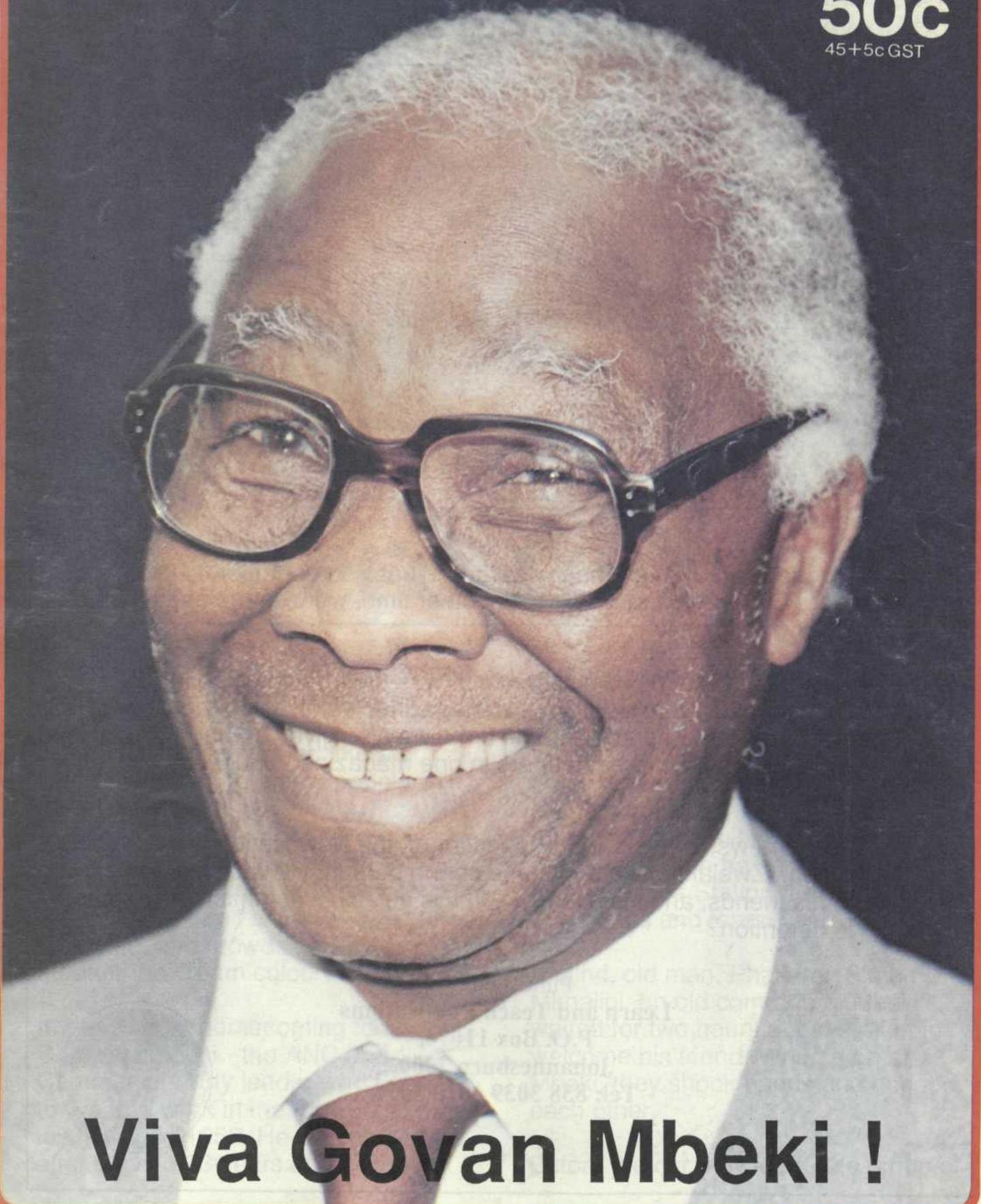


Learn and Teach

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Viva Govan Mbeki !

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A LETTER TO OUR READERS

Dear Readers,

First some good news. We are happy to report that issue number 4, 1987 is no longer banned. Once again, and like every other time, we won the appeal in Pretoria.

As you all know, the great news of last month was the freeing of Comrade Govan Mbeki, after 23 years in jail. In this magazine, we give you the story of his return to Port Elizabeth. And at the same time, we also give you part two of the Nelson Mandela story. Two great leaders in one magazine - could you ask for more?

Now for the bad news. Zwelakhe Sisulu, editor of the New Nation newspaper is still in detention. Zwelakhe is a bright and caring person. He is of value to his newspaper, his friends, and his country. Why is he still in detention? Why is anybody in detention?

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Govan Mbeki, two days after leaving prison, with MaSisulu at Khotso House in Johannesburg.

A hero returns

When Comrade Govan Mbeki entered Port Elizabeth's townships for the first time in 25 years last month, the sleepy Sunday afternoon turned into a celebration that not many people will forget.

People danced in the streets, youths hung out of the sides of fast moving taxis, children and old women shouted his name, and crowds of people toiled after the cream coloured car.

It was a great homecoming for Comrade Mbeki - the ANC and Communist Party leader who first went to live and work in the Port Elizabeth townships in 1955. He was now back, after serving 23 years of the life

sentence he was given at the Rivonia Trial in 1964.

When Mbeki returned from Johannesburg on Sunday afternoon, excited crowds waited patiently for him at the entrance to New Brighton township. When he arrived at the Dan Qeque Service Station, he was greeted with songs and tears.

A blind, old man, Phakama Simon Mkhali, an old comrade of Mbeki's, waited for two hours at the station to welcome his friend. When he met Mbeki, they shook hands and hugged each other.

Before the car moved off, the group of



A hero's welcome. The people of Motherwell Township welcome Govan Mbeki back to Port Elizabeth.

youths and colourfully dressed women clenched their fists and sang freedom songs.

As the car moved down the dusty streets of New Brighton, it was followed by taxis, scooters and private vehicles. Out of the windows of the cars people shouted: "Mbeki is home after 23 years on Robben Island! Mbeki, our leader is back!"

When they heard the message, hundreds of people rushed out of their houses to see and greet the 77 year old leader, who first joined the ANC way back in 1935.

The stream of cars grew into a river. The honking hooters of 100 cars could not drown the singing and shouting from the people who lined the streets. Mbeki sat in the front seat of his car, holding up his fist and smiling happily.

He travelled with his wife, Epainette, his lawyer Priscilla Jana and a minister, Rev. Mcebisi Xundu.

At Njoli square, a meeting place for food sellers, taxis and hawkers, people left their stalls and taxis and surrounded the car, shouting their greetings with fists in the air.

The car entered Zwide's St. Peter's Anglican Church. Here Mbeki was followed into the small building. He stood up and people stopped singing. There was silence as Mbeki started to speak.

We cannot tell you what Comrade Mbeki said because he is now a listed person. The government only let newspapers use Mbeki's words on the very first day of his release when he said: "The ideas for which I went to jail and which the ANC stands for I still embrace."

The singing crowd led him back to the car. He then drove through Little Soweto, a shanty township. Little Soweto was not around when Mbeki went to prison, but the residents greeted him like an old friend.

One woman jumped so high into the air that she lost her balance and fell onto the dusty street. She laughed, got up, and still singing, chased after the cars which bounced along the narrow muddy roads.

One excited man was knocked down by a car. He picked himself up and limped after the crowd, waving his fist and forgetting his injuries.

The line of cars then took the highway and drove to Motherwell township, 15 kilometres away. Fishermen on the Swartkops River raised fishing rods in greeting. When the cars entered Motherwell township, residents rushed from their homes. With fists in the air, they sang "uBaba Mbeki Yinkokeli" (Our father Mbeki, is our leader).

The hooting cars drove through the township and then back to the service station. Mbeki was then taken away to a secret place so he could rest.

As he left, people gathered around, talking about the day they will never forget. One woman said: "If this is how the people greet Mbeki, think what it will be like on the day of liberation".

A youth, who was not yet born when Mbeki went to prison, said: "One day I will tell my children about this day when Comrade Mbeki came home to Port Elizabeth. For all of us, he is a hero of our struggle." ●

HAMBHE KAHLE, MONTY MZINYATHI!

The staff at Learn and Teach Publications were very sad to hear about the death of Monty Mzinyathi. He was killed in a car accident in Lusaka last month.

We first met Monty in 1982 when we wrote a story about him. The story was called "Three years in jail for nothing."

The story was about Monty's 18 months in detention - and how he spent 18 months of a seven year sentence on Robben Island before he won an appeal in the Supreme Court.

After we wrote the story, we became friendly with Monty. He was a good friend who was always ready to help. He cared about his people, even more than he cared about himself. Above all, Monty was a brave somebody. He always "went for it" - and somehow always came out on top, with a stronger spirit and a bigger smile.

Between 1984 and 1985 Monty was detained three times - the last time for six months. Monty left the country sometime towards the end of 1985.

Maybe he was tired of going to prison!

It is hard to believe that we will not see you again, Monty. Rest in peace, dear friend!



Women from Swaziland selling their crafts on the pavement in Hillbrow.

The pavement people

The sun does not shine for all of us. For some people it never shines at all. Their day only starts at night when most of us are safely asleep at home. You will find these people sitting on the cold pavements of Hillbrow in the freezing night wind.

Now and then a person stops to look at the things that they are selling. No one greets them and asks them about their life. No one knows where they come from, not even the people who buy from them. These are the pavement people.

You cannot miss their beautiful clay bowls, the little people and animals carved from wood, the grass mats and baskets, and the bangles and

necklaces made from beads. All these things bring colour and life to the dull pavement.

“TODAY THERE IS NO MONEY”

Mama Christina Lunga was the first to talk. She spoke slowly in Swazi, in the beautiful way of the people from Swaziland. She said that she comes to Johannesburg because there is no work in Swaziland.

“I have a family of ten children and five grandchildren. My husband works in Cape Town as a fisherman. He does not earn much so I have to work to feed my people at home.

“I used to make little wooden toys for my kids. I sold some of these things in Swaziland. But we could not make enough money in Swaziland. There are too many people who sell these things over there.



Mama Christina Lunga must feed 10 children.

“Then people from Swaziland came to sell in Johannesburg. A friend of mine, who knew the big city, told me to come with her. We took a lot of work with us and took a bus to Johannesburg. Those were good old days. People bought everything that we had — in just one day. The following day we went back home.

“We sold a lot during those days — but we also had problems. The police used to arrest us for selling without licences. We didn’t understand why we were arrested. We are just simple people who want to sell our goods. We don’t know about licences.

“Now the police do not give us so many problems. But now we have another problem. Today there is no

money. People do not buy anymore.”

BREAD FOR THE FAMILY

“Yes, business is very slow these days.” said Mama Maria Simelane, who has been selling since 1968.

She comes from Emafutseni in Swaziland and is a mother of four children. She leaves her children with her neighbours everytime she comes to Johannesburg. Selling comes first to her as it means bread for her family.

Mama Simelane also sells African masks which are made in Mozambique. She buys them in the market in Swaziland.

“I can do many things,” says Mama Simelane. “I can knit jerseys, make grassmats and bowls, and I have now learned to make things out of wood. I used to go to the self help schools in Swaziland.”

NO PLACE TO SLEEP

Lindiwe Ndabandaba is only 22 years old. She started selling last year when her parents could no longer pay for her schooling.

“My mother is too old to do this job so she sent me to come and sell here.” she said.

Lindiwe spoke about the problem of having no place to sleep. “We do not know the people of South Africa. Most of the time we sleep on the pavements.

“Sometimes we sleep at Park Station but the Railway police do not want us to sleep there. So they chase us away. But sometimes they feel pity for us and allow us to sleep there.

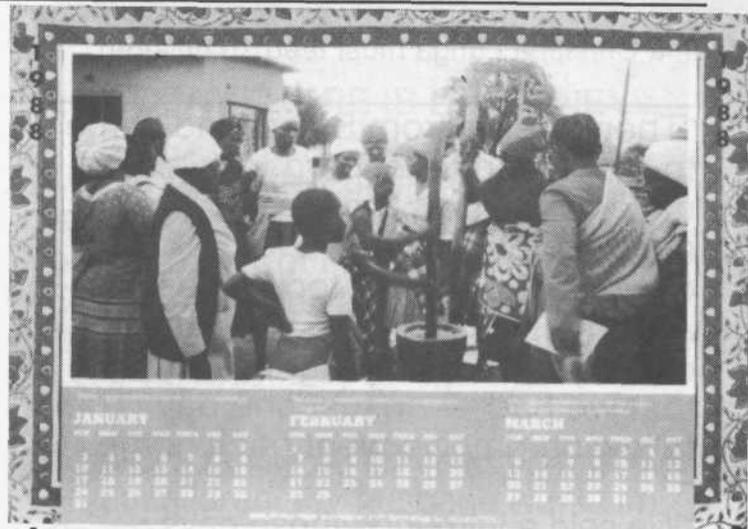


Lindiwe Ndabandaba says: "For people like us, money does not come easy."

"There is nothing that we can do. We are trying to get some money for our kids back home. We know that for people like us, money does not come easy," says the young Lindiwe.

She has a big heart — just like the others. They suffer their hardships bravely so their children may eat and live. For them, their children come first.

May their children live to be strong and wise — with a future as bright and as beautiful as the coloured bangles and necklaces that lie on the pavements of Hillbrow. ●



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NAME.....
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Hey, hobo! What about my brothers and sisters on those shelves?

Hic! Gah vir my two more, Charlie!



The devil in the bottle

You have never lived until you have been a member of a stokvel. Ask me, I have lived. I can drink for the whole night, my bra. I can tell every drink by it's smell. They do not call me "mahlaleshushu" or "nylon legs" for nothing.

I have passed all the shebeen tests. I have been to all the nightclubs in town. I am a real phuza graduate, as the lovers of the bottle call an all night drinker.

Let me tell you the good news before you think that I have more beers than blood in my body. I have decided to lead a clean life. Me and the bottle are no longer friends. S'true, ek se jou. I am a new mjita and I am proud of it.

