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JOYCE
MABUDAFHASI

PEOPLE
UNDER RESTRICTION:
PRISONERS
IN THEIR OWN HOMES

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ANOTHER UNSOLVED MURDER?



**David Webster
Fought for Democracy
Murdered by Apartheid**

PRISONERS IN THEIR OWN HOMES



Detained, bombed and restricted — but Joyce Mabudafhasi remains as firm as always

As the doors of South Africa's prisons open to release the detainees, other doors bang shut. Most detainees — and many others who are fighting for peace and justice in the land — are slapped with restriction orders that make them prisoners in their own homes. The restricted people are not allowed out of their front doors from sunset until sunrise. Some have to stay indoors for even longer — in some cases, up to 20

hours out of every 24. Family and friends become prison guards — making sure that their loved ones go to the police station every day to report.

Those with restrictions cannot work where they choose. They cannot attend meetings or any other political gatherings. They aren't allowed out of the "magisterial district" that they are restricted to.

Many cannot speak to the newspapers. Almost 1000 people are restricted at this time. Joyce Mabudafhasi is one of the people who has been restricted. Her story — and the others mentioned in this article — highlights the hardships of people who the government has cruelly chosen to silence in this way.

AS FIRM AS ALWAYS

Joyce Mabudafhasi is no stranger to the violence of apartheid. She was detained for the first time in 1976. Since then, she has been detained time and again. She has been beaten at protest meetings and badly injured in a grenade attack on her house. But through it all, Joyce has remained firm. She is as committed to the struggle as she has always been.

The daughter of a nurse and a church minister, Joyce was born in a village called Shiluvane near Tzaneen in the Northern Transvaal in 1943. After training to become a teacher, she got married.

When the family moved to Mankweng near Pietersburg, Joyce got a job in the library of the University of the North (Turfloop). She was the first black woman to be employed at the university.

After the Northern Transvaal UDF was launched in 1985, Joyce was elected General Secretary. Joyce's work with the UDF meant that she had to travel all over the Northern Transvaal helping to organise people in this part of the country.

At the same time, Joyce was a member of other anti-apartheid organisations. As a member of the Detainees Support Committee

(DESCOM), she helped the families of detained people. With the National Education Crisis Committee (NECC), she worked to solve the problems in the schools. And as an organiser for the Federation of Transvaal Women (FEDTRAW), she fought for women's rights.

All the while, Joyce was very active in university politics at Turfloop. Those were very busy times for Joyce but she was full of energy and commitment.

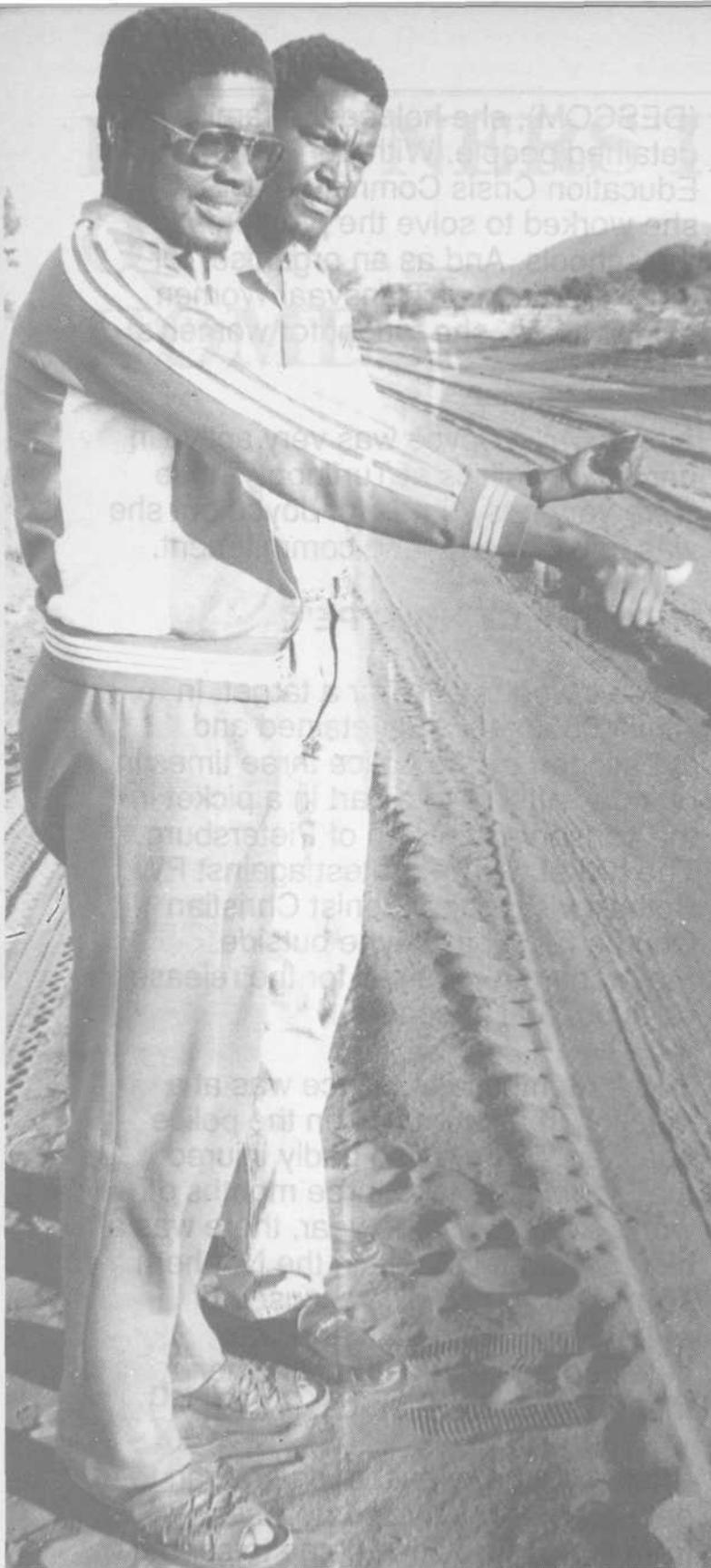
"NOT THE DYING TYPE"

Joyce's work made her a target. In April 1985, she was detained and questioned by the police three times in one day after taking part in a picket in the conservative town of Pietersburg. The picket was to protest against PW Botha's visit to the Zionist Christian Church (ZCC) at Boyne outside Pietersburg and to call for the release of all political prisoners.

Three months later, Joyce was at a meeting in a church when the police attacked. She was so badly injured that she had to take three months off work. Later the same year, there was a big consumer boycott in the Northern Transvaal. Joyce was accused of organising the boycott and was detained again, together with her friend, Joyce Mashamba.

After she was released, she began to get some very unwelcome visits — from the police. They came to search her house almost every week. Even the family's Christmas gatherings were disturbed by that well-known knock on the door.

In April 1986, as the family lay sleeping, a hand grenade was thrown into Joyce's house.



Restricted activists, Dewet Monakedi and Elleck Nchabeleng, hitching the long way to report to the police station in Schoonoord

Joyce was seriously injured and was rushed to hospital.

Even as she lay in a hospital bed, the police continued to visit her.

But Joyce was still her old self. She told the police that she was "not the dying type" and that they did not scare her. Instead, they made her more angry and more determined to continue with her work. —

The grenade attack was the start of many operations for Joyce. Doctors had to remove the shrapnel and glass from her body, and even from her eyes. This time, Joyce was off work for another six months. The day before she was going to start work again, she was detained under the emergency regulations.

ALONE IN A CELL

Joyce's detention started with five months alone in a cell at Pietersburg police station. Then she was taken to Nylstroom Prison where she again met her old friend, Joyce Mashamba. After a year, they were both transferred to Pietersburg Prison.

At the prison, Joyce found herself in good company — her friends Joyce Mashamba, Priscilla Mokaba and Maris-Stella Mabitje, who also worked at Turfloop, were also there.

On New Year's Eve of 1988, the women decided enough was enough — they were sick and tired of being detained without trial and of being cut off from their families and community. They decided to go on a hunger strike.

The women were taken from the prison and separated, and Joyce was sent all alone to Louis Trichardt Prison, where she continued her hunger strike. Joyce lost 10 kilograms in three weeks and her kidneys began to fail. But she refused to eat until she was finally released at the end of January — with restrictions.

When Joyce arrived home for the first time in two and a half years, she found a cold and lonely house. Joyce's four children were staying in other parts of the country and Joyce's restrictions did not allow her to travel to see them.

Joyce's restrictions also prevent her from being with more than ten people at one time. She must report at the police station twice a day, once in the morning and once in the afternoon. She cannot leave her home between 6pm and 6am. She cannot leave the magisterial district of Mankweng without written permission from the Minister of Law and Order.

Joyce cannot take part in the activities of many organisations or go to any meetings. And she is not allowed to enter any educational institution — which means that she cannot go back to her job at Turfloop.

UNDER HOUSE ARREST

We wanted to ask Joyce about her life under these cruel restrictions. But we could not — Joyce is not allowed to talk to the press. So we spoke to some of her friends instead.

Maris-Stella said: "If Joyce wants to go shopping or anything else, she has to apply in writing 14 days before. It is the same thing if she has to go to Johannesburg to see her lawyers or doctors.

"Because Joyce cannot work, she has no money. Sometimes, a friend will give her a bag of mielie-meal or another friend will give her R20. Out of this, she must try to keep the home running as well as look after her sick mother. And as a mother herself, it is painful for Joyce that she is not able to support her children."

But perhaps the most frightening thing for Joyce is being under house arrest at night. "Joyce worries all the time that there may be another bomb attack on the house," says Joyce's mother, who suffered a stroke when Joyce was in detention. "And I worry that Joyce will forget to report or that she will not come back. Even if she goes to the shop, I think maybe they have taken her away again."

Joyce's mother has good reason to worry about the safety of her daughter. There have already been attacks on people under restrictions. Patrick Stali, a youth activist, was attacked in Uitenhage, but escaped alive. Others were not so lucky. Activist Chris Ntuli was murdered in Natal as he was hiking to the police station to report.

Joyce lives with this fear every day — but she knows she is not the only one. Her friends, Maris-Stella, Priscilla Mokaba and Joyce Mashamba, have also been restricted. Joyce Mashamba has been given permission to live in Johannesburg with her husband. This is the first time since 1976 that they have been able to live together.

Maris-Stella suffers from ill-health and has to get permission to go to medical specialists in Johannesburg. She received no medical care while in detention. Priscilla Mokaba has been restricted perhaps for no other reason than because she is the mother of Peter Mokaba — president of the South African Youth Congress (SAYCO).

FRIEND OR ENEMY?

Elleck Nchabeleng, the son of murdered Northern Transvaal UDF president, Peter Nchabeleng, and Joyce Mabudafhasi's nephew, is also restricted.



Baby Amandla with her restricted mother Lorraine Mokgosi. Amandla has never seen her father, activist Stanza Bopape, who is "missing"

Every day, Elleck must travel 54 km each way from his village of Apel in Sekhukhuneland to report to the nearest police station in Schoonoord. He has no transport or job, so every day he hitch-hikes. Even when he can afford a taxi, it costs R10 a day and there are very few taxis in the village. When he hitch-hikes, he has no idea whether the people who stop for him on the road will be friends or enemies.

Elleck lives in fear for his life. "The idea of history repeating itself is very frightening for the whole family," says Elleck. "My father was murdered by the Lebowa police in 1986, at the very same police station in Schoonoord where I have to go every day. In fact, this happened on the very same night that my aunt Joyce Mabudafhasi's

house was bombed.

"Even if there was employment in this rural area, I could not have a job because of the time it takes me to go to the police station every day."

If Elleck wants to go to Pietersburg or Johannesburg to apply for a job, he must phone the police there. Often, the phones do not work in the village and he has to wait for days to get through on the telephone to ask for permission.

THE MANY OTHERS

Elleck Nchabeleng's friend and comrade, Dewet Manakedi, a member of the Sekhukhuneland Youth Organisation and of DESCOM, is also restricted.

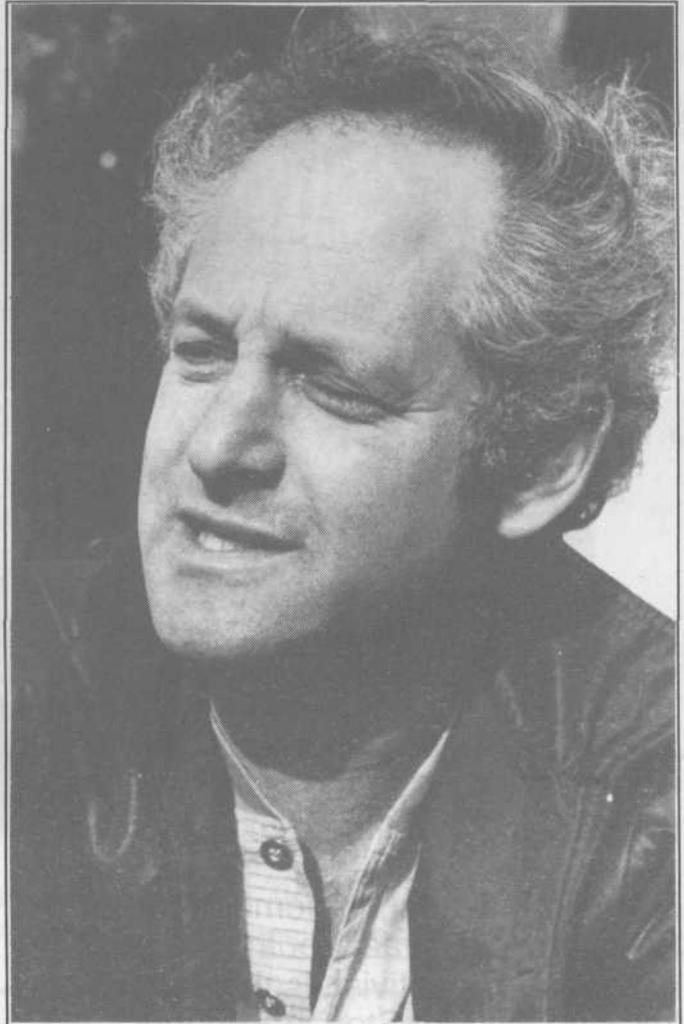


Restricted, but smiling — Priscilla Mokaba

Dewet has to report to the same police station as Elleck in Schoonoord, 35 kilometres from his home.

Dewet worries about being attacked by vigilantes — in 1986, vigilantes burnt his family's home to the ground. A few months ago, his parents moved to Sebokeng in the Vaal Triangle, but because of his restriction orders, Dewet cannot live with them.

Godfrey Moleko, who lives near Potgietersrus, has to report to the nearest police station, 65 km away, twice a day. This would cost him R420 per week in taxi fare. So Godfrey has had to leave his family and move to a village closer to the police station, so that he can report on time.

