalo
Kude kube nguna phakade
Kude kube nguna phakade

ENGLISH LESSON

MR MTHAMBO'S STORY

Mr Mthambo works at Perskor. Two years ago a man from Anchor Life Assurance Company came to Perskor. He spoke to the workers there. He told them that life insurance would help them.

So Mr Mthambo bought insurance. His insurance said it will pay him in forty years time, the year 2224. Mr Mthambo will get R3 200, plus some extra money.

Mr Mthambo paid R6 every week for two years. But now Mr Mthambo does not want his insurance anymore. He told Anchor Life Assurance. But they said, "Then you will lose all your money."

Mr Mthambo was very angry. So he went to the Black Sash for help. The Black Sash phoned Anchor Life Assurance. Anchor Life Assurance told the Black Sash, "Mr Mthambo will lose all his money if he stops paying. He must pay until 1987. Then he will get back one third of his money."

Now Mr Mthambo is trapped. He does not know what to do. If you want to buy insurance, you must be very careful. You must ask lots of questions. You must also read the forms carefully before you sign.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF INSURANCE

Insurance companies sell different kinds of insurance. You can buy **WHOLE LIFE** insurance. Then your children will get money when you die.

WHOLE LIFE insurance works like this. Let us say you insure your life for R5 000. Every month you pay R15. We call this money the premium. If you die one month after you have started to pay, your children will get R5 000.

But if you die after paying for 20 years, your family will get about R45 000. The insurance company adds extra money or a bonus every year.

Or you can buy an **ENDOWMENT** policy. You agree to pay the insurance company for some years. At the end of that time, the insurance company will pay you. If you die before the time is up, the insurance company will pay the money to your family.

Let us say you buy **ENDOWMENT** policy for R5 000 when you are thirty. You pay R15 every month. Then company will pay you R20 000 when you are sixty. If you die before you are sixty, the company will pay your family R5 000 and some of the bonus.

There is also **RETIREMENT ANNUITY**. You pay money to the insurance company every month. When you are too old to work, the company will pay you one third of your money. They keep the rest of the money. And then they pay you every month — like a pension until you die.

BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU CANNOT PAY YOUR INSURANCE MONEY?

If you have **WHOLE LIFE** insurance, or an **ENDOWMENT** policy, you can do two things. But first you must tell the insurance company that you cannot pay anymore.

If you have paid insurance for three years, you can end your insurance. The insurance company calls it **SURRENDERING** your policy. The insurance company will give you some money back. But they will not give you all the money you paid.

If you have paid for more than three years, you will get more money. The longer you have paid, the more money you get. But if you have not paid your insurance for three years, you will lose all your money! So, be careful.

Or you can make your insurance **FULLY PAID UP**. This means the insurance company will keep your money. They will pay you when the

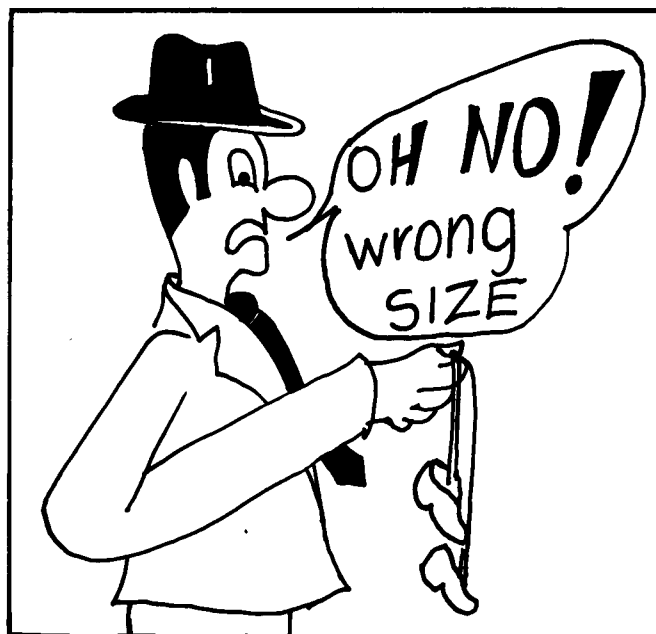
time comes. And they will still give you a bonus. But you will get very little money.

If you bought **RETIREMENT ANNUITY**, you cannot get your money back.

You have to wait for the time that you agreed. If you cannot pay, the insurance company keeps your money. They will only pay you when you stop working. And they will only pay a little money.

Buying insurance is like buying shoes. The man in the shoe shop wants money. So he sells shoes. The insurance company wants money, so they sell insurance.

You know in the shop if your shoes do not fit. But you can pay insurance for a long time before you have a problem. When you buy insurance, be sure it is right for you — like your shoes.



TEST YOURSELF

Here are some words from the story. See if you can remember what they mean. They are all words that we use when we talk about insurance.

The insurance words are in the first column. The meanings are in the second column. Can you match them. We have done the first one.

INSURANCE WORDS	MEANING
A	B
1. to insure	You pay money every month; then the insurance company pays your family when you die.
2. a premium	to pay money every month, then the insurance company pays you later.
3. a policy	money you pay for insurance.
4. WHOLE LIFE insurance	a kind of insurance.
5. ENDOWMENT policy	you stop paying your insurance but you leave your money with the insurance company.
6. RETIREMENT policy	you pay for an agreed time; then the insurance company pays you your money back with a bonus.
7. to surrender	you stop paying your insurance; then the insurance company pays you some money back.
8. fully paid up	you pay every month; then the insurance company pays a third when you stop work, and a pension for the rest of your life.