It was not easy for me to stop drinking. To tell you the truth, I still miss the jokes and the music of the "watering hole". My friends laugh at me and say

I have stopped drinking because Naka, my dearest and best friend, told me to choose her or the bottle. They call me a bhari who is afraid of women. I do not worry. Ek is nie 'n bhari and I know what is good for me.

PARTING WAYS

Let me tell you why I decided to part ways with the bottle. I used to spend more than half my salary on the 'queen's tears'. I would tell myself that I was going to drink only one beer. After the first beer, I would buy two more. That is beer sana, it has got woza- woza, you buy one and that one tells you to buy two more.

The music would be loud and nice. It would keep me on my feet, jiving for every song. Ek se jou, I was a real "skaapie".

I would buy liquor for everyone that I

knew, talk a lot of funny things, and sometimes end up sleeping under the tables. I was just a small 'malalapipe'. These bottles were making me sick, in my head and my body.

I used to drink and enjoy myself like a king, forgetting about all my problems. When morning came, my head was heavy - and my tongue felt like it was run over by a hippo. My body felt like I borrowed it from someone else. I would not be able to smell anything and food tasted like soil.

I did not eat at work. I only dreamed of a reg-maaker. My lunch was two beers. Those were my donkey days, my friend.

AMPER 'N HOBO

My mother did not give me a plate of food when I came home drunk. Sometimes she locked me out of the house and told me to go back to the shebeen. I had to go and sleep with my friends.

My sister's kid, Mazambane, always ran away from me because I used to fall on top of him. I was like three ships in the wind.

"What good is there in this bottle that makes children run way from me?" I asked myself.

I put on my thinking cap - and it came to my mind why I had so few good friends. Who would like to be a friend of a dronkie? I must respect myself if I want people to respect me. Me, I was a dronkie and amper 'n hobo. Sies, die bier was my baas.

SEXY EDDIE

My friend Eddie who likes food and training was very happy when he heard that I am a new man. He said that if I want a beautiful and sexy body like him, I must go to the gym.

The following day I brought my shorts with me and followed Eddie to his gym. I tell you, it's like another world there. I have never seen such people. No red eyes! No phuza faces! No phuza bellies!

Yes, my bra, it's a new life for me. I don't say I'll never take another drop - I'm sure I will, here and there. But I don't want to be like I was before. I no longer want to be a slave to drink. Tell that to the devil in the bottle! ●





Workers at a Mayday meeting in Tsumeb, Namibia.

Flowers in the Desert

TRADE UNIONS IN NAMIBIA

The sun was setting in the blue Namibian sky as we drove into the small town of Karibib on the edge of the Namib desert.

Our guide was Comrade Gabriel 'Samora' Ithete — organiser for the National Union of Namibian Workers (NUNW). He took us to the home of Comrade Elia Kayamo — NUNW organiser for Karibib.

We sat down in the small living room under a huge poster of Herman Toivo ja Toivo — father of the struggle for freedom in Namibia.

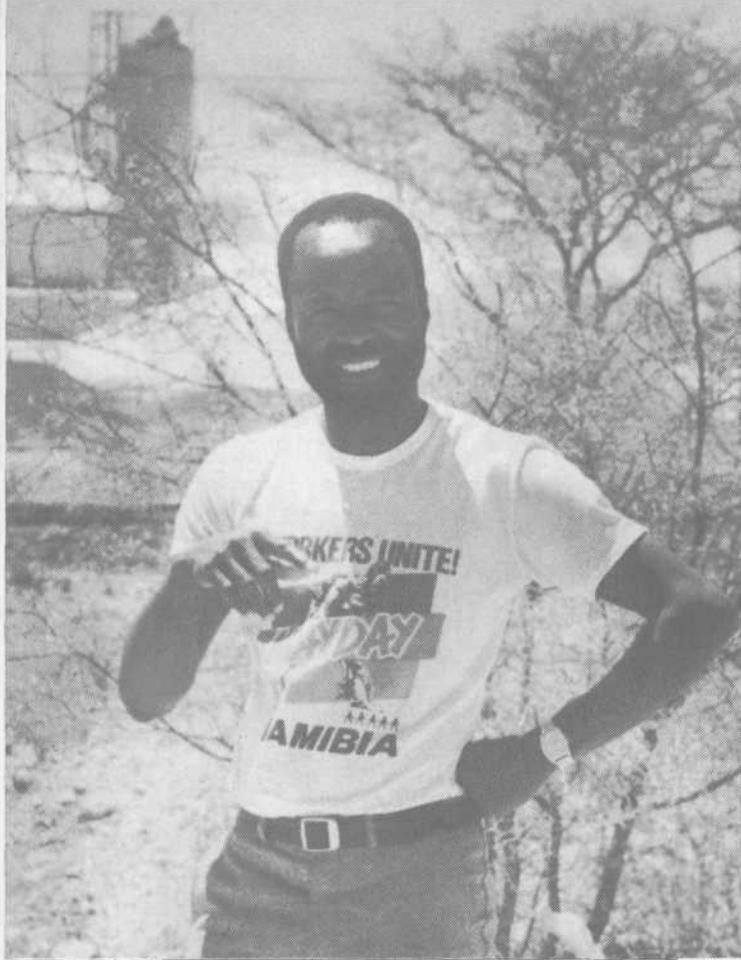
Late that night, after speaking to Elia Kayamo and many of his comrades, we left the small house in Karibib to

continue our three - day trip around Namibia. And everywhere we went, the story was the same.

Workers told us of wages as low as R50 a month. They told us of being fired without warning. They spoke about compounds for workers that look like jails.

But we did not only hear about the hardships and the suffering. We heard how the workers of Namibia are standing together and fighting back. In the last 18 months, the NUNW has grown from strength to strength. It has spread like wildfire.

In every town we saw workers walking in the streets with the bright red, blue



Comrade Gabriel "Samora" Ithete.

and green T-shirts of the NUNW on their backs. Like the rains that sometimes bring flowers to the desert, the NUNW has brought hope and a new spirit to the dry townships of Namibia.

WEALTH UNDER THE EARTH

On the way out of Karibib, Samora told us that Namibia was a huge country, more than half the size of South Africa.

The country looked dry and poor — but under the ground there are diamonds, copper, gold, tin, uranium and coal. The sea is full of fish and the farmland is good for cattle, he said.

This huge country has only one and a half million people — about the same number of people that live in Soweto. Most of these people are workers on the farms, factories and mines, said Samora.

WALVIS BAY

Thirty kilometres down the road from Swakopmund, amongst the white sand dunes of the Namib desert, is a town called Walvis Bay. It is one of the biggest towns in Namibia.

We drove into the township to meet the chairman of the local NUNW branch. He wasn't home. But just then a man called Daniel walked past. He stopped for a chat — and we found out that he too was a member of the NUNW.

Daniel works for the municipality and lives in the compound nearby. "The compound is surrounded by barbed wire. It has no windows on the outside room. There are no doors on the toilets. The beds are made of concrete and have no mattresses," he said.

"Sometimes our wives and children come to visit us. If they come into the compound, they can be arrested. That is why we are joining the union. We want to push the Boer so that he can see we are also people.

"The NUNW came to Walvis Bay about a year ago — to fight for a living wage," said Daniel. "Already about half the workers in the fishing factories, harbour and municipality have joined the union."

GROOTFONTEIN

We wanted to go to a meeting in Grootfontein that day — 700 kilometres north of Walvis Bay. So we set off across the hot sands of the Namib desert.

Samora, like many union organisers, is a talker. He used the long hours on the road to tell us about the history of



A crowded life at the Windhoek Compound. These four workers share a room.

his country. He told us how the Germans first stole the land of Namibia — and how the people fought back.

"In 1904, the German rulers decided to wipe out the Herero people," said Samora. "Their armies used machine guns to kill the Herero men. They stabbed women and children to death. And they poisoned the water near Herero villages. In these wars, more than 60,000 out of the 80,000 Herero people in Namibia were killed."

Then the Germans decided to stop the killings. They needed the men and women of Namibia to work the land and the mines of the country. So they turned the land into one big prison for workers, said Samora.

"After World War One, South Africa

took over the country from the Germans. They told the world that they would rule Namibia until the people were "ready" to rule themselves. In the meantime, they promised to care for the people of Namibia. Today, 60 years later, they are still here," said Samora.

"Nothing changed under the South Africans. Workers were still forced to leave their homes to work for low wages on farms and mines and factories. They were forced to live in big compounds. The workers had to sign a contract for 20 months."

The South Africans called this the contract system. Workers called it the 'odalate' — the wire. Samora said the contract system made the South Africans rich. They used the workers of Namibia to "dig" the wealth from the land.

BREAKING THE WIRE

The road was long and Samora was still behind the wheel — and still talking. He told us of the long fight to break the 'wire' and to chase the South Africans out of Namibia.

"The first union in South Africa was the ICU. Old men in Luderitz here in Namibia remember how the ICU came to their town in the 1920's," said Samora.

"In 1949, the Food and Canning Workers Union organised workers in the fish factories in Luderitz and Walvis Bay. In those years there were many strikes as workers fought for a better life under the wire."

"Then in 1959 Herman Toivo ja Toivo started an organisation to fight the contract system. The organisation was called the Ovamboland People's Organisation. In 1960 it changed its name to the South West African People's Organisation (Swapo). Today Swapo is the biggest group fighting to get South Africa out of the country."

THE BIG STRIKE

We were feeling sleepy. But Samora, like many organisers, needs very little sleep. He began to talk about how Swapo helped organise the biggest strike in the history of Namibia.

"In 1971, the workers of Namibia decided it was time to break the 'wire'. Many of them were members of Swapo. They helped plan the big strike which began on December 13 and ended three months later. Nearly 20,000 workers stopped work.

Namibia's rulers were forced to make some changes to the contract

system," he said.

At that time, workers in South Africa had no strong unions of their own. They watched the strike in Namibia — and they saw the power of unity. So they began to organise unions of their own. Today those unions, that learned from the workers of Namibia, have come together in the giant Congress of South African Trade Unions (Cosatu).

THE SEEDS OF THE NUNW

After spending the night in Grootfontein, we began the long drive back to Windhoek. Samora warmed up quicker than the engine of the car. He began talking about the history of NUNW.

"Workers organised the 1971 strike themselves. There was no union in the country at the time. So Swapo set up the NUNW in 1978. But at that time many Swapo leaders were arrested. Many others left the country to join the army of Swapo," said Samora.

"So the NUNW faded away. But it did not die completely in the minds of the people. In 1985, many Swapo leaders came back from Robben Island. Some of them got together and decided it was time for the union to live again."

THE FLOWERS GROW

Now, two years later, the union already has 30,000 members — more than 20 percent of the workers in the shops, mines, hotels, railways and municipalities of Namibia.

In 1986, the new union leaders decided to set up one union for each industry — just like the unions in Cosatu. Today the NUNW is made up of the following industrial unions:

* The Namibian Food and Allied Workers' Union (NAFAU). This is the biggest member of NUNW, with 12,000 members.

* The Mineworkers' Union of Namibia (MUN) has 10,000 members in the mines around the country.

* The Metal and Allied Namibian Workers' Union (MANWU) has between 8,000 and 10,000 members in the building industry, engineering factories and garages.

* The NUNW also has worker committees in the municipalities, post offices and railways. Soon it plans to start a transport union and a union for government workers.

WINDHOEK

As we got close to Windhoek, Samora began to tell us of the many problems of the NUNW. He told us how he and other union organisers spend their lives on the road. Sometimes they must travel more than 600 kilometres to meet workers.

Since the union started, many workers and union leaders have been arrested and detained. In July, police raided the compounds in Windhoek, Walvis Bay and Luderitz. Many workers were beaten and over 100 were arrested. Last month five of the top officials of the NUNW were detained and held for a few weeks.

"I've been lucky this year," said Samora. "I have only been in jail for one day. Almost every year I spend a few weeks inside. When I'm not in jail, I spend most of the time on the road. My wife and children don't see much of me."

He told us that the law in Namibia is very old. It does not give workers the same rights that they have in South Africa. For example, there is no minimum wage. Bosses can pay workers whatever they like.

Unemployment in Namibia is very high. In Windhoek, one out of every two workers has no job. But there is no fund for unemployed workers — like the UIF in South Africa. There is also no law about unfair dismissals. So bosses can fire workers for the smallest reason — like just talking about joining a union.

THE OLD COMPOUND

Back in Windhoek, Samora took us to the township of Katutura, eight kilometres out of town. The NUNW has set up its offices in an old broken down compound in the township — a building that workers once called "prison". There we met some of the union organisers. Many of them were walking around in Cosatu T-shirts and track suits.

The organisers told us that the NUNW works closely with its South African brothers and sisters in Cosatu. Some of them went to Cosatu's big congress in July, where the workers of South Africa promised to fight hand in hand with the members of the NUNW.