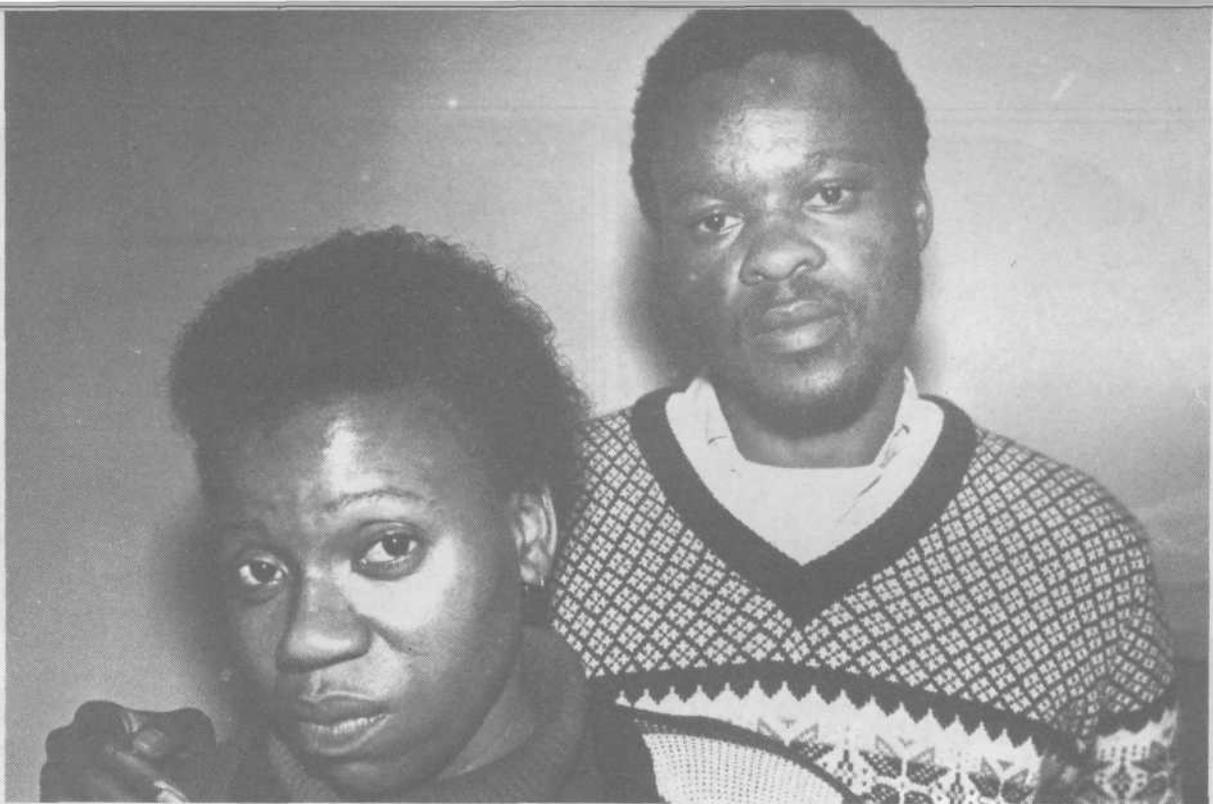


Restricted Raymond Suttner

Rapu Molekane is a SAYCO executive member. Since his release from detention, Rapu has also been restricted. He is underhouse arrest from 2 pm until 7am the next day. During the time that he is allowed to go out, he must report to the police station.

Rapu lives in a four-roomed house with his wife and nine family members. His wife, Patience, says: "We worry about any attack that might be made on our house — like when our house was petrol bombed in 1985. Any sound like a car or a knock sends the whole family into a panic."

Octavius Magunda is a Tembisa Youth Congress member. Octavius is only allowed out for four hours a day, between 10am and 2pm.



The restricted general-secretary of the South African Youth Congress (SAYCO) Rapu Molekane and his wife, Patience

He has to report to the police station twice during that time.

Lorraine Mokgosi, a member of the Southern Transvaal Youth Congress and women's activist, is the fiancée of 'missing' activist Stanza Bopape. Lorraine has been forced to move from house to house, because some of the houses where she has been staying have been attacked by vigilantes. And now she may be charged for breaking her restrictions for taking her baby to a traditional healer without permission.

These are just some of the stories of just some of the restricted people. Every person who has been served with a restriction order — like Thabo Makunyane, Raymond Suttner, Cassel Mathale, Joubert Tshabalala, Louis Mnguni, Zwelakhe Sisulu, Amon Msane, Albert Tleane, Archie Gumede, Chris Ngcobo, Eric Molobi, Albertina Sisulu, Ignatius Jacobs, Donsie Khumalo, Mike Seloane, Sandy Lebese, Blessing Mphela — to name a few — have their own story of pain and hardship.

Through restrictions, the government has tried to silence these brave and committed people. Perhaps it believes that by doing this, the people's desire for a free and democratic South Africa will go away. But history will surely prove them wrong. The people will not forget about the people under restrictions — or the ideals they are fighting for. ●

NEW WORDS

picket — when a group of people stand together outside a place and protest about something, or try to stop other people from doing something, it is called a picket

institution — institutions are big organisations or places, like the church, universities, schools and banks

the press — newspapers and magazines are called the press, and the journalists who write for them are called members of the press

medical specialists — doctors who are experts in one kind of medicine, for example the liver or the heart, are called medical specialists



Taking a stroll through the streets of Alex after coming home — (from left to right) Richard Mdakane, Paul Tshabalala, Mzwanele Mayekiso, Obed Bapela, Moss Mayekiso

HOME SWEET HOME!

On April 24, after spending more than two and a half years in prison and sitting through an 18 month trial, Moses Mayekiso, his brother, Mzwanele, Obed Bapela, Richard Mdakane and Paul Tshabalala — all from the Alexandra Action Committee — were acquitted on charges of treason, sedition and subversion. A few hours after their release, the "Alex Five" drove home to Alexandra for the first time in three years. Here, one of them, Obed Bapela, describes the journey:

It takes about half an hour to drive from Jo'burg's city centre to Alex. But the journey seemed to take forever.

We were all impatient for we had missed our homes. We were longing for the township life. The life we were used to. We ached to see the simple things — like little girls playing "goops" and the boys kicking a ball in the streets.

As the two "Zola Budds" carrying us and a few of our friends and

supporters travelled down the M1 North, it felt like we were making the trip for the first time. "Ha ke tsebe hore ke tla fihla lapeng." (I don't know if I will find my way home), I said out loud.

My comrades were silent, but as soon as we crossed over the bridge that leads from Louis Botha Avenue to Alex, they started a song. It was a victory song, a song celebrating our acquittal.

Our vehicles started hooting to announce our homecoming.

Onlookers stopped to stare at us and traffic came to a standstill.

At first people didn't know what was happening. Then an old woman recognised us and shouted: "U'Mayekiso na Ma-comrades akhe, U'Thixo una mandla, imithandazo yethu ivakele." (It is Mayekiso and his comrades, God is great for our prayers have been answered.)

Women ululated, men clenched their fists and the youth toyi- toyied after us as we slowly moved along the bumpy streets of Alexandra. In return we saluted our people. The word spread and more and more people poured out of their houses to greet us.

THE SAME OLD ALEX

In prison, we heard much about how Alex had changed in our absence — we were the ones, they said, who delayed the re-development of the township with the work we had done.

So I was excited, expecting to find a completely new Alex. I had a vision of a very bright city, with tar roads, a proper sewerage system and water-storm drains. A vision of a happy community.

But my dreams, hopes and visions were destroyed as we drove down 7th Avenue in the "Mayekiso Section" of Alex. I saw the same old Alex I always knew. Houses in bad condition and overcrowding in the yards. Streets with potholes, with uncollected rubbish lying all over the place. The smell of dead dogs and cats, mixed with the stink from the buckets of night soil that stood outside the houses in the street. Some lay overturned on their sides, spilling into the little rivers of dirty water that is the drainage in Alex.

Yes, I was in the Alex I knew — the same Alex I left three years ago when I was detained one chilly winter evening in June 1986. The scars of bitterness were still written on the faces of many people. They were happy to see us but deep inside their hearts, they were sad. They poured out their problems to us, and said: "You are now back and you should immediately resume your leadership, for we want houses we can afford."

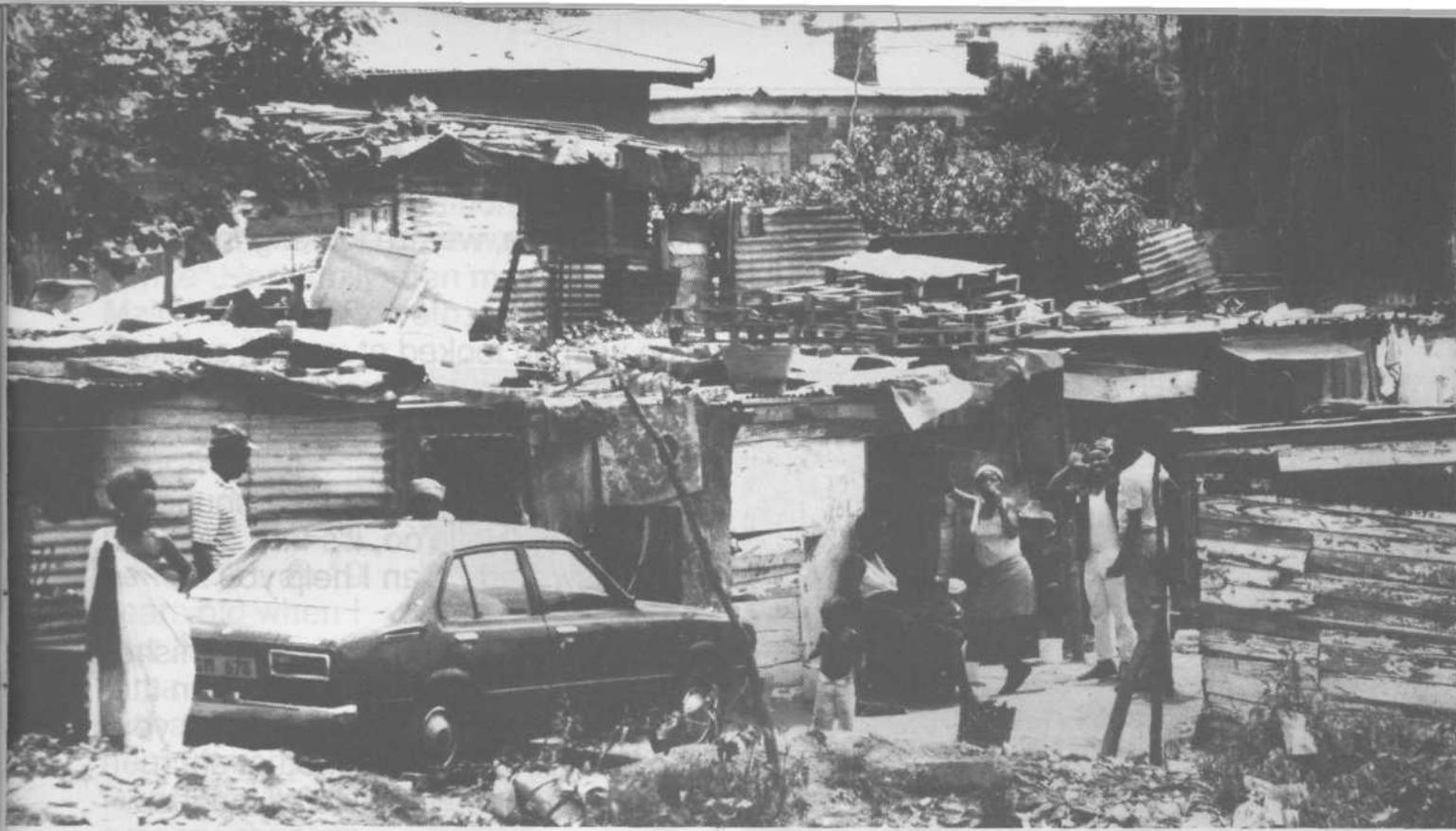
By now it was getting difficult to see — and I remembered how Alex becomes dark as soon as the sun sets. The street lights — those that are still working — are weak. The smoke from the coal stoves and braziers, together with the blowing dust, pollutes and darkens the air. It is not for nothing that Alex is called the "Dark City."

NO TURNING BACK

The next morning, we took a stroll through the streets of our township. The feeling of being with our people was there. So was the custom of being greeted by one and all — even those you don't know. People greeted us in their different languages. "Dumelang, Sa ni bonani — Heyta daar coms — Ab'xeni, mo'lweni!"

The unity, the laughter, the bitterness, the frustrations, the pain, the hardships, and the neverending hope of the community — we all knew and had missed, slowly came back to us. And we asked ourselves: "Why were we jailed and why we were robbed of so much time?"

For the majority of people in Alex, nothing had changed. There have been some "improvements" — like the houses that have been built on the East Bank — a new area east of Alex.



The same old Alex

But they are expensive and many residents cannot afford them. "Nothing is being built that we can afford," one resident told us. "Life is going to be expensive for us in the "new" Alex. Now they want us to buy flats — but we don't want a flat life!"

In a few parts of the "old Alex" roads have been tarred, some yards fenced, and there is electricity and drains for sewerage. These are the things which the community has been fighting for, all along. It is only now that the Council is providing them. Even so it is dragging its feet.

The Alex Action Committee was formed by residents in 1986 as a voice of the community. It called for the improvement of living conditions and an end to apartheid. The government saw our work as unlawful and charged us with treason, sedition and subversion.

But Judge Van der Walt found us not guilty. The work we did — like forming street committees — was legal.

My coming back into Alex was my happiest moment. The people were pleased to see us. We had been away a long time. Now we were home where we belonged — in a place where the desire for a bright future still burns strongly in the hearts of the people. The hope and the courage were still there.

We, together with the people, united as one, will continue where we left off. We will rebuild our organisations. We will once again come together in yard, block and street committees. Yes, that is what we will do. There is no turning back! ●

NEW WORDS

to be acquitted — when a court finds you innocent of the charges against you and lets you go

onlookers — people who gather to watch something

re-development — to make a place better

resume — to start again where you left off

frustrations — when you are angry and upset and feel you can't do much about it

AN UNBROKEN SPIRIT



June Malangeni, the wife of Rivonia trialist, Andrew Mlangeni

The receptionist at the South African Council of Churches (SACC) put down the telephone and greeted us with a smile: "Yebo bantwana bam'i — (Yes, my children). Can I help you?"

"Yes, please, we are looking for Ma-Mlangeni."

The woman looked at us, still smiling, and said: "Are you people making a fool out of me? You must be joking."

"Rrrring rrrring ..." it was the sound of the phone. "Hallo'oo, it's the SACC," she answered. "Can I help you?"

Again we waited until she was finished. A few minutes later, she put down the phone and said: "I am the person you are looking for." We looked at each other in surprise, and we all laughed.

Many of the people who visit or phone the SACC office know Ma-Mlangeni as a warm, ever-friendly woman. But how many of them know about the hardship she has gone through? How many know that behind the smile, there is a spirit that cannot be broken?

FALLING IN LOVE

Mrs June Mlangeni — or just Ma-Mlangeni to her friends and comrades — is married to Andrew Mlangeni, who is serving a life sentence on Robben Island.

Mlangeni has been in prison since he was detained in 1963 and sentenced the following year at the Rivonia Trail — together with Mandela, Sisulu, Kathrada, Motsoaledi, Mhlaba, Mbeki and Goldberg. All but the last two are still in jail.

Ma-Mlangeni was born in 1928 in Prospect Township, now called Jeppestown. When the township was demolished in 1939, her family went to stay in Alexandra.