ANSWERS

INSURANCE WORDS

2. Money you pay for insurance.
3. A kind of insurance
4. You pay money every month; then your family gets money when you die.
5. You pay for an agreed time; then the insurance company pays you all your money back with a bonus.
6. You pay every month; then the insurance company pays you a third when you stop work, and a pension for the rest of your life.
7. You stop paying your insurance and the insurance company pays you some money back.
8. You stop paying insurance but you leave your money with the insurance company.

UNDERSTANDING INSURANCE

TEST YOURSELF

1. Why do insurance companies sell insurance?
2. How can you lose money with insurance?
3. What must you do before you sign an insurance form?
4. Which kind of insurance cannot be surrendered?
5. If you stop paying insurance after five years, will you get a bonus?

ANSWERS

1. Insurance companies want to make money.
2. If you do not pay your insurance for the first three years, you will lose all your money.
3. Read the form well. Be sure you understand everything.
4. Retirement annuity.
5. No, you have to pay for many years before you get any bonus.

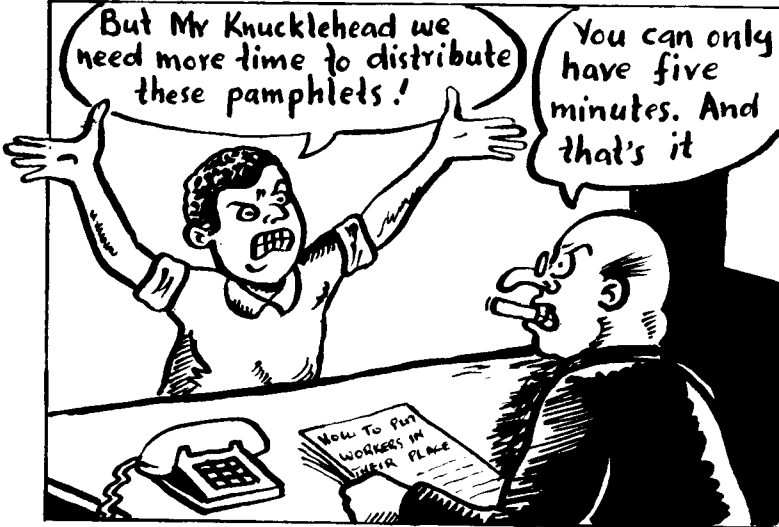
SLOPPY

THE SHOP STEWARD.

The feet of the workers are faster than the dogs of management

© Mogorosi Motshumi '86

Sloppy has a new job. He is waiting outside an office. Inside the office there is an argument between a trade union organiser and a factory manager...





The tyre then stops at the manager's door...

I've lost all the pamphlets!
What am I going to do? I must try to run away!



But the manager has heard the bump of the tyre against the door. He comes out to find out...

You! Come back here this minute!

(Ulp! I'm still dizzy from all that spinning!



Meanwhile all the workers in the factory have read about the meeting. The organiser is happy.



I must go and find that man!

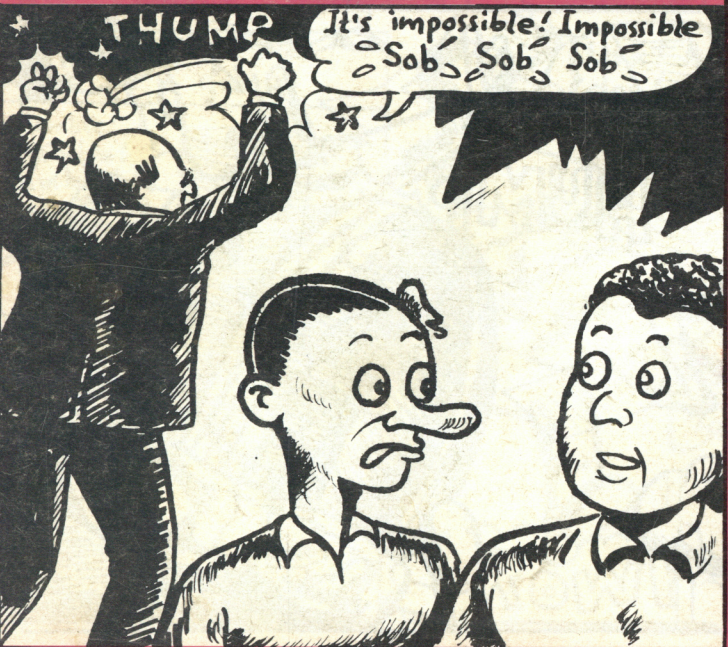
At the office... I've just fired your new man for being drunk at work! Ha! Wrong, My Knucklehead! This man has just finished distributing the pamphlets. And inside five minutes

Hawu?!



THUMP

It's impossible! Impossible
Sob, Sob, Sob



Later at home...

So I've been chosen as a shop steward by the workers! I'm so scared!

Aw, go for it, Slop! Remember you're a guy with lots of luck!



THE END?