The walls of the union office were covered in posters. One of the poster was a picture of an umbrella. Underneath it, standing close together, was a crowd of workers taking shelter from the blazing sun. Such is the new spirit of unity that is sweeping through the deserts of Namibia! ●

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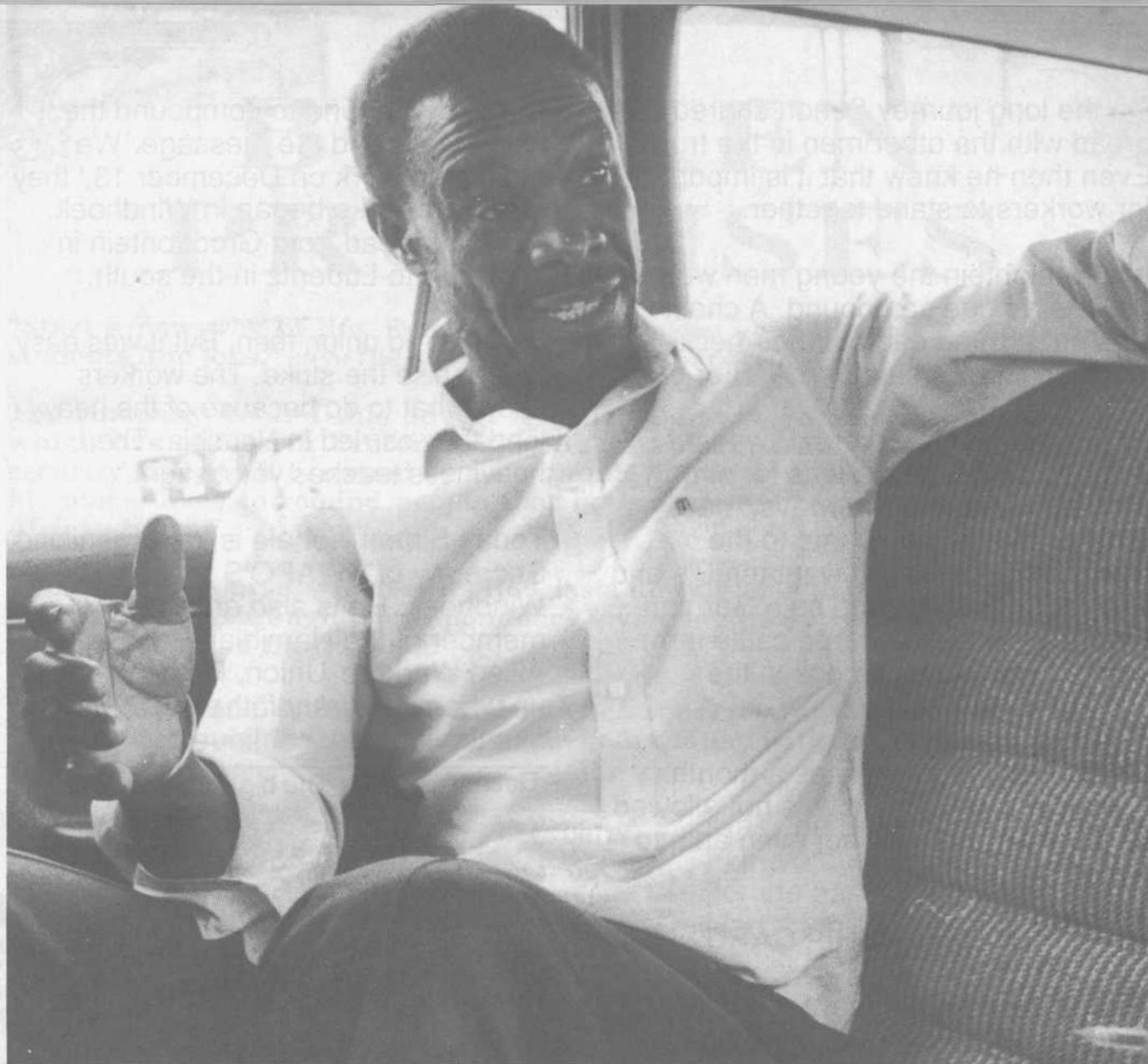
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Loyal and proud union members at the Otjihase Mine in Namibia.

Comrade Ntlabathi, national chairman of NAFAU, arm in arm with two workers from a meat factory after a strike victory.





Simon Nehale, organising secretary of Swapo and member of NAFAU, comes from a long line of fighters.

A fighting family

Simon Nehale's family began fighting for the freedom of Namibia long before he was born.

The family comes from Ondangwa in the north of Namibia. Simon's grandfather was King Nehale — the leader who led his people into battle against the German rulers at a place called Namutoni in 1904.

Simon was born forty years later with the same fighting spirit. He remembers pulling down signs on the roads that the South Africans built near his village when he was five years old.

When he was sixteen he signed his first contract. Like the other young men from the North, he was taken South to work on a farm.

SHARING THE BREAD

"Before I left my mother made me an 'oshikwila' — a loaf of bread baked in an oven under the ground," says Simon. "They took us on the back of a truck to Grootfontein, 300 kilometers away."

On the long journey Simon shared the bread with the other men in the truck. Even then he knew that it is important for workers to stand together.

In Grootfontein the young men were put into a huge compound. A chain was put around each of their necks. Each chain was stamped A, B or C.

"C was for farm workers, B was for 'kitchen boys', and A was for strong men to work on the railways," says Simon. "White men came to the compound and said 'I want ten B's and five C's'. I was a B and so a German farmer took me to a large cattle farm where I worked as a cook in the kitchen."

Simon got seven shillings a month. For twenty months he was not allowed to go home. He was not even able to write to his mother.

A MEMBERSHIP CARD

Simon worked on many contracts And all the time his fighting spirit began to grow. In 1961 he heard about the South West African Peoples Organisation (Swapo). He took out a membership card.

In 1966 Simon was back in Ondangwa waiting to go on his next contract. While he was waiting something happened that he will never forget:

"I was riding on my bicycle along a dirt track. My radio was strapped to the 'horns' of my bicycle. The voice on the radio spoke about a fight between the police and 'terrorists'. This was the beginning of SWAPO'S armed struggle in Namibia."

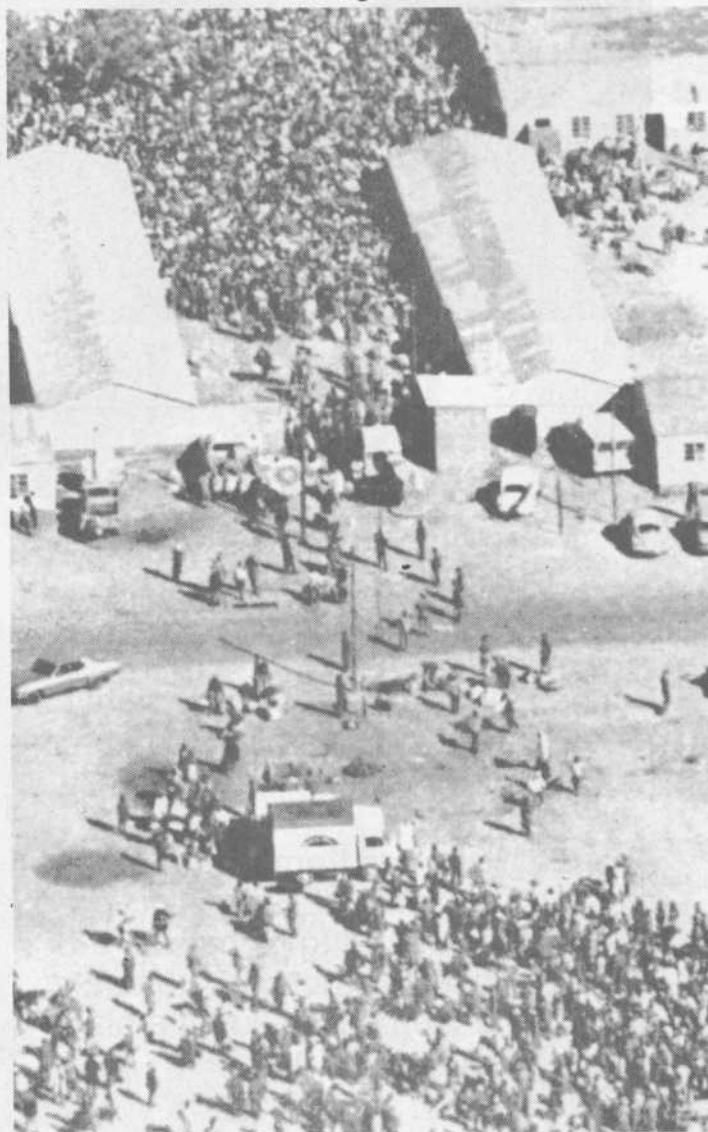
SWAPO did not only use guns. Simon remembers the great strike of 1971:

"From compound to compound the workers carried the message. 'We must stop work on December 13,' they said. The strike began in Windhoek. Soon it spread from Grootfontein in the north to Luderitz in the south.

"We had no union then. But it was easy to organise the strike. The workers knew what to do because of the heavy load they carried in Namibia. The heaviness teaches you to fight."

Today Simon Nehale is the organising Secretary of SWAPO'S branch in Windhoek. He is also an active member of the Namibian Food and Allied Workers' Union. He has taken up where his grandfather left off. For him the struggle continues. ●

December 1971. The big strike in Windhoek



BROKEN PROMISES

"Start a new way of life. Earn well and improve your lifestyle... We help our students find jobs," says the advert in the newspaper.

The company behind this advert is called Conway Security. This company, which has offices in Pretoria and Johannesburg, trains people to become security officers. It is owned by a Captain R.E. Bestel - who, everytime he signs his name, likes to remind people that he is a retired captain from the South African Navy.

The training course, which costs R60, lasts for only one day. People can also do the course through correspondence - you send R60 and they send you lecture notes and the diploma.

Learn and Teach sent 'Speedfire' our ace reporter, to do the course at Conway Security. He came back a few hours later, with his diploma, and wrote this story:

"I went to Conway Security's Johannesburg office in a building called Osler Chambers in Jeppe Street. I was welcomed by a woman and told to sit down.

A middle aged white man came into the office. The woman rushed to him and they talked softly in the doorway.

We later learned from the woman that he was Captain Bestel. We did not see him again.

The woman told me how I could earn a lot of money as a security officer. She gave me 19 pages of 'lecture' notes and told me to read them. The notes were called: 'Training Manual for the Diploma in the Basic Principles of Security.'

There were six other people sitting with me and reading the notes. They all looked sad and worried. I sat down and started talking to the man next to me. The man told me that his name

SECURITY OFFICERS (MEN + WOMEN)

Start a new way of life. Earn well and improve your lifestyle. 1-day diploma course held in Pretoria and Johannesburg.

ENQUIRIES PRETORIA

AND JOHANNESBURG
(012) 26-6021 or call at: 511 Medical Centre, 319 Pretorius Street, Pretoria or, 604 Osler Chambers, 215 Jeppe St., Jhb. between 10 am - 4 pm.

* We help our students find jobs. We have a correspondence course available.

was Joe Dlamini.

"I have been looking for a job for the past three years," said Joe. "I am a family man with two kids and I need a job."

"Do not worry, the beautiful diploma that you are going to get will get you a job anywhere," said the woman who was sitting at the table.

The man's sad face turned into a big smile. He thought that all his problems were over.

The woman stood up and collected R60 from all of us. She told us they have found jobs for everyone who came to them. "We are the best there is and no one fails our course," she said.

It was time for her to start teaching us about the work of a security officer. She told us to open the first page of the notes and began to read from them. The people at the course found it hard to understand. The notes are in

difficult English and most of them had very little education. The woman tried to explain to them and finished after an hour.

Now it was time for us to ask questions. Nontobeko, who was the only woman doing the course with us, raised her hand. "How long will it take you to find us jobs if we pass?" she asked.

"Don't worry about that," answered our teacher. "We will find a job for you in a week or two."

Just then a young man walked into the office. He looked angry and waved what looked like a diploma in his hand. He did not greet anyone. He asked why he did not have a job yet. "Look, three months have already passed and I have not found work with this foolish paper you call a diploma," said the man in a loud voice.

The teacher talked to him softly. Then she went outside with him and came back after a few minutes. I thought I was the only one who saw what happened until I heard the voice of bra Joe next to me. "Sisi, are you sure that your boss will find work for us," he asked.

The teacher sat down and told Joe not to worry. "Captain Bestel is a big man who is respected by everyone. Do not worry about this guy who came here. We found a job for him but he drank too much and got fired," she said, with a smile on her face.

No one smiled back. I could see that everyone did not believe what she said. Nontobeko asked how much she will earn after she passed the course. The teacher said that she could get as much as R550 or more if she works as an undercover agent. "What is an

undercover agent?" I asked.

"An undercover agent's job is like that of a police informer," said our teacher. "If you are an undercover agent you work together with other workers in a factory - but you report all those who steal, sleep or cause trouble like the union people."

It was now midday and the woman went down to the shops to buy us our "free lunch". She came back with toasted cheese sandwiches, a few packets of chips and a one litre bottle of Coca Cola.

After lunch she asked us questions about the work of a security officer. She was very fast and you could see that she wanted to finish and let us go. She suddenly stopped and told us that the course was over. "You have all passed. You are now all security officers," she said.

"Is that all? Are you not going to tell us more or train us to fight thieves?" I asked.

"That's all," she said. "The work of a security officer is simple. Now you will get your beautiful diploma. Give me your addresses and telephone numbers and I will send you telegrams or phone to tell you about your new jobs".

She gave us blue diplomas with our names printed in gold letters. The new security officers carefully rolled up their diplomas. They felt proud and believed that the diplomas were very important.

Three weeks later, I was still waiting for the job I was promised. I had heard nothing from Conway Security.

I phoned Mr Bestel at his Pretoria office. He called a woman who spoke

to me in Sotho. I asked her if they have found me a job yet. She told me to phone back the following week. When I asked her if I will really get work as promised, she just dropped the phone.

I have a feeling that I will never hear from this company again. My heart is heavy for Bra Joe, Nontobeko and the others. They have nothing - and now they have even less. Thanks to Captain Bestel! ●



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The people support their leaders outside the big Treason Trial in 1956.

“I AM PREPARED TO DIE”

In the last magazine, you read about Nelson Mandela’s childhood, his days as a student, and how he joined and helped change the African National Congress. Now, as part of our tribute to a great and deeply loved leader, we give you the second half of the story.....

The Defiance Campaign began on 26 June 1952. That night, after a meeting in Johannesburg, Mandela was arrested because he did not have a special night pass. This was Mandela’s first taste of jail.

Before long, Mandela was out of jail, and back working for the Defiance Campaign. In October Mandela, Sisulu and other leaders were charged with “communism” for their work in the

Campaign. They were sentenced to nine months, suspended for two years.

The Defiance Campaign changed Mandela’s way of thinking. White people had joined the Campaign — and Mandela now began to believe that white people had a place in the struggle. It is a belief he holds to this day.

In December 1952 Mandela became

Vice President of the ANC, with Chief Albert Luthuli as the President. Mandela, Luthuli and many other leaders were immediately given banning orders. Mandela could not go to any political meetings — and he could not leave Johannesburg.

A LAWYER IN FOX STREET

While Mandela was banned, he got together with Oliver Tambo, who was now also a lawyer. They opened a lawyers' office at Chancellor House in Fox Street. It was the first black lawyers' office in Johannesburg.

The new lawyers' office soon had many customers. People came from near and far, with all kinds of problems — but mainly problems with the apartheid laws.