They later moved to a place called Lady Selborne, in Pretoria. In 1948, the people of Lady Selborne were removed after the area was declared "white". Her family then moved to Mzimhlophe in Soweto.

It was here that Ma-Mlangeni met Andrew. She clearly remembers how it all happened: "I was 19 years old when I met Andrew at 'Ema-Sheltheni' — a shanty town near Mzimhlophe. I was working in a grocery shop, as an assistant. I used to pass Andrew's home every day on my way to work. That's how he first saw me and fell in love with me.

"But in those days it was not so easy for a woman to fall in love with a man. It took a man

three, four, six or more months to win over a woman's heart. This was the pride we enjoyed as women — and it also gave us time to study and get to know the man proposing love to us!"

It took "only" three months for the young June to decide that Andrew was her "Mr Right". After they got married, she went to stay with her husband in 'Ema Sheltheni'. They were blessed with four children, two girls followed by two boys.

In 1954 the Mlangenis' bought a house

in the new township of Dube. It is in this house that Ma-Mlangeni still lives and which holds the memories of Andrew as a loving husband and a caring father. "I will never move out of this house," says Ma-Mlangeni proudly.



Ma-Mlangeni on a visit to her children and grandchildren in Zimbabwe

"This is because I can still feel my husband's presence, although he last set foot in it 26 years ago."

LIKE HUSBAND, LIKE WIFE

Ever since Ma-Mlangeni can remember, Andrew was an active member of the ANC. But it was not a case of the husband working in the struggle and the wife sitting at home. "I also became involved," says Ma-Mlangeni. "I organised

women into the Women's League and I was the chairperson of the Dube branch in 1956 and 1957."

When Andrew was not busy with ANC work, he was a bus driver for PUTCO and a golf-player in his spare time. Later he moved to New Age, a weekly newspaper, where he worked as a clerk.

Ma-Mlangeni will never forget the day when she and her children were robbed of a husband and a father. "It was the 11th of July, 1963.

I had a party the day before because I was going to Botswana to see my mother. I was so excited — I did not know that it was not going to be possible for me to go away.

"That morning I saw four cars stop outside my house. Inside those cars I saw our leaders who later became the Rivonia trialists. I still remember Elias Motsoaledi waving to me when those cars stopped. The police got out of the cars with Andrew. He was handcuffed. They searched our house. They were rude and didn't allow me to speak to my husband. When they drove away with them, Andrew and his comrades waved good-bye to me."

Later Ma-Mlangeni heard that Andrew and his comrades had been detained at Liliesfarm in Rivonia, Johannesburg.

A HEAVY BURDEN

After Andrew and the others were sentenced, Ma-Mlangeni carried a heavy burden on her shoulders. "When Andrew was still free, I didn't work — I was a housewife and he was the only bread-winner in the family. It was a mistake that I must warn other women not to make, for I suffered a great deal after my husband's arrest."

Ma-Mlangeni's younger daughter, Sylvia, who also works at the SACC, was only 12 years old when her father was arrested in 1963. She remembers how her mother struggled at this time — and how she did all she could so her children could grow up like other kids.

"I don't know where would we be if my mother was not there," says Sylvia. "In Sesotho we say 'Mmago ngwana o tshwara thipa ka bohale' — meaning that mothers will do anything to save

the lives of their children. I saw the meaning of this in practice. We grew up poor, and sometimes didn't have clothes, but we always had my mother's love.

"My mother sent us to school, but it was very difficult for her. I remember my brother Aubrey used to say: 'I will one day be a lawyer and represent my father and my people.' We missed our father, and we were jealous of the other children who would run to meet their fathers as they came home from work. But our mother gave us comfort. When we asked her about Pa she used to tell us that he is working in Pretoria."

A year after her husband was sentenced, Ma-Mlangeni decided to send the children to Botswana to live with their grandmother. It was a painful decision — she was now without husband and children. But she knew that her children would be better off in Botswana.

It was in Botswana that Sylvia and her brothers and sister learnt about their father's true whereabouts. "Our grandma finally told us about our father — that he was in jail because of the politics in South Africa. We didn't understand and, for a long time, we all cried. When she saw that we were not going to stop crying, she told us that one day, an aeroplane would bring him back. We looked up to the sky whenever there was the sound of an aeroplane and still Pa didn't come."

Later, when Ma-Mlangeni went to visit her children, she told them the full story about their father. "I saw him for the first time in 1975," says Sylvia, "My mother warned me not to cry because I would make the police happy. I was frightened, but I didn't cry."

For the first few minutes we just looked at each other. Finally we spoke."

FROM JOB TO JOB

Meanwhile, Ma-Mlangeni was searching for a job. They were difficult to find — and even more difficult to keep. Every time she got work, her employers would get a "visit". And the next thing she would be called to the boss's office. Time and again, she was told: "We are dismissing you and you know why."

Ma Mlangeni's first job was in a factory called Kosy Products in Booyens. "I worked as a demonstrator, promoting the coffee the factory made. I used to work with a kind woman and I would tell her when I visited Andrew. No one knew except her. But when the management found out about my husband, I was fired."

Later, she went to a company called

Saw & Knit where she trained as a demonstrator. During the year she was training, she was not being paid. She stayed with the company for eleven years. "I must mention here that it was the manager, Mr Lesly Dishy, who helped me to bring my kids home from Botswana in 1974."

Ma-Mlangeni then worked as a machine demonstrator with Singer Sewing Machines for two years — "until two policemen came to where I was working. A few minutes after they left I was called into the office and was fired."

Ma-Mlangeni went from job to job — and still the same problems followed her. In 1979, at a time when she was unemployed, she began to get grants from the SACC. Finally, in 1981, her friend Sophie Mazibuko helped her to get a job at the SACC. Her job was to make tea. Last year, she was given the job of receptionist.

The eversmiling Ma-Mlangeni and a fellow worker at the SACC, Azikhwela Mrobomgwame



A VISION OF HOPE

Ma-Mlangeni and her children have been through much — but the family is not without hope. They look to the day when they will be re-united with Andrew — the husband, father and grandfather.

Says Sylvia: "We always have a vision of seeing our father knocking on the door and saying 'Hello, my children and my children's children and of us running to hug and kiss him."

But even as they wait, the Mlangeni family think of the many other families who have been separated from their loved ones. There are hundreds of husbands and fathers — as well as mothers and daughters — who are in prison for "political offences".

And there are others, besides Andrew Mlangeni and his comrades from the 'Rivonia Trial' who are serving life sentences — like Wilton Mkwayi, Petrus Mashego, Johannes Shabangu, Johnson Lubisi, Vusimuzi Nene,

Jeff Masemola, Mathews Meyiwa, David Moisi, Naphtali Manana, Zakhele Mdlalose, Dieter Gerhard, Lizo Ngqunwana ... the list goes on.

Ma-Mlangeni has a word of comfort and advice to all the families who have relatives in prison: "Don't lose hope for God is on our side. All those who are in jail, for whatever period, will be with us on the day of celebration. They shall return!"●

NEW WORDS

demolished — when a building or town is demolished, it is pulled down and destroyed.

spare time — this is the time when you are not working

a grant — a grant is a small amount of money given by an organisation or the government

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2000

Or better still, phone us. Our telephone numbers are:
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Members of the "Hands of Turf Campaign" arrive at Turfloop University

"HANDS OFF TURFLOOP!"

There are not many universities in the world like Turfloop. While students in many universities study in peace and freedom, the students at Turfloop study under the barrel of the gun.

Here, the South African Defence Force (SADF), together with the South African Police (SAP) and the Lebowa Police, help the university authorities to keep "law and order" on the university campus the only way they know how — with tanks and guns.

And when the students protest against the presence of their unwanted "guests", they have been sjambokked,

teargassed, detained, expelled and sometimes even shot.

Learn and Teach drove to Turfloop University — also called the University of the North. It stands thirty kilometres east of Pietersburg, in Mankweng in the Northern Transvaal.

As we drove in, we passed army trucks and soldiers patrolling the campus. It felt like an army camp. We were relieved to arrive at the hostels where the students greeted us warmly and began to tell us about the university's history of resistance to apartheid and the many years of army and police harassment.

"BUSH" UNIVERSITIES

Turfloop University was started one year after the government made a new apartheid law called the 'Extension of University Education Act of 1959'.

When this law was passed, black students could no longer go to the "open" universities — like the University of the Witwatersrand and the University of Cape Town.

So, universities for blacks were started around the country. They were built far from the big cities, in the bush — and they soon became known as "bush" universities.

Turfloop became the university for Sotho, Tsonga and Venda speaking students. The University of Zululand in Ulundi for Zulus, and Fort Hare, which had been opened in 1915 in Alice in the Ciskei for Xhosas. "Coloureds" went to the University of the Western Cape in Bellville and Indians to Durban-Westville, near Durban.

THE SEATS OF APARTHEID

From the beginning black students were angry at being forced to study at the "bush" universities. But it was not until 1969 that students from these universities came together to fight apartheid education.

They met at Turfloop to form the South African Student Organisation (SASO). This organisation fought for Student Representative Councils (SRC's) and other basic rights at these universities. Steve Biko was elected the first SASO president.

Three years later, the president of the Turfloop SRC, Abraham Tiro, stood up to give a speech at the graduation

ceremony. University teachers, parents and government officials were invited. It was a hot day. The government officials and university authorities, mostly whites, were given seats in the shade, while the parents and students had to sit under the blazing sun, at the very back.

When Tiro spoke, he attacked this clear example of apartheid and he also spoke out against Bantu Education. The speech angered the university and soon afterwards, Tiro and other SRC members were expelled. The students started a boycott of classes in solidarity with the expelled students. The authorities' reply was to close the university and send the students home.

After being expelled, Tiro went into exile in Botswana where he was killed by a letter bomb in 1974. Three years later, Steve Biko was tortured to death by the SAP, and SASO was banned together with 17 other organisations.

RECIPE FOR FAILURE

Since then, Turfloop has seen many students expelled and many boycotts. In 1985, students boycotted classes in protest against the unfair university rules.

"The university authorities were making rules which were sure recipes for failure for the students," says a student. "For example, it said that if students did not complete their degree in a certain number of years, they would not be allowed to continue studying.

"We students called this 'academic terrorism' and we challenged the university to change these rules." Finally, the university authorities dropped the rule.

UNIVERSITY OF THE NORTH
RIGHT OF ADMISSION RESERVED
UNAUTHORISED ENTRY WILL RESULT
IN PROSECUTION



AFRAPIX

A Turfloop student passes through the university gate after being searched by men from the Lebowa Police and the SADF

without repeating it. One of the teachers was forced to resign because of our protests."

ROOM-TO-ROOM RAIDS

"These protests were a very important time for us," said another student. "They taught us the power of unity. At the time we were waging our struggles under the banner of the Azanian Students Organisation (AZASO) which was formed in 1979.

"AZASO members were targets for the Pietersburg Security Police. In May 1985, the South African and Lebowa police came onto the campus and started a room-to-room raid. Fifteen students were detained. More than 50 were injured and had to go to hospital.

"A few weeks later, two members of the Turf Women's Group were detained and tortured. Josephine Moshobane died of brain damage two weeks after she was released. The SRC organised a protest meeting against the police. The police dispersed us and shot three students and stabbed two others.

"When, in 1986, AZASO changed its name to the South African National Students' Congress (SANSCO), police harassment continued.

THE ARMY CREEPS IN

On 11 June 1986, on the same day as the second state of emergency was declared, soldiers invaded the campus.

"We were also protesting against some of the teachers at the university. These teachers came from Afrikaans universities like the Rand Afrikaans University (RAU) and were racists.

"One of the teachers said that no black student could pass Maths the first time. He said blacks are too stupid to be able to learn Maths. And he said that black women are even more stupid — they could not pass Maths in third year

A law student told us: "We were attending classes normally and everyone was preparing for the June examinations. Suddenly, at midnight, we heard shouting that soldiers were on campus. When we went outside, we found that they were everywhere."

The next morning 22 students, including seven SRC members, were detained. A Philosophy teacher, Mr Louis Mnguni, was also detained. Later that year, the university librarian, Joyce Mabhudafasi, was also taken. The police and the army closed the university after ordering students to leave the campus.

One of the students who was in detention says: "The university did not allow us to study for the two years we were in jail. They said that Turfloop will never be open to 'revolutionaries'."

"After our comrades were detained, the students went on a boycott demanding the withdrawal of the troops," says a third-year education student. "We also called for the setting up of the SRC that the university had banned. We demanded the release of our fellow students, the lifting of the state of emergency and the right to hold meetings freely on campus. The university fought back by dismissing more than 500 students."

PINK CARDS

The army troops have remained on campus ever since. Every now and then, they send out pamphlets to students, saying: "The security forces are here to protect life and property. To uproot revolutionaries and protect law-abiding citizens."

In 1986, the army stopped students from getting visitors on campus. Each

student had to carry a pink card with their name and the logos of the SADF, SAP and the Lebowa Police on it. These cards were signed by a Colonel Lombard.

The army's presence has not dampened the spirit of the students. This year in March, the students again raised their voices in protest against the troops on campus.

Two weeks later, the university still had not met the demands of the students. A boycott followed. The "campus security guards", who the students call the "Black Jacks", opened fire on students. Three students were shot. One of them, Klaas Puane, lost his sight in one eye.

THE CAMPAIGN TAKES OFF

It was then that the Turfloop SRC turned to their comrades at other universities for support. Lindsay Falkov, who is the president of National Union of South African Students (NUSAS), told us: "When NUSAS heard about the problems of our fellow students at Turfloop, we knew that we could not just sit back.

"So we held mass meetings to tell students and lecturers about what was happening at Turfloop. We asked people to sign solidarity cards. More than 13 000 people signed them. On 26 April, we held a big, successful rally."

Support did not only come from students and teachers. The South African Council of Churches (SACC), the Call of Islam, the Atteridgeville-Saulsville Residents' Organisation, Equal Opportunity Foundation and the Lawyers for Human Rights all joined together with the students to form the "Hands Off Turfloop!" campaign.

Ms Mbix

Members of the "Hands Off Turfloop!" campaign met Turfloop's vice-principal, John Malatji. "We demanded the withdrawal of the army from campus," says Saki Macozoma of the SACC.

"The university said they were waiting for the troops to finish building their camp in Mankweng before they could move out. We said it was not the university's business to worry about where the army goes. The army stayed somewhere before coming to the university, so they should go back to that place!"

Matters did not end there. A week later, men believed to be Security Branch officers raided the room of the SRC president, Ernest Khoza, and assaulted him.

"Myself and other members of the SRC have been living in fear for our lives ever since," says Khoza. "But we will not rest until the day that our universities become homes of learning — and not homes for the army. And

until we see apartheid thrown into the dustbin of history — where it belongs. On that day, the doors of learning and culture shall be open to all!" ●

NEW WORDS

campus — the university grounds are called the campus

invade — when a country or place is invaded, the army enters it by force

logo — most organisations have a special drawing which they use so that people can recognise them easily. For example, Learn and Teach's logo is a tree in a circle.



Army tents on the university grounds are a common sight





Soccer coach and referee Shirley Mphuti teaching the sport she loves to the kids she loves

SCORING A GOAL FOR WOMEN

A manager of a great British soccer club once said: "A soccer match isn't a matter of life or death... it's much more than that!"