Mandela was a busy lawyer — but when his banning order was lifted in 1955, he was also, once again, busy

with politics. He travelled all over the country, telling people about the ANC and the struggle in South Africa.

There was a lot happening at that time. The ANC led bus boycotts in Evaton and Alexandra. There were school boycotts to protest against "Bantu Education." And on 26 June 1955, at the Congress of the People at Kliptown near Johannesburg, the Freedom Charter was born.

On 5 December 1956, 156 leaders from the ANC and other organisations were arrested and charged with treason. Mandela was one of those charged in South Africa's biggest treason trial. The trial was to last nearly five years.

Soon after the trial started, Mandela, who was out on bail, was buying food in a shop in Johannesburg. Just then Oliver Tambo and his wife Adelaide drove up. With them was a pretty young woman from Tambo's home village in

A young Winnie Mandela outside the court at the Rivonia Trial.



Bizana. Her name was Winnie Nomzamo Madikizela.

In June 1958 Nelson and Winnie were married at Winnie's home in the Transkei. At the wedding Winnie's father, Columbus Madikizela, warned his young daughter that she was not marrying an ordinary man. She was getting married to the struggle.

THE BLACK PIMPERNEL

On 21 March 1961, 67 people were shot dead by the police in Sharpeville. The government immediately put South Africa under a State of Emergency. Thousands of people were detained — and the ANC and PAC were banned.

The Treason Trial ended soon afterwards and Mandela now made a very big decision — a decision that would change his whole life. He decided to work underground.

Mandela surprised everybody by turning up at a big meeting in Pietermaritzburg on March 25. The meeting was called the All-In Africa Conference. It was called because the white government had decided to break away from Britain — and to make South Africa a Republic on 31 May 1961.

The Conference was called to decide on protest action. It decided that Mandela should call for a three day stayaway if the government did not change its mind.

The government did not change its mind — and Mandela travelled around the country with Sisulu, telling people about the stayaway. The police were now looking high and low for Mandela — but they could not find him. Mandela, who used all kinds of disguises, was given a new name by the newspapers. They called him the Black Pimpernel.

The stayaway started on 29 May 1961 — but Mandela called it off on the second day. Mandela believed the stayaway was a success — but called it off because of the heavy force the government was using.

The stayaway made Mandela change his mind about the direction of the struggle. He believed that peaceful action — like boycotts and stayaways — had not worked. The government had not changed its ways.

Mandela and his friends in the ANC decided that it was time for armed struggle. They formed "Umkhonto We Sizwe" — the military wing of the ANC. Mandela was chosen as the Commander in Chief.

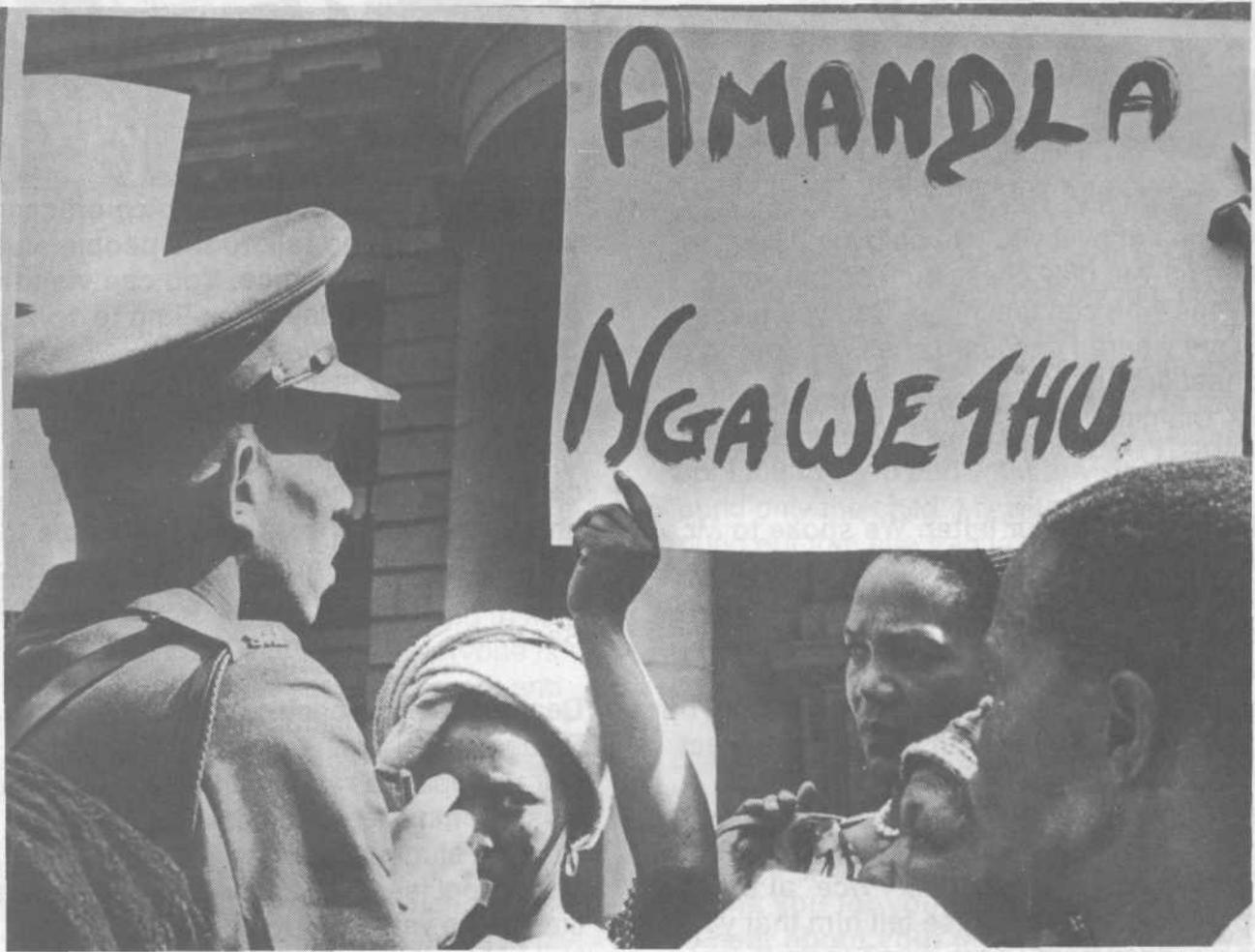
In January 1962 Mandela secretly left the country. He was away for six months and visited 15 countries. In Algeria he trained as a soldier. He also went to England where he met members of the English parliament.

Mandela returned to South Africa in July. Two months later, on his way home to Johannesburg after visiting Chief Luthuli, he was arrested. After 17 months of working underground, it was the end of the road for the Black Pimpernel.

THE RIVONIA TRIAL

Mandela was sentenced to five years hard labour for "incitement" and for leaving the country without a passport. The police were happy to have Mandela in prison — but they also wanted his comrades.

On 12 June, after getting a tip-off, the police raided a farm called Liliesleaf in the Johannesburg suburb of Rivonia. There they found Walter Sisulu, Govan



Outside court at the Rivonia Trial.

Mbeki and other ANC leaders. They also found a lot of secret documents. Mandela, who had already served two years of his five year sentence, was taken to Pretoria to stand trial with the others.

They were charged with 192 acts of sabotage, trying to overthrow the government by revolution, and helping a "foreign army" to attack South Africa.

Mandela was accused no 1 and the first to plead at the beginning of the trial. He stood up and said: "My lord, it is not I but the government that should be in the dock today. I plead not guilty."

The trial lasted 86 days. On 12 June 1964 it took the judge only two minutes to pass sentence. He sentenced Mandela and his comrades to life in prison. The judge found all but two of the accused guilty. Those found guilty were: Nelson Mandela, Walter Sisulu,

Elias Motsoaledi, Govan Mbeki, Ahmed Kathrada, Dennis Goldberg, Raymond Mhlaba and Andrew Mlangeni.

In court Mandela made his famous speech. He told the court and the world about the suffering of his people. He did what he had to do. The government left him with no choice, he said.

After speaking for many hours Mandela ended with the words: "During my life time I have dedicated myself to this struggle of the African people. I have fought against White domination and I have fought against Black domination. I have cherished the ideal of a democratic and free society in which all persons live together in harmony and with equal opportunities. It is an ideal which I hope to live for and to achieve. But if needs be, it is an ideal for which I am prepared to die." ●



LETTERS

Dear Learn and Teach,

I will be happy if you can help me. I want to learn how to play chess but I do not know anyone who can teach me. Can you please tell me where I can learn chess in Soweto or Johannesburg?

N X Dlamini
SOWETO

Thank you for your letter. We spoke to Mr Eddie Price who is the President of the S A Chess Federation. He said he is writing a book about teaching people to play chess. He would like you to help him with his book by letting him teach you chess. If you want to learn chess with Mr Price, contact him at: *P O Box 545, Roodepoort 1725. Tel (011) 716-3797 work (011) 782-7544 home.* If you write to him, you must put "*For the attention of Eddie Price*" at the top of your letter. Please tell him that you are a reader from Learn and Teach. If you want to join a chess club in Soweto contact Mr Arthur Kobese of the Central Transvaal Chess Club. Contact Mr Kobese at: *647 Diepkloof Extension Tel (011) 23-6397 work (011) 933-2803 home.* There is also a chess club in Johannesburg which you can join when you have learned how to play. Anybody is welcome to join the club, which meets every Wednesday evening at 7,30 at the Hillbrow Recreation Centre, next to Hillbrow Police Station. We hope you enjoy learning how to play. Good luck and we'll check you, mate!

Dear Learn and Teach,

I wanted to become a social worker, but because of some problems I cannot reach my dream. I have decided to try to work in an advice office, giving advice to people with work, legal or personal problems. I am hoping to pass my matric at the end of this year, and want to start work next year.

Maureen
DAVEYTON

Thank you for your letter, Maureen. We are sorry to hear that you have problems.

If you want to work in an advice office in your area, go and talk to the people at the Daveyton Advice Office. You can visit the offices any weekday, from 9am to 1pm, at: **St Martin's Catholic Church Daveyton 1507 Tel (011) 963-1403** This office is run by the Witwatersrand Council of Churches, which runs community advice offices in different areas. The office workers will be able to tell you about training courses for advice office workers run by the WCC and Black Sash.

Dear Learn and Teach,

Please help us with our problem at school. Our principal has told us that if we don't pay fees, we must leave school. But early this year, we students decided that nobody will pay school fees. We cannot pay fees at this time of the year, but we do not want to boycott and disturb the call for "return to school in 1987". We want you to send us the address of SAYCO urgently so that we can hear what they have to say about this problem. Viva SAYCO!

STUDENTS
NORTHERN CAPE

Thank you for your letter, students. Unfortunately, there is no address to write to SAYCO. They do not have an office. But if you write to the UDF head office, they may be able to help you:

UDF, 6th floor Khotso House, 42 De Villiers Street, Johannesburg 2001.

Dear Learn and Teach,

I am doing the first year of a teaching diploma, but I think I have chosen the wrong course. I just chose this course because of lack of information but I am not enjoying it at all. I think teaching will be the wrong profession for me. Please help me to chose a good career.

JM
SEKHUKHUNELAND

Thank you for your letter. Before you do anything, speak to somebody at your college who can advise you. Speak to one

**of the teachers you trust - and discuss your problem openly. If you want to find out about other careers, write to the :
Careers Research and information Centre (CRIC), P.O. Box 78 Claremont 7735.**

Dear Learn and Teach

I feel that it will be unwise of me not to tell you that Learn and Teach magazine is winning the hearts of many people in my village, slowly but surely. This month's issue told us about the struggle of our people. We were moved by the face of Nelson Mandela. People have longed to see and hear about this great leader. We are now waiting to see what the next copy has for us. Everyone is proud of you. Keep up your good work and hold your position. Your faithful seller,
M.M
Phuthaditjaba

Dear Learn and Teach,

I am a guy of 20 and I am working to support myself. I have no parents. The wages in my job are too low. I want to go to work on the mines. But my problem is that I also want to continue with my education. I have tried to study by correspondence, but it is too hard to study by myself. I come home late from work and I cannot attend night school. Is there a mine where I can also go to school? I want to start next year.

Petrus

BOTSHABELO

Thanks for your letter, Petrus. We know how hard it is for people to study and work at the same time. We spoke to Howard Gabriels, the Education Officer for the National Union of Mineworkers. He says you can apply to work on the mines at the TEBA office in your area. You must tell the TEBA clerks that you want to work on a mine where there is a school for miners. Most mines which get workers through TEBA now have schools. Good luck with your studies and we hope you get a job for next year.

Dear Learn and Teach,

Greetings to all readers and writers of your

magazine. I need your help with this family problem. I am 29 and had a white wedding in 1982. I paid lobola of R800 in cash. We had a baby boy in 1983, and my wife already had a child of 7. This child uses the surname of my wife's father. Things started to go wrong when I became sick and lost my job. I took my wife and child home to her parents. We took all our furniture and stored it with a friend, because we could not afford to pay rent. I went to Mafikeng to look for another job. I found a job and went to visit my wife. I found only the child. My wife was gone. I found out that she had taken all our furniture and clothes. She sold some of the things. Another friend told me my wife is staying with another man and they have a baby. I don't know if my wife has divorced me, or if she is only staying with this man. I want my child back - where must I report this matter?
Worried Husband
MAFIKENG

Thank you for your letter. We were sorry to hear about your problems. Firstly, your wife could not have divorced you without you knowing anything about it. Secondly, if your wife is staying with another man, then you have a good reason to divorce her. Thirdly, if you do get divorced, the court will only give the father the child if he can prove that the mother is not looking after the child properly.

If you want to get divorced, it's best to go to a lawyer. But that costs money. If you cannot afford a lawyer, go to the commissioner's court or magistrate's court and tell them that you want to get divorced.

But before you do anything, try to get some help from a social worker. If you are a member of a church, ask your priest for advice. We hope that you sort out your problems soon.

Dear Learn and Teach,

I worked as a bus driver from 1984 until last month. The bus company retrenched us. Now I have no work. I want to sell things like ballpoint pens, clothes, earrings and

cosmetics to make some money. How can I get a licence to sell these goods? I want to sell in Venda and South Africa, because my home is near Sibasa. I want to get that licence in Johannesburg because it is very hard to get a licence in Venda.