That's how it is with soccer. It's a great sport — but only if you win. But when you lose, it's no longer a game. It's a tragedy — and somebody has to be blamed. It may be the goalkeeper who had a bad day, or an off-form striker, or the luckless manager.

But more often than not, it's the referee — it's all his fault — the moegoe robbed us — he shoulda given a penalty — he shoulda ruled offsides — he needs a pair of specs — he was bribed, s'true — how can we win playing against 12 of them?

— and so on and so on.

So who in their right mind chooses to be a soccer referee? Only somebody who likes to be where the action is. Somebody who loves the game. Somebody like — wait for it — Shirley Mphuti.

That's right. Shirley is a woman — one of the few women who is pushing her way up in what has always been known as a man's game.

At the moment, Shirley is a level two referee — which means she only handles school matches. But her aim is to climb much higher... all the way to blowing the whistle in the first division with the "big boys".

"NO GOSSIP, NO HEADACHES"

Shirley Mphuti was born into a family of five children in Pimville, Soweto. When she was a young girl, she moved to Mohlakeng in Randfontein. It was here that she started her schooling — and where her love for ball games — especially soccer — began.

Shirley started as a defender in the all-girls basketball team. While the girls were jumping up trying to get the ball into the net, the boys were scoring goals on the nearby soccer field. As soon as the basketball game was over, Shirley and the girls would rush over and watch the boys playing soccer.

"You see, what I loved about soccer were the goals. I wanted to see goals, goals and more goals. I was only interested in the game when the ball was in the 18-yard area. I just didn't understand what the players were doing chasing and kicking the ball around in the middle of the ground without testing the goalkeeper.

"I always enjoyed being with boys. No gossip and no headaches. My brother, Archie, also taught me to love the sport. Until he died a few years ago, we used to have long talks about soccer. We were both loyal fans of Orlando Pirates," says Shirley.

A REFEREE IN THE MAKING

Shirley came back home to Soweto in 1973. After passing her matric at Seana-Marena High School in 1983, she went on to Moretele in Hamman-skraal where she did a teacher's training course. She completed the course in 1986 and one year later, she found herself teaching at Molatladi Lower Primary in Rockville.

At Molatladi, Shirley's ambition was to give the little children she was teaching the best education possible — she wanted to see them growing up in body and in mind. One day, a newsletter arrived at the school. It asked for "volunteers" to take part in activities outside of school.

"There were many activities being offered, like cooking, sewing, ... and soccer-coaching. Of course I did not think twice — what could be nicer than coaching the sport you love to the children you love?"

So it was off to the Ninja Game Reserve on the East Rand. There, Shirley did a course in coaching and refereeing. Out of a class of 50, there were only five women.

A SCORE FOR WOMEN

It was not easy — then or now — coming up against the small-minded idea that women do not belong on a soccer field.

"On the training course, there were many times when I could sense the men thinking: 'What's a woman doing here?' And if I was having a discussion with a man, and the discussion was not going his way, he would always call in his friends to help him. The men nearly always made us feel that we were not as good as them. Of course, that is nonsense.

"But I have never been one to sit down and shut up. If I believe something is unfair or not right, I am not shy to say so. Once, I was watching a game in a Milk Cup Competition when a referee made a wrong call. It caused a lot of ill-feeling between the two sides.

"After the match, I went up to the

referee to point out to him what he had done wrong. The referee's eyes nearly popped out of his head. Then he roared: 'What do you know about soccer?... After all, you are only a woman.' He knew I was right, but he would not apologise to me, even after he learnt I was a referee."

Says Shirley: "Men, especially in our African society, just cannot understand that women can do what men can do. My feeling is, if somebody makes a mistake, people should look at it from the point of view that it was made by a human being. Not by a man or a woman."

A LOT TO LEARN

Shirley says that she still has a lot to learn in the art of refereeing. "I don't have enough practical experience in refereeing. I know this and that is why I once refused to referee in a Milk Club Tournament in Durban.

"My aim is to learn so much about the game, that no other official will be able to ignore my knowledge — even if they are blind. They will simply have to say: 'This woman is the best there is'.

"With more knowledge and practice, I can handle any game, be it at Ellis Park or Orlando. The fans do not worry me. All I want to see is that the game goes the way it should go — fairly.

"Fans may shout and scream. But if

there is a problem between the players and myself, then that is my business. And if we can sort it out, all the better. After all, that is the job of a referee."

A WATCHFUL EYE

But it is not only on the field that a referee has to keep a watchful eye. There are often problems off the field. One of these is bribery.

Shirley speaks softly but firmly. "Everybody knows there is bribery in soccer. For me, bribery is a terrible thing and something that I will always fight against. It brings out the worst in everybody — the players, the fans, the referee. But most of all, it poisons the sport of soccer."

Luckily, there are enough referees who believe, like Shirley, that corruption has no place on the soccer field. So next time you see a beautiful, dark-skinned woman trot on to the centre of the field, you will know that another goal has been scored for the good name of soccer! ●

NEW WORDS

tragedy — a sad and terrible happening

luckless — without luck or success

practical experience — learning on the job

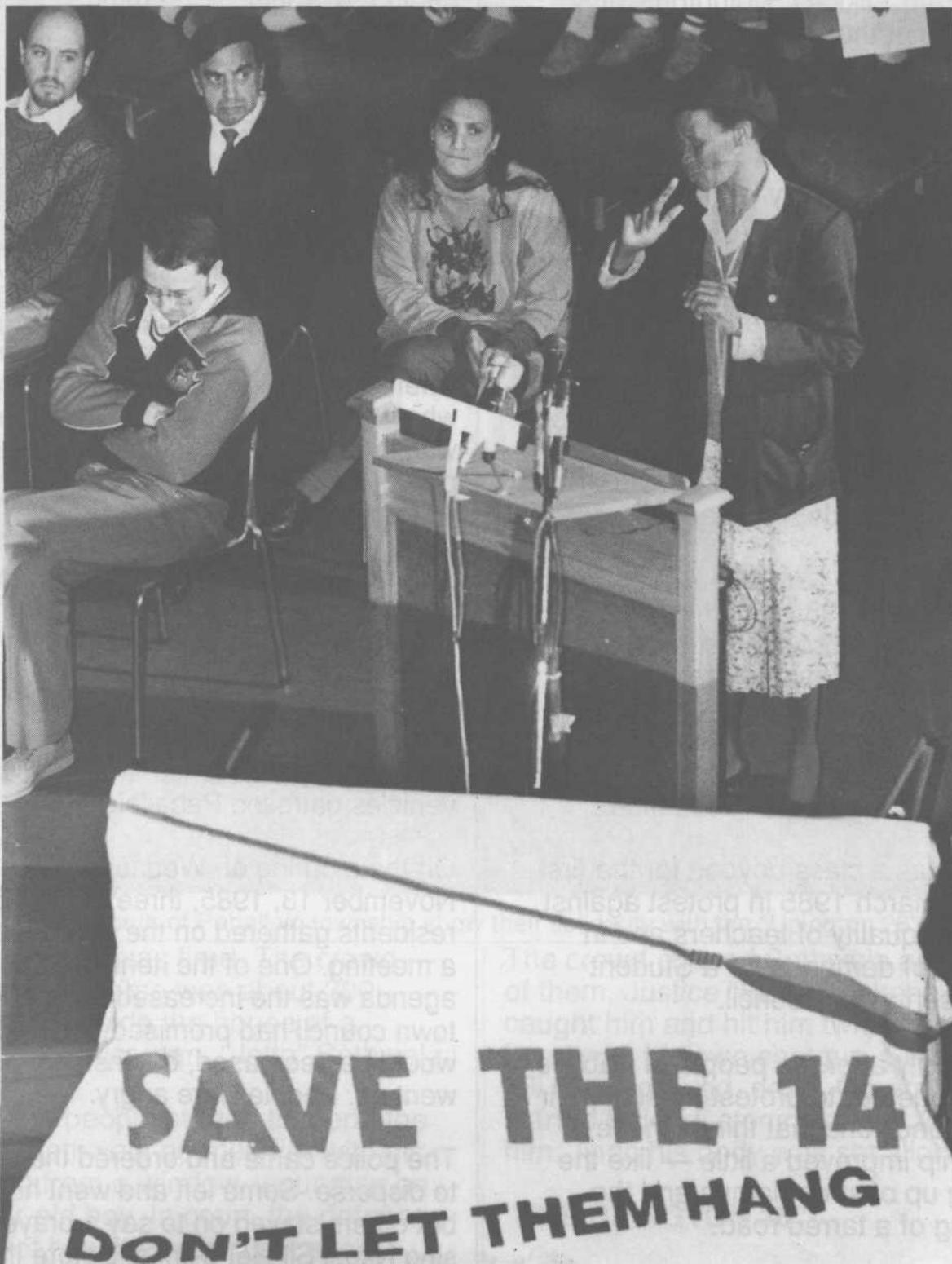
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SAVE THE UPINGTON 14!



The mother of Justice "Basie" Bekebeke speaking in support of her son — and all the others on death row — at a meeting in Cape Town

WELCOME to Paballelo, says a brand-new sign as you drive into Upington's black township. The main road is tarred, and at night, street lamps light the streets.

It seems like the tarred road and the street lamps were always there for the 10 000 people living in this township. They were not.

Paballelo was built in the early 1960's, when black people were forced to move there from Blikkies, Upington's only township at that time. Blikkies is now for "coloured" people only. For many years, Paballelo was a conservative, quiet — and poor — community.

A survey done two years ago showed that the majority of breadwinners in Paballelo, most of whom support seven other people, earned less than R250 a month. This is not even half the minimum living wage.

Unemployment is almost three times higher in Paballelo than in most other townships. There is much overcrowding and many stands are shared by two families.

It was only in 1985 that the people began to organise themselves. The youth took the lead and founded the Paballelo Youth Organisation (PYO). Many people joined and later students formed their own organisation, the Upington Students Organisation.

There was a class boycott for the first time in March 1985 in protest against the poor quality of teachers and in support of demands for a Student Representative Council.

It was only after the people of Paballelo came together to protest against their living conditions that things in the township improved a little — like the putting up of street lamps and the building of a tarred road.

But it was the wave of protest after the council increased the rent in November 1985 that was to change the face of the township forever. It was to lead to the death of a municipal policeman, Lucas "Jetta" Sethwala — and to the charging of 26 people for his murder.

Today, three and a half years later, 14 residents of Paballelo are sitting on death row waiting to be hanged for the killing of the policeman.

The death sentence can never be justified — and especially so when one looks at cases like that of the "Upington 26".

AN ANGRY PEOPLE

It all began on November 9, 1985 — four days before the policeman was killed — when a pregnant woman, Miriam Blaauw, who was on her way home from the shop with bread and milk, was shot dead by police. A court later found that the police were not guilty of any crime.

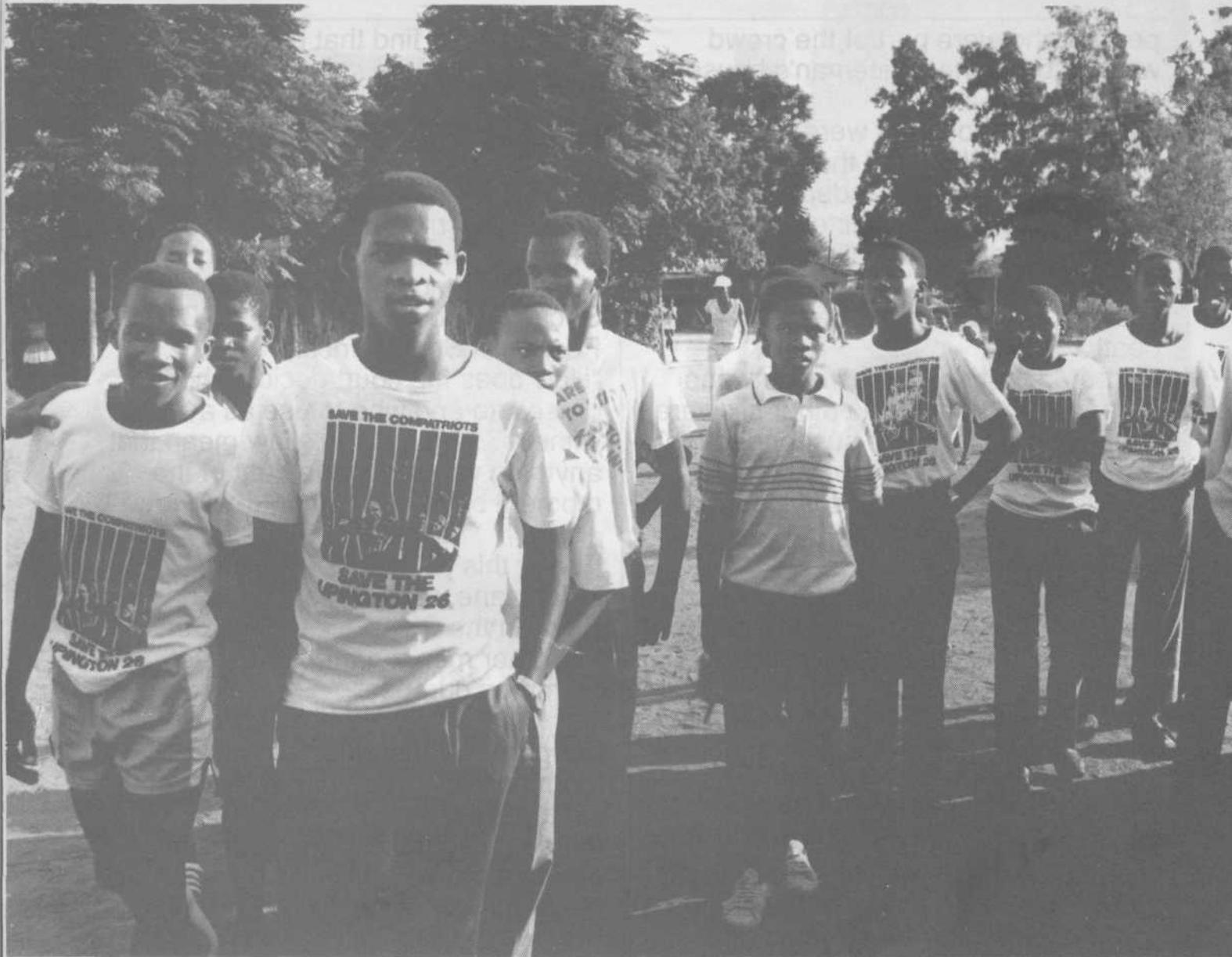
But the shooting troubled many people in the township. The night after Miriam's murder, the houses of councillors were attacked.

The next day, Tuesday, was quiet, but the township was tense. Police and army vehicles patrolled Paballelo.

On the morning of Wednesday, November 13, 1985, three thousand residents gathered on the soccer field for a meeting. One of the items on the agenda was the increased rents. The town council had promised that rents would be decreased, but instead they went up. People were angry.

The police came and ordered the people to disperse. Some left and went home, but others stayed on to say a prayer and sing *Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrika*. Before they had finished singing the anthem, police fired teargas and the people scattered in many directions.

Some people ran from the soccer field and stoned a police Casspir before pushing over a wall of the beer hall.