Unemployed
SIBASA

Thank you for your letter. We are sorry to hear that you lost your job as a bus driver. A person who sells things in the street or from house to house is called a hawker. You must apply for a hawker's licence in each place where you want to sell your goods. Some local authorities do not allow hawkers to sell in their areas at all. In these places, you cannot get a hawker's licence. Each local authority is different, so you must find out from each place if they allow hawkers or not.

In South Africa, you must find out from the nearest licensing department, which is part of the municipality. Usually, the licensing department is in the municipal offices. You can get the address from the telephone book. Look up "municipality" under "m" in the phone book. If you want to sell in Venda, you must get the permission of the local tribal authority. You must ask the chief or the people working in the tribal authority offices for permission. Good luck!

Dear Learn and Teach,
Please help me to solve this problem of school fees. I enrolled with Damelin to do Std 9. The fees were R295 and I paid R100. But the person who gave me money to pay the fees is no longer working because he was injured in an accident.

I wrote to Damelin to explain to them that I have no money to pay the other R195. I tried to tell them that I cannot go on with my studies. Now I am very worried because they sent me a letter telling me that they will take me to court. They said that I will have to pay legal expenses. They also said that my name will be put on a blacklist of people who do not pay their bills and this will stop me from buying

anything on credit in the future.
What can I do about this problem?

Patricia
KAGISO

Thank you for your letter, Patricia. We spoke to the principal of Damelin, Mr J P Brummer. He said that all students sign a form when they enroll at Damelin. On the enrollment form are the words "not subject to cancellation". This means that you cannot cancel the agreement to pay the school fees, even if you have very good reasons, or if you cannot carry on with your studies.

Mr Brummer said there is no chance of you cancelling your agreement with Damelin. But he said you can go to talk to him about your problem at the school at Damelin Centre, corner Hoek Street and Plein Street, Johannesburg (near Park Station). Mr Brummer said that if he is not in when you arrive, you can talk to his deputy, Ms Thompson.

Before you go to see Mr Brummer, try to think of ways to pay the fees. Take with you any papers or pay slips or bank books which will prove that you have no money and that the person who was paying your school fees is no longer working. We hope you can sort out this problem with Damelin so that you will be able to finish your matric one day. Please let us know what happens.

Also, we hope that other readers learn from your problem. Think twice, and be very careful, before you sign anything!

Dear Learn and Teach,
I am a young man of 20 and I am doing Std 9. I want to learn a trade. But I do not have money to go to college. My mother and father are both on pension. I really want to be a motor mechanic. Where can I get a bursary to learn this trade? I have the address of the school I want to go to.
Daniel
SOWETO

Thank you for your letter, Daniel. You cannot learn to become a mechanic by just going to a college. You must have on-the-job training. If you want to train as a motor mechanic, you must get an apprenticeship with a garage. The garage must register you as an apprentice with the Department of Manpower. You will then learn the trade under qualified mechanics at the garage, and by going to a technical college for a few weeks at a time during the year. You will not have to pay fees when you go to the college. At the end of the apprenticeship, which is usually four years, you will do a trade test. If you pass, you will be a qualified mechanic.

Maybe the school you know about is one of the schools which runs short training courses, then gives a certificate to say you attended a course. Most of these courses are too short to teach students very much, and the schools do not help you to find a job. Most people complain that they spend a lot of money for the course, but the certificates mean nothing. Try to find a job with a garage - and ask if they will take you on as an apprentice next year. Good luck!

Dear Learn and Teach,
I have some tooth-crushing problems. I hope you can help me to solve them. The first problem is with Old Mutual Insurance. I took out a life policy, and started to pay monthly premiums of R40. I never got my policy document, so I cancelled the payments through my bank. I felt very unhappy that they took my money every month from my account, but I had no proof that I had a policy. I complained to the agent and he said I must write to the head office. But I cannot do that because I do not even know how to start the letter - I have no number or proof that I have a policy. Do you think this agent has stolen my money?

My second problem is with a lawyer. I went to a lawyer to discuss a legal case. He said I must pay R450 before he starts the case. I gave him R100 and he opened a file for me.

The next day I changed my mind about the case, and told him I wanted to try to solve my case by myself. To my surprise, he refused to give me my deposit back. He said that it cost R90 just to listen to my story and open a file in my name. Can this really be true, or is there any way I can get my money back?

AP
WELKOM

Thank you for your letter. We spoke to Old Mutual's head office in Cape Town. They do not know why you did not get a copy of your policy. If you write to their Client Services Department, P O Box 66, Cape Town, 8000, they will send you a policy document. Please give your full names and date of birth. But you will then have to pay the money you owe from the time you told your bank to stop payment. If you want to cancel your policy, you will probably not get back any of the money you have paid in.

Unfortunately, you will probably not get back the money you paid to the lawyer either. Many lawyers charge R90 for listening to a case and opening a file. If you feel the lawyer did not explain things properly to you, or misled you, it is possible to complain to the Law Society. The address of the Law Society in the Orange Free State is: *Law Society, P.O. Box 319, Bloemfontein. Tel (051) 73237*

Dear Readers

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

You can also send us drawings, poems and stories for 'Readers Write'. Our address is

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



Archbishop Trevor Huddleston, Abdul Minty, Oliver Tambo and the Rev Beyers Naude at the Harare Conference in September.

HISTORY IN HARARE

It was a strange sight — a busload of South Africans in Harare, singing about the Freedom Charter.

The song came from their hearts — but there was sadness in their voices. They were going back to Jo'burg after saying goodbye to many fellow South Africans who could not come home with them.

But inside the bus, mixed with the sadness and the singing, was a special feeling among the people. They knew that they had just been part of a little bit of history.

They were returning from the Harare Conference, where hundreds of people fighting against apartheid inside South Africa met leaders of the African National Congress.

It was history because it was the first time, since the ANC was banned 27 years ago, that its members outside the country were able to meet with so many comrades from 'home'.

The people returning to South Africa carried in their heads their own picture of the ANC — which was quite different from the one we see on television every evening.

CHILDREN UNDER APARTHEID

They remembered standing face to face with the national committee of the ANC singing Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrika. They remembered Oliver Tambo looking over his glasses and saying that the 'necklace' was not useful to the struggle. They remembered Joe Slovo joining the

crowd as they toi toi-ed across the shiny conference centre.

The reason for getting together was to talk about the problems of children under apartheid — how they are detained, tortured, shot at in the streets, arrested in their schools, and hunted by vigilantes.

The ANC was there in force, headed by President Tambo, treasurer-general Thomas Nkobi, information officer Thabo Mbeki, women's head Gertrude Shope and the former leader of Umkhonto we Sizwe, Joe Slovo.

And the South Africans from down south just kept arriving, until there were nearly 300 of them. They came from youth groups, women's and civic organizations and detainee support committees. There were churchmen, lawyers, doctors, social workers and journalists.

They were surrounded by friends and supporters from 45 other countries. Many of them came from anti-apartheid organizations in Britain, Europe and North America.

'WIPE OUT APARTHEID'

Zimbabwe's Prime Minister Robert Mugabe opened the conference. He told the people that in South Africa the law only protected a few of the people — while the rights of the masses were trampled on.

It was not enough to be shocked by the jailing and shooting of children in South Africa — the world must be prepared to fight to wipe out apartheid, said Prime Minister Mugabe.

Later in the conference, young victims of apartheid took the stage. In clear voices they told how they had been detained, assaulted and tortured.

Nthabiseng Mabusa, shot in the SADF raid on Botswana in June 1986. She is 13 years old.



Visitors from other countries were shocked by the words of young William Modibedi, an 11-year-old from Kagiso, who told them he was detained for two months and two days and that he was tortured. His mother, Mrs Rebecca Modibedi, said that four of her children were detained at one time.

Nthabiseng Mabusa came to the platform in a wheelchair. She is just 13 years and is crippled for life after being shot in an SADF raid on Botswana. Her aunt and niece were killed in that raid.

Lawyers at the conference said South Africa was in many ways like Nazi Germany. They said that those who force apartheid on people are committing crimes just like the Nazis did. And like the Nazis, they can be taken to court after apartheid is destroyed to pay for what they did.

Muslim leader Moulana Faried Essack spoke for the United Democratic Front at the conference. He reminded the visitors that when the Nazis were destroying Europe, "our fathers went to fight for you, and some even died." He said South Africans wanted the same support in their struggle against apartheid.

"THE TRUE PATRIOTS"

Moulana Faried was just one of the strong churchmen who spoke out in Harare. The man who called the conference was a priest — Archbishop Trevor Huddleston, who as a simple 'father' came to live in Sophiatown between 1943 and 1956. There he came to love the people and hate apartheid. When he went back to England he helped to start the British Anti-Apartheid Movement. He is now president of that organization.

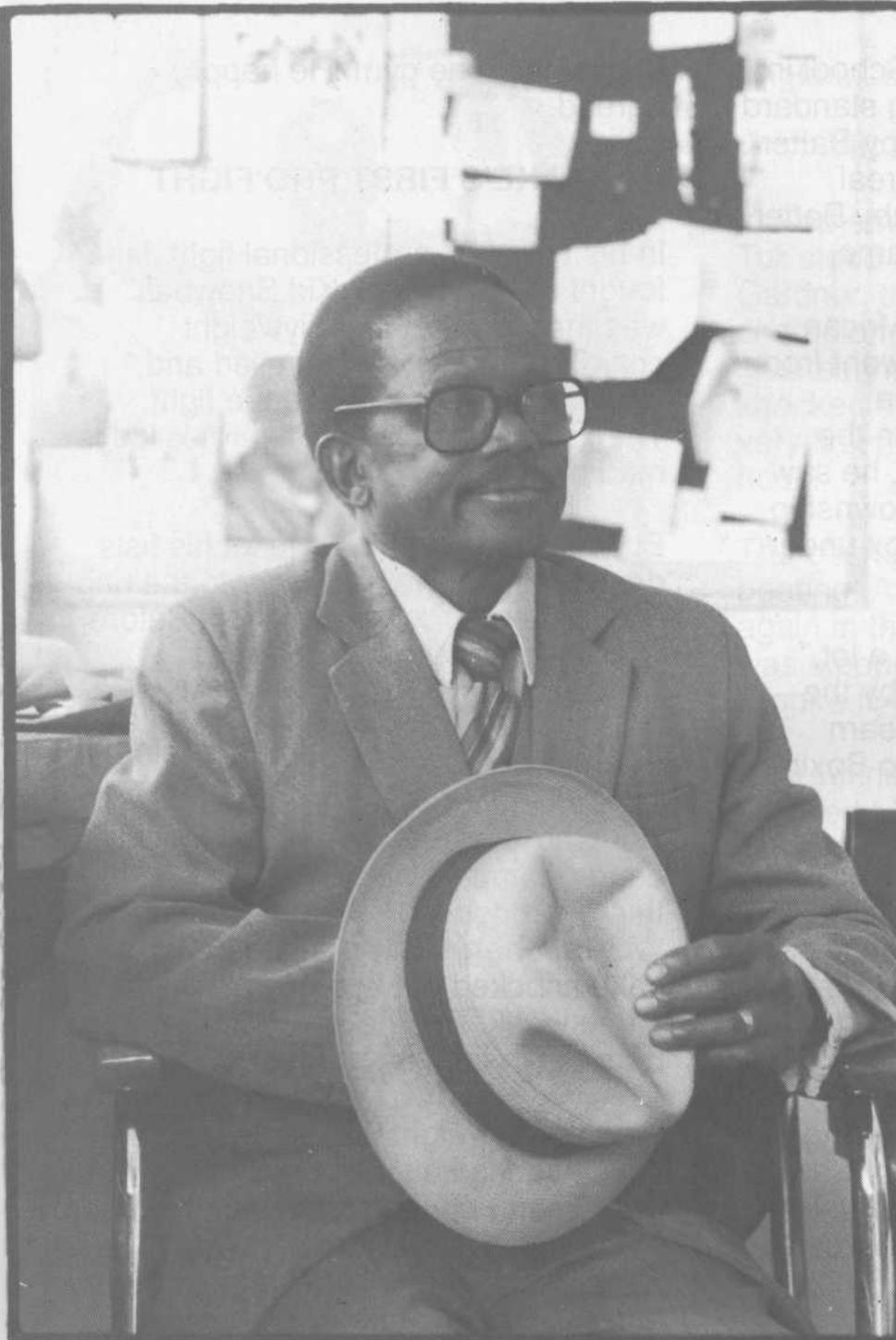
In Harare Archbishop Huddleston said angrily that politicians seem to think that "it doesn't matter if it takes five or 10 or 20 years" of polite talking to end apartheid. But if it took so long that meant thousands of children could be destroyed, he said.

The Reverend Frank Chikane, the new general secretary of the South African Council of Churches, said: "I believe that there is very little that can be done to save and protect the brutalized children of South Africa without removing apartheid. The racist regime is evil and can only survive by murdering the defenceless masses. Apartheid must be stopped."

Dr Beyers Naude, who was general secretary at the SACC before Rev. Chikane, answered the government which was saying that the people at Harare would be feeding lies about South Africa to the world. "We are the true patriots," he said. "Because we stand for truth and freedom and the true liberation of our country. We are here for the sake of all our people, black and white — including Afrikaners."

Oliver Tambo said there was not much hope for the future if the world refused to protect children. He made a powerful call for the world to put sanctions on South Africa — to stop trading, lending money and playing sport with this country.

He also told the people of South Africa about the importance of unity. He said they must not make enemies of other people who were also in the struggle, even if their beliefs are a bit different. And they must try by all means to win the vigilantes to their side and away from the government. ●



A fighter and a gentleman

When the small, gentle looking man with spectacles opened the door at the house in Noordgesig, we thought we had come to the wrong place. We were looking for a man with a broken nose, cauliflower ears and a brain like

scrambled eggs. That is how boxing leaves a man, not so?

But it was the right place and we had found the right man. His name is Jacob Ntuli — otherwise known to all who love boxing as Jake Tuli.

Anybody who knows anything about boxing will agree that he is one of the greatest boxers ever to come out of South Africa.

Bra Jake was the South African flyweight and bantamweight champion in 1951. In 1952 he won the Empire Flyweight title in England. He was number one in line to fight the world champion.

Bra Jake never got his shot at the world title. The champion at the time, Yoshio Shirai from Japan, refused to fight him. "I will never fight that cannibal from Africa," he said.

But there was no bitterness in Bra Jake's voice as he told us his story. And, after all the fighting, he is not 'punch drunk' either. Bra Jake's mind is still sharp and quick — just like his left hook, all those years ago.

A TOUGH NEIGHBOURHOOD

"I was born in a tough neighbourhood in Johannesburg," says Bra Jake. "Almost everyone was a tough guy. I was bullied left, right and centre. Everybody picked on me because I was so small."

Bra Jake went to St Mary's School in Orlando. While he was doing standard one he met a guy called "Baby Batter". That, of course, was not his real name. Like many boxers, Baby Batter did not like to use his own name.

Baby Batter was the South African welterweight champion. He went from school to school, teaching the youngsters how to box. When the young Jake met Baby Batter, he saw the chance to pay back the township bullies. He learned how to box under Baby Batter.

"But at school we didn't spar a lot," says Bra Jake. "I was bitten by the boxing bug and I wanted to learn more. So I joined the Orlando Boxing club. It was run by Pele Pele Mkhwanazi."

At the club Bra Jake got all the sparring he wanted. "In fact, I did so much sparring that I almost gave up boxing," says Bra Jake.

"You see, under Pele Pele I always went home with black eyes — and that is when my mother found out I was boxing. She was dead against it. She didn't like to look at my black eyes and puffed up face day after day. So she said no more boxing."

Little Jake's heart was heavy with disappointment. But he did not give up. He thought of ways to to make his mother let him box. Then he got an idea. He started disappearing for many hours after school.

This game went on for some time. Then Jake's mum made up her mind. She decided that it was better if Jake went back to boxing. At least she would know where to find him after school. She asked Pele Pele to take

him back to the gym. He happily agreed.

JAKE'S FIRST PRO FIGHT

In his very first professional fight Jake fought Kid Snowball. Kid Snowball was the South African flyweight champion. People just smiled and shook their heads before the fight. They said things like: "Either this kid is mad or just plain stupid."

But Jake said nothing. He let his fists do the talking. He climbed into the ring and started throwing punches. Before the end of the tenth round Kid Snowball was lying on the canvass. It was Kid Snowball's last fight.

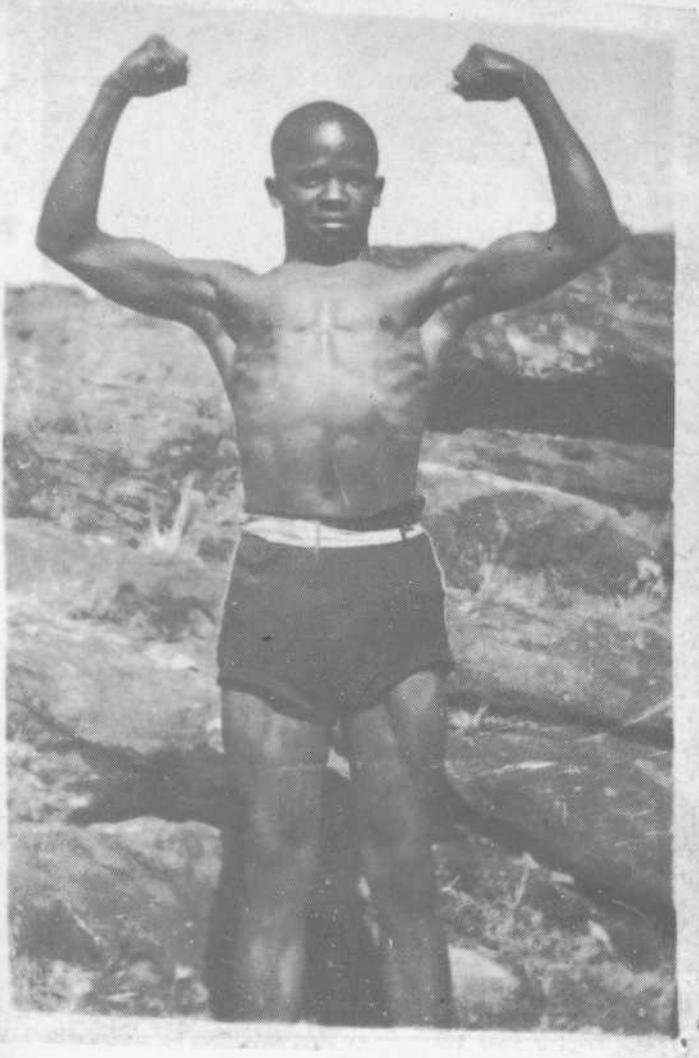
Jake said he had a rule of never 'dodging' dangerous fights. His courage and skill in the ring is one thing that nobody ever questioned. Why, at one time in his career, Bra Jake knocked out two guys in the same week. And he knocked them both out in the first round!

With the flyweight title on the line, Jake knocked out Gilbert Seabala in one. Then he went to Durban the following Friday where he fought Pancho Villa. Jake knocked him out in one to win the bantamweight title. It was a good week's work for the young champion.

THE TOUGHEST FIGHT

Bra Jake did not fly straight to England after winning the title. He stayed for a while to give other guys a chance to try him out. They did — and left the ring a lot wiser.

Kid Sweetie was the number one flyweight contender. After eight rounds he could not take any more of Jake's



Bra Jake Tuli at 13 years.

shots to the body. The fight was stopped.

Others followed — Kid Chocolate, Pancho Villa again, and another boxer, who Bra Jake says gave him his toughest fight. His name was David Gogotya — but everybody in boxing called him 'Slumber'. Jake soon found out why.

The power in 'Slumber's' fists nearly always sent the other guy to dreamland. Jake felt that power — and in the third round found himself on the canvass. "That guy hit me so hard that I thought it was the end of the world," says Jake.

But Jake picked himself up and went on to win the fight. Jake had a few more fights in Durban before he left for

England. He was 21 years old.

VICTORY AND TRAGEDY

In September 1952 in London, Jake Tuli stood face to face with Teddy Gardner, the Empire flyweight champion. In what he calls "the greatest night in my life", Jake knocked down the champion with the very first punch that he threw... a left hook.

The champ got up but he was in for a beating. After dropping the champion again in the seventh round the fight was stopped. Jake Tuli was the new Empire flyweight champion.

After winning the Empire title, Jake knocked out Jimmy Pearce in eight. In his next fight he met a boxer from France, a guy by the name of Honore Pratesi. The fight ended in tragedy. After a fierce fight Jake was the winner. But Pratesi died soon afterwards.

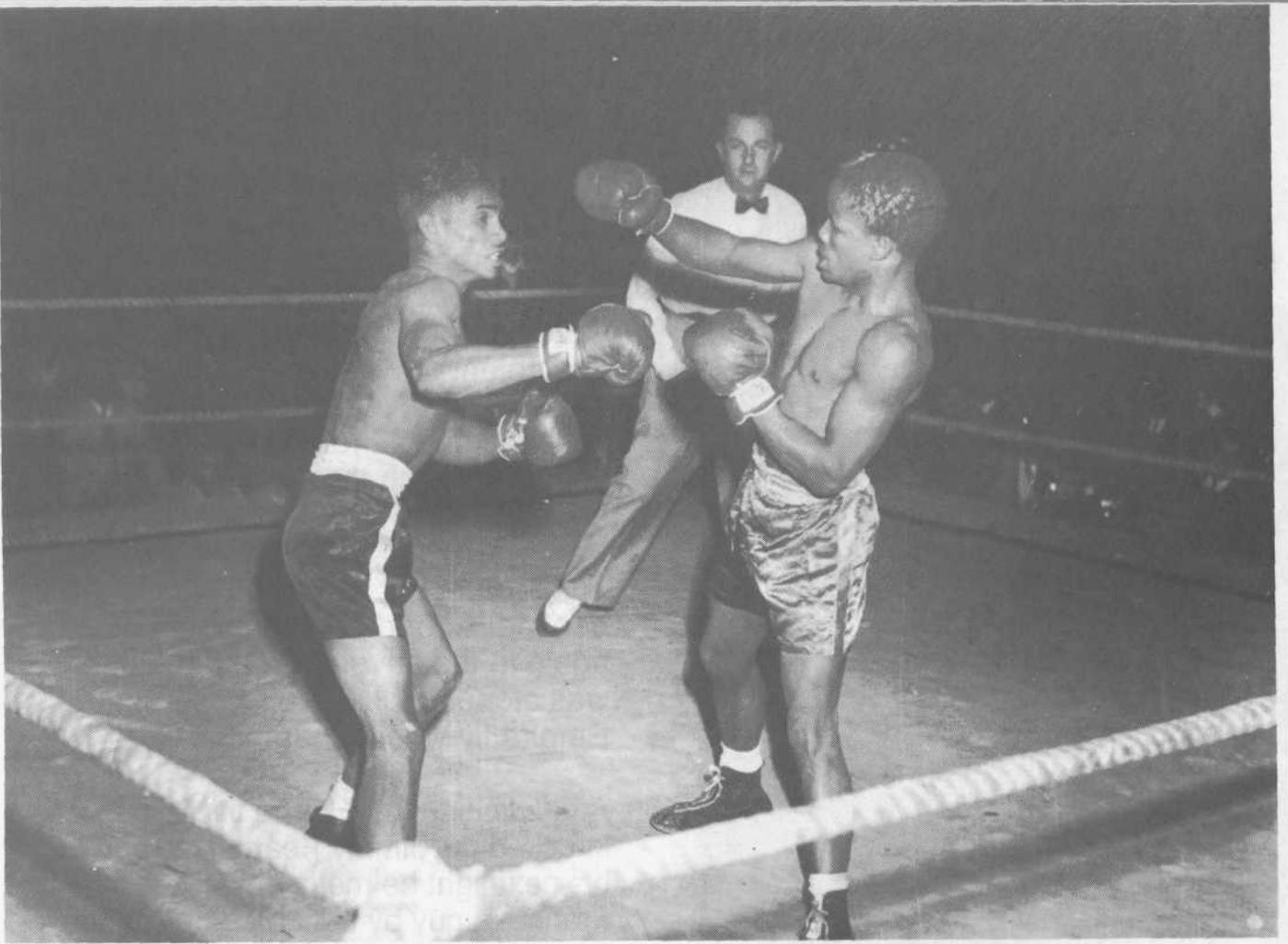
Jake was heartbroken. He gave all his purse money to Pratesi's widow. Jake now wanted to stop boxing and come home. But first he talked to a priest.

The priest told Jake that it was not his fault. He told him to get back into the ring as soon as possible.

LEARNING TO FORGET

Jake's next fight was against Emile Delplanque. Jake said that Emile was the boxer who helped him to forget about the death of Pratesi. Jake fought Emile twice.

"In the first fight I was leading on points when our heads clashed by accident," says Jake. "Emile came out of the head banging with a big cut above his eye. The referee stopped the fight and I was the winner.



Bra Jake shows the might of his right in a fight in Durban in the early 1950's.

"The next fight went the same way as the first. Going into the fourth round our heads clashed again. The same cut above Emile's eye was opened again. We looked at each other and dropped our hands. I started laughing and walked to my corner. Emile just stood there and shook his head.

"After the fight we went to a nightclub together. When somebody asked who won the fight I pointed to Del and said, 'He won'. Del pointed to me and said, 'He won'. We were sportsmen and friends."

'THE FIGHT OF THE YEAR'

Because the world champion did not want to fight "the cannibal from Africa", Jake took on the bigger bantams to keep himself busy. And that is when Jake, for the first time in his life, began to lose fights.

In 1953 Jake fought a tough bantam called Robert Cohen. Before the fight Cohen had never been knocked off his feet.

At the beginning of the first round Cohen rushed Jake and threw punches — which all missed. "I bobbed and weaved under his punches," says Jake. "Then I dropped him with my very first punch. Again, it was my left hook."

But Jake could not keep Cohen down. At the end of the fight the referee said Cohen was the winner. But the crowd didn't think so.

"In fact," says Bra Jake, "when the referee lifted his arm, Robert shook himself free and ran over to me. He raised both my arms and said I was the winner." The fight was voted 'Fight of the Year' for 1953.

LOVE OF THE GAME

Bra Jake, who is now a trainer, said in his day boxers did not fight for the money. They fought for the love of the game. He has some more advice for the young boxers of today. He says that "if you are lazy, keep out of boxing. It is not for you".

"In our day we used to train everyday, whether we had a fight coming up or not. Nowadays many guys go into a fight unfit and get hurt — or maybe even killed. And what happens? Boxing gets another black eye!

"But this does not mean boxing should be banned. If you ban boxing, you must ban other sports as well. What about the rugby player who died when other players trampled on him? And the wrestler who died after the other guy jumped on top of him? What about bike and motor car racing? Why single out boxing?"

Bra Jake says that sparring is one of the best ways to train. "Sparring gets you ready for the ring," says Jake. "A boxer must know the all moves — like how to slip punches, how to block and when to throw a jab. You can only learn these things from sparring."

Bra Jake's eyes light up when he talks about Simon 'Tsipa' Skosana and the late Arthur 'The Fighting Prince' Mayisela. He says they are the best boxers he has seen in South Africa. But he forgot about another great boxer. What about Jake Tuli? ●



Bra Jake and "Sloppy" Motshumi, our very own boxing reporter.

Calling all boxing fans!

Can you please help us. We are trying to write a book on the life and times of Jake Tuli. Did you know him? Did you ever see him fight? Do you, packed away with your other treasures, have any old photographs of the champ?

If the answer is "yes" to any of these questions, we would love to hear from you. Please write to :

**Learn and Teach
Boxing Department
P. O. Box 11074
Johannesburg. 2000**



"I'm tired of this ploughing business."

The voice of the voiceless

Educated people are not the only ones who can write books. Ordinary people, with little education, can also do it.

Women from the small village of Mboza in north-eastern Natal have, with a little help from some friends, written a book about their lives and struggles. The book is called SIBAMBENE which means "we stand together".