The youth of Paballelo township show their solidarity with the "Upington 26"

More teargas was fired. The crowd — which by this time was about 300 — gathered outside the house of a municipal policeman, "Jetta" Sethwala.

When the people started to stone the house, Sethwala opened fire with his shotgun from a window, wounding an 11 year-old boy. In court, the defence spoke of how the crowd got even angrier after the policeman injured the little boy.

Sethwala escaped through the backdoor. He tried to get help from his neighbours, but they would not help him.

The crowd chased Sethwala and one of them, Justice "Basie" Bekebeke, caught him and hit him twice over the head with his own shotgun. Sethwala fell to the ground, dead. Others then started kicking, stoning and stabbing him. Then his body was set alight.

"THE UPINGTON 26"

An uneasy calm settled in the township, but Paballelo would never be the same again. A couple of days later the police started arresting people.

Sethwala's mother and other state witnesses identified more than 50

people who were part of the crowd which stoned the policeman's house.

Eventually 26 of them were charged with murder. When the three and a half year "Upington Trial" ended in June this year, 25 were convicted of murder, while one was found guilty of attempted murder. The judge, Mr Justice Jan Basson, sentenced 14 to death.

Six others got sentences of between six and eight years. The other six were sentenced to six years suspended for five years on condition they complete 1 200 hours community service in Upington.

Although the court found that only one person struck the blows that killed the policeman, the other 13 were found guilty of murder on the grounds of "common purpose" — in other words, they shared the aim to drive the policeman out of his house and kill him.

The judge said that it was of no importance that there were more than 300 people at the scene of the crime and that only 26 were arrested and charged. He said that it was no excuse that the killing happened after many years of anger about the poverty and the living conditions in Paballelo.

WHAT IS "COMMON PURPOSE"?

This was not the first time that a judge had sentenced people to death on the grounds of "common purpose". This unfair and unjust law has been attacked by many people, both in South Africa and in other countries.

This law says that any person who identifies with a group that intends to commit murder, is guilty of murder on the grounds of "common purpose". What must a person do or say in order

for a judge to find that he or she identified with the crowd. This, is the controversial question.

"How can the court tell who was just watching and who was really taking part in the crime?" asks Professor Etienne Mureinik, a lecturer from Wits University and a member of the Society for the Abolition of the Death Penalty in South Africa.

"How does the court decide who to prosecute and who to use as a witness? And does this law mean that anything you say in the heat of the moment could put you on death row?"

Earlier this year, 12 men from Mdantsane were sentenced to death in Bisho in the Ciskei for the murder of five other men, on the grounds of "common purpose".

But probably the most famous "common purpose" trial was that of the "Sharpeville Six" — they were given the death sentence in 1985 for being part of a crowd which killed the deputy mayor of the Lekoa Town Council, Khuzwayo Dlamini, in September 1984.

Theresa Ramashamola, one of the "Sharpeville Six", was given the death sentence for something she said in the heat of the moment. She did not lay a hand on the deputy mayor. All she did was shout: "He's shooting at us, let's kill him!"

In the Upington Trial, only one person was found to have actually delivered the blows that killed Sethwala. Judge Basson said that it was not necessary for the state to prove that all the accused who stoned his house, also killed him.

He said that it did "not really matter



AFRAPIX

Friends and family wave goodbye as the Upington are taken away in police vans after a day in court

which of the 300 in the crowd killed the deceased. The crowd had a common purpose and each person who made an active contribution to the achievement of the purpose is responsible for his death."

"THE JUDGE ERRED!"

Last month, the lawyer for the "Upington 26" went to court to ask for leave to appeal against their convictions and sentences. The application was heard by the same judge, Mr Justice Jan Basson, in the Supreme Court in Kimberley.

The defence argued that the judge had erred in his judgement when, for example, he found that every person who threw a stone at the policeman's house had "a common purpose" to kill him — and also by finding that those who chased the policeman intended to kill him, rather than assault him.

He said the "moral blameworthiness"

of the accused was lessened because they were not acting as individuals — but as an angry crowd that had lost control in an angry outburst. The judge was incorrect to say there had been a "semi-organised riot".

As to the "moral guilt" of Justice "Basie" Bekebeke, who struck Sethwala twice over the head with the butt of his own gun, the lawyers said he lost control of himself as a result of inhaling teargas, the breaking up of the meeting and the shooting of a child by Sethwala.

The judge refused the Upington 26 leave to appeal. He said that he did not believe that the Appeal Court would find differently.

The accused must now apply to the Chief Justice in Bloemfontein for leave to appeal. If this application is refused, and if the State President refuses to grant clemency, they will hang. And that is something that must never be allowed to happen!

WHO ARE THE UPINGTON 14?

The story of each of the people sentenced to death in the Upington trial is one of struggle. Trapped in the hot, overcrowded township of Paballelo outside the conservative white town of Upington, they have suffered the pain of life under apartheid.

Those who dreamed of getting a proper education saw their hopes destroyed when their parents no longer had money for them to continue studying. Others, like Evelina de Bruin, never got the chance to go to school at all.

Many of them — like Kenneth Khumalo — found that they could not get a good job after leaving school because of apartheid laws like influx control, and because there are few jobs in Upington.

And the jobs they could find did not pay a living wage. Even so, nearly all of them were helping their families with money, and many of them have children to support. Evelina de Bruin and Gideon Madlongwane, who live together as man and wife, have 10 children.

All of these people know what it is to be a black South African. In court, the 26 accused sang: "What is our sin...it is our black skins. They have caught us, now they are trying to murder us. What is our sin? What have we done?"

A better question might be: what has apartheid done to our people? If you read the life stories of the Upington 14, you may find some of the answers.

KENNETH KHUMALO (33)

Kenneth was born on June 1, 1956 in Blikkies, one of eight children. He is married to Martha Plaatjies and is the father of three children. Martha is unemployed.

Kenneth managed to pass matric in 1977, even though there were boycotts all over the Eastern Cape that year. After being refused admission to Fort Hare, Kenneth went to Johannesburg to look for work, but had to return to Upington because of the influx control laws.

In Upington, Kenneth worked as a debt collector, then as a clerk, before becoming unemployed.

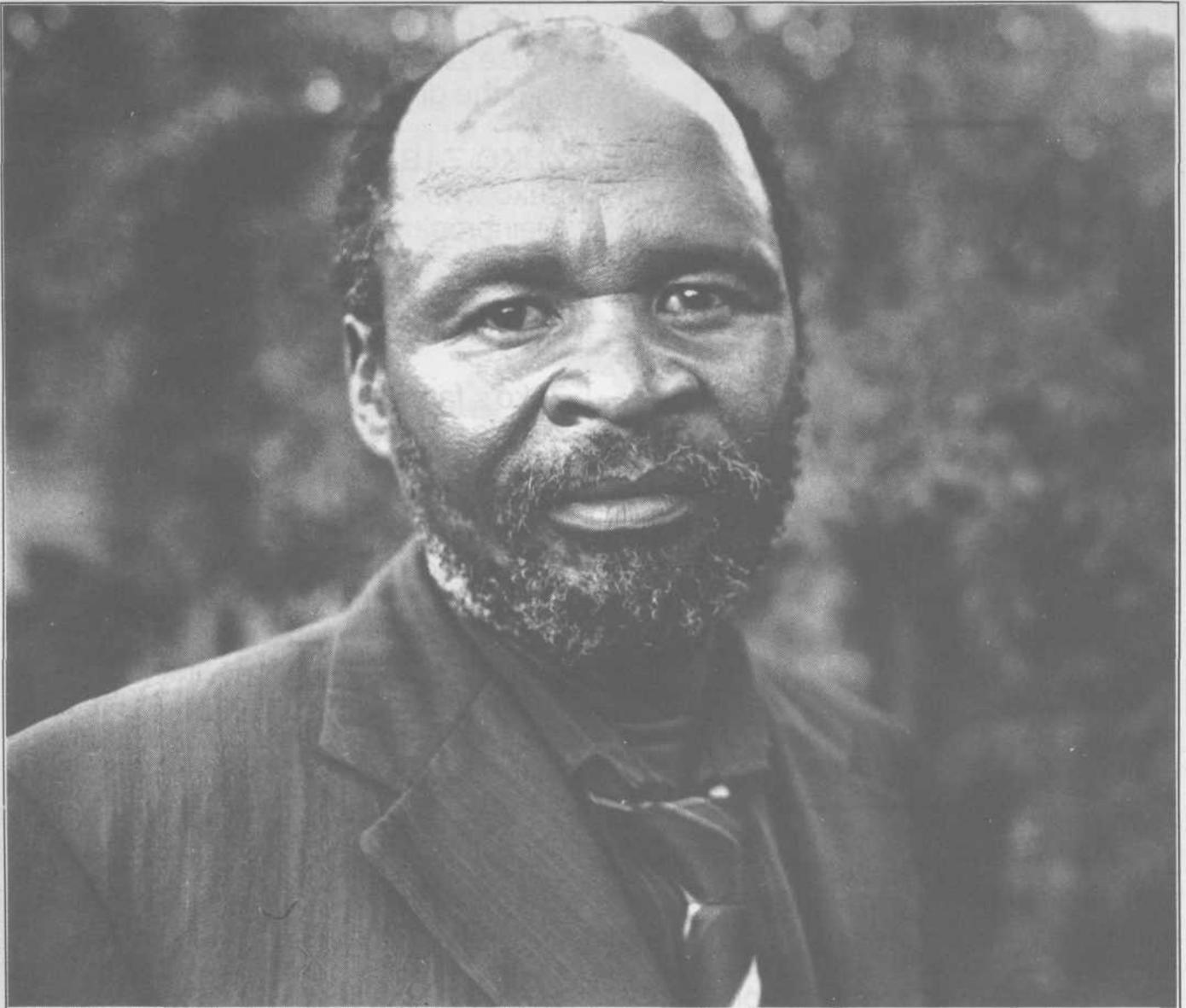
He joined the Upington Christian Movement and was elected vice-president. In 1985, Kenneth became a member of the Paballelo Town Council and was elected mayor. Later he became treasurer, but he was fired after "Jetta" Sethwala's death.

Justice Basson found that Kenneth was part of the crowd which stoned the policeman's house and that he was seen with a bottle which may have contained petrol. He found Kenneth guilty of murder on the grounds of "common purpose."

TROS GABULA (30)

Tros was born on February 6, 1959. He was brought up by his grandfather Samuel, a railway worker. Tros never knew his father and did not see much of his mother, Gerolena, who worked as a domestic to support her six children.

He completed Standard Ten in Guguletu, although classes were disrupted by boycotts.



Alfred Gabula thinks about his son, Tros, who is waiting for the hangman on death row

After matric, he tried to find a good job, but couldn't. He moved from job to job, looking for a permanent job that paid good wages. Early in 1985 he got a job as a packer in an Upington supermarket. He was unemployed at the time of his arrest.

Tros is the father of a 15-month-old child and is an active member of the AME Church.

Justice Basson found that Tros had thrown stones at the house, and was guilty of murder on the grounds of "common purpose".

ANDREW (29) and DAVID LEKHANYANE (24)

Andrew and David's family were always very poor. Their father, Ferdinand, is a preacher in the AME Church and does not get a salary.

Andrew was born on October 4, 1960 and David on August 13, 1964 in Nelspoort in the Beaufort West district. The family moved to Upington when Mr Lekhanyane was transferred in 1977.

After failing Standard Eight in 1979, Andrew started work. He had several jobs. His last job was with an electrical firm where he worked for three years.

Just before Sethwala was killed, he was retrenched.

Andrew has three children with his common-law wife Elsie Vice.

David was writing his matric examinations at the time of his arrest. His ambition is to be a mechanic.

David and Andrew were both keen soccer players and active members of the AME Church. David was president of the AME Youth Fellowship, a member of the choir and a Sunday School teacher of long standing. Andrew was secretary of the Paballelo Youth Movement in 1979.

During the trial, Andrew and David's mother, Joyce, died. The judge would not grant permission for them to attend the funeral.

The judge found that David and Andrew, by throwing stones at "Jetta" Sethwala's house, were guilty of murder on the grounds of "common purpose".

GUDLANI BOVU (29)

Born in Blikkies on March 14, 1960, Gudlani moved with his family to Paballelo when he was a baby. His father, Jack, is now an old man of 81 but he cannot retire without his son's financial support.

After passing Standard Eight in 1977, Gudlani left school because there was no money. He passed matric through a correspondence course.

Gudlani wanted to be a teacher. He eventually entered the Cape College of Education at Fort Beaufort for a secondary teacher's diploma. During this time he became "politically aware". The judge found that Gudlani was part

of the group which stoned Jetta's house and that he associated himself with the group's purpose.

ZUKO ZABENDLINI (32)

Zuko was born on 11 February, 1957 at Kleinbroek, near Upington. When he was nine months old he fell and was injured. Today, he has one leg shorter than the other and he limps.

Zuko's father, Wilson, drank a lot. Zuko's parents separated when he was 11 and Zuko was left with his father.

Soon afterwards his father was fired from his job because of his drinking. When his father was in financial difficulties, Zuko left school and started working in Upington. His first job was as a petrol pump attendant. At the time of his arrest, he was working for the United Building Society in Upington.

Zuko has a child, who he saw regularly and helped support until his arrest.

The judge found that Zuko, by throwing stones at Jetta's house, was guilty of murder on the grounds of "common purpose".

JUSTICE "BASIE" BEKEBEKE (28)

Basie's ambition was to become a doctor. At school, he did very well and even skipped a standard. His mother remembers: "He loved reading, he just wanted to learn."

In 1978 the school was disrupted by boycotts. The school closed and when Basie could not get admitted to another school in King Williams Town, he got work at a petrol station in Upington.

In 1980 he managed to complete four of his matric subjects and went to Welkom to train as a nurse, hoping that



Lena Duba, the mother of Xoliswa, accused number 16 in the Upington trial

this would lead him closer to his dream of becoming a doctor. But his pass book was out of order and he had to return to Upington.

After two months he went to Katutura Hospital in Windhoek, where he trained as a nurse. All the while he was trying to get accepted at a college for further training. He eventually got a place at Butterworth College, where he taught Sunday School.

Basie was a founder member of the Upington Youth Movement and was active in the organisation, which raised funds to help pay students' school fees.

Basie feels that black people in

Paballelo are oppressed and saw "Jetta" Sethwala as part of the system of oppression because he was a municipal policeman. He said he had not meant to kill Sethwala — but when the policeman injured a small child, it made Basie extremely angry.

The judge found that Basie played a leading part in Sethwala's death. By stoning the house, he was guilty of murder on the grounds of "common purpose", the judge said. And when Sethwala tried to run away, Basie chased him and hit him over the head twice, so killing him.

Basie's brother, Barry, 23, was also convicted of murder during the trial. He was sentenced to six years' jail totally

suspended for five years on condition he complete 1 200 hours community service.

ZONGA MOKGATLE (31)

Zonga was born on February 24, 1958. As a child, he was cared for by his grandmother. In Standard Six, when he was 15, he got a girl pregnant and had to leave school. He tried to continue his schooling, but couldn't, so he trained as a waiter on the railways instead.

In Upington, Zonga couldn't find a job as a waiter so he worked as a labourer and then as a sales assistant before finding a better-paid job at the Coca-Cola factory. After a year he left this job. When he was arrested, he was working in a shebeen.