Most of the women, like many other rural people, have never been to school. They tasted school for the first time in October 1985 when community workers helped to start literacy classes in the village.

In these afternoon classes old women, young mothers and young girls meet to learn how to read and write. This is also where they share their daily life struggles.

(AMAKHOSIKAZI) OLDER WOMEN

In the book the older women or amakhosikazi do not complain about their lives. They are used to this life. "We do not know another life," they say.

But they feel that it is never too late to learn to read and write. The classes mean many things to these women. One woman says: "It means that you do not have to ask another to read for you. We can read the Bible on our own and write down things we do not want to forget".

But not all the people in the village think that it is important to learn how to read and write. "Some look at us like foolish people who leave our homes to come and play here. They say our men do not think. How can they allow us to come to classes?"

But the women have seen the light. "Tomorrow we will reap a good thing," they write.

OMAKOTI (THE YOUNGER WOMEN)

The younger women do not like the life of Mboza. They speak strongly about their problems. Most of them are mothers with small children. Their husbands work in the cities and they see them once a year. They are both mothers and fathers to their children.

"Life will be better if there is a change. When a man finds a job in the city, he also finds a girl and falls in love with



Two of the many beautiful pictures in the book "Sibambene."

her. They forget about us who do not work and they stay with the girls in the cities. So we learn to read and write so that we can keep the fires of our loves burning — by writing letters to our husbands in the cities." says one makoti.

"We have no jobs and no money. Mboza must get something that will help us. If our men work here then we will work alongside them and we will see each other."

They say they don't get enough food and money from farming anymore. "In the past there was rain and enough food to eat and sell. People had cattle but now we have to hire a span of oxen to plough. The white people open the dam and flood the land. This has made the land poor."

AMANTOMBAZANE (YOUNG GIRLS)

The young girls talk about their work and how they want their lives to be. Most of them cannot go to school because their parents do not have money. Some parents only send their boys to school. The girls can get married and bring lobola for their parents.

The girls in the village want to know how to read and write. They believe that if they can read and write, they will have a better chance of getting jobs.

They complain that "every day is the same". The work is the same, the food is the same, everything is the same.

ONE VOICE

At the end of the book all the women, young and old, speak with one voice. They give a list of things they want for themselves and for their village.

- * They want Mboza to develop so they don't have to work so hard.
- * There must be jobs for all at Mboza
- * All the children must go to school.
- * There must be piped water for everyone.
- * There must be good roads, nice houses and stores.
- * There must be progress and the voices of the women must be heard.

A FEW WEAKNESSES

We think there are a few weaknesses in the book. Firstly, the first part of the book is written in difficult language. For example, there are words like "developing sector", "conveyed",



Life in Mboza in north-eastern Natal.

"transformed" and "adversely". The book comes from a learning group — but learners in other groups may find parts of it hard to understand!

Secondly, the book is full of "they say"....or "they believe..." The person who helped the learners to write the book should let the people talk for themselves. It is important to give names to the people who are talking — and not just a list at the end of the book!

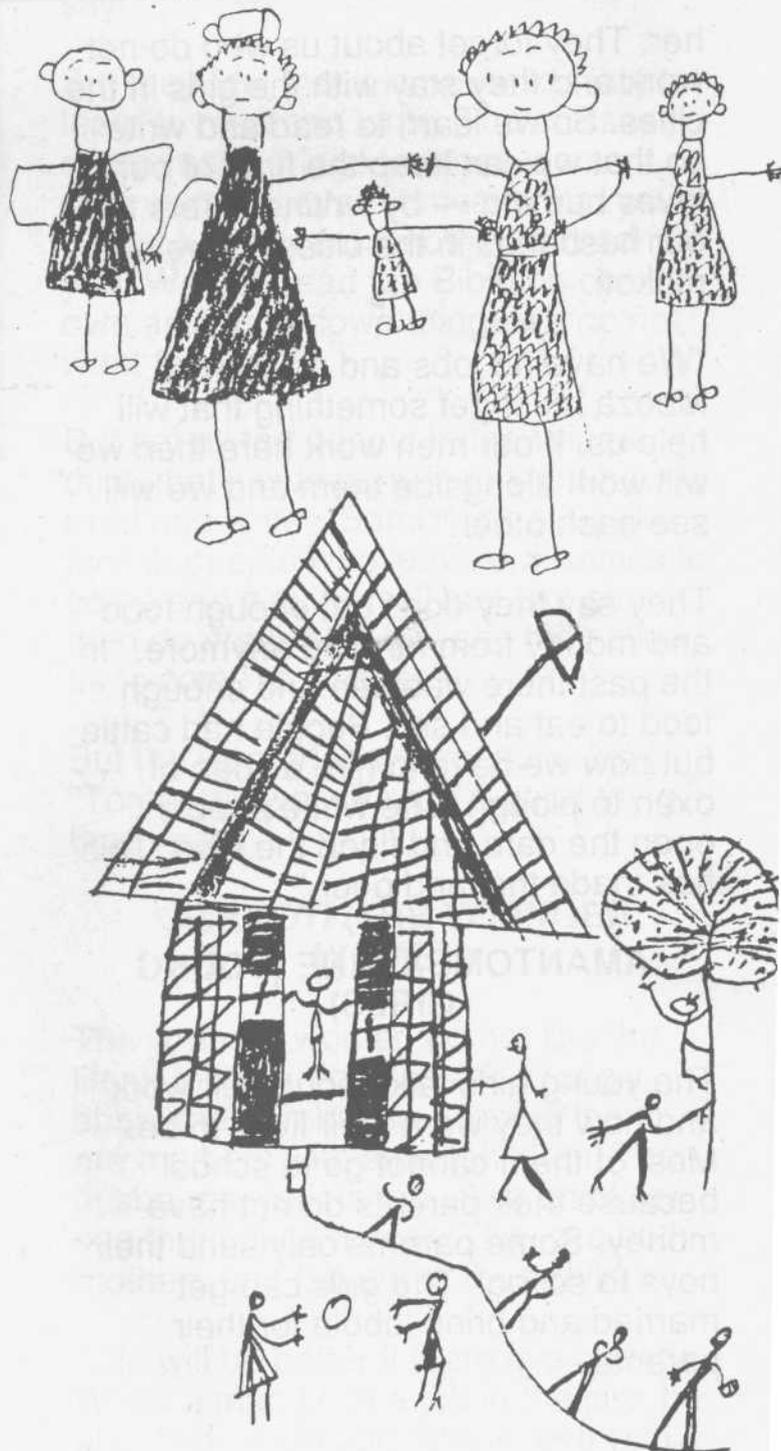
Thirdly, the pictures in the book are good — but why not tell us who the people are and what they are doing?

But don't worry too much about our complaints. The book is rich in the culture of rural life. It gives a voice to the voiceless women in the rural areas. Any book that does that is worth buying!

* You can also get the book in Zulu. If you want to know more about the book "SIBAMBENE", write to
**Ravan Press,
 P.O. Box 31134,
 Braamfontein 2017.**

Or phone (011) 642 5006/7.
 They offer a special price to workers!

The children of Mboza did many drawings for the book.



ENGLISH LESSON

PART ONE

Read the story about Jake Tuli on p.31. Fill in the missing words.

- 1) Bra Jake was the South African flyweight and bantamweight champion in
- 2) Bra Jake's real name is
- 3) He was born in
- 4) Jake's first professional fight was against
- 5) Jake was years old when he went to England.
- 6) In September 1952 Jake became the.....
- 7) A French boxer nameddied after his fight with Bra Jake.
- 8) The world champion did not want to fight Bra Jake. He called him "the from Africa."
- 9) Today Bra Jake is a

ANSWERS:

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------|
| 1) 1951. | 5) 21. |
| 2) Jacob Ntuli. | 4) Kid Snowball. |
| 3) Johannesburg. | |
| 6) Empire flyweight champion. | |
| 7) Honore Pratesi. | |
| 8) Cannibal. | |
| 9) Trainer. | |

PART TWO

Now try these questions. Tick the correct answer for each one.

- 1) Bra Jake's mother
 - a) wanted her son to be a boxer
 - b) did not want her son to be a boxer
 - c) did not care about her son

- 2) Bra Jake's best punch was his.....
 - a) jab
 - b) upper cut
 - c) left hook

- 3) When Honore Pratesi died, Bra Jake
 - a) wanted to give up boxing
 - b) wanted to be the world champion
 - c) wanted to become a priest.

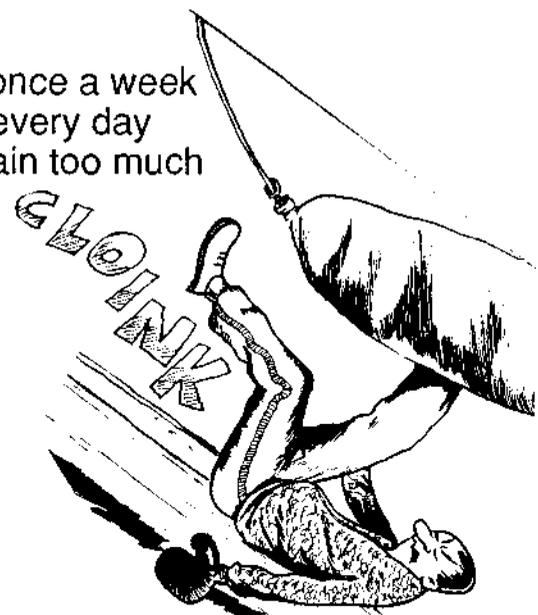
- 4) Yoshio Shira did not want to fight Bra Jake. He thought bra Jake was.....
 - a) too strong
 - b) too weak
 - c) "a cannibal from Africa".

5. Today Bra Jake is a trainer.

He says that boxers..... a) must train once a week

b) must train every day

c) must not train too much



ANSWERS

c (2) b (1)
a (3) a (5)
b (4) c (2)

PART THREE

You have read about the famous boxer Jake Tuli. We call stories like this "life stories".

When we tell life stories, we usually start at the beginning of the person's life - like when or where they were born. After that, we tell things in the order in which they happened.

Here are some of the things that happened in Bra Jake's life. But they are not in the correct order. Can you give the correct order?

Put a number in the box at the end of each sentence. This will show the order in which things happened. We have done the first one.

- a) Today Bra Jake is a trainer. (7)
- b) While he was in standard one, he met a guy called Bra Butter. ()
- c) In 1952 he won the Empire flyweight title in England. ()
- d) When Honore Pratesi died, Bra Jake wanted to give up boxing..... ()
- e) Bra Jake was born in a tough neighbourhood in Johannesburg..... ()
- f) In his first professional fight, Bra Jake fought Kid Snowball..... ()
- g) Yoshio Shirai, the world champion, refused to fight Bra Jake..... ()

ANSWERS

a) 7 b) 2 c) 4 d) 5 e) 1
f) 3 g) 6

WRITE YOUR LIFE STORY

We use "time words" to show when things happened. Now write your own life story. Use some time words to show the order in which things have happened in your life. Use some of the time words from the list below:

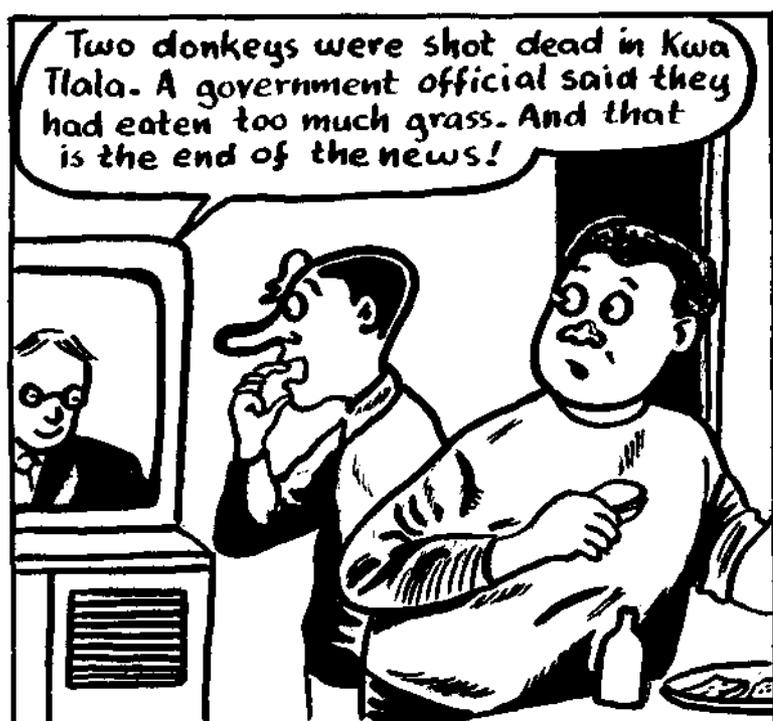
TIME WORDS:

In 1952
Before the end of
In the first
Then
After
In September 1953
The next
At the beginning of
At the end of
In our day
Nowadays

Please try to send us your life story. We will publish some of your stories in *Learn and Teach*. If you can, also send us a picture of yourself. We will pay R25 for every story we use in the magazine. Send your story to : *Life Story, P.O. Box 11074 Johannesburg 2000*

PART FOUR.

There are three different kinds of sentences in these 2 pictures from this month's *Sloppy*.



1) There are sentences which give us information. They end with a full stop (.) They are called **statements**.

For example:

A government official said that they had eaten too much grass.

2) Then there are **questions**. Questions ask for information and end with a question mark (?).

For example:

Is that the news?

3) The third kind of sentence is called an **exclamation**. An exclamation is a sentence with lots of feeling in it, like happiness, surprise or anger. Exclamations end with an exclamation mark (!).

For example:

Moer! They must be joking!

This exclamation tells us that Dumpy is feeling surprised and angry.

It is important to check if you have used
a) a full stop (.)
b) a question mark (?) or
c) an exclamation (!)
at the end of every sentence you write.

Now try this exercise. Fill in the right punctuation mark (. ! ?) in each space.

- a) Why can't newspapers tell us about everything that happens ___
- b) No news is bad news ___
- c) What is the time ___
- d) People want to read what really happens in the newspapers ___
- e) Shut up and go away ___
- f) People get worried when they don't believe what they read ___
- g) Victory is certain ___

ANSWERS

A) ? B) ! C) ? D) .
E) ! F) ? G) !