Zonga has a child and lives with his family in a zinc shack behind his grandmother's house in Paballelo.

The judge found that Zonga was guilty of murder on the grounds of "common purpose" because he stoned Sethwala's house and also took part in the attack on his body and the blows which knocked him down.

WELLINGTON MASIZA (27)

Wellington was born on March 10, 1962 at Keidebees in the Upington district. When he was three his father died, leaving his wife to support the five children. His mother then married Elliot Masiza.

Wellington passed Standard Eight, but because there was no money, he couldn't continue studying. He worked as a labourer at a salt works for eight months before resigning because the wages were too low. Afterwards he worked for the Upington municipality, and then for BP. He was fired from this job during the uprising.

Wellington's home in Paballelo is overcrowded and there is no privacy. They owe a lot of rent. The family depended on the wages he and his brother, Ronnie, brought in. Ronnie (23) was also convicted of murder during the trial and sentenced to six years' jail.

Justice Basson said that Wellington was guilty of murder on the grounds of "common purpose" because he stoned the house and he also possibly took part in the attack on Sethwala's body.

BOOI JAFTA (24)

Booi was born on March 31, 1965. Booi's father was Xhosa-speaking and his mother was classified "coloured". The family of five children lived in Blikkies and only saw their father on the weekends in Paballelo.

When Booi was in Standard Six his father became ill and the family struggled for money. Booi left school and went to Johannesburg to find work. But he had no success and returned to Upington, where he did casual jobs. His father died in 1984, leaving the family with money problems.

Booi's mother, Sarah Johnson, told the court that whatever Booi earned, he shared with the family. Booi also helped in the house and with looking after the young children.

When Booi eventually received an offer of a permanent job, he had to wait for his ID book. By the time it arrived, he had already been arrested. The judge found that Booi was guilty of murder on the grounds of "common purpose".

EVELINA DE BRUIN (53)

Born in Postmasburg's black township in about 1935, the daughter of a farm labourer, Evelina never went to school.



Clement and Susan Bekebeke, the heartbroken parents of two of the accused

When Evelina was about 15, the family — who were always very poor — moved to Upington so that the older children could get work more easily.

Evelina got a job as a domestic worker. She has had only four employers in her life. She worked for her last family for about 18 years, cooking their food, raising their children and going on holiday with them.

She married William Dandiso and had seven children by him. But he drank and wouldn't give her any money. After they divorced, she met Gideon

Madlongolwane. They never married, but they had lived together as man and wife for 12 years when they were both arrested. Their youngest children, aged nine and ten, are now being cared for by relatives in Paballelo while their parents sit on death row.

The court found that Evelina took part in the stoning of Sethwala's house and was guilty of murder on the grounds of "common purpose".

GIDEON MADLONGOLWANE (61)

Gideon was born in about 1928 in Zingqutu Reserve near Queenstown

where, as a child, he looked after the family's sheep, cattle and goats. His father was a communal farmer who worked on white farms for extra cash. He died when Gideon was 12.

When he was 24, Gideon moved to Upington. He started working for the railways on January 7, 1952 and was still working for them when he was arrested — 36 years' unbroken service. Gideon has many certificates of good service from the railways.

Gideon had three children by his first wife who died of TB. Two of them, Cedric and Welcome, are teachers. They were detained under the state of emergency during 1988.

Gideon was a well-respected member of the Paballelo community. He was an executive member of the Paballelo Chiefs soccer club.

The court found that he took part in stoning Sethwala's house and was guilty of murder on the grounds of "common purpose".

XOLILE YONA (25)

Xolile was born on September 30, 1964 in Blikkies. He was the youngest of six children and his family was very poor. The family moved around a lot, but they eventually settled in Paballelo. His parents separated and he stayed with his mother.

After he failed Standard Three, his mother — a schoolteacher — sent him to stay with her family in the Transkei. Xolile failed again and went back to Upington. He was 13.

Xolile became very interested in boxing. His mother did not like boxing, but Xolile found he could earn a living taking part in boxing tournaments and

charging gate money.

Xolile was an active member of the Upington Youth Movement, and served on its disciplinary committee.

During the trial he told doctors he suffered from headaches which made him aggressive. After tests, it was decided that he was not mentally ill and could stand trial.

The court found that Xolile took part in the attack on Sethwala after he was hit over the head by Basie and that he returned from the scene of the murder chanting, "Hey, hey, the dog is dead".

ALBERT TYWILLI (27)

Albert was born on April 22, 1962 in Louisvale, near Upington. His father, Michael, was a contract worker who came home only every six months. Mr Tywilli died in 1974 of diabetes, aged 41. Albert's mother Jane, worked at a school hostel to earn money to support the family.

When Albert left school at 16, he worked at his uncle's shop.

In 1982 he joined the police and trained at Hammanskraal near Pretoria. At this time he started to drink and smoke.

After working in the SAP at Upington for a while he was sent to the Transvaal for "bush" training. But he was sent back to Upington after being found guilty of driving under the influence of alcohol and without the owner's permission. He was later expelled from the SAP, once again for driving while drunk and without a valid driving license.

Albert, who was a good friend of Sethwala's and sings in the choir of the

Baptist Church, has four children. His mother is now raising the children. The youngest child is not yet a year old.

The judge found that because he stoned Sethwala's house, he was guilty of murder on the grounds of "common purpose". ●

NEW WORDS

controversial — something that is controversial causes a lot of discussion, argument and strong feelings of anger

to strike or deliver a blow — to hit or strike someone

to err — to make a mistake

to intend — to have a desire and aim to do something

to grant clemency — to show mercy by changing a death sentence to a prison sentence

financial — anything to do with money is financial

WHERE IS STANZA BOPAPE?

Stanza Bopape, General Secretary of the Mamelodi Civic Association, was detained by the South African Police on June 9 1988, in terms of Section 29 of the Internal Security Act. The police say that he escaped from custody while being transported to Vereeniging at approximately midnight on June 12 1988.

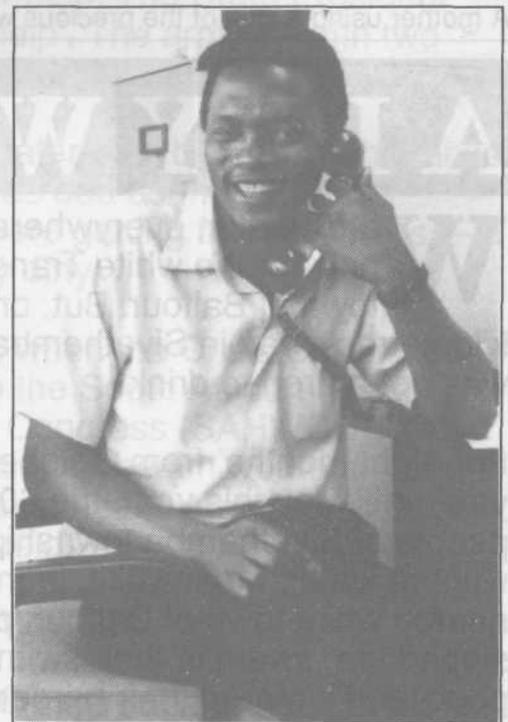
According to the police, he was accompanied on this trip by three armed policemen, and was in leg-irons and handcuffs at the time of his escape. The police say their vehicle had a puncture en-route and while all three policemen were changing the tyre, Stanza found their keys, unlocked his shackles, got out of the car and escaped.

The police informed Stanza's lawyers of this escape only three weeks later. The police did not inform his family. In that month no one associated with Stanza reported any sign of him or any evidence of a police investigation into Stanza's escape. Since then no friend, relative or colleague has seen or heard from Stanza.

Mr Vlok, the Minister of Law and Order, has accepted and relayed police version of Stanza's escape to Stanza's father, Mr Matome Bopape. Mr Vlok had explained the events surrounding the escape by saying that the policemen involved were "tired". The minister further suggested that Stanza may have joined the ANC.

In February 1989 Mr Matome Bopape and his attorneys went to Lusaka to question the ANC about Stanza. The ANC confirmed they had no record of him, and that they had made a thorough search of refugee and other camps, to no avail.

It is now one year since Stanza Bopape was detained. Three unidentified members of the Security Branch of the South African Police were the last people to see him alive. His family, friends and colleagues continue to search for him, but they fear he may have died while in police custody. Until we have any other information we must hold the police responsible for him.



Stanza Bopape... missing

**IF YOU HAVE SEEN
STANZA PLEASE
CONTACT:**

**CRIC
P.O. BOX 30894
BRAAMFONTEIN
2017**



A mother using a little of the precious water to do her washing during the long dry months in Siyathemba

A DRY WHITE SEASON

Water, water, everywhere — but only for the white Transvaal town of Balfour. But, only two kilometres away in Siyathemba, there was not a drop to drink.

For eight months, from October last year until May this year, the 60 000 people of Siyathemba township were without water. Meanwhile, in the nearby white town of Balfour, people sipped tea, swam in their swimming pools and watered their gardens.

Last year, the white residents of Balfour voted for the Conservative Party (CP) to run the town. One of the first things the CP did was to cut off the water to Siyathemba.

The CP Council of Balfour said that they cut off water to the township because of the drought. There was only enough water for the white people in the town.

THE REAL REASON

The people of Siyathemba say that this is not the real reason. They say that the CP cut the water off because they do not like black people living so close to them.

By cutting off the water, the CP hoped that black people would not come to live in the township — and that many would move away.

But the people did not move away. They stayed and came together to fight the CP's racist policies — and in the end they won!

Learn and Teach drove the 90 kilometres south-east of Johannesburg to meet the people of Siyathemba. They told us about the long, dry months and about how the power of unity and organisation brought the water back to the people.

"WHITE" WATER

"We were angry when the Balfour Town Council turned the water off," says a young resident of Siyathemba. "People were having to go into Balfour to buy water. White residents from Balfour were telling us: 'Jy mag nie die 'wit water' bruik nie' — (You mustn't use 'white water'). And black children found in Balfour with buckets of water were sjambokked by white residents.

"Going into town to buy water caused many problems for the community — carrying water back to the township, transport costs, and finding good containers to transport the water in. The price of 25 litres of water was R1. And the transport also cost R1. People were spending about R3 per day for their water.

"Most of the people in Siyathemba are unemployed and could not afford to pay for water. These people had to use water from the water wells. The water in the wells is very dirty and caused sickness — and sometimes even death.

A BABY DIES

Lindiwe Mdaki was three years old when she drowned in a water pit. Lindiwe's mother, Jumaima, told us how it happened: "It was during the time when there was no water. I was at the hair salon at the time. One of the young girls was looking after my child. She came to tell me that someone found my child's body in the water well.

"Lindiwe went to the well because she was used to seeing all the residents going down there for water. There was no water at the time of the funeral and so we had to plead with the mayor to get us some.

"The pit was fenced up three days after the drowning and now it has been filled up with sand. But if those people didn't turn the water off, my child would still be alive today.

THE ARMY'S PRESENT

"We knew that we had to do something to get our water — and our pride — back. That's when we started to organise ourselves. We started the Siyathemba Water Crisis Committee. We all came together — youth, women's organisations and other residents," said a resident.

The Crisis Committee wrote a letter to the State President, P W Botha. They asked for help. The State President sent in 'help'. The army — with two tankers of water.

But the water they brought in the tanks was just as bad as the water the people were getting from the wells — it was filthy dirty.

This was when the Crisis Committee turned to the South African Health Workers Congress (SAHWCO), an organisation of health workers. They fight against health problems caused by apartheid.

TOILET WATER

SAHWCO sent out a team of doctors, nurses and other health workers. They went to examine the health conditions in Siyathemba. They took water from the wells and the tankers and tested it.

"When we had the water tested by the South African Institute for Medical Research (SAIMR), we found that it was filthy," says Dr Aslam Dasoo, a member of SAHWCO. "It was just like toilet water and it was full of insects



Jumaima Mdaki, whose young daughter drowned in the water pit that Siyathemba residents were forced to use after the water supply was cut off

and plant wastes. This water should not be drunk by humans. The dirty water was causing bad diarrhoea, bronchitis and malnutrition.

"The children suffered most of all. When people were fetching their water from the wells and the tankers, there were days when between 12 and 20 children were taken to hospital. Most were suffering from diarrhoea. The closest hospital is about 30km away in Heidelberg. At this hospital there are only eight beds for black children."

SAHWCO wrote to the newspapers about the dangerous water. The Balfour and Siyathemba Town Councils said that it was not true that

people were having to use water from wells. They said that the council never cut the water supply.

THE POWER OF UNITY

Now the water is flowing again in Siyathemba — and so is the spirit of unity and community organisation. The Crisis Committee has started working on new projects, like the sewerage problems and improving the clinic.

But this is only the beginning. There are still many battles to be fought — especially for the 20 000 people who live in Siyathemba's 'squatter camp', known as Wag Plek. The area is known by this name because the people were told to wait there for houses that the council promised to build for them. They are still waiting.

In Wag Plek, there is only one tap for 50 shacks. And there is no proper sewerage system. To fight these problems is an uphill battle.

But the water victory has made the people of Siyathemba thirsty for more victories — especially against the racist people who hang like a dark cloud over this country. ●

NEW WORDS

containers — a bucket or bottle — or anything else — used for carrying or storing something

drought — when it does not rain for many months, there is a drought

diarrhoea — if your stomach runs for many days, you have diarrhoea

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Dear Learn and Teach,
In your February/March magazine, you wrote a story about the poet, Mzwakhe Mbuli. I heard that this poet has recorded his poems. Where can I get the recording?

M. Fungeni
LETABA

Thank you for your letter. Mzwakhe has made a recording of his poems, but we are sorry to tell you that the cassette was banned. The recording was made by Shifty Records. If you want to know what other cassettes Shifty Records has made, you can write to them at:-

**Shifty Records
P.O. Box 27513
Bercham
2013**

Dear Learn and Teach,
I have a very big problem on my shoulders. There are five of us at home and our parents are both dead. After my mother died, my aunt got a grant from the welfare for my little sisters and brothers because they are still at school. But in December last year, the welfare sent a letter saying that my one sister is too old to get a grant anymore. My sister is 19. She is in Std. 9 and she really wants to finish school. She loves education. I only get R25 a day. With this money I must look after my 3-year-old child and my girlfriend. But what about my brothers and sisters — how are they going to live? Sometimes I feel that life is too heavy.

M. Antonie
MAMELODI EAST

We are sorry to hear about your problems, Michael. Perhaps you should go and see the Family Life Centre. They will tell you where you can get help for your sister and your family. Their address is:-

**FAMSA, Synod Centre
228 Visagie St
PRETORIA
0002**

Dear Learn and Teach,
I am a regular reader of your magazine. I am a security guard at Sunnyhoek Flats. This is a Gencor property. The agents were Sage Life, but now they have been taken over by Intersuburb Property Services. Intersuburb pays me the same as Sage Life did, but they pay me much less overtime. For example, in April, I worked 24 hours overtime and instead of paying me R103.44, they paid me R43.08. I want to know why my monthly wage is the same but the overtime is less. Please help me.

J.M.R.
HILLBROW

Thank you very much for your letter. You are right that you are getting too little overtime pay. For the first ten hours of overtime, you must be paid a third more than your normal pay. After ten hours, you must get one and a half times your normal pay. Let's say you earn R3,00 an hour. In the first ten hours of overtime, you must get R4,00 an hour. But after that you must get R4,50 an hour. If you work on a paid holiday, you must get twice your normal rate. So if your normal rate is R3,00 an hour, then you must get R6,00 an hour. If you want to take this matter up with Intersuburb Property Services, go to the Industrial Aid Society or one of the unions for security guards. Here are the addresses:

Transport & General Workers Union	I.A.S.
Cor Bree & Klein St	202 Metro Centre
3rd floor Queenscourt	266 Bree St
Johannesburg	Johannesburg
Tel:29-4913	Tel: 29-9315

Vukani Guards and Allied Workers Union
2nd floor, Lekton House
5 Wanderers St
Johannesburg
Tel: 29-4971

Dear Learn and Teach,
We have formed a burial society here in our section. We donate R10 a member when death occurs. Now four members have lost someone in their families. But after they got donations from the burial society, they disappeared. We want to take them to the Small Claims Court because our policy says that you cannot resign from the burial society after you have got the money. What can we do?

P.M.
TEMBISA

Thank you for your letter. We spoke to a lawyer who said that if your constitution and rules say that a member cannot leave your society after getting money, you can sue them for 'breach of promise' - in other words, for breaking the rules. You can claim the money you gave them back, but not the money they paid to the burial society. The lawyer also said it is best to get help before you go to the Small Claims Court. You can get help from:

**Tembisa Advice Office
Tembi Shopping Centre
Xaxa Section
Tembisa,
1628.
Tel: 920-3208 or**

**Wits Law Clinic
Oliver Schreiner Building
West Campus
University of Witwatersrand
Braamfontein
Tel: 716-5644**

Dear Learn and Teach,
I am married but my wife is no longer living with me. We have one child who is eight. My wife is living with another man and has another child by him. My wife's parents keep my child with them and I give them money for my child and buy her clothes. But they won't let my child visit me. I want my child back. What can I do?
Worried Lucas
SOWETO

We spoke to the Child Welfare Society

about your problem, Lucas. To get custody of your child, you have to go to court. The court will only give you custody if you and your wife were legally married. Otherwise your child belongs to your wife and her family. If you can prove that your wife's family are cruel to your child, the court might also give you custody. The best thing to do is to go to the Wits Law Clinic. Ask for Mr Tondi and take all your papers with you. We must warn you that going to court is a long process. The address of the Law Clinic is in the answer to the letter above.

Dear Learn and Teach,
I am happy to get the chance to write to you from Modderbee Prison, where I am doing a five and a half year sentence for fifteen counts of housebreaking and theft. I want to thank you for your magazine. But now I am thinking about my future and I am writing to you because I am a poor person. My parents cannot help me because they are suffering just like me. I want to find someone who can sponsor me because I want to become a world famous boxing champion. I am nineteen years old. I did not go to school for long but my body is strong and I am fit to be a boxer.

Vusi
MODDERBEE

Thank you for your letter, Vusi. We are happy to hear that you have found something to give you hope for the future. We spoke to the National Institute for Crime Prevention and Rehabilitation of Offenders (NICRO). They said that they will phone Modderbee and make sure that you are getting all the boxing training that you need. We wish you luck.

Dear Learn and Teach,
I like you, Learn and Teach, because you teach me a lot of things. Here, we are working in very bad conditions for only R70,00 a month and sometimes, a bag of maize meal. We must be in the fields by 6 am and there is no limit to the number of hours we work, without any overtime pay. We live in muddy compounds, right in the middle of the farm so the farmer can get us

whenever he wants us. The farmer does not give us overalls, raincoats or gumboots. But he expects us to work in the rain. There is no pension scheme, leave pay, bonus or sick pay. And we must work even if we do not feel well. I beg you to help.

T. M.

GRAHAMSTOWN

Thank you for your letter. We are sorry to hear about your heavy life. The GADRA Family Aid Centre may be able to help you and your fellow workers to come together and talk to the farmer about your working conditions. You will find them at:

GADRA Family Aid

c/o Day Hospital

Cobden St

GRAHAMSTOWN

6140

Tel: (0461) 2-3044

Dear Learn and Teach,

I am 17 years old and I am in Standard 7. My parents are dead and there is no-one to pay my school fees next year. I love school very much. I want to be a lawyer. Please help me make my dreams come true.

E.J. Modikwane

MARIKANA

Thank you for your letter. For all the students who need money to stay at school, here is a list of all the people that we know who give bursaries.

African Scholars Fund (For black secondary schoolchildren living in the Cape Province and Ciskei)

P.O. Box 294, RONDEBOSCH

7700

Tel: (021) 61-4573

Centre for Social Development (Mainly for black students in Grahamstown)

P.O. Box 94, GRAHAMSTOWN

6140

Tel: (0461) 2-4483

GADRA Educational Welfare

P.O. Box 126

GRAHAMSTOWN

6140

Tel: (0461) 2-4483

South African Institute for Race Relations (Applications must be in by July)

Bursary Department

P.O. Box 32597

BRAAMFONTEIN

2017

South African Students Association (SASA)

P.O. Box 74

CRAWFORD

7770

Tel: (021) 633-8373

SHAWCO

University of Cape Town

12th Ave

Kensington

7405

Tel: (021) 593-2420/2170

Trust for Christian Outreach and Education

P.O. Box 2283

Pietermaritzburg

3200

Tel: (0331) 8-1291

Teach Every Child on the East Rand (TEACHER)

P.O. Box 14139

FARRAMERE

1518

Tel: (011) 894-1945

Dear Learn and Teach,

I greet you all in the name of the struggle of all South Africans. I am writing this letter on behalf of my brothers who are intimidating you. I am a municipal cop. I joined the force against my own people because I come from a poor family. We were promised 100% housing subsidies as civil servants but now we are exploited. When we ask for something, we are told to talk to the SAP. But the SAP tell us to talk to the town council. The town clerk is AWB and the mayor is a sell-out. We, the Tokoza Municipal Police declare ourselves part of the Tokoza community.

We tried to join SABMAWU but they refused, saying we are SAP. Please, Learn and Teach, help us.
THOKOZA

Thank you for your letter. We are sorry to hear about your problems. The South African Municipal Workers Union say you can go and talk to them. Their address is: SAMWU

***404 Queens Court
Cnr Klein and Bree St
JOHANNESBURG
2000***

Dear Learn and Teach,
I want to know to get a matriculation exemption. I am 25 years old. I wrote matric twice and got Fs. But I want to go to university or college next year. What must I do?
D. Matodzi

Thank you for your letter. Unfortunately, you did not give us your address so we cannot write to you personally. But here is the answer to your question. The joint matriculation Board will only give you a matric exemption if:

- ⊗ ***you are over 23 years of age***
- ⊗ ***you have passed four matric subjects, two on higher grade***
- ⊗ ***you have a place at a university or college***
- ⊗ ***you are going to study a three-year course. You do not apply for the exemption — the university or college where you have a place must do that for you. When we spoke to the University of the Witwatersrand, they said that very few students get into university like this. But if you have studied other courses since writing matric, it will help you to get a place at university.***

Dear Learn and Teach,
Congratulations on your courageous stand and thanks for publishing Comrade Mandela's Rivonia speech. Your magazine is a beacon of hope in the sea of darkness around us.
Amandla!
Gopie
NEWLANDS WEST

Dear Learn and Teach,
Give me some space in your magazine. I am doing Standard 8 at Linyanti Secondary School. I am a SWAPO member and I am worried about the way we are treated at this school. Our country is on its way to independence but we are ill-treated by our puppet teachers. At the beginning of the year we were told that there must be no politics at school — not even political T-shirts. When I and some fellow comrades wore our Swapo T-shirts at sports time, we were warned by our puppet sports organiser. But most of the DTA members wear their N.A.C.O.S. T-shirts, even during study time. The teachers always talk about us as SWAPO supporters. They even threatened to send us to the tribal court. But we do not care. We will not stop supporting SWAPO or fighting for freedom. A luta continua.

T. T.
KATIMA MULILO

Dear Learn and Teach,
I want to greet the staff of Learn and Teach. I pay tribute to those dedicated to the freedom struggle. Sicelo Dhlomo is our inspiration. Let's follow in his footsteps. Rest in Peace Sicelo, your spirit will live with us forever.
Johannes
ELIM

Dear Readers,

Do you have a problem that you would like us to help you with, a story, poem or a joke you would like to share with our readers? Then write to us. Our new address is:

***Learn and Teach
Publications
P.O. Box 556
Johannesburg
2000***

FOR OUR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN



If you drive into Soweto on a winter evening, you may not be able to see your way — the air is thick with the smoke of coal fires. The car ride will also be bumpy — Soweto's streets are full of dust and pot holes.

And be careful of the little children in the streets. Soweto's children play in the streets because there are too few parks. The night-time hides the piles of rubbish lying on the streets — sometimes, they come as high as your hip.

Since people first moved to Soweto in 1939, the government has kept its purse firmly shut — it spends as little money as possible on the township. Or on any other black township, for that matter.

In the beginning, the government treated places like Soweto as temporary. There was no planning, or at best, very little planning. There were no proper houses, roads, sewerage pipes, stormwater pipes and no planning for recreation areas, like parks.



Japhta "Mr Clean" Lekgetho

And laws like the Group Areas Act and the Land Act forced people to live in small, overcrowded areas. This is still happening today.

Now, the people of Soweto have come together to challenge this injustice. They have formed organisations to put pressure on the government to open its tight fist — and start improving the townships. One of these organisations is the National Environmental Awareness Campaign (NEAC).

A NEW LIFE

The NEAC was formed soon after June 16 1976. Many people believe that this day changed the face of South Africa. It also changed the lives of many people.

Japhta Lekgetho is the president of the NEAC. For Japhta, June 16 was the

beginning of a new life.

For twelve years, Japhta was a teacher at Morris Isaacson High School in Soweto. He taught geography, history and business economics. But Japhta was not happy with Bantu Education. He felt his hands were tied by always having to teach ready-made information.

"There was nothing new to offer students," says Japhta. "So, when many teachers resigned in 1976 in protest against Bantu Education, I also decided to pack my bags and leave."

"LIVING WITH FILTH"

During the 1976 uprisings the Urban Bantu Council (UBC) stopped operating. The township became dirtier. The authorities did not care. People became sick and tired of living with filth. That was when Japhta and his friends decided to start the NEAC.

In the beginning, the NEAC's goal was to keep Soweto clean. They organised clean-up campaigns. The school children were the first to give their support. Later the parents also joined in.

Soon after the campaign, Japhta found that he had a new name. People would talk about the clean-up operation and say: "Do you know Japhta Lekgetho?" "Who? Oh, you mean "Mr Clean"!" Even today, the name has stuck.

"Mr Clean" and his fellow workers started to spread the message about the need to take care of the environment — about cleanliness, about the pollution in the air and about making Soweto beautiful. "If we don't start now," says Japhta, "there will be nothing left for our grandchildren."

"The NEAC would like people to make the gardens of their homes and the pavements of the streets beautiful," says Japhta. "We want to make parks and organise clubs. But we also want people to learn to love all things in nature. By nature, we mean the plants, the trees, the flowers, the veld and all the animals and birds that live in it."

BREATHING FRESH AIR

Loving nature and keeping Soweto clean are only one part of the NEAC's campaign. One of the most important aims is to educate people about the dangers of pollution.

"The air in Soweto gets polluted because of all the coal fires in the township," says Japhta. "The smoke causes damage to the lungs and can cause diseases like TB.

"The air also gets polluted because of all the rubbish left in the streets and the broken sewerage pipes. When the rubbish starts to rot, the air is filled with bad smells that spread diseases. Many township babies have died because of the diseases that are carried in the air."

Japhta says that the reason why there is so much pollution and disease in Soweto, is because the government does not look after the townships in the same way as it looks after the white suburbs. So, the NEAC has a second goal — to challenge the local authorities to spend more money on the townships.

"For too long, the government has made excuses about the townships and said that there is not enough money to give services. We do not accept this. We demand proper services for the residents. The job of keeping Soweto clean is the Soweto

Council's job. Not ours.

"The Group Areas Act and the Land Act are some of apartheid's most evil laws. We join all other organisations in the call for the removal of these hated laws."

LOOKING FORWARD

Thirteen years after the NEAC was formed, it has built a centre in Mofolo. At the centre, visitors can watch films about the dangers of pollution. And they can also have fun — the centre has a lovely park, two soccer fields, a library, a hall, a netball field, a nursery for plants and a little shop that sells food. People can also play chess, go dancing, join the soccer club and read in the library.

On the weekend, the centre is packed with people enjoying picnics, the clean air and the green grass and trees or playing sport.

Laura Polecutt has worked with the NEAC for six years. She spoke about the NEAC's projects. "We have also started projects in Atteridgeville and Mamelodi. And we want to start other community projects, like a brick-making project."

"We also want to build a research station in Soweto. The goal of a research station is to train people in agriculture and in ways of working the land better. The centre would like to have more projects, but it is not always easy to get money."

The NEAC still has far to go in the fight against the damage to the environment caused by apartheid's laws. So far, it has only scratched the top of the hard soil of apartheid's problems. There is still a long way to dig.

But in the end, it is only when apartheid is really dead and buried, that all of South Africa's people will enjoy proper planning and services.

When that day comes, we and our children and our children's children will be able to breathe fresh air, play in parks and feel the soft, green grass under our feet. We will have a government that cares about the land and health of all its people. Then, we will have a truly beautiful South Africa! ●

★ DO YOU WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THE NEAC?

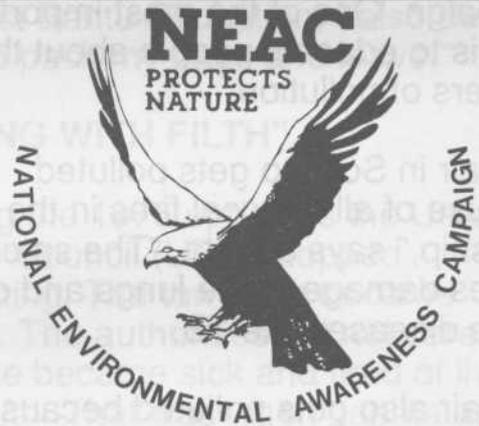
Write to:
NEAC
P.O. Box 118
DOBSONVILLE
1865

NEW WORDS

environment — the environment is everything around us, like the land, the trees, the air, the birds and bees, the streets and the houses

temporary — something that only lasts a short time, is temporary

pollution — when the water and the air become dirty and dangerous, we say there is pollution



Girls and boys having fun on the lawns of the NEAC centre in Mofolo, Soweto



ENGLISH LESSON 1

Odd Man Out



Here are eight lists of words.

For each list, say which word you think is different from the other words. You must also give a reason why you think it is different.



If you do this exercise with more than one other person, you may find that other people do not have the same answer as you. That's OK! *There can be more than one correct answer.*

1. eye heart brain tongue liver
2. removals detentions restrictions fines
3. trees lawn flowers plants
4. UDF ANC PAC SACP FEDSAW
5. truck tank car kombi van
6. Pretoria Lusaka London Gaborone Johannesburg Mafikeng
7. netball soccer tennis golf rugby
8. May 1 March 21 June 16 May 31 December 16

Test Your Memory!