SLOPPY



© Mogorosi Motshumi '87

FRIDAY AFTERNOON. TIRED WORKERS ARE GOING HOME ...

With this heavy traffic, we'll get home only next year!

What's your hurry? To get home only to prepare to get back to work, eh?

BUS STOP

Look, Dumpy! A toadblock!

Go's! What for now?

POLICE

AT LAST THEY GO THROUGH THE ROADBLOCK. THEN ...

Over there! That building is on fire!

Must have been bombed.

FURTHER ON ...

Those are workers from the factory where a shop steward was fired!

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL

DIE KASIE

COUNCIL REMOVALS

Check, outie! That old lady is being evicted.

And maybe she is a pensioner. She has no money for rent.

AT LAST... DUMPY'S HOUSE ...

Whew! Safe at home. Grab two dumpies from the fridge. I'll switch the TV on.

Sure! We need to relax. It's a mad world out there.



Good evening. Here is the news!
A cat that was trapped in a flat
for the past three days has
been saved by the police.



Two donkeys were shot dead in Kwa
Tlala. A government official said they
had eaten too much grass. And that
is the end of the news!



That's the news? Moer!
They must be joking!

True! It's
hell out
there!



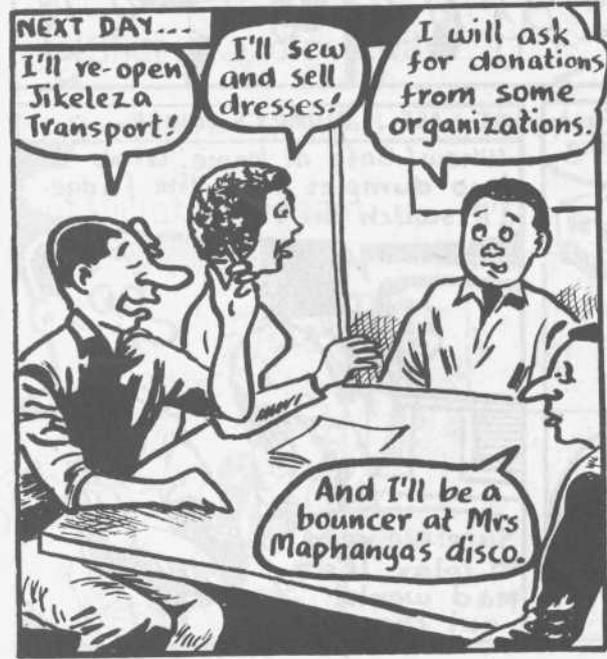
People must
know the truth!

Yah!
But
how?



We'll start a
newspaper! We
must think of
ways to raise
money!

I'll get
the gang
together.



NEXT DAY...

I'll re-open
Jikeleza
Transport!

I'll sew
and sell
dresses!

I will ask
for donations
from some
organizations.

And I'll be a
bouncer at Mrs
Maphanya's disco.



AND SO...

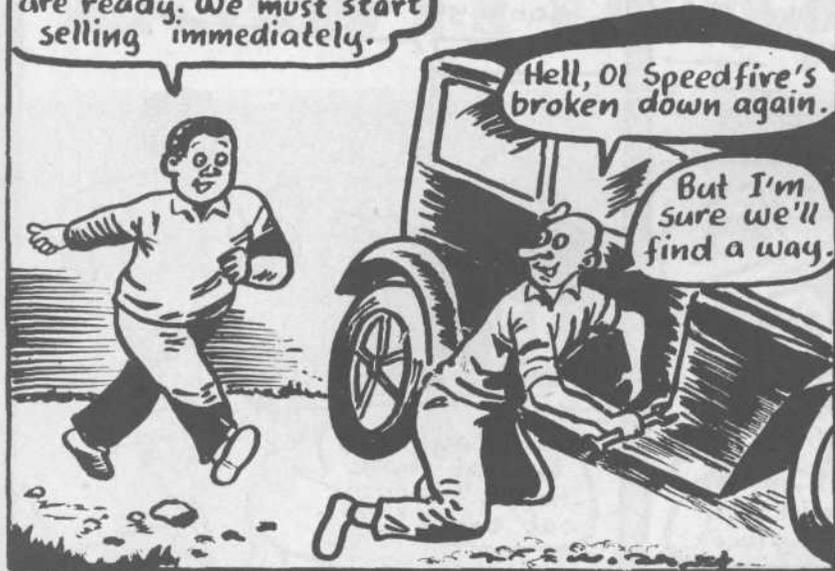
Sloppy, are you through
with the "bomb blast" story?
The printers say they are
waiting for us.

Hurry! I am
almost finished
typesetting!

Give me two
minutes!

THE NEWSPAPER GETS PRINTED. IT'S DELIVERED AT DUMPY'S PLACE THE FOLLOWING DAY...

Heh mfo! The newspapers are ready. We must start selling immediately.



MEANWHILE A GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL HAS HEARD ABOUT THE NEW NEWSPAPER. HE DECIDES TO PAY A VISIT...

My name is Snip Snyman.

And how can we help you?



First by opening all the windows! It's hot in here!



Aah! Fresh air! Now, my job is to see to it that your newspaper tells the truth only. You see I'm here to help-



...Censor!

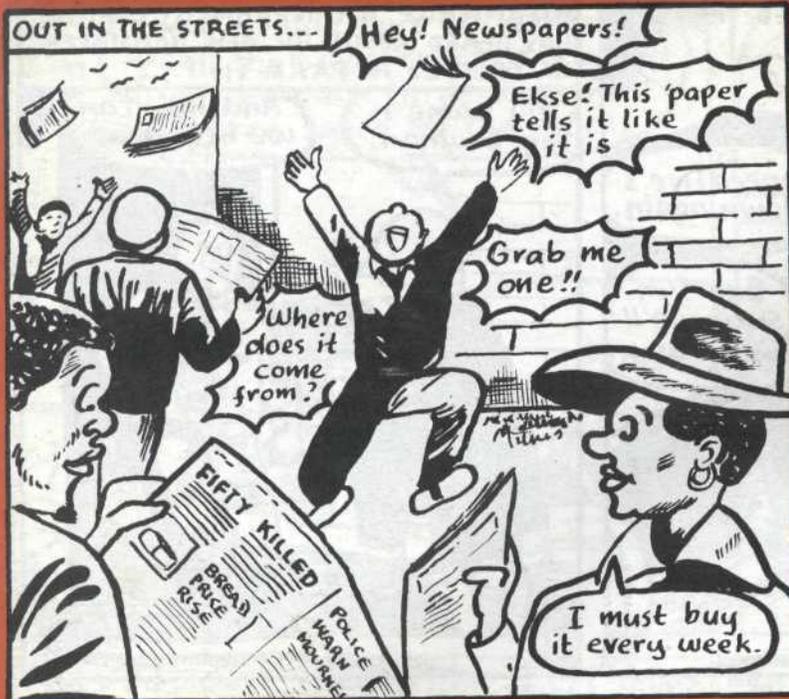


Awk! Lies! Why do you want to tell people lies like these, eh, eh?



Now don't disturb me. It'll soon be over.





OUT IN THE STREETS...

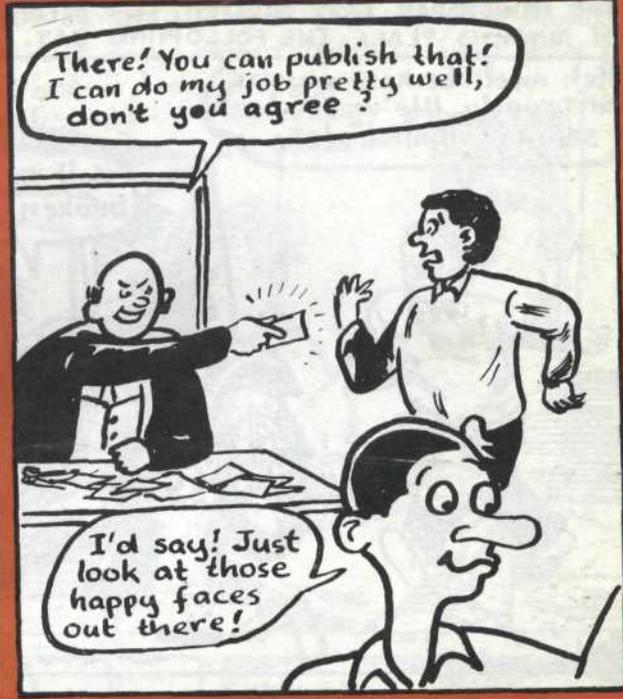
Hey! Newspapers!

Ekse! This 'paper tells it like it is

Grab me one!!

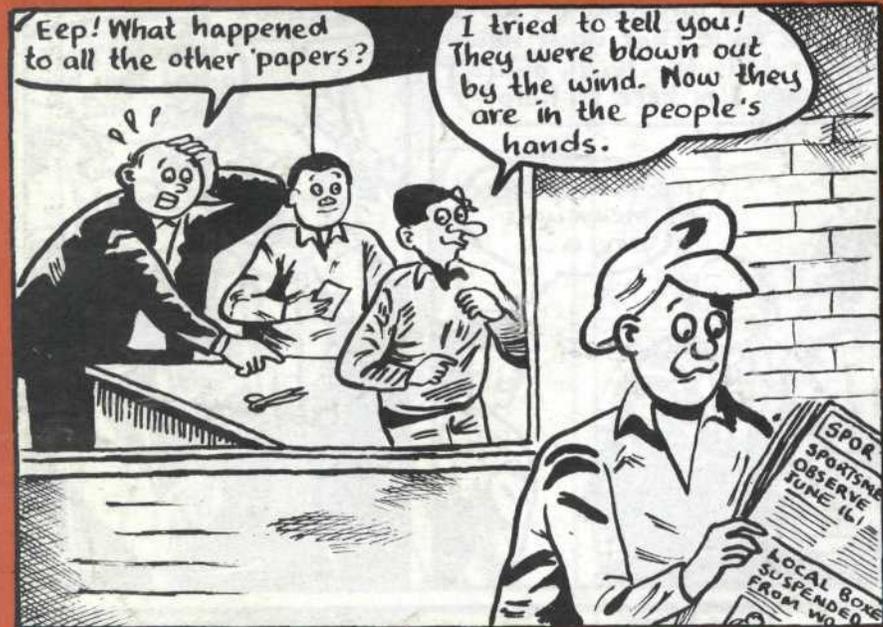
Where does it come from?

I must buy it every week.



There! You can publish that! I can do my job pretty well, don't you agree?

I'd say! Just look at those happy faces out there!



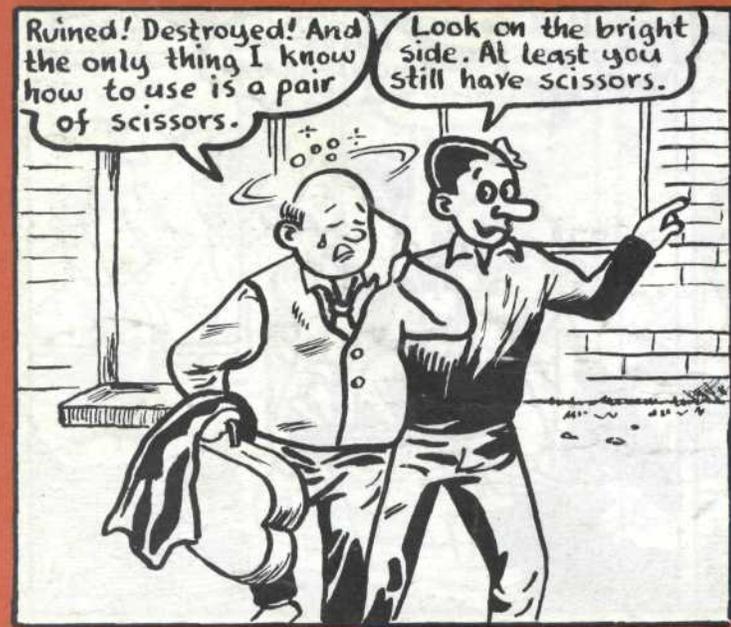
Eep! What happened to all the other 'papers?

I tried to tell you! They were blown out by the wind. Now they are in the people's hands.



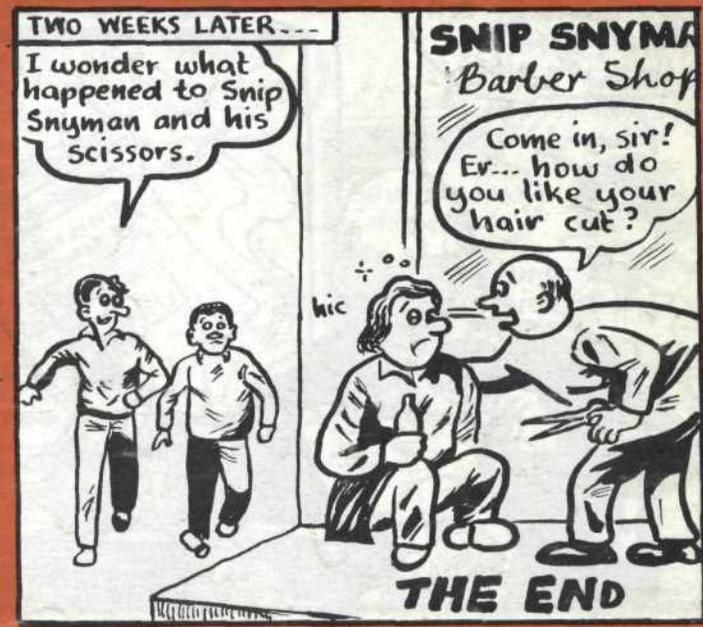
I'm finished! Sob! What's going to happen to my job? Boo hoo

The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind.



Ruined! Destroyed! And the only thing I know how to use is a pair of scissors.

Look on the bright side. At least you still have scissors.



TWO WEEKS LATER...

I wonder what happened to Snip Snyman and his scissors.

SNIP SNYMAN Barber Shop

Come in, sir! Er... how do you like your hair cut?

THE END