Here are some of the NEW WORDS in this magazine.

Look at them for 2 minutes only. Then cover the words and write down the ones you remember.

picket container pollution drought logo

luckless financial tragedy campus the press



How many words did you remember?
Can you say what they mean?

ENGLISH LESSON 2

Two Stories



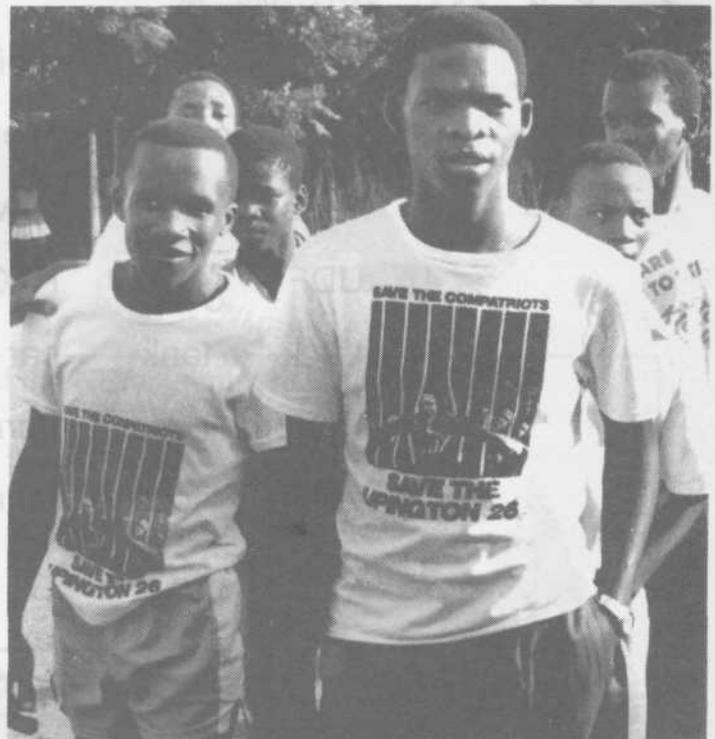
You can read the full stories of Ma Mlangeni, the wife of Rivonia Trialist, Andrew Malangeni on page 12 and the story of the "Upington 26" on page 25

In this lesson, you can read about both stories - but you may have a problem. The two stories are mixed up!

Your job is to sort Ma Mlangeni's story from the "Upington 26" story.

There are eight sentences in each story.

June can remember Motsoaledi waving to her from the car the day the police took her husband away. 26 people out of a group of 300 were charged with the murder of a municipal policeman in Paballelo, Upington. That was 26 years ago. It happened three and a half years ago. For all of them, life was never easy. Her life has not been easy since then. A big problem was being fired when her bosses found out about her husband. There was never enough money to study - and jobs were hard to find. Supporting her children was a heavy burden. In court, the judge said it did



not matter how heavy the people's lives were. For the children, there was the pain of not knowing their father. He said it did not matter how much pain black people suffer under apartheid. He gave 14 of them the death sentence. But she has never given up hope. "They shall return!" We must carry on fighting against this terrible sentence!





ENGLISH LESSON 3

Dates We All Remember

There are dates in our country's history and struggle that we will never forget. Here are some of them.

- 1910:** May 31 - South Africa becomes the Union of South Africa. Black people are not allowed to vote.
- 1912:** January 8 - The South African Native National Congress (SANNC) is formed in Bloemfontein. In 1923 it changed its name to the African National Congress (ANC).
- 1919:** The Industrial Commercial Union (ICU) is formed. It was led by Clements Kadalie.
- 1921:** July 30 - The Communist Party of South Africa (CPSA) is formed. It was banned in 1950 and in 1960, it went underground as the South African Communist Party (SACP).
- 1943:** The ANC Women's League is formed.
- 1944:** The ANC Youth League is formed - headed by Nelson Mandela, Oliver Tambo, Walter Sisulu and others.
- 1950:** May 1 - In a national strike against apartheid laws, 18 people were killed and 30 wounded by the police.
June 26 - The ANC calls for a day of national mourning at the police killing of May 1. Since then, June 26 is remembered as South African Freedom Day.
- 1952:** June 26 - the ANC and the South African Indian Congress (SAIC) launch the campaign for the Defiance of Unjust Laws.
- 1953:** The Congress of Democrats (COD) is formed by white people against apartheid. It worked closely with the ANC until it was banned in 1962.
- 1954:** April 17 - The Federation of South African Women (Fedsaw) is formed.
- 1955:** March 5 - The first non-racial trade union federation - the South African Congress of Trade Unions (SACTU) - is formed.
June 25 & 26 - At a big meeting called the "Congress of the People" in Kliptown, Johannesburg, the Freedom Charter is drawn up.
- 1956:** August 9 - Over 20 000 women of all races march to Pretoria to protest against passes for women.
- 1957:** Alexandra residents boycott buses in protest against increases in bus fares.
- 1959:** The Pan Africanist Congress (PAC) is formed.
- 1960:** March 21 - In Sharpeville, police shoot dead 69 people and wound 180 others, who were protesting against the pass laws.
March 30 - A State of Emergency is declared and 20 000 people are detained.
April 8 - The ANC and the PAC are banned.
- 1961:** December 16 - Umkhonto We Sizwe, the ANC's military wing announces its birth.
- 1964:** July - Mandela, Mbeki, Sisulu, Kathrada, Motsoaledi, Mlangeni, Goldberg, and Mhlaba are sentenced to life imprisonment in the Rivonia Trial. Goldberg was released in 1985 and Mbeki in 1987.

OUR HISTORY IN PICTURES



Founding members of the ANC. (In front from left to right) Sol Plaatjie, Rev. Ngcayiya (Behind from left to right) J.L. Gumede, L.T. Mvabaza R.V. Thema

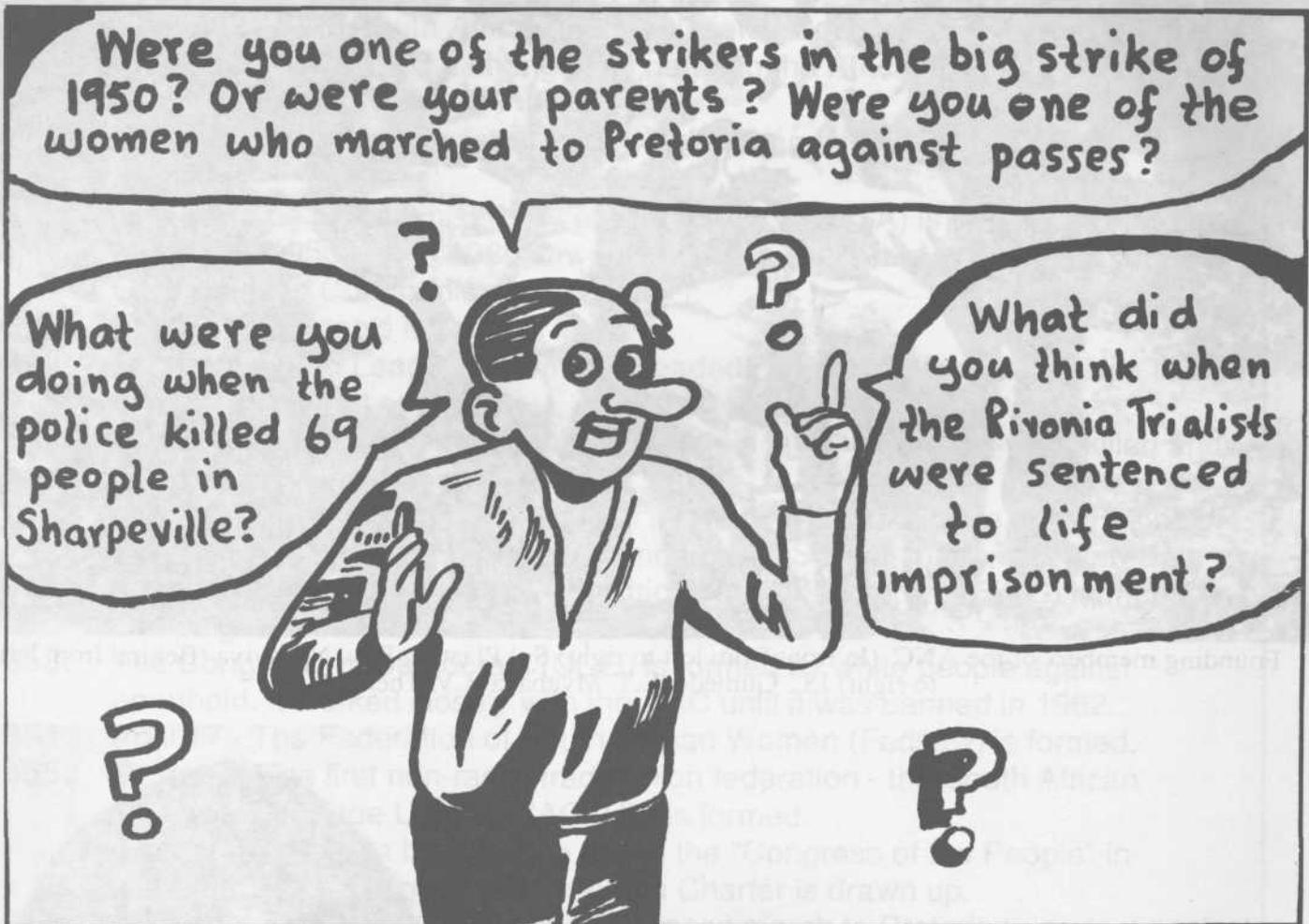


Hundreds of Alexandra residents walk to work in 1957 in protest bus fare increases 53



Oliver Tambo — ANC President-General since 1969

Learn and Teach "Important Dates" Competition



Write about any important date up to 1964. Tell us why you think it is important and why you will never forget it - and you may be one of *10 winners of a special Learn and Teach gift.*

Your story must please reach us by August 11, 1989 and must not be longer than one foolscap page. Send your story to:
Learn and Teach Publications,
PO Box 556, JOHANNESBURG, 2000

In the next Learn and Teach, there will be another list of important dates. The list will be from 1965 to 1989.

SLOPPY

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY...



Today's Lizzie's birthday. My heart's full of love and my pocket is loaded with bread.

What kind? Rye or whole wheat?

Man, I'm talking about money! All R200 worth of green notes!

Ack! Be careful! You'll end up losing it all!

Hah! That'd be the day! Only a fool and his money...

... Are soon parted! Great!

Did you see that, Lovey?

Let's get them! You know what to do!

What'll I buy for my ever-loving? A watch? Or maybe a lucky charm?

You need it! You're the one with lots of luck - but it's mostly bad luck!

I overheard what you said, buti! And as a woman, I like men who think of their women! You can win some money and buy your ever-loving more presents! Come and see for yourself!

Sloppy, let's waai!

Huh?

Yoo! I won R50! Ho!

See! I won R100 too! That card player's a fool! I think he's got lots of money! Go for it, buti!

Gulp!

THE "WINNERS" EXPLAIN TO SLOPPY HOW THE GAME IS PLAYED.

If it's so easy why does he want to keep on losing his money?

City of Gold!

The streets are paved with gold! Some bharis have hearts of gold! Like him!



SLOPPY LOSES AGAIN... AND AGAIN... UNTIL...

Waugh! What am I going to tell Lizzie? I've lost everything! Maybe I should go home now!



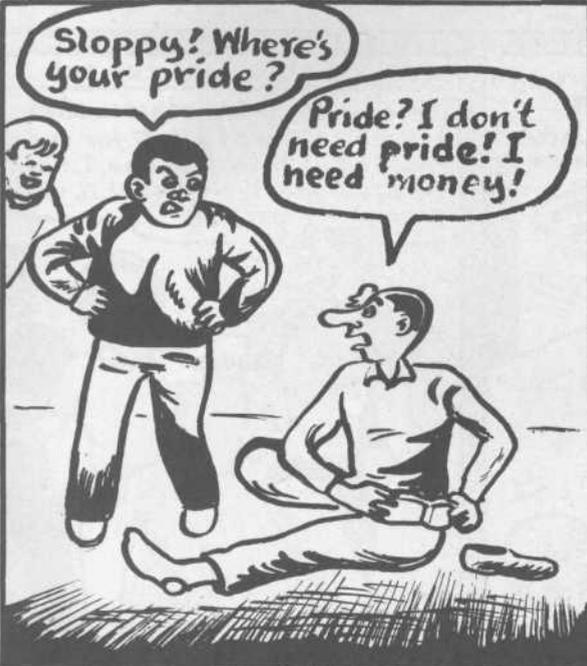
Wait! You have not lost hope too, have you? Or maybe you don't want your money back?

Y-you are going to give me my money back?



Ahem! I've noticed you have on a pair of old shoes! But because I'm such a nice guy, you can put them down for a tiger! Maybe you might win! Whadyousay?

He bought the shoes yesterday



Sloppy! Where's your pride?

Pride? I don't need pride! I need money!



You fool! You don't need money! You need brains!

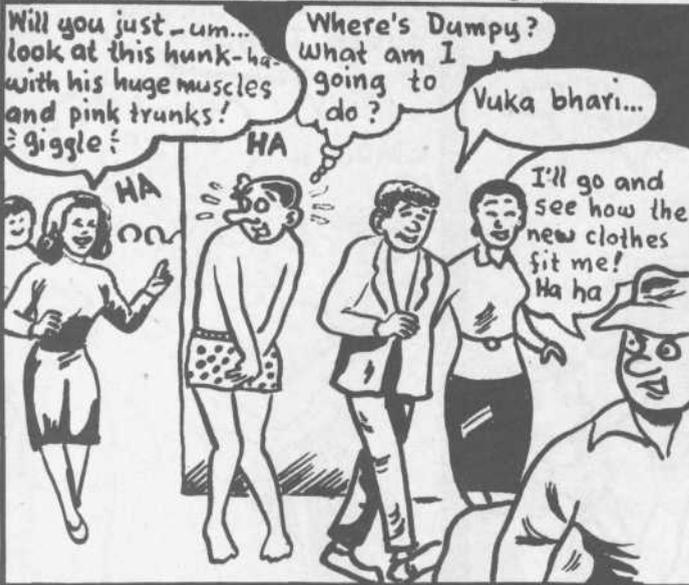


And I know what else you are going to need soon...

Dumpy, I know what I don't need now! That's your big mouth!



SOON SLOPPY IS STRIPPED DOWN TO HIS LUNDIES. THE CARD TRICKSTER BIDS HIM BYE-BYE...



Will you just - um... look at this hunk-ha- with his huge muscles and pink trunks! Giggle!

Where's Dumpy? What am I going to do?

Vuka bhari...

I'll go and see how the new clothes fit me! Ha ha



SLOPPY DIVES INTO THE NEAREST CLOTHES STORE.

I'll take a pair of trousers, a shirt, a double-breasted jacket and shoes! Charge everything on my credit card!

PAY AS YOU WEAR



Out! This city is full of crooks like you!

BOOT

Ouch! Don't I know! I'm one of the many victims!

MEANWHILE LIZZIE AND GLADYS ARE ALSO IN TOWN...



SLOPPY BUYS EVERYONE A PRESENT. SOON THEY ARE ALL BACK AT SLOPPY'S POZZIE.

